



... since 1811  
... med it to a higher court.

Who shall tell me that intellectual or moral grandeur is higher in the scale of powers than the heart. It is not so mind and conscience are greater and noble trusts and justness are exceeding dear but love is dearer than both.

*Tomato Ketchup*

- 4 quarts of peeled tomatoes
  - 4 table spoonfulls of salt
  - 4 " " " pepper
  - 2 " " " cinnamon
  - 1 " " " cloves
  - 2 " " " mustard
- Put it in a tin pan, and boil it 4 or 5 hours when done, add one pint of good vinegar - bottle tight

**The Evening Journal.**

**Fashions for January.**

The fashions for the next month are topics of some interest to the ladies just now. The latest magazines inform us that narrow bands of velvet have again become fashionable as a trimming for plain or *neglige* dresses. Six seven or nine bands is the number usually employed for the skirt, and they may be of two different widths, those of the narrower width being placed alternately with the broader ones. The "Garibaldi Skirt," it is said, is to produce a revolution in ladies' costume. It is made of printed flannel, merino, muslin de laine, printed cambric, velvet, silk or cashmere. In shape and pattern it is made in the same way as a gentleman's shirt, with plaits in front extending just below the waist, full sleeve, small collar, and cuffs turned down; the ends are left so as to go underneath the dress skirt, and are long enough to allow of the skirt hanging over in bag fashion all round, producing an easy and graceful effect.

Satin will be fashionable material for dresses during the winter. It has already found favor for bridal costumes; some of the newest wedding dresses being made of white satin. Fashion has made white almost uniform for evening dresses. Ribbons, bows and flowers are used in trimming.

The Swiss cape is very popular for evening dress, and is to be worn over a low-necked body. It is made of muslin with narrow tucks or folds. It is finished at the throat by a narrow row of black velvet, and it is edged on each side by a broad row of velvet, forming braces, and terminating in a bow at the waist, both before and behind. Whilst dresses continue to be worn long, and require the skirt to be raised up in promenading, the petticoat will always be an object of importance in costume. However pretty the petticoats of former seasons may have been, those of the present year are even more so. They are now made in almost every color and material, and are ornamented with trimmings the most varied.

Nets, consisting of black and colored chenille, still continue to be a fashionable style of coiffure. Black nets are in general preferred to colored ones.

**Washington Enriched by the Rebellion.**

Col. Forney writes from Washington: I believe, if a vote could be taken to-morrow in this city, ninety-nine out of every hundred citizens would declare in favor of the Government and against the rebellion. The process by which this wonderful change has been effected is a curious one. Patriotism and policy, principle and interest, have combined with singular rapidity to convince the good people of Washington of the beneficence of the Federal Government. As I pass along the Avenue I meet men who, only a few months ago, were rampant against Mr. Lincoln, and, if they had dared, would have prevented his inauguration by force. These very men, are now coining enormous fortunes, some of them gathering profits of from five hundred to one thousand dollars a day. Property that rented six months ago for three hundred dollars is now eagerly leased at one thousand dollars a year. The money being made by Presbury, Chadwick and Sikes, at Willard's Hotel, if set out in plain figures, would surprise their friends in Philadelphia. Northern capitalists arrive here daily on "prospecting tours," and a large company is being formed for the purpose of purchasing the deserted farms of the Secessionists in this neighborhood. These Secessionists, many of whom are honest in their belief of the wrong, are so broken-hearted at the idea of the triumph of the Union movement, that they have resolved either to go to Texas or to Europe, and will doubtless be glad to sell out at low rates. Washington indeed, is the most favored spot in the United States since this war began. However the sections may feel its desolating effects, here it can only produce prosperity and wealth.

Tom Sayers and a circus manager were followed through the streets of Liverpool recently by an excited crowd who supposed them to be Mason and Slidell. Such is fame.

SOMETHING ABOUT SKATING.—Ice will soon be abundant, and skating will be fashionable pastime this winter. Beginners in the art may profit by the following hints, which we find in the last number of *Hall's Journal of Health*:

1. Avoid skates which are strapped on the feet, as they prevent the circulation, and the foot becomes frozen before the skater is aware of it, because the tight strapping benumbs the foot and deprives it of feeling. A young lady at Boston lost a foot in this way; another in New York, her life, by endeavoring to thaw her feet in warm water after taking off her skates. The safest kind are those which receive the fore part of the foot in a kind of toe, and stout leather around the heel, buckling in front of the ankle only, thus keeping the heel in place without spikes or screws, and aiding greatly in supporting the ankle.
2. It is not the object so much to skate fast as to skate gracefully; and this is sooner and more easily learned by skating with deliberation; while it prevents overheating, and diminishes the chances of taking cold by cooling off too soon afterward.
3. If the wind is blowing, a veil should be worn over the face, at least of ladies and children; otherwise fatal inflammation of the lungs, or "pneumonia," may take place.
4. Do not sit down to rest a single half-minute, nor stop a moment after the skates are taken off; but walk about, so as to restore the circulation about the feet and to prevent being chilled.
5. It is safer to walk home than to ride; the latter is almost certain to give a cold.
6. Never carry anything in the mouth while skating, nor any hard substance in the hand; nor throw anything on the ice; none but a reckless ignoramus would thus endanger a fellow-skater.
7. If the thermometer is below thirty, and the wind is blowing, no lady or child should be skating.
8. Always keep your eyes about you, looking ahead and upward, not on the ice, that you may not run against some lady, child or learner.
9. Arrange to have an extra garment, thick and heavy, to throw over your shoulders the moment you cease skating, and then walk home, or at least half a mile, with your mouth closed, so that the lungs may not be quickly chilled, by the cold air dashing upon them through the open mouth; if it passes through the nose and head, it is warmed before it gets to the lungs.
10. It would be a safe rule for no child or lady to be on skates longer than an hour at a time.
11. The grace, exercise and healthfulness of skating on ice, can be had, without any of its dangers, by the use of skates with rollers attached, on common floors; better covered with oil-cloth.

**Mrs. LINCOLN'S BONNET.**—For the gratification of "Polly Perkins" and others of her sex, who ever delight in particulars as to fashion or scandal, we copy the following from the *N. Y. Tribune*, concerning the bonnet designed for Mrs. President Lincoln: "Viewed with the eyes of sense, it is simply a modish hat of shirred, white, cut velvet, having a crown composed of *bouillonnés* of tulle, overlaid with blonde lace. Ostrich plumes of white and Magenta crimson adorn both in and outside. But its arresting feature consists of strings which were manufactured in Europe, especially for the hat. They are of broad, white, lustrous ribbon, upon which appear at regular intervals light portraits, *en buste*, of the President; each one is surrounded by a halo of Magenta crimson forget-me-nots; an American shield rests above him, surmounted by an eagle from whose beak floats a blue pendant, with the motto 'Union forever.' Thus, regarding the bonnet with the eyes of imagination, it gleams upon us as an exhibit of patriotic devotion, and an offering most touching to the wisely affection of its destined recipient, beneath whose dimpled chin will be prisoned at least three of the 'counterfeit presentments' of our respected President."

**PERSONAL.**—The President and Mrs. Lincoln were present last night at the wedding of Capt. Griffin and Miss Carroll, at the house of her father, who is Clerk of the Supreme Court. Gens. Sumner, Martindale, Porter, and Morrell, were among the guests. To-day the bridal party visited the camp of the battery near Hall's Hill, where an agreeable surprise awaited them. The camp was in holiday costume, and they entered it under arches of evergreens. After enjoying its welcome they were entertained by Gen. Butlerfield, with an excellent drill by trumpet of his brigade. — *Washington Cor. N. Y. Tribune.*

**THE ARMOR VEST.**—We were shown yesterday one of the armor vests, manufactured at G. & D. Cooke's, which had been subjected to the severe test of a Sharp's rifle ball, fired at a distance of only 40 paces. The ball indented the plate, without breaking it, while the ball itself was compressed, but not as a pancake. The armor seems to stand all trials admirably, and when made up in a vest it is as comfortable as buckram lining. A number are being made up on orders of gentlemen in this city, to send to their friends in the Connecticut Regiments. — *New Haven Journal.*

There is a queer case pending in the New York courts. A notorious money collector undertook to collect a bill of a popular lawyer and finally succeeded. The lawyer, however, was somewhat irritated, and only paid the bill with the provision that the collector would have his accursed feature pictured and brought to him, that he might have a memorial of him. Forthwith, off went the sharp man of duns, and had a first-class artist produce a life-like copy, full sized, best style, which being finished and beautifully framed, was presented, with a bill of \$400, to the lawyer. He indignantly refused to pay, the amount of the bill; and, mulcted for the amount of the bill; and he has since carried it to a higher court.

**MEASLES.**—A Mr. Swift, of Detroit, a gentleman whose statements the Advertiser says can be implicitly relied upon, furnishes that paper with the following:

As there is a great deal of the measles among children through the country, I wish to make known a plan that will very speedily cure and keep the disease on the surface of the skin until it turns and will bring it out when it has turned in, or struck in. Though simple, it is sure:—Take a pint of oats and put them into a tight vessel, pour on boiling water and let it stand a short time, then give it to the sick person to drink. It must be pretty warm. In fifteen minutes you will see a change for the better.

#### WOMAN'S PATIENCE.

How strange that the patience of Job should be considered so remarkable, when there are so many mothers in the world whose patience equals, if it does not exceed, his. What would Job have done had he been compelled to sit in the house, and sew, and knit, and nurse the children, and see that hundreds of different things were attended to during the day, and hear children cry, and fret, and complain? Or how would he have stood it if, like some poor women, he had been obliged to raise a family of ten or twelve children, without help, spending months, years—all the prime of life—in washing, scouring, scrubbing, mending, cooking, nursing children, fastening, and night till morning, sick or well, in storm or sunshine, his nights often rendered miserable by watching over his children? How could he have stood all this, and, in addition to all other troubles, the curses and even violence of a drunken companion? How would he have felt, after wearing out his very existence for his tender offspring and a worthless companion, to be abused and blamed? Job endured his boils and losses very well for a short time, but they did not endure long enough to test the length of his patience. Woman tests her patience by a whole life of trial, and she does not grumble at her burdens. We are honestly of the opinion that woman has more patience than Job; and instead of saying, "the patience of Job," we should say, "the patience of woman."

**SINGULAR PROPHECY.**—One of the most striking instances of the fulfillment of Prophecy, says the Boston Christian Advertiser, was pointed out to us lately by an eminent Baptist divine. It occurs in the 8th, 10th, and 21st verses of Haggai Chap. IV:

"Behold there shall be a rebellion in the South, a rebellion of strong men and archers of chariots and bright shields; and the blast of the trumpet shall awaken the land and the nations be astonished thereat.

And lo, behold, because of the sin of the South, her mighty men shall be as babes, her gates shall be destroyed utterly saith the Lord, yea utterly destroyed shall be her gates and her rice fields shall be wasted and her slaves set free.

And behold, great ships from the North shall devour her pride, and a storm from the west shall lay waste her habitations. Yea, saith the Lord and her dominion shall be broken.

**MANY WERE CALLED, BUT FEW WERE CHOSEN.**—Mr. Reisinger, in the Ohio Assembly, moved that the Speaker dispense with calling on the clergy of Columbus to open the House with prayer, deeming it unjust to request it without compensation, and that he call on the members, in alphabetical order, to perform said duty.

**SEVEN FOOLS.**—1. The envious man—who sends away his mutton, because the person next to him is eating venison.

2. The jealous man—who spreads his bed with stinging nettles and then sleeps in it.

3. The proud man—who gets wet thro' rather than ride in the carriage of an inferior.

4. The litigious man—who goes to law in the hope of running his opponent and gets ruined himself.

5. The extravagant man—who buys a herring and takes a cab to carry it home.

5. The angry man—who learns the trombone, because he is annoyed by the playing of his neighbor's piano.

7. The ostentatious man—who illumines the outside of his house most brilliantly and sits inside in the dark.—[Punch.]

**VICTORIAN ENIGMAS.**—The authoress of a little work just issued, entitled "Victorian Enigmas," states that the following enigma was written by the Queen for the Royal children. It is called the "Windsor Enigma." "The initials of the following places form the name of a town in England, and the finals (read upwards) what that town is famous for: A city in Italy, a river in Germany, a town in the United States, a town in North America, a town in Holland, the Turkish name for Constantinople, a town in Bothnia, a city in Greece, a circle on the globe." The following is the solution: "Naples, Elbe, Washington, Cincinnati, Amsterdam, Stamboul, Tornea, Lepanto, Ecliptic, Newcastle, famous for its coal mines."

From the Cincinnati Enquirer, Feb. 1.

#### Buried Alive—The Body of a woman is Displaced in her Coffin.

In the early part of last week a woman who resided on Milton street—whose name our informant, Lieut. Montgomery, of the City Police, could not remember—suddenly died, and in the absence of her husband, who is a soldier in the army, was placed by her friends in a vault in the Cumminsville burying ground. On Wednesday last the husband of the deceased returned home to be not only surprised but severely shocked by the melancholy news that awaited him. Anxious, once more to behold the beloved features of his departed wife before her remains were deposited in the grave, he had her coffin opened in the presence of several friends, when, what his horror and astonishment to find she had changed her position, and was lying flat upon her face, having, in her struggles and extreme despair, torn the flesh entirely off one of her shoulders. The feelings of the husband and friends can readily be imagined at the exposure of such an awful death. The lid of the coffin was replaced and the lowered in the ground there to lie forever.

Mrs. Eustis, wife of Mr. Slidell's Secretary, is said to boast that she has money enough with her to buy all the French press, and that she is going to do it.

#### The New Standard.

The flag of Bonny Bue no more  
Shall bear "the single star";  
The Southern cross no longer light  
The chivalry to war.  
A prouder flag their valor won,  
And Southern heroes vote  
Henceforth their oriflame shall be  
A woman's patriotic.  
And on that banner where it flirts  
To victory o'er braves,  
And Northern Vandals, be it scribbled  
Their motto—"Go it boots!"

#### The Essence of the Grant-Buckner Correspondence.

BUCKNER TO GRANT.  
We have concluded to cave. We are anxious to cave with splendor, and hope you will send an ambassador to arrange matters. If you happen to have an armistice about you, be so good as to proclaim it.

GRANT TO BUCKNER.  
Nothing of the sort. Surrender unconditionally or I storm your works.

BUCKNER TO GRANT.  
Well, we will. Don't shoot. But, in view of the brilliant success of the Confederate arms, allow me to hint that your language is "ungenerous and unchivalric."—N. Y. World.

WE AT THE WHITE HOUSE.—Our "Washington Reliable" sends us the following flash of Federal fun by telegraph:

At the late levee at the White House, the President asked the Russian Ambassador whether he would have taken him for an American if he had met him anywhere else than in this country.

"No," said the distinguished Muscovite, who, like Old Abe, is a bit of a wag. "I should have taken you for a Pole."

"So I am," exclaimed the President, straightening himself up to his full altitude, "and a liberty pole at that."

Tall talking, wasn't it?—Vanity Fair.

#### A Tribute to the Memory of "Little Della S."

"Close the door lightly, bridle the breath,  
Our little earth-Angel is talking with death;  
Gently he woos her, she wishes to stay,  
His arms are about her, he bears her away!

Music comes floating, down from the dome;  
Angels are chanting the sweet welcome home.  
Come stricken weeper! come to the bed,  
Gaze on the sleeper—our idol is dead!

Smoother out the fair hair, close the blue eyes—  
No wonder such beauty was claimed in the skies!  
Cross the hands gently o'er the white breast,  
So like a spirit strayed from the blest.  
Bear her out softly this idol of ours—  
Let her grave slumbers be mid the sweet flowers."

Another beautiful infant face is sealed in death; another little innocent has gone to the sheltering arms of Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me." Another stray leaf, a bud of promise, finds a resting place in "Fort Hill" and a bright home in Heaven.

She was the pride of a noble and manly heart, and her infantile steps were guarded with jealous care and watchful solicitude by a loving mother. Her every childish wish was anticipated, and abundantly supplied, while her innocent laughter was sunlight and joy to the hearts of those who loved and cherished her with such devoted affection.

But those bright eyes that reflected forth an innocent soul, and the ruby lips that prattled with childish glee, are stilled in death. She was for the grave; her glances "shone too brightly to shine long." Then lay her down to rest, to the music of Bryant's beautiful sonnet to Death:—

"Glide softly to thy rest then—death should come  
Gently to one of gentle mould like thee,  
As light winds wandering through groves of bloom  
Detach the delicate blossom from the tree.  
Close thy sweet eyes, calmly, and without pain;  
And we will trust in God to see thee yet again."

H. C. R.

#### Second-Hand Clothing.

"It is strange, isn't it," said aunt Alice, "that whatever we may dress ourselves in, it is only second-hand clothing after all?"

"Why, aunt Alice," said Minnie, with much earnestness, "I never wore second-hand clothing in my life. We give away all our old clothes to the poor. I would not go to a party in old clothes, above all things."

"And yet, my dear, everything you have on comes to you second-hand. Indeed, you would not permit the creatures who first wore them, to enter your parlor. You would quite likely shrink away if they came near you. You do not scruple to take their old garments, and even take much pride in wearing them."

"I cannot understand you at all, aunt Alice."

"Well, dear Minnie, you know the silk of which that bright tissue is made, was spun by a crawling worm. He made it for his shroud, and when he was quite done wearing it, the silk makers re-spun and made it over into fabrics. Those white gloves were once the clothing of a poor little animal, whose life had to be taken before his skin could be made over for you. Then another animal must be sacrificed to make even the soles of your satin slippers. Even the pearl ornament you wear was once the property of an oyster. The patient sheep must give his fleece to make a mantle to throw about you. So you see, dear, that it is a hard matter to lay first claim to anything we wear, and this reflection may be very useful to us when we are tempted to pride ourselves on our fine raiment. God looks at the heart, Minnie, and is more pleased with the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit than all the gems in the world."

[N. Y. Chronicle.]

**MEDICAL USE OF SALT.**—In many cases of disordered stomach, a teaspoonful of salt is a certain cure. In a violent internal pain termed colic, a teaspoonful of salt dissolved in a pint of cold water taken as soon as possible, with a short nap immediately after, is one of the most effectual and speedy remedies known. The same will revive a person who seems almost dead from a very heavy fall. In an apoplectic fit, no time should be lost in pouring down salt water, if sufficient sensibility remain to allow of swallowing; if not, the head must be sponged with cold water, until the senses return, when salt will completely restore the patient from the lethargy. In a fit the feet should be placed in warm water, with mustard added, and the legs briskly rubbed; all bandages removed from the neck, and a cool aperient procured if possible. In cases of severe bleeding at the lungs, when other remedies failed, Dr. Rush found that two teaspoonfuls of salt completely stayed the blood.—[Medical World.]

From the N. Y. Tribune.

#### Remedy for Diphtheria.

A Pennsylvania correspondent writes us that the diphtheria is very prevalent in some parts of that State, and says we would confer a great favor upon the sufferers by re-publishing the remedy given about a year ago. With this request we comply. It is as follows:

"Make two small bags that will reach from ear to ear, and fill them with ashes and salt; dip them in hot water, and wring them out so they will not drip, and apply them to the throat; cover up the whole with a flannel cloth, and change them often as they become cool, until the throat becomes irritated, near blistering. For children, it is necessary to put flannel cloths between the ashes and the throat to prevent blistering. When the ashes have been on a sufficient time, take a wet flannel cloth and rub it with castile soap until it is covered with a thick lather; dip it in hot water, and apply it to the throat, and change as they cool; at the same time use a gargle made of one teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, one of salt, one of molasses, in a tea cup full of hot water, and when cool, add one-fourth as much cider vinegar, and gargle every fifteen minutes until the patient requires sleep. A gargle made of castile soap is good to be used part of the time."

A correspondent in Maine, in sending the above remedy, says there had been a number of deaths from diphtheria, until this remedy was used, since when all had recovered.

Copperheads During the War of the Revolution.

The present war is not the first which brought to the surface a class of men who, from their traitor proclivities, have won for themselves everlasting disgrace, and become in the estimation of all loyal citizens, unworthy of confidence and respect.

On the 20th of October, 1780, while the war of the Revolution was progressing, Benedict Arnold issued a "Proclamation to the citizens and soldiers of the United States," appealing to them to turn against WASHINGTON, HANCOCK and their compatriots.

The following extract from the Copperhead Address of Benedict Arnold bears so marked resemblance to some of the appeals that have been issued since the present war commenced that we copy it in order to refresh the memory of a few Rebel sympathizers who do not live a thousand miles from Auburn.

"You are promised liberty by the leaders of your affairs, but is there an individual in the enjoyment of it, save your oppressors? Who among you dare speak or write what he thinks against the tyranny which has robbed you of your property imprisoned your sons, dragged you to the field of battle, and is daily deluging your country with your blood."

The Copperheads of the present day characterize the constituted authorities of the country as the "oppressors" of the People. So did Arnold. The Copperheads cry out against the "tyranny" of the Administration; so did Arnold. The Copperheads are constantly talking about "arbitrary arrests." Arnold was similar-

ly exercised. The Copperheads have howled because they could not speak treason and their papers could not write it without danger of arrest. Arnold complained that in his time traitors were also afraid to speak and write their sentiments. The grievances of the Copperheads of the Revolution were in nearly all respects similar to those by which their friends of the present day are afflicted.

Twelve Ways of Committing Suicide.

- 1. Wearing thin shoes of damp nights and in cold rainy weather. Wearing insufficient clothing, and especially upon the limbs and extremities.
2. Leading a life of enfeebling, stupid laziness, and keeping the mind in an unnatural state of excitement by reading romances.
3. Sleeping on feather beds in seven-by-nine bed-rooms, without ventilation at the top of the windows, and especially with two or more persons in the same unventilated bedroom.
4. Surfeiting on hot and very stimulating dinners.
5. Beginning in childhood on tea and coffee, and going from one step to another, through chewing and smoking tobacco, and drinking intoxicating liquors.
6. Marrying in haste and getting an uncongenial companion, and living the remainder of life in mental dissatisfaction.
7. Keeping children quiet by giving paregoric and cordials, by teaching them to suck candy, and by supplying them with raisins, nuts and rich cake.
8. Allowing the love of gain to absorb our minds, so as to leave no time to attend to our health.
9. Tempting the appetite with bitters and niceties, when the stomach says, "No," and by forcing food when nature does not demand and even rejects it.
10. Contriving to keep in a continual worry about something or nothing.
11. Being irregular in all our habits of sleeping and eating, going to bed at midnight and getting up at noon.
12. Neglecting to take proper care of ourselves and not applying early for medical advice when disease first appears.

Printing.—Every kind of Letter Press Printing promptly executed at the Office of the AUBURN JOURNAL and DAILY ADVERTISER, in the best style, and at the lowest prices.

DEPARTURE OF THE AUBURN TROOPS!

Immense Gathering of People—Affecting Scenes at the Depot.

Monday was a sad but a glorious day for Auburn, for then she surrendered to her country the brave and the chivalric sons who went forth to battle for the Flag and the Constitution. The hurry and bustle in the forenoon indicated that something unusual was going on in the city.—Crowds gathered upon the sidewalk to discuss "matters and things in general," and while listening to the prophetic remarks of the wise man of the crowd, a soldier would hurriedly dash through, scattering the members of the crowd every way, leaving the Seer without an audience.

At the Armory, on State street, the crowd assembled, blocking up the street and making the passage a matter of careful and scientific engineering. Here the mothers and wives gathered and tears streamed and words flowed in unison.

From every public and from every prominent building and across the streets floated, in the golden sunlight of the clear and lively April day, the Stars and Stripes.

At twelve o'clock the old Continental uniform, glorious for its associations with those other days that tried men's souls, were visible in the streets, hurrying to the Armory, from whence they, with the Willards, were to issue as the escort of the volunteers.

At one o'clock Capt. Schenck's company made its appearance from the Armory, and pushing through made its way up to Genesee street, where it halted in front of the Exchange. Here two patriotic young men, unable to resist the impulses of the hour, fell into the ranks, took the oath and joined their destinies with the company.

In a few moments, Capt. Kennedy, with a full band of heroic souls, was seen making his way up State street, towards the Exchange. On arriving at the Exchange, his company formed facing the hotel, Captain Kennedy in front. At this moment General Segoine made his appearance on the steps of the hotel, and addressing Captain Kennedy in the most complimentary manner, presented him, in the name of George Clapp and several other prominent citizens, a magnificent regulation sword.

After a response by the brave Captain, the Company marched down Genesee street, where, with Capt. Schenck and Gavigan, they joined Capt. Baker's Company. The Volunteers, escorted by the Cornet Band, the Old Guard and the Willards, proceeded to the Depot, by North and Chapel streets. All along the line they met

the young man appeared struck with the most enthusiastic ovation ever witnessed in the city of Auburn. Cheers greeted them at every step, handkerchiefs waved from fair hands, hats swung as long as the holders could contain themselves, and when passed control, the owners would throw them, with shouts into the air, regardless of their safe return. Children waved miniature flags, and, in their clear voices shouted the "good bye," "God bless you, God bless you," came from every side, and the soldiers marched all the way to the depot through a perfect shower of blessings.

Arriving at the depot, the crowd was immense. Chapel street was packed with human beings for rods; the alley way on the east side of the depot was crammed. State street, from the Prison gate to the south side of the bridge, was densely thronged. Spectators crowded the top of the prison wall, while the depot itself was but a sea of struggling heads. After repeated charges, Capt. Baker finally succeeded in storming the depot and effecting a breach, through which he, with the other companies, made their way in.—After this brilliant coup de main, the Volunteers came to a halt, where they remained for the arrival of the train, about twenty minutes. Here the scene was indescribable. Struggling through the dense crowd, a mother, with anxious and tearful face, would be seen pushing towards the company which held a son, to bid farewell and give one more kiss; there a wife would brave the current, with pale face and trembling lips, to get near him and receive one more hurried glance of recognition and farewell.

Around Capt. Gavigan's Company the scene was touching. The Irish are always more demonstrative than the Yankee, and on this occasion the difference was very marked. Capt. Gavigan took away more husbands and men of families, than any other company, and about his company, consequently, gathered more of the wives and children, and here grief expressed itself in the irrepressible sighs and lamentations really painful to hear.

A little past the time, the train from the East made its appearance, and slowly pushed its way, with its clanging bell, through the dense crowd, which surged back to give it room. The Volunteers took possession of four rear cars; hands were shaken through the car windows, hurried good byes and hearty kisses exchanged, and amid the booming of cannon, the cheers of ten thousand friends, the waving of flags, handkerchiefs and hats, the huzzas, and shouting of the excited people, the brave and self-sacrificing heroes passed through the car house, over the bridge, and "off to the wars."

Never before did Auburn witness such a spontaneous and exciting demonstration. All Auburn had gathered at the depot, the private residences were vacated, the stores were closed, the schools were dismissed, and as the train passed from our midst, bearing away these gallant sons, all Auburn sent after them a farewell shout and a tearful "God bless you!" From Auburn to Cayuga, farmers gathered at the cross-roads with their families, and cheered the boys as they passed. At Cayuga, thousands had assembled to welcome them. Here we took a hasty farewell of the boys. They all looked cheerful and were in high spirits. The grand ovation at home had warmed their hearts with the most patriotic emotions, and they, one and all, felt ready and anxious to prove upon the battle field, their fidelity to the trusts imposed on them. God bless the brave boys! May they all when

"Grim visaged war has smoothed his wrinkled front," return in safety to their old homes, their country and its liberties secured, and their brows bound with the victor's wreath!

and after the prayer was over, restraining the Companies remaining are Captains Stewart and Ammon's. They expect to receive their orders to march during the present week. The companies that left yesterday were:

Table with 2 columns: Name and Number of Men. Capt. John T. Baker's, 77 men; T. J. Kennedy, 77; Owen Gavigan, 77; T. H. Schenck, 62.

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If either or all of my tenants in the city of Auburn will enlist for two years, or during the present war, to serve their country, their rent shall be free, and I will pay each tenant five dollars per month for the benefit of their families during said war. LYMAN SOULE. Auburn, April 27, 1861.

ARRIVED SAFELY.—A dispatch just received from private Caulkins, states that our boys arrived safely last evening in Elmira, in the best of spirits.

George Parker, No. 3 Exchange street, has just received a fine lot of fresh white fish, the first in market this season. Mr. Parker will receive a supply of this fish twice a week during the season.

The Erie Canal opened last night, and navigation may now be considered as commenced.

A special meeting of the Auburn Literary Association will be held at their rooms this evening, at 8 o'clock. A full attendance is earnestly requested. FREDERICK ALLEN, Sec'y. Auburn, April 30, 1861.

Cassell's Illustrated Family Bible, part 29, received and for sale by H. A. Yates, 51 Genesee street.

NEPTUNE FIRE COMPANY, No. 1.—A monthly meeting of Engine Company No. 1, will be held to-morrow (Wednesday) evening, at their House, at 7 1/2 o'clock. A full and punctual attendance is expected, for the transaction of important business. Wm. H. ARNETT, Sec'y. April 30, 1861.

For the Advertiser. The following timely and tender suggestion, that could only come from a woman, was handed me by one of our most prominent ladies to give to the Advertiser for publication. Will the Syracuse and other papers please copy? D. K. L.

AID FOR VOLUNTEERS.—Every patriotic heart, which throbs with sympathy for the brave men who have taken up arms in defence of their country, is asking, "What can I do to cheer and encourage the soldier as he goes forth from his home to face trial and danger?" Can you not buy a copy of the life of Captain Vicars and give it to him? Can you not get a few copies of the Gospel of John, now printed by the American Bible Society in a volume by itself, so small that it would scarcely add a feather's weight to the knapsack, and with your own hand and parting blessing on the soldier, furnish this token, which with a voice of divine sympathy would whisper to him as he goes forth to fight the enemies of his country—"Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

FOUND.—In the Depot, Monday P. M., a Brown Watered Silk PARASOL. The owner can have it by calling at the Daily Advertiser Office, and paying for this advertisement. dit

From GETTYSBURG.—Dr. Dimon writes from Gettysburg as follows:

The Medical Inspector was glad to see a good party of us arriving. In an hour after my arrival I was at work at the Washington Hotel Hospital, with the wounded of the 1st corps, Gen. Reynolds' corps. I found a great many bad cases and several of the poor fellows must die.

Everything here gives evidence of most desperate fighting. There is a disabled Rhode Island Battery of Napoleon guns in the street before me, the pieces all scarred with bullet marks, and one of them with a shot jammed in its muzzle which was struck while in the hands of the canonier, just as he was about to put it in the piece, and it was driven partly into the piece and the brass muzzle of the piece battered upon it. By this ball three men were injured at that gun.

The Sanitary commission is here in large representation with a great amount of supplies, a good many ladies come here who are making themselves useful in aiding the Surgeons in making the patients cleanly and comfortable. They are working and not looking on.

Many of the wounded are in places from 2 to 4 miles from here, and all those who are in charge of them have to rough it, sleeping on the ground and getting food as they can.

The accommodations in the town are all taken up. A great many buildings public and private are used as hospitals. Private families who are here have taken all the inmates they can, and it is difficult to find shelter of any sort. The friends of the killed and wounded have come in large numbers and a great many come and go from mere private curiosity. The true way to send supplies is through the Sanitary commission. As to any one coming on to help either here or there he must be content to work steadily and take hard fare, or he will do no good and only be in the way of somebody else who would.

A TOUCHING PRAYER.—From the camp of contrabands, opposite Washington, Dr. Caulkins writes as follows, dated July 10th:

Two of their children still die each day, and their negro leaders still make sad prayers. One of them thus prayed at the grave:

"Masser Jesus, Jew of Jews, like de people ob de ole time, de Jews, we weep by de side ob de ribber, wid de strings ob de harp all broke, but we sing de song ob de broken heart, for we got no home, Masser Jesus, no shelter but de Oak tree in de day and de cotton tent at night, sleepin on de wet ground where we catch de death cold. Hear, us king, in de present time ob our sorrow, and help us do de bes we can for your good kingdom, God, Masser, and if you please, for our own good and de good ob de Union. Jesus, Masser, you know we's gwine from de wilderness like de Jews when dey 'scape from Pharro—dat we's weak in helf and weak in mind—dat we's in deep tribulation in our hearts, for our little ones is 'flicted w'id de sickness and dying fast. We bury dem in de cold ground, Jesus, Honey, and dey goes in spirit to de God ob all de people, where de soul hab no spot, no color. Great Doctor ob Doctors, King ob kings, and God ob battles, help us, if you please, to be well—help us to fight de battles ob liberty and de Union. Fetch out de big guns wid de big balls and de big shells and gib de rebels dat would take our wives and darters to shame and sorrow, a double charge of right smart grape and cannister. Make dem same rebels dat would be de massers ob de white man as well as ob de collud man, glad to stop de war. Make 'em glad to come back to shoes and de fat calf and all de good tings ob de Union—no more murderin' brudders—no more ragged—no more barefoot—no more slave-hippers—no more farders ob yaller skins—no more meaner as meanest niggers."

iv exercised. The... Imagine this delivered in a clear, ringing and musical voice, now high and now low, modulated with exquisite native eloquence, and much of it fairly sung, while you are thinking each word a heart-tear, and you have a faint idea of an old slave's prayer. I never heard a prayer go to my heart and moisten my eyes as did that simple negroe's prayer.

Letter from Gettysburg.

GETTYSBURG, July 14th, 1863.

DEAR SIR:—Since I wrote you before I have been in constant attendance upon the wounded, in the town of Gettysburg, consisting principally of the 1st Corps.—These were wounded on the 1st day of July, and as the corps were obliged to retreat, these poor fellows were left behind, and were unattended to till the 5th.—By this time it was too late to save many of them. There is some erysipelas and lock jaw and more secondary bleeding. The weather is hot and the air full of the odor from dead horses and the exhalations from ill conditioned wounds. Every thing practicable is being done to do away with the last named occurrence, but the horses remain everywhere unburied. The wounded are now fully supplied with almost everything needful. The Government has made preparations to establish a general hospital here with 1,500 beds for all those cases which will not bear transportation. The remainder will be sent to Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York general hospitals. Adjutant Gen. Thomas and Medical Inspector Cuyler went day before yesterday to Harrisburg to arrange so that the wounded could be sent directly to New York by way of Harrisburg and New Jersey Railroad without change of cars. There are remaining here now, about 3,000 of our wounded and 4,000 of the rebel wounded, a large proportion of these are bad cases.

I have seen Mr. David Wright's son.—He is shot through the upper part of the right lung and the entire lung is filled with extravasated blood, so that he has to depend solely upon the left lung for respiration. His general condition is good and he is in an airy, clean room at a farm house, under charge of an excellent Surgeon and of his father.

July 17th.—You cannot imagine the amount of suffering that has been relieved here by the good offices of the Sanitary Commission, the Christian Commission, Adams & Co's. Hospital Corps and the good women who have come here to nurse the wounded. These women have labored night and day dressing wounds and cooking food and making it cleanly and comfortable about the wounded.

Adams & Co's. supplies and those of the Christian Commission were the first to arrive and there would have been almost starvation at first without them.

To-day I am relieved from duty in the Washington Hotel Hospital, all the patients there having been removed to better places. I am now at liberty to give my attention to the wounded from our

own State and County, and hope to find to-day every man remaining here from the 111th N. Y., and Cowan's battery.—I have already seen a few of them.

Payson Derby of Company G, 111th, has a bad shell wound in the right shoulder, involving the shoulder joint. The probabilities are that he will not recover. McArthur of the same company, wounded in both legs—left leg bones broken, has lock jaw and will also not probably recover. These two young men are both from Auburn.

I will write again this evening and send as full account as I can get of the condition of all of the 111th remaining here as well as the names of those who have died of their wounds.

Any one from Auburn enquiring for me can learn of my whereabouts at the Eagle Hotel at Gettysburg.

I am very respectfully  
your obdt servt.  
THEO. DIMON.

Auburn, Nov. 25. 1864.

THANKSGIVING SERVICE AT THE FIRST CHURCH.—The First and Central churches united their congregations and filled up the old First church. Rev. Henry Fowler conducted the devotional exercises and Dr. Hawley preached the sermon from the text, "I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction." Isaiah 49—10.

The introduction compactly stated the causes for Thanksgiving in this fourth year of our civil war. The subject of the discourse was "The christian idea of self-government," and the controlling thought of the discourse was this, that by the discipline to which God is now subjecting the nation, he is working out for us a destiny, in the direction in which the idea and characteristics of our form of government point. The mission of the Jewish people was to teach mankind his true worship. He has chosen the American people to represent in their national life, the christian idea of self government.

In the first place, several facts were mentioned in support of this proposition.

1. Our nation is now the sole representative of this idea among the living governments of the world. Our Constitution, although it omits the mention of God, was moulded and vitalized by christian principles. It embodies as the supreme law, the true idea of self-government. It is an attempt to secure in a nation, that life, which the individual attains in governing himself. This is the highest human achievement. Hence the right of self government is an inherent and inalienable right. It is not the gift, but the creator of all laws and constitutions which recognize political equality. When a nation reaches this standard, it attains the ends of government as an ordinance of God for the highest good of the governed. This is the key to all political revolutions.

2. In the government which Jehovah framed for his ancient chosen people, this inherent right of man to govern himself was recognized. It was founded on the consent of the people. It contained the principle of popular representation. It secured equality in all the conditions of society. The change which at length took place in the civil polity

the young man appeared struck with

of the Jews, was the work of the people. They chose a monarchy, which resulted in the dissolution of their Union and the downfall of the nation.

3. All other attempts at self government by the older nations have failed. Popular liberty was not secured for the reason that it was not put upon the broad ground of equal rights. The highest idea of either Grecian or Roman liberty was that it is a privilege, not an universal right. It was the aristocratic notion of liberty, which confined itself to a class while it gave no securities to the liberties of all. This notion of liberty made Rome the mistress of the world. The Roman saw his freedom in his citizenship, and not in the inalienable rights of humanity. Hence it became the mission of the Empire to conquer other peoples—not to give them liberty.

A forcible application was here made to the rebellion, as the offspring of this autocratic notion.

Notwithstanding these failures, the true idea of liberty survived and found a place in this land, to be tried once more in conditions most favorable for success. The men who were entrusted with the experiment were chosen of God. They represented different religious and political ideas, but were all animated by the love of liberty. They passed through the discipline of two bloody wars of seven years each, before national life was attained.

The second head was devoted to the struggles between the two ideas of liberty, the one regarding it a privilege and the other an inherent right. The one sought to win through the institution of domestic slavery and political power. The other was content with its stem of free labor, with its educational, religious and philanthropic agencies, which were in harmony with the doctrine of human quality, and were elevating the people to the Democratic idea of liberty. This secured the progress of free society, and the aristocracy who only had control of the machinery of government to nurse their system of slavery, could not resist the movement. It finally crowded both to the wall. If the war which the baffled oligarchy forced upon the nation, found it stripped of the means of defence, it found a people prepared, by their mental and moral training, with sufficient intelligence and virtue to meet the emergency. The war itself has proved a great educational

It has settled the question of slavery. It has disposed of the rebellious doctrine of State sovereignty. It is bringing into closer Union sound and vital forces of the nation. It brought out the manhood of the people, and the administration of the government out of the low ends of political ambition into the sphere of moral and even re-

II. The changes, which our idea of self government is to secure in the life of our ion.

National unity.—It has given us a aral Union, which we are now fighting maintain. It will yet give us that indissoluble unity which is not so much in the will of the people to be one n. This will come from the same cause, which now bind the Eastern, Middle and ern portions of the country in such union. The war will cease when the of the nation to its unity is acknowledged. The will to be one nation comes of heart and a new spirit.

(2.) Fraternity, which is a practical reverence for man and his right to freedom, and is opposed to class and caste and prejudice of color or race. The negro is here by right. He was born on the soil and will find his place like any other free man. The foreigner is also here by right. He is here to help to build a nation, which as it is designed to illustrate the best type of civilization, will by this intermingling of peoples secure a better type of humanity than any one people has realized. All the questions which now trouble us will find their solution in events, if we only have wisdom to keep close to the Providence of God.

(3.) Elevation of politics. The skeptical sentiment that religion has nothing to do with politics goes down in this war—never again to disturb our peace. The religious element has saved our country. Religion is hereafter to be the teacher of politics, and if politics come into collision with any principle of righteousness, religion is to accept the challenge and maintain the truth, until the two harmonize in that higher christianity which aims in all things to glorify God.

Religion will put a higher value upon the great author of revelation and demand of its followers a purer life, nobler sacrifices, larger benevolence and a broader sympathy with man.

The Nation thus girded for its work will make its calling and election sure. It will emerge from the flames of this discipline a wiser, purer, and nobler nation, and become one with the coming Kingdom of the Lord, whose triumph will be peace on earth and good will to men.

The discourse was received with the highest satisfaction by an audience worthy of the occasion. The distinction between liberty as a privilege and liberty as a right was admirably put. The illustrations from history were graphic, and the review of our experience as a nation and of the war was very impressive. The relation of the pulpit to politics was capitally presented. The forecasting of the future of the country, was of eloquent earnestness, and the references to the National sepulchres touched all hearts. Everybody gathered at the church with feelings of gratitude for our great blessings and all went to their homes with renewed faith, hope and courage, feeling that although the Country is passing through the furnace of affliction, God has chosen it for His—and as Dr. Hawley said when the war is over the Country will be like the three friends of Daniel, after passing through the furnace, nothing destroyed except the bonds of the tyrant!

WHAT SPURGEON IS DOING.—Spurgeon the eminent Baptist clergyman of London, has already published five hundred sermons. Of these sermons eight million copies are in circulation. One wealthy gentleman, a zealous friend of Spurgeon, has alone circulated each year over a quarter of a million of copies. Since he has been pastor, Spurgeon has baptised 3,000 persons. He has also established a theological school, which now is attended by fifty-four students preparing for the ministry.

MILITARY AND MASONIC FUNERAL.—The remains of 1st Lieut. John B. Drake, of the 111th Regiment N. Y. V., who was killed at the battle of Gettysburg, July 3d, will be buried in the Weedsport Rural Cemetery, at Weedsport, on Sunday, the 19th inst., at 1 o'clock P. M., with military and masonic honors. Officers and soldiers are invited to attend in uniform without arms.  
SOLOMON GILES,  
late M. J. 3d N. Y. Artillery.  
Weedsport, July 17, 1863.

The 2d corps of the Army of the Potomac is now commanded by Brig. Gen. Hayes, probably only transiently, owing to the wounds of Gen. Hancock. The 11th are in this corps.

In the charge of the 3d Brigade of the 3d Division, 2d Corps, at Gettysburg, our men captured a rebel battle-flag on which was inscribed "Harper's Ferry." The 11th were somewhat gratified in thus helping to wipe out the memory of their capture by the rebels at that place, and the Brigade is said to have left fully its equal in numbers of dead and wounded rebels upon the field in front of them in their late brilliant action. They are said to have marched into the thickest of the fray as steadily and as coolly as though upon dress parade.

Benjamin Webster leaves for Newbern tomorrow, and will deliver letters to the members of that regiment from friends in this city. Letters may be left at this office.

THE WOUNDED OF THE 111TH.—Mr. Joseph Osborn returned last evening from Baltimore and Philadelphia, where he visited the wounded of the 111th, in hospital at these cities.—Those named were not among the most seriously wounded, as such of course, would not bear transportation from the field. Mr. Osborn reports the boys doing well and receiving the best and kindest of treatment. We can speak from experience of the uniform care and tenderness of the hospital surgeons and attendants of Baltimore, who are both humane and skillful:

IN HOSPITAL AT BALTIMORE, July 14.  
Franklin Lean, Wm. Culver,  
P. K. Armstrong, E. E. Kent,  
Wm. Page, Daniel Taylor,  
Travis W. Eaton, E. Goodsell,  
C. McOmber, Chas. H. Todd,  
D. W. Lampson.

IN HOSPITALS AT PHILADELPHIA, July 16.  
Wm. Nichols, C. E. Thompson,  
A. C. Jewell, J. B. Northrop,  
Wm. H. Cox, J. Lilly,  
T. Teachout, G. W. Olvitt,  
J. Cole, Steven Corbitt,  
C. F. Schultz, John W. Fuller,  
G. Woodward, E. F. Weber,  
I. H. Adam.

Auburn, July 17, 1863.

Gen. Ledlie has been placed in command of the military forces now in New York city, for the purpose of quelling the rioters.

# Great Speech of Gen. Butler

AT THE  
Academy of Music, New York, April 2d.

## HIS ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF HIS RECEPTION.

Mr. Mayor, with the profoundest gratitude for the too flattering commendation of my administration of the various trusts committed to me by the government, which, in behalf of your associates, you have been pleased to tender me, I ask you to receive my most heartfelt thanks. To the citizens of New York, here assembled in kind appreciation of my services supposed to have been rendered to the country, I tender the deepest acknowledgements. [Applause.]—I accept it all; not for myself, but for my brave comrades of the Army of the Gulf. [Renewed applause.] I receive it as an earnest expression of your devotion to the country, an evidence of your loyalty to the constitution under which you live, and under which you hope to die. In order that the acts of the Army of the Gulf may be understood, perhaps it would be well, at a little length, with your permission, that some detail should be given to the thesis upon which we administered our duties.

## THE NATURE OF THE CONTEST.

The first question, then, to be ascertained is. What is this contest in which the country is engaged! At the risk of being a little tedious—[applause]—at the risk even of calling your attention to what might seem otherwise elementary, I propose to run down and condense the history of the contest, and see what it is the whole country is about at this time, and at this hour. That we are in the midst of civil commotion, all know, but what is that commotion? Is it a riot? Is it an insurrection? Is it a rebellion? or, is it a revolution? And pray, sir—although it may seem a little elementary—what is a riot? A riot, I understand it, is simply an outburst of the passions for a moment, with a breach of the law, to be put down and subdued by the civil authorities; if it goes further, to be dealt with by the military authorities. But, you say, Sir, why treat us to a definition of 'riot' on this occasion? To that I answer, because the administration of Mr. Buchanan dealt with this great change of affairs in the country as if it was a riot. [Applause.] Because the Government officers gave the opinion that in Charleston it was but a riot, and as there was no civil authority there to call out the military, Fort Sumter must be given over to the traitors—and that was the beginning of this trouble. Let us see how it grew up. I deal not now with causes, but with effects—with facts. Directly the guns of the rebels turned upon Sumter, and the various stages of the South, in convention assembled, inaugurated a series of movements which took out of the Union different states; and, as each was taken out, or assumed to be taken out of the Union, the riot was not found in them, but they became insurrectionary, and the Administration dealt, as you will remember, on the 15th of April, 1861, with this as an insurrection, and called out the military and militia of the United States for the purpose of subduing an insurrection. I was called at that time, in-

to the service to aid myself in putting down the insurrection. I found a riot at Baltimore. They burned bridges. They had hardly risen to the dignity of an insurrection, because the state had not moved, as an organized community; but a few men were rioting at Baltimore, and marching there at the head of United States troops, as you have done me the honor to remember, the question came up, "What have I before you?" And there, you will remember, we were to put down all kinds of insurrection, as long as the State of Maryland remained loyal to the United States, and it had not grown into an insurrection, which I understood to be an infraction of the law. Transferred thence to Fortress Monroe, I found the State of Virginia, through this organization, had taken itself out of the Union, and erected for itself, or endeavored to erect for itself, a separate government, and I dealt with that state as being in rebellion—[applause] and that the property of rebels, of whatever name or nature, should be dealt with as rebels' property, subject to the laws of war.—[Applause.]

## HIS POLICY JUSTIFIED.

I have been thus careful, sir, in stating the various steps that I have taken, because I am here, answering before the country for acts which I have done, and answering too, every charge of inconsistency or of wrong. Wrong in judgment I may have been; but wrong in intention or inconsistent, never. [Applause.] And on the same theory I felt obliged, as loyal to the constitution and laws, to put down insurrection in Maryland, whether by black or white, as by the same law I felt myself compelled to confiscate all slave property in the rebellious state of Virginia. I am a little sensitive on this subject.

I am an old-fashioned Andrew Jackson Democrat of twenty years' standing—[Applause, and three cheers for the second hero of New Orleans.] And so far as I know, I have never swerved—so help me God—from one of his teachings. [Applause.] Up to the time when this rebellion took place, I went as far, sir, as the furthest, in sustaining the constitutional rights of the states, however bitter, however distasteful to me were the obligations that my fathers assumed for me in the compromises of the constitution. [Applause.] But, among them all, it was not for me to pick out or reject—I took them all. Fellow Democrats, I took every one, because they were all constitutional obligations; and taking each and all, I stood by the South, and by southern rights under the constitution, until I advanced so far as to look into the very pit of disunion [laughter and applause,] and seeing what was the prospect, I quietly withdrew [applause,] and we went from that hour far apart. How far apart, you shall judge, when I tell you that on the 28th of December, 1860, I shook hands in terms of personal friendship with Jefferson Davis, and on the 28th of December, 1862, I had the pleasure of reading his proclamation that I was to be hung at sight. [Laughter.] "And now, my friends, if you will allow me the line of thought a moment, as we come up to the point of time when these men laid down their constitutional obligations, what were my rights

what were theirs? At that hour they repudiated the Constitution of the United States by solemn vote, under the form of law, in solemn convention. And only that, but they took arms in thousands and undertook by force to re-assert from under the constitution what seemed to them the fairest portion of the heritage which my fathers had given to me and to my children as a rich legacy; and when they did that I concluded, from every fact, that they had derogated and forfeited every constitutional right, and had relieved me from every constitutional obligation towards them. [Loud and continual applause.] And when I was called upon to say what should be my action in regard to slavery, I was left to the natural instincts of my heart, as prompted by a Christian education in New England—[applause]—and I dealt with it accordingly, for I was no longer bound by constitutional obligations. [Applause.] Then undertake to claim, respectfully but earnestly, that the same sense of duty to constitutional obligations, and to the rights of the states, which require me, long as they remain loyal, to support the system of slavery—that same sense of duty and of right, I say after they had gotten out from under the constitution, cannot me to follow the dictates of my own conscience, untrammelled, as I had been heretofore. [Applause.] And so, my friend, however misjudging I may have been and I speak to my old democratic friend—I claim that we went along step by step together up to that point, and ought still to go along step by step. The sacred obligations that bound us together had not been broken, I would thus have been left to follow the dictate of God's law and of humanity. [Loud applause.]

## THE ADMINISTRATION AT NEW ORLEANS.

"By the exigencies of the public service, I being removed once more to another sphere of action in New Orleans, I found this problem to come up in another form, which led me to examine and how far we had progressed with the element of the question. I found it under complex system of states, with dependent governments, and the United States government covering all, that there could be treason to a state and to the United States; that there could be a revolution in a state without there being revolution in regard to the United States; that there might be loyalty to a state and disloyalty to the Union, and loyalty to the Union and disloyalty to the organized government of the states. In Louisiana I found that the state government had entirely changed its form, and had completely revolutionized itself. It had erected courts, imposed taxes, and made every possible kind of government organization; I found that that state was completely revolutionized, so far as the state government was concerned; and that it was no longer, and of itself, a part of the United States of America. It had by a solemn act forever seceded from the United States of America, and had attempted to join the Confederate States of America, taking that portion of the United States of America in which its government was established. Now, on what basis shall I deal with that people organized into a community under the forms of law, and its hostility to the United States? I respectfully submit that I must deal with it as with alien enemies. [Applause.] I submit that those people

the young man appeared struck with

had passed the boundaries of 'wayward sisters' or of 'erring brethren, [Laughter]; they had passed beyond the outside of the government and had seized upon our territory—territory which the government of the United States had bought and paid for, and therefore I dealt with them as alien enemies. [Applause.] And what are the rights of alien enemies? In time of war they have the right, so long as they behave themselves and are not in insubordination, to be free from personal violence. They have no right, and therefore it was my duty to see to it, and I believe that the records will show that I did see to it—[Laughter and applause.]—that order was preserved and that every man who behaved well and did not aid the Confederate States should be free from molestation in his person. I hold that everything else they had was at the mercy of the conqueror. [Cheers.] To give you an idea, permit me to state the mode in which their rights are defined by one gentleman of my staff. He very coolly paraphrased the Dred Scott decision, and said that they had no rights which a negro was bound to respect. [Laughter and applause.] In dealing with them I took care to preserve personal safety to every man. I heard a friend behind me say just now, 'But how did that affect loyal men?' The difficulty with that proposition is this. The government, in making peace or carrying on war, cannot deal with individuals, but with organized communities, whether organized rightly or organized wrongly; and all I could do so far as my judgment taught me, was to see that no exaction was put upon any loyal individual, and no property taken from him that was not absolutely necessary for the success of military operations. I know nothing else that I could do. I could not alter the carrying on of the war because a loyal citizen was unfortunately, like poor Tray, caught in bad company. [Laughter.] But to such persons and to their property all possible protection was afforded. No man nor any set of men can see any solution of any other government problem as affecting states, except upon this basis.

## THE REBELS TO BE TREATED AS ALIEN ENEMIES.

"Now, then, to pass from the particular to the general, I come to the proposition, what is the contest with all the states now banded together in the so called Confederate States? Into what form has it come? It started an insurrection; it grew up a rebellion; it has become a revolution, carrying with it all the rights of a revolution. Our government has dealt with it on that ground. When it blockaded the ports it dealt with it as a revolution. When it sent cartels for the exchange of prisoners it dealt with those people no longer as simple insurrectionists and traitors, but as organized revolutionists, who had set up a government for themselves on the territory of the United States. Let no man say to me, 'Then you acknowledge the right of revolution in these men.' I beg pardon; I only acknowledge the fact of revolution. I look things plainly in the face, and I trust that I do not dodge because they are unpleasant to my sight. Again I say, I

and after the prayer was over restrain

against us; attempting to make alliances with South Carolina, if I can help it.—[Cheers.] Let no man misunderstand me; and I repeat it lest I might be misunderstood. I do not mean to give up a single inch of the soil of South Carolina. If I had been alive at that time, and had the position and the ability, I would have dealt with South Carolina as Jackson did, and kept her in at all hazards. But now she has gone out; and I will take care that when she comes in again she will come in better behaved.—[Laughter and cheers.] I will take care that she shall be no longer the firebrand of the Union—aye, and that she shall enjoy, what her people never yet have enjoyed, the blessings of a republican form of government. [Cheers.] Therefore, in that view, I am not for the reconstruction of the Union as it was. I have spent tears and blood enough on it, in conjunction with my fellow-citizens, to make it a little better. It was good enough if it had been let alone. The old house was good enough for me, but as they have pulled down the early part, I propose, when we rebuild it, to build it up with all the modern improvements. [Enthusiastic applause.]

## CONFISCATION—SLAVES.

"Another one of the logical sequences, it seems to me, that follow inexorably and is not to be shunned, from the proposition that we are dealing with alien enemies, what is our duty with regard to the confiscation of their property? And that would seem to me to be very easy of settlement under the constitution, and without any discussion, if my first proposition is right. Hasn't it been held, from the beginning of the world down to this day, from the time the Israelites took possession of the land of Canaan, which they got from alien enemies—hasn't it been held that the whole of the property of those alien enemies belongs to the conqueror [applause,] and that it has been at his mercy and his clemency what should be done with it? "There are other logical consequences to follow from the view which I have ventured to take of the subject, and that is, with regard to our political action. If they are alien enemies I am bound to them by no ties of party fealty. I must look simply to my country and its service, and leave them to look for the country they are attempting to erect and to its service. By that I give up no territory of the United States. Every foot that ever was circumscribed within the boundaries of the United States belongs to us. [Cheers.] It is to be drawn in under our laws and government as soon as the power of the United States can be exerted for that purpose. Therefore you see one set of the logical sequences which must follow—namely, that we have no occasion to carry on the fight for the constitution as it is. Who makes any attack on the constitution? We are fighting against those who have gone out and repudiated the constitution and made a new constitution for themselves.

## THE UNION—BUT NOT AS IT WAS.

"And now, my friends, I do not know but that I shall commit some heresy; but as a democrat, and as an Andrew Jackson democrat, I say that I am not for the Union as it was. [Loud cheers.] I have the honor to say as a democrat, and an Andrew Jackson democrat, that I am not for the Union to be again as it was. Understand me. I was for the Union as it was, because I saw, or thought I saw in the future the troubles which have burst upon us; but having undergone those troubles, having spent all this blood and treasure, I do not like to go back again and be 'cheek by jowl' as we were before

with South Carolina, if I can help it.—[Cheers.] Let no man misunderstand me; and I repeat it lest I might be misunderstood. I do not mean to give up a single inch of the soil of South Carolina. If I had been alive at that time, and had the position and the ability, I would have dealt with South Carolina as Jackson did, and kept her in at all hazards. But now she has gone out; and I will take care that when she comes in again she will come in better behaved.—[Laughter and cheers.] I will take care that she shall be no longer the firebrand of the Union—aye, and that she shall enjoy, what her people never yet have enjoyed, the blessings of a republican form of government. [Cheers.] Therefore, in that view, I am not for the reconstruction of the Union as it was. I have spent tears and blood enough on it, in conjunction with my fellow-citizens, to make it a little better. It was good enough if it had been let alone. The old house was good enough for me, but as they have pulled down the early part, I propose, when we rebuild it, to build it up with all the modern improvements. [Enthusiastic applause.]

"Another one of the logical sequences, it seems to me, that follow inexorably and is not to be shunned, from the proposition that we are dealing with alien enemies, what is our duty with regard to the confiscation of their property? And that would seem to me to be very easy of settlement under the constitution, and without any discussion, if my first proposition is right. Hasn't it been held, from the beginning of the world down to this day, from the time the Israelites took possession of the land of Canaan, which they got from alien enemies—hasn't it been held that the whole of the property of those alien enemies belongs to the conqueror [applause,] and that it has been at his mercy and his clemency what should be done with it?

And for one, I would take it and give to the loyal man, who was loyal from the heart, at the South, enough to make him as well as he was before, and I would take the balance of it and distribute it among the volunteer soldiers who have gone forth in the service of their country; [applause,] and so far as I know them, if we would settle South Carolina with them in the course of a few years, I should be quite willing to receive her back into the Union. [Laughter and applause.] That leads us to deal again with another proposition—what shall be done with the slaves? And here, again, the laws of war, dealing with this species of property have long since settled themselves with clearness and exactness—that it is at the hand of the superior, of the conqueror, of the government who has maintained or extended its jurisdiction over the territory, to deal with slaves as it pleases—to free them or not, as that government chooses. It is not for the conquered to make terms or for them to send their friends into the conqueror's hands to make terms about them. I have

this consideration again relieve another difficulty which seems to trouble some of my old democratic friends, and that is the question of arming the negro slaves. If these men are alien enemies, is there any objection that you know of, and if so state it, to our arming one portion of that foreign country against them, while they are fighting us? [Loud responses of "No, no," and cheers.] Suppose we were at war with England, who here would get up in New York and say we must not arm the Irish, lest they should hurt some Englishmen? [Laughter and applause.] Well, at one time, not very far gone, all those Englishmen were our grandfathers' brothers. Either they or we erred, but we are now separate nations, arising out of the contest. So again I say, if you will look carefully you will see that there can be no objection for another reason. There is no law, either of war or international law, or law of governmental action, that I know of, which prevents a country arming any portion of its citizens or its subjects for the defence of that portion or of any other, and they become (if they do not take part with those rebels,) simply our citizens, residing upon our territory, which at the present hour is usurped by our enemies. [Applause.]

NEGRO SOLDIERS.

"There is one question which I am very often asked, and I will answer it here once for all. Will the negroes fight? On that subject I have no personal experience, because I left the Department of the Gulf before they were fairly brought into action. But they did fight with Jackson at Chalmette. More than that, I will bring in another man to answer that question. Let Napoleon III. answer it, who has hired them to do what the veterans of the Crimea cannot do—whip the Mexicans. I will answer it in another form. Let the veterans of Napoleon I., under his brother-in-law, Le Clere, who were whipped out of St. Domingo by them, tell whether they will fight or not. [Applause] I will ask you to remember it in another form still. What has been the demoralizing effect upon them as a race by their contact with the white man, I know not, [laughter,] but I cannot forget that they and their fathers would not have been slaves except that they were captives of war in their own countries, in hand-to-hand fights among the several chiefs, and were sold into slavery because they were captives in war. [Cheers.]

FOREIGN NATIONS.

"What are the duties of foreign nations if these are alien enemies? Neutral nations have no treaty of amity or alliance with them. They are strangers to every neutral nation. Take England for example. England has no treaty with the rebels. She has no relations—I mean open relations—with them; none that are recognised by the laws of nations. She has treaties of amity and friendship with us. Let me illustrate. Two friends of mine get into a fight. I am on equally good terms with them both. I do not choose to take part with either. I treat them as belligerents and hold myself neutral. That is the position of a nation where two equally friendly nations are at war. But again: I have a friend who is fighting with a stranger, and with one of whom I know nothing that is good, and of whom I have seen nothing except that he would fight. [Laughter] What is my duty to my friend? in that

case? Is it to stand perfectly neutral? That is not considered the part of a friend as between Men, and is it the part of a friendly Nation as between Nations? And yet our English friends profess to do no more than to stand perfectly neutral, although they have treaties of amity with us and none with the South. They say: 'Oh, we are going to be neutral. We will not sell you any arms, because we should have to do the same for the Confederate States.' To that I answer: 'You have got treaties of amity and commerce with us by which you agree to trade with us, and you have got no such treaties with them. Why not, then trade with us? Why not give us that rightful preference?'

Upon this point Gen. Butler spoke with great ability and effect, showing that the course of England has been anything but just and fair toward this Government. He said:

"There has been nothing in the Union cause that English orators and statesmen have not maligned; nothing that we have done, not perverted by the press; while there has been nothing of sympathy or encouragement not afforded to our enemies. Nassau has been the naval arsenal for pirate rebel vessels to refit in; Kingston has been their coal depot, and Barbadoes has been the dancing hall to fete the pirate chieftains in.

What cause has England so to deal with us? What is the reason that she has never shown sympathy or love towards us?—I draw a wide distinction between the English people as a mass and the English government. I think the heart of the people beats responsive to us; but I know that their government and aristocracy hate us with a hate that passeth all understanding. To-day at Birkenhead the Sumter is being fitted out; at Barbadoes the captain of the Florida is being feted; the 290—that cabalistic number of English merchants who contributed to construct her—is preying upon our commerce; and we hear that at Glasgow a steamer is being built for the Emperor of China, and at Liverpool another has been launched for the same Emperor. But I do not think the Emperor of China will buy many ships from the English till they bring back the silk gowns they stole out of his palace at Peking. [Laughter.] Referring to the case of the Trent, General Butler said that it was not wise, perhaps, to provoke England at that time; but he thanked God that we are getting more and more in a condition to remember that occasion every day. [Enthusiastic applause.] Her sympathy with the South was attributable to the fact that she would get all the commerce of that country. What was the remedy? The people must look forward to these matters, as the government, he had no doubt was already looking forward to them; and when the government got ready to take a step the people must be ready to sustain it.—[Applause.] They should proclaim non-intercourse, so that no ounce of food from America should by any accident get into an Englishman's mouth until these piracies were stopped. [Applause.] When they did that the English government would find where these vessels were going to, and would write to the Emperor of China.—[laughter]—that he could not have any more."

General Butler continued: "But I heard some friend of mine say, 'I am afraid your scheme would bring

down our provisions, and if we didn't port them to England we should find western markets still more depressed. Allow me, with great deference for your judgment, gentlemen, to suggest a remedy for that at the same time. I would suggest that the exportation of gold be prohibited, and then there would be nothing to forward to meet the bills of exchange and pay for the goods we have bought except our provisions. And, taking hint from one of your best and most successful merchants, we could pay for our silks and satins, in butter, and lard, and corn, and beef, and pork, and bring up the prices in the West so that they could afford to pay the increased tariff now rendered necessary, I suppose, upon your railroads. [Applause.] And if our sisters and daughters are dressed in silk and satins, and laces, they will not feel any more troubled that a portion of their price goes to the western farmer to enhance his gains, instead of going into the coffers of a Jew banker in Wall-street."

THE PROSPECTS OF THE CAUSE.

Upon this point General Butler said: "Look back from 1863 to 1862, and tell me whether there has not been an progress. [Applause.] Look at our changed position in North Carolina—look at Port Royal, and tell me whether we have not progressed. Now, then, they hold none of Missouri, none of Kentucky, none of Tennessee, for any valuable purpose of supplies, because the western part is in our hands, and the eastern part has been so run over by contending armies that all the supplies are gone. They hold no portion of Virginia valuable for supplies—that is eaten out by their armies. We hold one-third of Virginia, one half of North Carolina; we hold one half of South Carolina, and I think we shall, before the 11th of this month hold a little more. [Applause.] We hold two-thirds of Louisiana in wealth and population; we hold all of Arkansas and all Texas, so far as supplies can go to the rebels, so long as Farragut is between Port Hudson and Vicksburg, [applause.] at I believe the colored troops held Florida at last accounts. [Applause, and cries—"Good."] Now, then let us see to what the rebellion is reduced—to the remainder of Virginia, part of North Carolina, Georgia, Texas, as I said before, being cut off. Now why I draw strong hope from this, is that their supplies all come from Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, Arkansas, or Texas, and these are completely now beyond their reach, and that I look largely to the suppression of this rebellion and the overthrow of the revolution. [Applause.] They have got to the end of their conscription—they have not begun ours. [Applause,] a voice, "That's the difference." They have come to the end of their national credit—we have not put ours in a market in the world. [Applause.] A why should any man be desponding, work has gone too slow? why should men feel impatient? why should nations be so anxious that nations should march faster than they are prepared to march—faster than the tread of nations have ever been in the providence of God. Nations in war have ever moved slowly. We are too impatient—we never learn any thing; and it would seem to me from reading history—I speak of myself as well as you—I have shared with the

impatience myself. I have shared with the various matters of disappointment. I was saying but the other day, to a friend of mine, 'It seems strange to me that our navy cannot catch that steamer Alabama; there must be something wrong in the Navy Department, I am afraid,' and I got quite impatient. I had hardly got over the wound inflicted by the capture of the Jacob Bell, when came the Golden Eagle and the Lady Jane, and as one was from Boston it touched me keenly. [Applause.] He replied: "Don't be impatient; remember that Paul Jones, with a sailing ship on the coast of England, put the whole British navy at defiance for many months, and wandered up and down that coast, and worked his will upon it [applause] and England had no naval power to contend with, and had not 2,500 miles to blockade.' I remember that in the French war Lord Cochrane, with one vessel, held the whole French coast against the French navy, and that was by no means a steamship. And so it has been done by other nations. Let us have a little patience, and possess our souls with a little patriotism, and less politics, and we shall have no difficulty. [Applause and "Good."]

THE CONSERVATIVE POLITICIANS.

You will observe, my friends, that in the list of grievances with which I charge England, I did not charge her with tampering with our leading politicians.—[Laughter.] So far as any evidence I have, I don't know that she is guilty, but what shall we say of our leading politicians that have tampered with her. I have read of it with much surprise, excited more than by any other fact of this war. I had, somehow, got an inkling of the various things that came up in previous instances; I was not very much surprised at that, but when I read a statement deliberately put forward that here, in New York, leading politicians consulted with the British Minister as to how this United States could be separated, every drop of blood in my veins boiled, and I would have liked to have seen that leading politician. [Tremendous applause.] I do not know that Lord Lyons is to blame. I suppose, sir, if a man comes to one of your clerks and offers to go into partnership with him to rob your neighbor's bank, and he reports him to you, you don't blame the clerk, but what do you do with the man who makes the offer? [Laughter. A voice—"Hang him."] I think we had had better take a lesson from the action of Washington's administration, when the French minister, M. Genet, undertook even to address the people of the United States by letter. Complaint was made to his Government, and he was recalled, and a law was passed preventing, for all time, any interference by foreign diplomatists, with the people of the United States; and again—I want to be understood—I have no evidence of any interference on the part of Lord Lyons; but he says, both before and after, leading politicians came to him and desired that he would do, what?—(I am giving the substance and not words)—desired that he would request his Government not to interfere.—Why not? Because it would aid the country not to interfere? No! Because if you do, the country will spurn it and be stronger than ever for crushing this rebellion; and that it shall be crushed out. Mark again the insidious way in which the point was put. They knew how we

felt because of the action of England—they knew that the heart of this people beat true to the constitution, and that it could not brook any interference on the part of England. What, then, did these politicians do? They asked the British Minister to use the influence of British diplomacy to induce other nations to interfere, but to take care that Great Britain should keep out of sight, lest we should see the cat under the meal.—[Laughter.] This is precisely the proposition that they made. You observe that in speaking of these men, I have up to this moment used the word politicians. What kind of politicians? [A voice: "Copperheads." Hisses and groans.]—They cannot be Democratic politicians. [Of course they cannot.] How I should like to hear Andrew Jackson say a few words upon such politicians who call themselves Democrats. [He would hang them.] No, I don't think he would have an opportunity to do so; he never would be able to catch them. [Laughter.]

I have felt it my duty, here in the city of New York, because of the interest I have in public affairs, to call attention to this most extraordinary fact—that there are men in the community so lost to patriotism, so bound up in the traditions of party, so selfish, as to be willing to tamper with Great Britain in order to bring about the separation of this country. It is the most alarming fact that I have yet seen. I had rather see a hundred thousand men set in the field on the rebel side—aye, I had rather see Great Britain armed against us openly, as she is covertly—than to be forced to believe that there are amongst us such men as these, lineal descendants of Judas Iscariot intermarried with the race of Benedict Arnold.—["Wood," "Brooks."] It has shown me a great danger with which we are threatened, and I call upon all true men to sustain the government—to be loyal to the government. [Loud cheers.] As you, sir, was pleased to say, the present government was not the government of my choice—I did not vote for it, or for any part of it; but it is the government of my country, it is the only organ by which I can exert the force of the country to protect its integrity; and so long as I believe that government to be honestly administered, I will throw a mantle over any mistakes that I may think it has made, and support it heartily, with hand and purse, so help me God! [Prolonged cheering.] I have no loyalty to any man or men; my loyalty is to the government; and it makes no difference to me who the people have chosen to administer the government, so long as the choice has been constitutionally made, and the persons so chosen hold their places and powers. I am a traitor and a false man if I falter in my support. [Applause.] This is what I understand to be loyalty to a government; and I was sorry to learn, as I did the other day, that there was a man in New York who professed not to know the meaning of the word loyalty. [Hisses, groans, and cries of "Wood."] I desire to say here that it is the duty of every man to be loyal to the government, to sustain it, to pardon its errors, and help it to rectify them, and do all he can to aid it in carrying the country on in the course of glory and grandeur in which it was started by our fathers. And let me say to you, my friends—to you, young men, that no man who opposed his country in time of war ever prospered.—

["That's so."] The Tories of the Revolution, the Hartford Conventionists of 1812, the immortal seven who voted against the supplies for the Mexican War—all history is against these men. Let no politician of our day put himself in the way of the march of this country to glory and greatness, and whoever does so will surely be crushed. The course of our nation is onward, and let him who opposes it beware. The mower moves on, though the adder may writhe, and the copperheads curl round the blade of the scythe. [Loud applause.] It only remains, sir, for me to repeat the expression of my gratitude to you and the citizens of New York here assembled for the kindness with which you and they have received me and listened to me, for which please again accept my thanks." [Prolonged cheering.]

A Reason for Going to Church.

My desire is to give you one or two good reasons for going to church, which do not depend upon the authenticity of christianity or upon the sacredness of the Christian Sabbath at all.

My first reason is, that unless a man puts himself into a fine shirt, polished boots and good clothes once a week, and goes out into the public, he is almost certain to lapse into semi-barbarism. You know that unless you do this on the Sabbath, you cannot do it at all, for you labor all the week. There is nothing like standing alone, with no place in the machinery of society to tone down one's self respect. You must be aware that you are not in sympathy with society. You are looked upon as an outsider, because you refuse to come in contact with society on its broadest and best ground. I tell you it is a good thing for a man to wash his face clean, and put on his best clothes and walk to the House of God with his children on the Sabbath, whether he believes in christianity or not. The church is the place where at least good morals are inculcated, and where the vices of community are denounced. You can afford to stand by so much of the church, and by doing so, say,

"Here am I, and here are mine, with a stake in the welfare of society, and an interest in the good morals of society."

My dear friend, this little operation gone through with every Sabbath, would give you self respect, help you to keep your head above water, and bring you into sympathy with the best society the world possesses.—

Thirty-five criminals, convicted by the District of Columbia Court, have been sentenced to the State Prison in this city.

THE APPLE WORM.—The moth from which this pest proceeds deposits its eggs in the blossom. The grub, when hatched, penetrates to the core, and feeds on the growing pulp. When grown, it eats its own way out, the fruit, in the meantime, ripening prematurely and falling. The grub then leaves it and ascends to the trunk of the tree. Here it makes its cocoon; generally under the scale of old bark, where it remains until laying time, and then comes out a moth, lays its eggs in the blossoms for a new generation. Now is the time to destroy it. Scrape the scales of bark from the trunk and lower limbs and wash with a weak solution of potash, a little stronger one of soda, or better, one part of soft soap to three of water. Whale oil soap is good, if to be had, and is as cheap as a broom. If you have nothing better, put a bushel or two of ashes in a barrel—say two bushels. Let it stand twenty-four hours, and at sundown next day apply it plentifully, ashes and all, with a swab. This is a remedy always at hand, and is about as good as any other. It will take off the scaly bark, kill the mothers of the coming generation, and leave the trunk, after a rain or two, smooth and healthy.

Third New York Artillery—History of the Regiment—Roster of Its Officers.

The Third Regiment of Artillery, N. Y. State Volunteers, was organized and mustered into the United States service, as the Nineteenth New York Volunteer Infantry, May 23d, 1861, with seven hundred and forty-two officers and men—Col. J. S. Clark commanding. The following is a sketch of its subsequent history :

December 11, 1861, changed to the Third New York Volunteer Artillery, Col J H Ledlie commanding.

May 20, 1863, companies consolidated, Col Chas H Stewart commanding.

The regiment has participated in almost every engagement in Virginia, North and South Carolina and Florida.

September 28, 1861, companies F, H and K were consolidated.

December 20, 1861, new company K joined.

February 22, 1862, Company B consolidated.

February 22, 1862, new Batteries B, F, H and M joined.

March, 1862, new Company L joined.

May 22, 1863, Companies A, C, D and G consolidated.

October 1, 1863, new Battery C joined.

March 21, 1864, new Battery D joined.

March 26, 1864, new Battery G joined.

September 20, 1864, new Battery A joined.

Total number of recruits received since organization, 4,408; killed in action, 217; wounded in action, 233; died of disease, 247.

Since May 22, 1863, the regiment has all been mounted except Battery A.

The following is a list of engagements in which the regiment and its Batteries have been engaged since the organization :

Martinsburg, Virginia, June 11, 1861.

Lovettsville, Virginia, June 11, 1861.

Fort Macon, North Carolina, April 25, 1862.

Washington, North Carolina, Sept. 6, 1862.

Rawls Mills, North Carolina, Nov. 5, 1862.

South West Creek, N. C., Dec. 13, 1862.

Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, 1862.

Whitehall, N. C., Dec. 16, 1862.

Goldsboro, N. C., Dec. 17, 1862.

Springbank, N. C., Dec. 17, 1862.

Newbern, N. C., March 14, 1863.

Deep Gully, N. C., March 14, 1863.

Blount's Creek, N. C., April 9, 1863.

Gun Swamp, N. C., May, '63.

Core Creek, N. C., May, 1863.

Bachelor's Creek, N. C., May, 1863.

Seabrook Island, S. C., June 18, 1863.

Bombardment of Fort Sumter, South Carolina, July 10, 1863.

Fort Wagner, S. C., July 18, 1863.

Siege of Fort Wagner, S. C. July 18, to Sept. 5, 1863.

Morris Island, S. C., Aug. 22 to Aug. 30, 1863.

Camden Court House, Va., Nov. 3, 1863.

Dismal Swamp, Va., Nov. 3, 1863.

Bombardment of Fort Sumter, S. C., Nov. 1 to Nov. 5, 1863.

Newbern, N. C. Feb. 1 to Feb. 4, 1864.

Bachelors Creek, N. C., Feb. 1, 1864.

Beach Grove, N. C., Feb. 2, 1864.

Brice's Creek, N. C., Feb. 2, 1864.

Folly Island, S. C., Feb 9, 10, and 11, 1864.

Fort Clifton, Va., May 9, 1864.

Harrison's Church, Va., May 9, 1864.

Drury's Bluff, Va., May 13, 14, 15 and 16, 1864.

Harrison's Plantation, Va., May 15, 1864.

Springhill, Va., May 18, '64.

Fort Powhatan, May 21, '64.

Wilson's Wharf, Va., May 24, '64.

Richmond, Va., April 3, '65.  
Plymouth siege, N. C. April 20, '64.  
Taylorsville, N. C., July, '63.  
Siege of Charleston, S. C., '63.  
John's Island, S. C., Feb 1, '64, and July 9, '64.  
James Island, S. C., July 9, '64.  
South Mills, N. C., '64.  
Pocotaligo, S. C., April, '64.  
Camden, S. C., Feb 8, '65.

The following is the Roster of the Commissioned Officers of the Third Regiment of Artillery, New York Volunteers :

Colonel—Chas H Stewart.  
Lieutenant-Colonel—Terrance J Kennedy.  
Major—Theodore H Schenck.  
Major—Wm J Riggs.  
Surgeon—Alfred D Wilson.  
Assistant-Surgeon—Francis W Benjamin.  
First Lieutenant and Adjutant—Jay E Storke.  
First Lieutenant and Assistant Quartermaster—Ogilvie D Ball.  
Battery A—Captain, Samuel P Russell;

First Lieutenant, Wm Richardson; Second Lieutenant, Edward Cunningham; Second Lieutenant, John Morley.  
Battery B—Captain, Thomas J Mersereau; First Lieutenant, George G Breck; First Lieutenant, Geo H Crocker; Second Lieutenant, Thomas H B Martin; Second Lieutenant, Richard Jones.  
Battery C—Captain, Wm E Mercer; First Lieutenant, James G McVey; First Lieutenant, Geo W Leonard; Second Lieutenant, Wm H Coffin; Second Lieutenant, Martin Webster.

Battery D—Captain, Stephen Van Heusen; First Lieutenant, John Stephenson, Jr; First Lieutenant, Jay E Storke (Regimental Adjutant); Second Lieutenant, Thomas Vandenberg; Second Lieutenant, John I Brinkerhoff, Jr.  
Battery E—Captain, Geo E Ashby; First Lieutenant, Milan B Goodrich; First Lieutenant, Roswell Miller; Second Lieutenant, Edward Delestra.  
Battery F—First Lieutenant, Edgar H Titus; First Lieutenant, Edmund C Clark; Second Lieutenant, Geo W Taylor; Second Lieutenant, Abner B Hoyt.

Battery G—Captain, Wm A Kelsey; First Lieutenant, Ogilvie D Ball, (R Q M); Second Lieutenant, Chas A Moore; Second Lieutenant, Rowland K Wade.  
Battery H—Captain, Enoch Jones; First Lieutenant, Horatio N Thomson; First Lieutenant, Wm Quain; Second Lieutenant, Albert C Devendorf.  
Battery I—Captain, Wm M Kirby; First Lieutenant, David W Stewart; Second Lieutenant, Edgar W Seymour; Second Lieutenant, Wm H Goodrich.

Battery K—Captain, James R Angel; First Lieutenant, C DeWitt Staring; First Lieutenant, Benjamin G Gibb; Second Lieutenant, Geo B Andrews; Second Lieutenant, Wm H Chase.  
Battery L—Captain, Lewis H Mowers; Second Lieutenant, Lucius S Newcomb.  
Battery M—Captain, John H Howell; First Lieutenant, Wm H Jamford; First Lieutenant, Julius Cole; Second Lieutenant, Edwin W Brennan; Second Lieutenant, Geo B Vandewater.

Non-Commissioned Staff Officers—Sergeant-Major, Chas E Waldron; Quartermaster-Sergeant, Amos H Dean; Commissary-Sergeant, Geo H Wright; Acting Hospital Steward, Wm T Eldridge.

A NEW CLOTHING EMPORIUM.—E. L. Skinner for fifteen years a successful merchant in Elmira, and Joseph D. Otis, favorably known as one of our most popular salesmen, have united in a co-partnership for the purpose of carrying on the clothing business in this city. Mason's crockery stand is now undergoing complete renovation, and will be thoroughly repaired for these gentlemen, who contemplate offering a fresh assortment of clothing to our citizens on the first day of August. They propose to keep not only ready-made clothing, but intend to be able to do the best kind of custom work on the most reasonable terms. The success of Messrs. Skinner and Otis in other fields warrants a like success in their new undertaking.

Several correspondents have sent us the following verses and asked us to print them, because they find them attributed to "Abraham Lincoln of Illinois, President of the United States." We willingly comply with their request, for the verses are good; but Mr. Lincoln had no part in their production, though he was fond of repeating them. We do not, this moment, recall the name of their author; but we had read them while Mr. Lincoln was a rail-splitter, before he began to study with a view to the legal profession. But it will harm no one to read them again: so here they are:

OH, WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?  
Like a swift-flying meteor—a fast-flying cloud—  
A flash of lightning—a break of the wave—  
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,  
Be scattered around, and together be laid;  
As the young, and the old, the low and the high,  
Shall crumble to dust, and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved—  
The mother, that infant a affection who proved;  
The father, that mother and infant who blest,  
Each, all are away to that dwelling of rest.

The head of the King, that the scepter hath borne,  
The brow of the Priest, that the miter hath worn,  
The eye of the Sage, and the heart of the brave,  
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap;  
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep;  
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,  
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or weed,  
That withers away to let others succeed;  
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,  
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been,  
We see the same sights our fathers have seen,  
We drink the same stream, we see the same sun,  
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers did think;  
From the death we are shrinking our fathers did shrink;  
To the life we are clinging our fathers did cling,  
But it speeds from us all like the bird on the wing.

They loved—but the story we cannot unfold;  
They grieved—but the heart of the hungry is cold;  
They came—but no wail from their slumbers will come.  
They died—but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,  
And make in their dwelling a transient abode,  
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.  
Yea, hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,  
And the smile and the tear, and the song and the dirge,  
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath  
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,  
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?  
PATRIOTIC HYMN.—The following is one of the original pieces sung at the obsequies of President Lincoln in this city, last Wednesday:

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.  
BY CHAUNCEY NASB.  
I.  
The nation bewails him, heno is at rest,  
His work half accomplished, his labors are o'er,  
Now summoned above to the realms of the blest,  
Where toil, grief and treason afflict him no more.

II.  
The nation bewails him—the pure, good and great,  
His heart yet all yearning the Union to save,  
While millions enslaved, now hoping await  
To join the glad anthem—"There now is no slave."

III.  
The treason that slew him, with dastardly hand,  
Hath fill'd up the measure of crime and of woe;  
The Angel of Mercy, that wept o'er the land,  
Retires from the field bidding Vengeance to flow.

IV.  
Then rouse sleeping Justice, awake from thy dream,  
And strike the Rebellion with death-dealing blows,  
Nor cease from the carnage, as long as is seen  
The black flag of treason arraying our foes.

V.  
Let party dissensions 'mong patriots cease,  
And let all united—a firm, fearless band,  
Engage in the conflict—"to conquer a peace"  
That forever shall reign over all our fair land.

VI.  
The Union triumphant, with gladness again  
O'er all shall our Flag then in majesty wave,  
The wolk shall echo the joyful acclaim  
"The land of the free and the home of the brave."

A Model Made by Abraham Lincoln.

The following notice of a memento of President Lincoln's ingenuity, which is preserved in the Patent Office, is by the correspondent of the Boston Advertiser :

Occupying an ordinary and commonplace position in one of the show-cases in the large hall of the Patent Office is one little model which in ages to come will be prized as at once one of the most curious and one of the most sacred relics in that vast museum of unique and priceless things. This is a plain and simple model of a steambot roughly fashioned in wood by the hand of Abraham Lincoln. It bears date in 1849, when the inventor was known simply as a successful lawyer and rising politician of Central Illinois. Neither his practice nor his politics took up so much of his time as to prevent him from giving much attention to contrivances which he hoped might be of benefit to the world and of profit to himself.

The design of this invention is suggestive of one phase of Abraham Lincoln's early life, when he went up and down the Mississippi as a flat boatman, and became familiar with some of the dangers and inconveniences attending the navigation of the western rivers. It is an attempt to make it an easy matter to transport vessels over shoals and snags and sawyers. The main idea is that of an apparatus resembling a noseless bellows, placed on each side of the hull of the craft just below the water line, and worked by an odd but not complicated system of ropes, valves and pulleys. When the keel of the vessel grates against the sand or obstruction these bellows are to be filled with air—and thus buoyed up, the ship is expected to float lightly and gaily over the shoal, which would otherwise have proved a serious interruption to her voyage.

The model, which is about eighteen or twenty inches long and has the air of having been whittled with a knife out of a shingle and a cigar box, is built without any elaboration or ornament, or any extra apparatus beyond that necessary to show the operation of buoying the steamer over the obstructions. Herein it differs from very many of the models which share with it the shelter of the immense halls of the Patent Office, and which are fashioned with wonderful nicety and exquisite finish, as if much of the labor and affection of a lifetime had been devoted to their construction. This is a model of a different kind; carved as one might imagine a retired railsplitter would whittle, strongly but not smoothly, and evidently made with a view solely to convey, by the simplest possible means, to the minds of the patent authorities, an idea of the purpose and plan of the simple invention. The label on the steamer's deck informs us that the patent was obtained—but we do not learn that the navigation of the western rivers was revolutionized by this quaint conception. The modest little model has reposed here sixteen years, and since it found its resting-place here on the shelf, the shrewd inventor has found it his task to guide the ship of State over shoals more perilous and obstructions obstinate than any propect dreamed of when Abraham Lincoln wrote his bold autograph on the brow of this miniature steamer.

Men Find their Own Level.

The flattery with which our assembled working-classes are apt to be served, undoubtedly contributes to keep many of them content to make no higher attainments. If they are not received with open arms by the educated and refined, they attribute it to their occupation, not to themselves; to the irresponsible pride and prejudice of others, not to their own deficiency. But water is not the only thing that will find its own level. Genius, wit, learning, ignorance, coarseness, are each attracted to its like. Two painters were overheard talking in the room where they were at work. "Lord!" said one, "I knowed him well when he was a boy. Used to live with his grandfather next door to us. Poor as Job's turkey. But I ain't seen him since. till I hearn him in — hall, t'other

night. Don't suppose he'd come anigh me now with a ten foot pole. Them kind of folks has short memories, ha! ha! Can't tell who a poor working man is, nohow."

No, no, good friend, you are in the wrong. There is indeed a great gulf between you and your early friend, but it is not poverty. To say that it is, is only a way you have of flattering your self love. For, if you watch those who frequent your friend's house, you will find many a one who lives in lodgings, with the commonest three-ply carpets, cane-seat chairs, and one warm room; while you have a comfortable house of your own, with, very likely, tapestry and velvet in your parlor, and registers all about. No, it is not because you are poor, nor because you work; for he is as hard a worker as you, though, perhaps, not so long about it; but because—begging your pardon—you are vulgar, and ignorant; because you sit down in your sitting-room at home, with your coat off, and your hat on, and smoke your pipe,—because you plunge your own knife into the butter, and your own fork into the toast, having used both in your eating with equal freedom,—because your voice is loud, your tone swaggering, and your grammar hideous,—because, in short, your two paths from the old school-house diverged; his led upward, yours did not; and the fault is not his.—You both chose. He chose to cultivate his powers. You chose not to do so. Call things by their right name!—[Gail Hamilton.]

Hummerings.

1. In going to the country to spend your summer leave business behind, but take with you your entire stock of patience, courtesy, self-respect and religion. Go as plain "John Smith, gentleman."

2. If you have the first claim to be well-bred, you will be the last person in the world to volunteer any information on the subject. If it must be told, let it be by your conduct; let your entire deportment prove that you are a lady or a gentleman.

3. Do not profess that you "know" Mr. Astor, Mr. Grinnell, Mr. Minturn, or other distinguished citizens when your entire knowledge consists in their having been pointed out to you in the street.

4. Avoid claiming acquaintance with this or that family of note when you only happen to have spoken to them on a rail car or steamboat, or in some purely business transaction. An enterprising individual once claimed that he knew a distinguished judge very well. On inquiry, it was found that the judge had once sent him to the penitentiary!

5. If you have the first mite of common sense, and fully go to the country for recreation, enjoyment and health, leave your best and second-best clothing at home; take only your common wardrobe, and but a small part of that; not only that the persons you "stop with" may feel more easy, but that you may feel freer yourself to scale fences, climb trees, scramble up mountain sides, wade across creeks, penetrate forest tangles, and jump Jim Crow generally.

6. Never turn up your nose at anything at the table; if you have the slightest disposition to do so, you may be sure it is a pug, and isn't long enough to turn. If you don't like a thing, let it alone; eat nothing, and by the next meal you may be glad to get anything.

7. Remember that in going to the country a sensible man's object is neither to dress nor eat chiefly, but to obtain mental repose pure air and unrestrained exercise.

8. Endeavor to conform, without apparent effort, to the arrangements of the family with whom you board, and to the manners and customs of the people around you, as far as they do not compromise your principles of good morals and good taste.

6. Be cheerful, be kind, be considerate, be accommodating.

10. Do not obtrude your political or religious sentiments.

11. Shan argument and controversy on any and all subjects.

12. Let your courtesy come out naturally; and if religious, don't be a Pharisee.—[Hall's Journal of Health.]

The following is the ditty sung by Uncle Sam's Colored Infantry on their march into and through Petersburg and Richmond early last Monday morning, whereof a correspondent gave the opening stave in our last. Though not exactly classic in its diction, it is quite expressive:

Say, darlies, hab you seen de massa,  
Wid de mustash on his face,  
Go long de road some time dis mornin',  
Like he goin' to leave de place?  
He seen de smoke way up de ribber,  
Where de Linkum gunboats lay;  
He took his hat and left berry sudden,  
And I s'pose he's runned away.  
De massa run, ha! ha!  
De darkey stay, ho! ho!  
It must be now de kingdom comin',  
An' de yar ob Jubilo.

He's six foot one way and four foot totder,  
An' he weigha six hundred ponr,  
His coat's so big he couldn't pay de tailor,  
An' it won't reach half way round,  
He drills so much dey calls him cap'n,  
An' he gits so mighty tan'd,  
I s'pec he'll try to feel dem Yankeees  
For to tink he's contraband.  
De massa run, ha! ha!  
De darkey stay, ho! ho!  
It must be now de kingdom comin',  
An' de yar ob Jubilo.

The Human Harp.

BY DAVID BATES.

There is a harp in each human breast,  
The strings of which are never at rest;  
Where music forever breathes and lingers,  
Awaked by thousands of viewless fingers,  
That play like the hum of fairy wings  
Their notes on its thousand quivering strings.

This heaven-born harp is a priceless boon,  
In its mortal frame, with its strings in tune;  
But, whether tones of this living harp  
Are gentle and tender, flat or sharp,  
When longer rung, depends always  
On the ear that hears and the hand that plays.

How touchingly tender is its moan,  
As it gives to sorrow its monotone!  
When touched by the palsied hand of fear,  
It vibrates quick on the startled ear,  
And its strong-wrought frame in f enzy leaps,  
While passion its diapason weeps.

But happier spirits are hovering near,  
In their music they play we love to hear;  
They throng each heart with the grave and gay,  
And many a note I've heard them play—  
So often, too, are they playing the same  
That we know their touch and call them by name.

There is Love, who comes on his fluttering wing—  
"And how it thrills when he touches the strings!"  
Fame thinks he is heard all over the land,  
As he strikes the chords with a master hand;  
But to Faith and Hope is the mission given,  
To touch the notes that are heard in Heaven.

They linger still, when the rest are gone,  
And left the frail harp broken and lone;  
And when Death plays the last sad strain,  
Breaking the chords he shall ne'er touch again,  
They bear it away, with joyous wing,  
And string it anew where the angels sing.

The Last Gun on the Hill.

The day was drawing to a close,  
All nature seemed to rest;  
The sun that in her glory rose,  
Was sinking in the west—  
Her smiles that cheered us through the day,  
Were lingering with us still,  
And shed a beam of glory on  
The Last Gun on the Hill.

But hark! I hear the tramp of feet,  
And cries rise loud and long,  
"To Arms! To Arms! the foe, they come,  
At least twelve hundred strong."  
Forth sprang that hardy little band,  
With freeman's sturdy will,  
And an iron welcome sent the foe,  
From the Last Gun on the Hill.

Thus bravely stood that little band  
Of scarce three hundred men,  
While the Stars and Stripes were waving high,  
Above that gallant band;  
And still the cry rings loud and high,  
"The foe's advancing still!"  
May God protect the gallant men,  
With the Last Gun on the Hill.

But fiercer rings our Gun again,  
And faster fly our shells,  
And bursting fast among the foe,  
Rings forth their funeral knell.  
Their broken columns reel before  
Our thickening shot and shell;  
They falter, halt, retreat, Hurrah!  
For the Last Gun on the Hill.

For three long weary days and nights  
We held the foe at bay;  
In silence stood we by our gun,  
Nor rested night or day,  
And many a fair maid of the South,  
Now waits and watches still  
For those who fell 'neath the shot and shell  
Of the Last Gun on the Hill.

For three long weary days and nights  
We held the foe at bay;  
In silence stood we by our gun,  
Nor rested night or day,  
And many a fair maid of the South,  
Now waits and watches still  
For those who fell 'neath the shot and shell  
Of the Last Gun on the Hill.

Albert Pike plays whist with the Indians.  
Perhaps Albert has made as much money  
Horace Day by Indian rubbers.

Gerrit Smith's Letter to President Johnson.

Gerrit Smith recently addressed a Letter to President Johnson containing much good sense and sound argument, in favor of a conciliatory policy toward the South, but in which he makes the extraordinary and, as we believe, unwarranted statement that Jefferson and Madison favored secession more or less directly.

Let us be understood. Jefferson had no hand in making the Constitution. He merely complained of its provisions after it was made.

Mr. Smith makes a better argument upon another point. He says: Until the Rebellion, the commerce, politics, religious and social influences of the North were mainly in the service of slavery;

It is undoubtedly true that in the early history of this Government, the North was quite as responsible as the South for negro slavery. We can well understand that Mr. Smith, who has been an Abolitionist from the first, and an honest as well as an able one, and who has for more than thirty years confronted and combated political proslavery men in the North, should sincerely insist that the Democratic party of the North and, at one time, the Native American party of the North, were responsible for the continuance of slavery.

Nevertheless, fidelity to history should have made him more careful of his language.

The Iron Mask.

A convict pressing his cheek against the iron bars of a cell—did you ever see that sight? Did you ever hear the dismal clank, clank, of rusty iron against moldering wood, or the regular tramp of six hundred men, all of them wearing the badges of sin and disgrace?

But this prisoner, with his lantern jaws, his fierce, hollow, death bright eye, his wide, white, seamed forehead, the grey hair standing back as if the hand had often pressed it with some burning, feverish impulse—what do you think his age was?

A poor guess; not yet forty-three. Oh! what a hard, stony face it was.

"The man has no feeling," said the jailer; "neither shame nor grief. He dares any glance; he sneers at sympathy; his heart is flint itself. Monsters are sometimes born—I think he is one."

"But his crime—"

"Wife murder—at least, he caused her death. She was a terrible woman; and neglected a little child, I think, so that it died, I believe, and he hated and finally killed her."

A history to make one shudder.

And yet there were some remnants of nobility about him. Even this man had been young and comparatively innocent at his mother's knee; he had loved; he had known sorrow; he did feel remorse, perhaps. Who could tell?

"Let her have it," said the jailer, as my little Minnie picked a beautiful flower from forbidden ground.

"Little Minnie is naughty to-day!" said the child, with a subdued look. "Mamma put Minnie in prison."

Such a horrible revulsion passed over me at those words! Had not children as beautiful grown into—what? My very soul shuddered. It was with an effort that I entered the gloomy halls with some friends, the child silent prattling. And yet I thank God for that day of my existence.

The stony face was there; the great hollow eyes looked out eagerly. Seldom was a child seen in that deathly gloom.

"Man, do you want a pretty flower?" cried Minnie, holding it up. She was lifted to his level. To my astonishment he took it; his lip quivered.

"Man, you want a kiss?" chirruped the little bird voice.

A sob that was almost terrific was the answer. He withdrew from sight as if he had been shot. We all stood transfixed. A child's voice had stirred the locked up waters of his soul, and we ended our visit silently.

The next day the warden came to my house. "Jenner hasn't been off his bed since yesterday," he said, "and he begs that you will see him."

In less than fifteen minutes I stood in the cell. The man's face, no longer defiant, had grown death like.

ringing in my ears. Oh! my own little one—my own little darling—your wicked father will never see you—never—never."

When the strong anguish had passed, he told me the history of his life—and such a history! Deep pity was in my heart long before he finished.

The iron man was flesh again. He only lived three months after the defiant will was broken. Deeply did he repent, humbly praying for mercy; and when his wasted face shone with the divine light of forgiveness, he said to me—"You may bring her here—only once."

So my darling brightened the dreary hour, and on his dying lips her fluttering kiss fell softly—the last life throb that touched him as the soul went out, leaving a smile behind. —[Watchman & K. K. K.]

Albany, July 5.

The celebration yesterday exceeded anything of the kind ever witnessed in Albany. The assurance of the presence of General Grant and other distinguished Generals attracted thousands of people from distant parts of the State and country.

Among those present and participating in the exercise, were Gens. Kilpatrick, Schofield, Sickles, Butterfield, Peck, Ricketts, Gantz, Dobin, Davis, Mulligan, Wool, Wallace, Robinson, Jones, Randall and Roberts. Gen. Grant arrived at 10:30 yesterday morning on a special train.

After mutual salutations and introductions the party partook of refreshments provided by the Governor.

The appearance of Gen. Grant upon the stand was the signal for hearty cheering, and in response he arose and bowed to the assembly.

The tattered flags of about 100 New York regiments were then formally presented to the State, Gen. Butterfield making the presentation.

He referred to the great services rendered by the New York troops, and said the war for the Union is over and the day of peace had arrived.

He referred to the terms that Grant has dictated for Lee's surrender and said, the honor of the soldiers was pledged to the observance of those conditions.

The army had performed its duty. It was now the work of the civil authorities to restore peace and concord throughout the lands, not in the spirit of retaliation and revenge, but by conciliation and forbearance toward those who had laid down their arms.

Gov. Fenton being unable to respond on receiving the flags, his address was read by Col. Hastings, his private Secretary.

Everything passed off pleasantly, and great credit is due to those entrusted with the management of the affair.

At 5 o'clock Gov. Fenton gave a dinner to the distinguished guests at his residence.

Gen. Grant left last evening for New York.

At the conclusion of the services, the crowd rushed for Gen. Grant, determined to shake him by the hand, and it was with difficulty that he reached his carriage.

Seasonable Advice for Ladies.

Dr. Dio Lewis, offers the following advice to ladies on the subject of clothing:

During the damp and cold season deficient dress of the feet and legs is a fruitful source of disease. The head, throat and liver, are perhaps the most frequent sufferers. The legs and feet are far from the central part of the body. They are not in great mass like the trunk, but extended and enveloped by the atmosphere. Besides, they are near the damp, cold earth.

For these and other reasons, they require extra covering. If we would secure the highest physiological condition, we must give our extremities more dress than the body. We men wear upon our legs, in the coldest season, but two thicknesses of cloth. The body has at least six.

Women put them on four thicknesses under the shawl, which with its various doublings, furnishes several more—then, over all, thick padded trowsers, while their legs have one thickness of cotton under a balloon. They

constantly come to me about their headache, palpitation of the heart and congestion of the liver. Yesterday one said to me, "All my blood is in my head and chest. My head goes bumpety bump, my heart goes bumpety bump." I asked "how are your feet?"—"Chunks of ice," she replied. I said to her, "if you so dress your legs and feet that the blood can't get down into them, where can it go? It can't go out visiting. It must stay in the system somewhere. Of course the chest and head must have an excessive quantity. So they go bumpety bump, and so they must go until you dress your legs and feet in such a way that they shall get their share of blood. In the coldest season of the year I leave Boston for a bit of a tour before the lyceums—going as far as Philadelphia, and riding much in the night without an over coat; but I give my legs two or three times their usual dress. During the coldest weather men may wear in addition to their usual drawers, a pair chamois skin drawers with great advantage. When we ride in a sleigh, or in the cars, where do we suffer? In our legs of course. Give me warm legs and feet, and I'll hardly thank you for an overcoat."

My dear madam, have you a headache, a sore throat, palpitation of the heart, congestion of the lungs or indigestion? Wear one, two or three pairs of warm woolen stockings, and thick warm shoes, with more or less reduction in the amount of dress about your body, and you will obtain the same relief permanently that you would temporarily from a warm foot-bath. I must not forget to say that a thin layer of India rubber cemented upon the boot sole will do much to keep the bottom of our feet dry and warm.

Much excitement was caused in this city yesterday by the visit of Dr. J. R. Newton, whose peculiar system of healing has created a general stir throughout the country, wherever he exercises his wonderful powers. From the hour of ten in the morning until one o'clock P. M., Markham Hall was densely packed by the "lame, halt and blind," "the wounded, sick and sore," beside hundreds of others whose curiosity led them there to witness the cures performed. The lame and rheumatic were made to discard their crutches and walk off, the deaf were made to hear, the blind to see, and the dumb to speak. In this matter of fact age it is hard to convince the public that such things can be true; but hundreds have witnessed the effects produced by the gentleman, and have had conviction forced upon their minds. More than 2,500 persons, variously afflicted, visited him yesterday at the hall and at his rooms in the Exchange Hotel. We were present during the evening, and witnessed several remarkable cures. One of the most striking of these was a case of lameness in a little girl named Emma Clark, the daughter of a widow residing on Owasco street. The child had been unable to do more than hobble about the house, until a charitable neighbor applied to the Doctor, who, by means of an article of the girl's clothing brought to him at the Hall, passed his influence to the sufferer and enabled her to walk to the Hotel in the evening, when he caused her to run about the room freely without help. His services to the poor are gratis, and none but the wealthy are required to pay a fee.

His power is claimed to be derived from heaven, and his ideas are at variance with the established forms of the Church. These we do not propose to discuss; but certain it is, that those who have seen his cures are filled with conflicting impressions regarding the origin of his mysterious powers, a majority being convinced of their reality.

One unmistakable case came under our immediate attention—that of a distressing inflammatory rheumatism. The sufferer had been unable to walk or bear the slightest

touch. Dr. Newton visited the patient, exercised his power, and enabled her to walk through the house at once. The first full night's rest in eight weeks, was the immediate consequence, and the invalid is still able to walk and use her limbs freely, with the prospect of speedy restoration to former good health. Such things are indeed wonderful and furnish a theme for study and reflection. Dr. Newton has certainly proved himself a benefactor, and his private charities are not alone confined to healing. The poor share his purse, and his benevolence is wide spread. He leaves Rochester on the 20th of this month. We understand he contemplates visiting Auburn in January next.

Gen. Robert Anderson.

Among the strangest of the strange things, which have occurred during the war, is the promotion of Major Anderson. He surrendered Sumter when relief was in sight, and when the Fort was undamaged, upon the pretext that the wooden shutters inside were on fire and the troops were short of provisions. Had any such surrender been made during any subsequent period of the war, the coward who made it would have been tried for his life. We do not say that as matters ultimately turned out, it may not have been as well for the country that he surrendered as to have held out longer; but we do say that his surrender was, and is obnoxious to the suspicion of cowardice or treachery. The public judgment is decidedly against his fidelity, at that time.

A Letter from the President.

The following letter from President Johnson was read at the Gettysburg Fourth of July celebration:

Washington, July 3, 1865. D. Wills, Chairman of Committee of Arrangements Gettysburg Monument Association:

DEAR SIR:—I had promised myself the pleasure of participating in person in the proceedings of to-morrow. That pleasure I am, by indisposition, reluctantly compelled to forego. I should have been pleased, standing on that twice consecrated spot, to share with you your joy at the return of peace; to greet with you the surviving heroes of the war, who come back with light hearts, though heavy laden with honors, and with you to drop grateful tears to the memory of those that will never return. Unable to do so in person, I can only send you my greetings, and assure you of my full sympathy with the purpose and spirit of your exercises to-morrow. Of all the anniversaries of the Declaration of Independence, none has been more important and significant than that upon which you assemble. Four years of struggle for our nation's life have been crowned with success; armed treason is swept from the land; our ports are re-opened; our relations with other nations are of the most satisfactory character; our internal commerce is free; our soldiers and sailors resume the peaceful pursuits of civil life; our flag floats in every breeze, and the only barrier to our national progress—human slavery—is forever at an end. Let us trust that each recurring Fourth of July shall find our nation stronger in numbers, stronger in wealth, stronger in the harmony of the citizens, stronger in its devotion to nationality and freedom. As I have often said, I believe, that God sent this people on a mission among the nations of the earth, and that when he founded our faith sustained me through the struggle that faith sustains me now that new duties are devolved upon me and new dangers threaten us. I feel that whatever the means he uses, the Almighty is determined to preserve us as a people. And since I have seen the love our fellow citizens bear their coun-

try, and the sacrifices they have made for it, my abiding faith has become stronger than ever that a government of the people is the strongest as well as the best of governments. In your joy to-morrow I trust you will not forget the thousands of whites as well as blacks whom the war has emancipated, who will hail this Fourth of July with a delight which no previous anniversary of the Declaration of Independence ever gave them.—Controlled so long by ambitious, selfish leaders, who used them for their own unworthy ends, they are now free to serve and cherish the government against whose life they in their blindness struck. I am greatly mistaken if in the States lately in rebellion we do not henceforward have an exhibition of such loyalty and patriotism as were never seen or felt there before. When you have consecrated a national cemetery you are to lay the corner stone of a national monument, which in all human probability will rise to the full height and proportion of your design. Noble as this monument of stone may be, it will be but a faint symbol of the grand monument, which, if we do our duty, we shall raise among the nations of the earth upon the foundations laid nine and eighty years ago in Philadelphia. Time shall wear away and crumble this monument, but that, based as it is, upon the consent, virtue, patriotism and intelligence of the people, each year shall make firmer and more imposing.

Your friend and fellow citizen, ANDREW JOHNSON.

The Losses of the South.

Skeaping of the losses of the South by the war, in addition to those caused by its debt of three thousand millions, and by the changed relations of the slaves, the Herald says:

Table listing losses: Crops lost and property destroyed: Three average cotton crops lost, which, at a peace valuation would amount to \$200,000,000. Lost, in four years, in the products of rice, sugar and tobacco, pitch, tar and turpentine 100,000,000. Property destroyed in ships, steamboats, canals, navy yards, arsenals, forts, war magazines, lumber and other building materials, railroads and railway buildings, bridges, machine snops, rolling stock, &c. 200,000,000. In the destruction of cities, villages, mills, foundries, factories, farms and plantations, including dwellings, out-houses, engines, implements, fences, horses, mules, cattle, &c. 500,000,000.

And we have a total of \$1,000,000,000

Incredible as these figures may appear, they fail to convey any idea approaching the extended and appalling scenes of destruction, desolation and destitution which prevail throughout the South. That comprehensive word, exhaustion, has solved the problem of the Rebellion, and, in their terrible exhaustion, the late rebellious States and their people stand before us to-day vanquished, submissive, destitute and in a state of social disorganization and confusion so broad and general as to be beyond immediate relief. Their fatal institution of Slavery, however, which led them into their ruinous revolt, is gone, and with its removal, in gracefully accepting the new order of things, they may amply repair in a few years all the damages and desolation of this destructive war, and start upon a career of prosperity and progress from which, under their old system of slavery and slave labor, they would have been forever excluded.

A PROCLAMATION.

By the President of the United States.

Washington, May 29.

Whereas, The President of the United States on the 8th day of December 1863, and on the 26th day of March 1864, did with the object to suppress the existing rebellion, to induce all persons to return to their loyalty and to restore the authority of the United States issue proclamations offering amnesty and pardon to certain persons who had directly, or by implication participated in the said rebellion, and

Whereas, As many persons who had so engaged in said rebellion, have, since the issuance of said proclamation failed to take advantage thereby; and

Whereas, Many persons who have been justly deprived of all claim to amnesty and pardon thereunder by reason of their participation directly or by implication in said rebellion, and continued hostility to the government of the United States since the date of said proclamation, now desire to apply for and obtain amnesty and pardon; to the end therefore, that the authority of the government of the United States may be restored, and that peace, order and freedom may be re-established, I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, do proclaim and declare, that I hereby grant to all persons who have directly or indirectly, participated in the existing rebellion, except as hereafter excepted, amnesty and pardon with restoration of all rights of property, except as to slaves, and except in cases where legal process under the laws of the United States, providing for the confiscation of property of persons engaged in rebellion have been instituted, but on the condition nevertheless, that every such person shall take and subscribe the following oath or affirmation, and thenceforward keep and maintain said oath inviolate, and which oath shall be registered for permanent preservation, and shall be of the tenor and effect, following, to wit: I do solemnly swear or affirm, in presence of Almighty God, that I will henceforth support and defend the Constitution of the United States, and the Union of the States thereunder, and that I will in like manner abide by, and faithfully support, all laws and proclamations, which have been made during the existing rebellion, with reference to the emancipation of slaves, so help me God.

The following classes are excepted from the benefits of this proclamation:

- First—All who are or shall have been pretended civil or diplomatic officers, or otherwise domestic or foreign agents of the pretended Confederate government.
Second—All who left judicial stations under the United States to aid the rebellion.
Third—All who shall have been military or naval officers of said pretended Confederate government above the rank of Colonel in the army, or Lieutenant in the navy.
Fourth—All who left seats in the Congress of the United States to aid the rebellion.
Fifth—All who resigned or tendered resignation of their commissions in the army or navy of the United States to evade duty in resisting the rebellion.
Sixth—All who have engaged in any way in treating otherwise than lawfully as prisoners of war persons found in the United States service as officers, soldiers, seamen, or other capacities.
Seventh—All persons who have been, or are absentees from the United States for the purpose of aiding the rebellion.
Eighth—All military and naval officers in the rebel service who were educated by the government in the military academy at West Point or the United States Naval Academy.
Ninth—All persons who held the pretended office of Governors of States in insurrection against the United States.
Tenth—All persons who left their homes within the jurisdiction and protection of the United States, and passed beyond the federal military lines into the so called Confederate States for the purpose of aiding the rebellion.

Eleventh—All persons who have been engaged in the destruction of the commerce of the United States upon the high seas, and all persons who have made raids into the United States from Canada, or have been engaged in destroying the commerce of the United States upon the lakes and rivers that separate the British Provinces from the United States.

Twelfth—All persons who, at the time, when they seek to obtain the benefits hereof, by taking the oath herein prescribed, in military, naval or civil confinement or custody, or under bonds of the civil, military or naval authorities of war, or persons detained for offences of any kind either before or after conviction.

Thirteenth—All persons who have voluntarily participated in said rebellion, and the estimated value of whose taxable property is over \$20,000.

Fourteenth—All persons who have taken the oath of amnesty as prescribed in the President's Proclamation of December 8th, A. D., 1865; or an oath of allegiance to the government of the United States since the date of said proclamation, and who have not thenceforward kept and maintained the same inviolate, provided that special application may be made to the President for pardon by any person belonging to the excepted classes, and such clemency will be liberally extended as may be consistent with the facts of the case and the peace and dignity of the United States.

The Secretary of State will establish rules and regulations for administering and aiding the said amnesty oath so as to increase its benefit to the people, and guard the government against fraud.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington the 29th day of May, in the year of our [L. S.] Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five, and of the Independence of the United States the eighty-ninth.

[Signed] ANDREW JOHNSON. By the President: WM. H. SEWARD, Sec'y of State.

A PROCLAMATION

By the President of the United States.

Washington, May 29.

Whereas, The fourth section of the first article of the Constitution of the United States declares that the United States shall guarantee to every State in the Union a republican form of government, and shall protect each of them against invasion and domestic violence; and

Whereas, The President of the United States is, by the Constitution made commander-in-chief of the armies and navy, as well as chief executive officer of the United States, and is bound by Constitution, faithfully to execute the office of President of the United States, and to take care that they will be faithfully executed; and

Whereas, The rebellion which has been waged by a portion of the people of the United States against the properly constituted authorities of the Government thereof, in the most violent and revolting form, but whose organized and armed forces have now been almost entirely overcome, has in its revolutionary progress deprived the people of the State of North Carolina of all civil government, and

Whereas, It becomes necessary and proper to carry out and enforce the obligations of the United States to the people of North Carolina, in securing them in the enjoyments of a republican form of government; now, therefore, in consideration of the high and solemn duty imposed upon me by the Constitution of the United States, and for the purpose of enabling the loyal people of said State to organize a State government whereby justice may be established, domestic tranquility insured and loyal citizens protected in all their rights of liberty and property, I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, and Commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, do

hereby appoint William H. Holden Provisional Governor of the State of North Carolina, whose duty it shall be at the earliest practicable period to prescribe such rules and regulations and may be necessary and proper for convening a Convention composed of delegates to be chosen by that portion of the people of said State who are loyal to the United States, and no others, for the purpose of altering and amending the Constitution thereof, and with authority to exercise within the limits of said State all the power necessary and proper for the people of North Carolina, to restore said State to its constitutional relations to the Federal Government, and to present such a republican form of State government as will entitle it to the guaranty of the United States therefor and its people to the protection against insurrection and violence in any election that may be hereafter held. In choosing delegates to any State convention hereafter held, no person shall be qualified as an elector, or shall be eligible as a member of such convention, unless he shall have taken and subscribed the oath of amnesty as set forth in the President's proclamation of May 29, '65, and is a voter, qualified as prescribed by the Constitution and laws of the State of North Carolina, in force immediately before the 20th of May, 1861, the date of the so-called ordinance of secession, and the said convention when convened, or the legislature that may be thereafter assembled, will regulate the ability of persons to hold office under the Constitution, and the laws of the State power, the people of the several States composing the Federal Union had rightfully rightfully exercised from the origin of the Government to the present time. And I do hereby direct,

1st. That the military commanders of the departments, and all officers and persons in the military and naval service, aid and assist the military Governor to carry into effect this proclamation, and they are enjoined to abstain from in any way hindering, impeding, or discouraging the loyal people from the organization of a state government, as herein authorized.

2d. That the Secretary of State proceed to put in force, all of the laws of the United States, the administration whereof belongs to the state department, whereof belongs to the geographical limits aforesaid.

3d. That the Secretary of the Treasury, proceed to nominate collectors of taxes, &c., as are authorized by law, and put in execution the revenue laws of the United States, within the limits aforesaid.

In making the appointments the preference shall be giving to qualified loyal persons residing within the district where their respective duties are to be performed. But if suitable persons shall not there be found, persons residing in other States shall be appointed.

Fourth—That the Postmaster General proceed to establish post routes, and put into execution the postal laws of the United States within the said state, giving to local residents the preference of appointment.

Fifth—That the district judge for the judicial district in which North Carolina is included, proceed to hold courts within said State, in accordance with the provision of the act of Congress.

The Attorney General will instruct the proper officers to libel and bring to judgment the confiscation or sale of property subject to confiscation, and force the administration of justice of said State.

Sixth—That the Secretary of the Navy take possession of all public property within his jurisdiction.

Seventh—That the Secretary of the Interior put in force the laws relating to the Interior Department.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, in the year of our Lord 1865, and of the Independence of the United States the 89th. [Signed] ANDREW JOHNSON, By the President: WM. H. SEWARD, Sec'y of State.

A PROCLAMATION

WASHINGTON, April 23.

Whereas, By my proclamation of the 25th inst., Thursday the 25th day of next month was recommended as a day for spiritual humiliation and prayer, in consequence of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, late President of the United States;

But Whereas, My attention has been called to the fact that the day aforesaid is sacred to a large number of Christians as one of rejoicing for the Ascension of the Savior;

Now, therefore, be it known, that I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, do hereby suggest that the religious services recommended as aforesaid, shall be postponed until Thursday the 3d day of June next.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done at the city of Washington, this 20th day of April, in the year of our Lord, 1865, and of the Independence of the United States of America the 89th. [Signed] ANDREW JOHNSON, W. HUNTER, Acting Sec'y of State.

Oblivious Christianity.

A member of the United States Christian Commission, from Massachusetts, states in a letter to the Worcester Spy that,

"Being assured that a visit to Gen. Lee would be well received, a detachment of the United States Christian Commission, consisting of seven, called at his door, and his son, Gen. Custis Lee, appeared, when I said to him that we had called to pay our respects to Gen. Robert E. Lee."

Robert E. Lee was educated by the Government at West Point, was once Superintendent of that institution, was Colonel of the first cavalry when the war broke out, and chief of Lieutenant General Scott's staff. In utter disregard of his duties to his country and his oath to support the Constitution, he became a traitor, joined the insurgents, became a Major General, and afterwards a Lieutenant General in their service. During his four years of warfare against the Union, he was guilty of the worst of crimes against humanity, by allowing our prisoners to freeze and starve to death by thousands in the Belle Isle and Libby Prisons. His name is blackened with at least sixty thousand murders which he might have prevented.

He was long ago disfranchised, and his estate confiscated. Failing of success he surrendered his army to General Grant west of Richmond, and issued to his officers and men the following address:

"You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consequences of duty faithfully performed, and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend you his blessing and protection. With an INCREASED admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration of myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

He is now a paroled prisoner of war. But he may be exchanged, his parole cancelled and be tried and convicted of treason. At any rate, exchanged or not, he is a disfranchised traitor, who expresses no regrets for his treason, but only that it was unsuccessful. And these facts were all known to the Christian Commission who called to pay their respects to him.

We do not certainly know by what motives the Commission was guided, but it is surprising to us that any body worthy to belong to a Christian Commission should have condescended to offer any formal token of respect for such a man under existing circumstances. We do not say that any indignity should be offered him; but we do say that the most common propriety precludes the tender of respect to him. It is an insult to the memory of the thousands of our brave boys who have been frozen and starved under his very eyes in those prisons, for any respectable body of men to pay respects to him. If he is not to be punished, he should

be left alone so severely as to make him feel that he has forfeited the respect of all civilized men. To honor him with calls, even of ceremony, is to award a merit to treason which no loyal man can afford. It is high time that this practice of lionizing great national criminals was discontinued.

John C. Breckinridge.

Next to Jefferson Davis, the man who deserves hemp the most, is John C. Breckinridge. He sinned against light and knowledge from the first for the purpose of political preferment. It is known that he agreed to support the Popular Sovereignty principle which Douglass, as chairman of the committee of Territories undertook to apply to Kansas and then turned against Douglass and fought him to the end of his life. He became demoralized by contact with Davis Slidell and Mason several years ago and failing to be elected President in 1860 he went in body and soul, to ruin the country.

Alexander H. Stevens understood this as well as anybody; and sent a message to Douglass in the spring of 1861 by a friend, to the effect that understanding the nature of the trouble he had concluded to go with his state until he could get power enough to arrest the progress of the rebellion.

Historical Errors.

There are two faults in common history—one the misapprehension of facts by the writers—the other, their want of courage to declare the truths they apprehend. There is a greater fault in the readers of history which is that they do not read it carefully enough to understand it. These three faults result in very strange popular errors.

John C. Calhoun was a graduate of Yale College, where he got the reputation of being very classical. He became a sort of monomaniac upon Greece, and made it the text of conversation and writings in after life. He understood something of Greece; but in citing Greece in support of his State sovereignty theories he seemed to forget that the old Grecian Republic was a failure, and in citing Aristotle to justify argument in favor of enslaving barbarians, slavery, he seemed to forget that that argument led the Greeks into trouble.

Personal Changes of Position.

Nothing connected with the recent war is more striking than the changes which have occurred during the continuance in the relative positions of the field officers concerned in it. When General Winfield Scott retired from active duties the promising officers on our side were McClellan, McDowell, Fremont, Cadwalder and Paterson, and upon the side of the rebels they were Beauregard, Foote, Letcher and Yancey. As the war progressed all the officers above named subsided into subordinate positions and, others, then very obscure, rose to the high positions.

Names that were unknown to the people generally in 1861 are now illustrious by their triumphs. If we have lost characters that were once fondly cherished, we have gained new ones that more than fill the vacant places. Whilst we have Grant, Sheridan and Farragut, we need not lament very greatly the decline of others.

Recuperative Power of the Nation.

Rev. Dr. Foster, of Springfield, Mass., in a review of the war, stated that 1,800,000 men had been called into the field, and two thousand battles had taken place; two hundred and ten thousand men had been killed, wounded or made prisoners since the war commenced; and yet such was our recuperative power, that, in the meantime, four hundred and eighty-seven thousand young men had become of military age.

At a recent temperance meeting held in Elmira, N. Y., Rev. T. K. Beecher in favor of the use of ale and wines as a prophylactic for intemperance, he said that he had so taught from his pulpit, and that he should do so again—that he had advised Messrs Briggs & Bovier to rebuild their brewery in the interest of the temperance cause, that he had a barrel of good ale in his cellar, but that there was scarcely a soloon in Elmira where a good glass of ale could be procured, as he had tried at almost every one, and, that if we formed a temperance organization on the basis of total abstinence we should act contrary to God, and should consequently fail.

ANECDOTE OF DANIEL WEBSTER.—The following anecdote of Daniel Webster's boyhood was told by Mr. Lincoln;

When quite young, at school, Daniel was guilty of a gross violation of the rules. He was detected in the act, and called up by the teacher for punishment. This was to be the old fashioned "feruling" of the hand. His hands happened to be very dirty. Knowing this, on his way to the teacher's desk he spit upon the palm of his right hand, wiping it off upon the side of his pantaloons. "Give me your hand, sir," said the teacher, very sternly. Out went the right hand, partly cleansed. The teacher looked at it a moment, and said, "Daniel, if you will find another hand in this room as filthy as that, I will let you off this time!" Instantly from behind his back came the left hand.—"Here it is, sir," was the ready reply.—"That will do," said the teacher, "for this time, you can take your seat, sir!"

Miscellaneous Items.

Many of the citizens of Detroit have caught the Canadian gold fever and are starting for the gold fields near Quebec.

The streets of Louisville, Ky., are literally worn out. It will take a large sun to have them properly put in order again.

The wide spread report that Jeff Davis will be hanged on a sour apple tree lacks any official confirmation.

It is stated that no pardons will be granted to rebels, unless they renounce all right title and interest in slave property forever.

The expenses of Government freighting at New York have been reduced \$500,000 a month by the discharge of twenty-five chartered steamers.

The Mississippi rebel Legislature met at Jackson on the 20th inst., and directed Gov. Clark to appoint three Commissioners to visit President Johnson and confer with him on the subject of reconstruction.

No public meetings for the expression of feeling in regard to Mr. Lincoln's assassination are allowed at Paris, but papers of sympathy and condolence are very numerous and hearty, not only in Paris but throughout France.

**A PROCLAMATION.**  
Putting a Fine Point on it.

The funniest thing we have seen lately is the New York News treatment of the delicate subject of the capture of Jeff. Davis in petticoats. Alluding to the party having been surprised while in slumber, it says:

"Supposing this to be true, it may account for the ridiculous story that Mr. Davis was captured in female apparel. If he was folded in the arms of Morpheus, his first proceeding upon being so rudely awakened, would naturally have been to draw on his dressing gown—a convenience inseparable from officers of rank when at leisure from camp duties. The Michigan cavalrymen, not being very familiar with that very comfortable, but somewhat feminine looking article of attire, might naturally have mistaken it for a lady's wrapper, and their imaginations furnishing them with all the details of womanly accoutrements, it was easy for a little camp-fire coloring to finish the picture so greedily accepted at headquarters.

**One of Jeff Davis' Neeros.**

The Port Royal New South says:

"When Jefferson Davis arrived here he had with him a bright pretty little octoroon boy about eight years of age, named James Henry Brooks—or as they had nick named him on account of his remarkable agility—'Jim Limber.' He was found in the streets of Richmond and taken to Mrs. Davis, who, learning that his mother was dead, adopted him, probably as a plaything for her children. On arriving in our harbor and finding a long voyage before her with a dark, unwritten future ahead, she requested our kind Provost Marshal-General, Major B. W. Thompson, to take the boy and to present him to Major-General Rufus Saxton with her compliments, and the request that he would take good care of him, and train him into a proper manhood.

"We asked the little fellow who made him, and the reply was, 'God made me, but Lincoln made me free.'"

**Items of Economy.**

A strip of thick paper laid over the edge of each stair, under the carpet, will preserve a stair carpet from wearing through one-third longer than otherwise.

Clean brass kettles before using, with salt and vinegar, to avoid being poisoned by the verdigris.

Gun tragacanth dissolved in water makes a good and cheap paste, which will keep until it is used up.

The flavor of common molasses is much improved by boiling and skimming it before using.

Damp tea leaves scattered over a carpet before sweeping, improve the colors and give it a clean fresh look.

When you want a dust pan, have it made to order, with the handle turning down instead of up, so as to rest on the floor and tip the dust pan at a proper angle for receiving the dust. It is a great convenience, as you do not have to stoop and hold it while you are sweeping.

The patent carpet hooks, sold by the hardware merchants, are generally superior to rags, saving a great deal of painful drudgery in putting down a carpet, and not requiring to be taken out and replaced every time the carpet is shaken.

Charcoal and honey, mixed together and used as a dentifrice, will whiten the teeth with a few applications.

Beef tea is made best by cutting up tender, juicy beef in bits about one inch square, and put it into a strong bottle, cork it tightly and set it in a kettle of cold water. Boil about two hours. The fluid thus obtained will be the pure nutriment of the meat, and its tonic effects are powerful. Physicians have considered it better than alcoholic stimulants in cases of extreme exhaustion, where there is a feverish tendency in the patient.

The Alphabet of treason; A., B., C., D.: Arnold, Burr, Calhoun, Davis.

**Alphabetical Record of the Rebellion.**

A—Stands for Andersonville—the ghastly monument of the most revolting outrage of the country.

B—Stands for Booth—let his memory be swallowed up in oblivion.

C—Stands for Canada—the asylum for skeddaddlers, and the nest in which foul traitors have hatched their eggs of treason.

D—Stands for Davis—the most eminent low comedian, in the female character, of the age.

E—Stands for England—an enemy in our adversity; a scyphant in our prosperity. (Music by the band, air, Yankee Doodle.)

F—Stands for Freedom—the bulwark of the nation.

G—Stand for Grant—the undertaker who officiated at the burial of the rebellion.

H—Stands for Hardee—his tactics couldn't save him.

I—Stands for Infamy—the spirit of treason.

J—Stands for Justice—give it to the traitors.

K—Stands for Kearsarge—for further particulars see Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

L—Stands for Lincoln—we mourn his loss!

M—Stands for Mason—(more music by the band; air, 'There Came to the Beach a Poor Exile, &c., &c.)

N—Stands for Nowhere—the present location of the C. S. A.

O—Stands for "O dear, What Can the Matter Be?" For answer to this question, apply to Kirby Smith.

P—Stands for Peace—nobly won by the gallant soldiers of the Union.

Q—Stands for Quantrell—one of the gorillas in the rebel menagerie.

R—Stands for Rebellion—which is no longer able to stand of itself.

S—Stands for Sherman—he has a friend and indicator in Grant. "Nuf ced."

T—Stands for Treason—with a halter around its neck.

U—Stands for Union—"Now and forever, one and inseparable."

V—Stands for Victory—further explanation is unnecessary.

W—Stands for Washington—the Nation is true to his memory.

X—Stands for Xtradition—English papers please copy.

Y—Stands for Young America—who stands by the Union.

Z—Stands for Zodiac—the Stars are all there. (Music by the band—)

"The Star-spangled Banner, O long may it wave,  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave."

**TO THE PUBLIC—A CARD.**

Whereas, the undersigned has heretofore given expression to sentiments of disloyalty to the Government, and disrespectful and malicious against the President and other public officers of the Administration, even rejoicing in the late public calamity of assassination, I do hereby publicly confess my error and wrong doing, and humbly ask the forgiveness of those whose feelings I have injured. I have been blind to the truth, and will hereafter be guided by sound reason instead of being led by those who are evilly disposed against the Government. I will never again entertain or express such opinions against our government or administration.

**SHORTS THE BACK LEGS OF YOUR CHAIRS.**

If you cut off the back legs of your chairs, so that the back part of the seat shall be two inches lower than the front part, it will greatly relieve the fatigue of sitting, and keep your spine in better shape. The principal fatigue in sitting comes from your sliding forward, and thus straining the ligaments and muscles in the small of the back. The front edge of a chair should not be more than fifteen inches high for the average woman. The average chair is now seven or eight inches high for all, which no amount of the seat can make comfortable. Lewis' Gymnasium.

**Euchre---Extraordinary and Exciting Game.**

The following very extraordinary and exciting game of euchre was recently played by old hands at the cards. There was a tremendous large concourse of people present to witness the contest, the spectators numbering nearly thirty millions, besides immense numbers of outsiders, who were less interested in the result. The stakes to be played were the largest ever known to be risked in this game, and the betting was correspondingly heavy—the odds always being largely in favor of the ultimate winners:

**PROGRAMME OF THE GAME.**—South Carolina and James Buchanan against Major Anderson and Gen. Scott.

South Carolina deals and turns up ten of spades, (niggers).

Gen. Scott deals.

James Buchanan, having the best bowler, assists South Carolina. They play and the old General, having a good hand, draws Buchanan's best bowler, takes three tricks and thus euchres his opponents.

Maj. Anderson now deals and turns up hearts.

James Buchanan passes.

General Scott says he cannot assist the Major.

South Carolina passes.

Major Anderson turns down hearts reluctantly.

James Buchanan passes again.

Gen Scott passes again.

South Carolina passes.

Major Anderson thereupon makes clubs trumps, says *he will play it alone.* The hand is played—the Major makes a *march* and South Carolina and James Buchanan are skunked.

**A WORD TO THE BOYS.**—This is the season when the boys delight to "go in swimming." It is a very healthy and proper amusement; but there are two or three common dangers which ought to be carefully guarded against. One is an undue temerity in venturing too far and in too great depths, which is a common cause of accident to the inexperienced. Another is to observe a proper time and place for bathing, avoiding the heat of mid-day and all exposed localities. And a third and very important point is, to avoid too frequent or prolonged bathing. From staying in the water too long, many diseases—among which a prominent one is fever sores—arise, causing tedious and painful illness, which lasts sometimes a whole life time.

**WILLING TO TAKE STOCK IN "OLD ABE."**—An old resident of this city, who, since the nomination of Lincoln, has passed his time in Illinois, returned last evening. He says there can be no doubt at all that Illinois will give Abraham 20,000 majority over Douglas. The State is in a perfect fever of enthusiasm for their gallant "Old Abe." If there are any Douglas adherents in this city who think that their champion can carry Illinois, they may invest a thousand dollars by calling on Charles Eldred, at the Western Exchange, any time during the present week. A gentleman, who always means business, authorizes us to announce that he has \$500 to bet on New York for Lincoln, \$500 on Pennsylvania, and \$1,000 on Illinois and Indiana for the same candidate. Is their any friend of "ye little giant" disposed to accommodate our Lincoln man?

**Jeff. Davis and his Situation.**

The following statements are from Fortress Monroe correspondence of the Philadelphia Inquirer, dated May 26:

Yesterday morning Davis complained of being sick, and expressed a wish to see a physician. The officer of the day, after consulting the proper authorities, told his prisoner that a doctor would be allowed him. "What physicians have you here?" asked Jeff of Captain J. E. Tetlow, the officer of the day on duty yesterday. Captain Tetlow mentioned the names of Doctors Bancroft, Janeway and Craven.

"Where is Dr. Bancroft from?" queried Jeff. "From Connecticut," answered the Captain. "Don't want him, then. Where's Janeway from?" "Do you know where Craven is from?" persisted Jeff. "Yes, he is from New Jersey." "Let me have him then." In justice to Dr. Craven, we feel compelled to say that, notwithstanding the invidious and insulting selection of the chief of traitors, the physician is and ever has been an unconditional Union man dyed in the wool. The Doctor found nothing seriously wrong with Jeff's physical condition.

The real reason of Davis's desire for a physician became apparent when his noon-tide meal was served to him. The murderer of our prisoners is fed on the regular army rations, precisely the same quantity and quality as is served out to our soldiers in garrison. Jeff has not been partaking of this food with any apparent relish. At noon, yesterday, he threw his soup, bread and meat from him, exclaiming, in a loud and angry voice, "that he was not accustomed to such living, and would not put up with it."

The officer and his guards on duty within the cell looked on in quiet surprise. Davis became yet more irate, and strode up and down his cell, exclaiming that he was "to be murdered."

At one time he endeavored to deprive one of the guards of his gun. Failing in this, he tore open his vest and shirt, bared his breast, and asked to be shot. This melo-dramatic request was not complied with. On the contrary, the officer of the day and General Miles were apprised of the violent conduct of the prisoner, and irons were ordered to be placed upon his ankles. It will be seen by this that the ironing was justifiable in every point of view.

When the officers were about to place the gyes upon him he became more violent than before, and resisted with all his power the adjustment of the manacles. He was gently but firmly held, and the shackles fastened. He violently berated the officer while performing this unpleasant duty. He was allowed to scold on uninterruptedly.

Since his incarceration he has conducted himself in a haughty and supercilious manner, till yesterday, when he became outrageously violent. He is calmer to-day. Dr. Craven has again visited him, and reports his health as good.

No papers are allowed to be taken in his cell. While on the Clyde he managed to gain possession of an Enquirer, containing the proclamation of President Johnson setting a price upon his head; after reading which he remarked that the United States Government would never dare to hang him.—Time will tell.

**Miscellaneous Items.**

One hundred thousand loaves of bread are daily distributed to the troops in the Department of Washington.

Separate reviews of different corps of the armies are about to take place.

Seventy-five thousand visitors left Washington during three days after the review. Railroad returns show it.

A European Minister, himself a veteran officer, remarked that the review was the greatest display he ever saw.

The Government expects to have railroad communication with Montgomery soon, via Salisbury, Columbia, Augusta.

The Post-office Department has contracted for the conveyance of the mails from Lincoln, California, to Portland, Oregon, at \$225,000 a year.

Said a Dutchman witnessing the review, "Mine Gott! mine Gott! how glad I am dat I am an American."

A spiritual medium has been arrested in Rochester, by the U. S. Internal Revenue officers, for not taking out a license as a juggler.

Alabama has been divided into three internal revenue districts, but no appointments of assessors and collectors have yet been made.

The Treasury Department is settling with the States. Massachusetts received \$309,000 last week, and will have a similar amount within a few days.

It is stated semi-officially that the conduct of the Spanish authorities concerning the Stonewall meets with the approval of our Government.

Gen. Thomas issued an order at Nashville, requiring the secession sympathizers of that city to feed and otherwise take care of the paroled rebel soldiers.

The Kentucky Legislature has finally concluded to address Judge Bullitt out of office. If they had had the right spunk they would have tried him for treason.

The troops who are mustered out will be discharged as fast as their accounts can be settled. At least one hundred thousand will be kept in the field for garrison and patrol service.

A young fellow was arrested in New Bedford on Wednesday who had stolen \$47,000 in cash and bonds from his father at New Orleans. All but \$4000 of the cash was recovered—the rest had gone to the gamblers principally.

The Second Controller has decided that to entitle a wounded soldier to bounty, the wounds for which he may be discharged must be a direct result or necessary incident of his military service. It must be in the line of his duty as a soldier, not in the peaceful occupation of a citizen.

The distillers and rectifiers of New York City and Brooklyn, have formed themselves into an association, and raised a fund of ten thousand dollars pledged for the payment of an efficient force of detectives to ferret out illicit distillers and smugglers of whisky.

A serious accident occurred on the Richmond and City Point (Va.) Railroad, about two miles from the former place, on Sunday night last. A trestle bridge, which had probably been undermined by a flood of water from a very heavy rain storm, then prevailing, gave way, precipitating the train into the swollen stream. Two men were killed, four are missing, supposed to be drowned, and fourteen were injured, some of them seriously.

We have heard a great deal about "petticoat government," but not until Jeff Davis was heard from recently did we appreciate what it meant.

A banner borne in a recent procession at Wilmington, N. C., had this appropriate inscription: "George Washington, the father of his country; Jeff. Davis, the destroyer of his country; Abraham Lincoln, the redeemer of his country."

Among the new fashions in New York, at present, is this, that no lady goes to the grave with a husband, child, or friend.—Women are compelled to sit solitary in the house, while the gentlemen attend the burial. Many lament the heartless custom, but fashion is inexorable.

Can you give me two halves for a dollar? inquired a loafer at a retail store. "Certainly, sir," said the accommodating clerk, placing the two halves on the counter. "Tomorrow I'll hand you a dollar," said the loafer, as he pocketed the halves.

**TRES BEANS.**—"A bachelor of thirty years" writes to the Country Gentleman for a recipe for making bean soup. A lady correspondent replies, "Get a wife that knows how to make it."

Dr. J. A. Davis, of Chicago, a prominent physician, states that a rebel surgeon, who had for four years occupied the position of assistant medical director of the Army of Northern Virginia, told him that Union prisoners in the rebel hospitals had been vaccinated with venereal matter, and that this accounted for the frightful sores on the bodies of so many of them.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune, describing Davis' northward journey, says:

The prisoners in ambulances, preceded by the band of the 4th Michigan Cavalry, playing first "Yankee Doodle," which had evidently a depressing influence on the feelings of Mr. Davis; but when, in a few minutes, the band struck into the somewhat familiar air of "John Brown's Body's Marching On," it was too much for endurance, and he actually fell prostrate in the ambulance, and was kept concealed from view by his friends for a considerable time. Gen. Wheeler expected to be treated as a prisoner of war and be paroled as Johnston was, but was informed that he was too late.

**Early Giving Up.**

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette gives an account of a large meeting of the people of Marshall county, Alabama, held at Huntersville, a few days ago. The following are two sensible speeches which he reports:

Maj. A. C. Baird, of the rebel army, was called for and spoke with unusual brevity.

"We have met," said he, "to bury the tomahawk; to smoke the calumet of peace. All of us ought to reverence that government which we could not destroy, and to which we have been compelled to submit. I shall do it cheerfully."

He was succeeded by Col. A. L. Sheffield, of the 48th Alabama, who said:

"I have done all I could to establish the Southern Confederacy. I carried a musket for three years! I am whipped. I have been whipped for twelve months. The Southern Confederacy does not exist. I stand to day like an erring child who has been whipped by his father!"

A woman in Biddeford, who danced for joy at the President's death, has been struck down with paralysis, and has no use of her legs. People very naturally say, "Judgment from Heaven."

The 4th in Auburn

GRAND CELEBRATION.

"THE GLORIOUS FOURTH."—The 80th anniversary of American Independence was celebrated in this city in a most spirited and pleasing manner.

The throngs in our streets indicated an unusually large attendance, and it is generally conceded that there were more people in town than ever before upon any occasion.

The day opened with the firing of a salute and ringing of bells at sunrise.

At the hour designated for the moving of the procession it was put in motion, in the following order:

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

- Cavalcade of Veteran officers. Band. Veteran soldiers of the late war. Other Military organizations. Band. Chief Engineer and Assistants of Fire Department.

- Neptune Company No. 1 and Hose. Niagara Company No. 3 and Hose. Deluge Company No. 4 and Hose. Hook and Ladder Company. Knight Templars Mounted. Band. Masonic Fraternity of Auburn and surrounding country.

The representation of veteran officers was quite numerous, the cavalcade making a fine show, and eliciting general admiration.

The representation of the Goddess of Liberty, mounted upon the top of No. 4 Hose, with a captured rebel flag under her feet, and sustaining aloft the American ensign. The de-

sign was beautiful in its conception and carrying out. The Hook and Ladder truck was also beautifully trimmed, and surmounted by a fine looking "Indian."

The Trades Unions were well represented in the procession, by the stalwart sons of labor, with the various insignia of their craft—The M. & B. Union had a complete machine shop on wheels, a steam engine, lathe, &c., in running order, fitted up by the workmen of Halliday's shop, assisted by Mr. A. McKain, of D. M. Osborne's shop.

The manufacturing interests were represented by the various reaper and mower establishments. The "Cayuga Chief" of Messrs. Barber, Sheldon & Co., "Marsh's Self-aker," by Wm. Halliday, and "the Kirby" by D. M. Osborne & Co., were each drawn in the procession, the latter having the very appropriate inscription:

"The Kirby has done the reaping While the boys have done the fighting."

W. J. Moses, of the Advocate office, had a large wagon, containing a card-press and case of type, with workmen at each. It made a fine show.

The various civic societies were well represented. The Knight Templars, the Masonic organizations, the Turner Association, the Fenian Brotherhood, &c., swelled the procession in goodly numbers, and made an imposing parade.

After forming on Genesee street, THE PROCESSION moved as follows:

From Genesee to Fulton, thence to Franklin, down Franklin to North, up North to VanAnden, through VanAnden to State, up State to Clark, through Clark to Washington, up Washington to Genesee, down Genesee to South, up South to the Park, where the following was the

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

- SONG by the Auburn Glee Club. PRAYER by Rev. Dr. Condit. SONG by the Auburn Glee Club. READING of the Declaration of Independence by Rev. J. Brainard. MUSIC by the Auburn Band. ORATION by Hon. T. G. Alvord. SONG by the German Glee Club. BENEDICTION by Rev. Dr. Huntington.

THE EXERCISES AT THE PARK

were of the most pleasing character. The music and singing did honor to those engaged. The Quartette Club sang as well if not better than ever before, while the oration by Lieut.-Gov. Alvord was received with enthusiastic plaudits by the immense concourse who gathered to listen to his eloquent and feeling words.

At the conclusion of the address the multitude were dismissed with the benediction, when all scattered for various places of amusement or recreation, the majority taking the route to the Fair Grounds, where the grand horse show and trotting were in progress and where all were well satisfied with the efforts made to please them.

At sunset the bells were again rung in a joyful peal, while the thunder of a salute joined in the noisy jubilation.

The three TRIUMPHAL ARCHES erected on Genesee street, were decorated with taste, being twined with evergreens, ornamented with flags, Chinese lanterns and mottoes, the gay colors and brilliant con-

trasts forming, with the elegant symmetry of the arch, a sight both novel and beautiful.—They are of Roman design, called the arch of Titus, and are inscribed as follows:

(FIRST ARCH, OPPOSITE WILLIAM STREET.) INDEPENDENCE ACHIEVED 1776. WASHINGTON.

Jefferson. Lafayette. Kosciusko. Paul Jones.

(SECOND ARCH, JUNCTION OF SOUTH-ST.) NATIONALITY ESTABLISHED 1865. Lincoln. Johnson. Seward.

CAYUGA'S ROLL OF HONOR. 111th and 160th Regiments. 3d and 9th Artillery. Cowan's Battery.

The Strong Arms and Stout Hearts of the Union, GRANT, SHERMAN, SHERIDAN and THOMAS. FARRAGUT, DUPONT and PORTER.

(3D ARCH, OPPOSITE THE AUBURN HOUSE.) WELCOME, HEROIC CONQUEROR. Antietam, Five Forks, Appomattox C. H., Vicksburg, Fort Donelson, Gettysburg.

THE ONLY DEBT WE CAN NEVER PAY, THE DEBT WE OWE OUR SOLDIERS.

Trenton, Monmouth and Yorktown. Bunker Hill and Saratoga.

The fireworks in the evening were a miserable failure. The Committee had spared no pains or expense in getting what they supposed to be the best, but which turned out to be worthless. The fireworks fizzled, much to the disgust of all.

We are sorry that we cannot publish the names of the parties from whom they were purchased.

The illuminations and decorations on the occasion were general and complete. We will endeavor to give the names of parties who illuminated and decorated, but from the fact that some were not decorated until after our reporter passed upon his tour of observation, fear we shall omit many to whom we would gladly give credit. Such parties, by handing in their names before Thursday's issue, will receive due credit by having their names inserted in a re-published list. Many who illuminated had no display of lanterns out at the time we passed, and will therefore understand the omission of their names.

GENESEE STREET.

In the Casey Block, Messrs Baker, Pingree, Tallman and Chas Richardson, exhibited handsome decorations, as did the American Hotel, Mrs. Underwood, Dr. Hall, E. H. Groot, Capt. Masters, J. B. Richardson, Dr. Briggs, Col. Carpenter, G. W. Cray, Rev. Mr. Brainard, Mr. Hills, Dr. E. P. K. Smith, M. L. Walley, Mrs. Ivion, D. O. Baker, M. S. Myers, Mrs. J. R. How, J. R. Bailey, I. F. Terril, J. Ives Parsons, Mrs. Bacon, Nelson Fitch, Dr. Willard, O. F. Knapp, W. H. Halliday, E. P. Ross, Penn Howland, (very elaborate.) S. L. Bradley, T. P. Case, A. G. Beardsley, D. Wright, Col. Dodge, Morrill Fitch, D. Hewson, W. A. Kirby, A. Shiner, No. 2 School-house, A. H. Groot, A. W. Hollister, I. S. Allen, Hon. T. M. Pomeroy, Mr. Reynolds, Mr. Van Vechten, Mrs. A. Underwood, H. T. Cook, County Clerk's office and Court House, Geo. Wright, Dr. Swift, Mr. Cowles, Becker and Hamblin, the Daily Advertiser Office, and the business houses generally, among them some fine displays.

William Allen. The celebration was a most happy one in all its details, general satisfaction being expressed on all hands at the enjoyable manner in which the day passed off. But comparatively little drunkenness was seen in our streets, and we hear of but one serious accident, occurring to Charles Tomlinson, while assisting in firing the salute at sunrise. Mr. Tomlinson, we are pained to learn, had two fingers of his right hand shot away by the premature discharge of the gun.

Rev. Mr. Fowler, Mrs. Uurd, Dr. H. Bobinson, Sr., Mrs. Bronson, Aurelius Wheeler, Mrs. Gould, John Osborne, Mrs. Groot, B. Ashby, W. P. Wise, Rev. J. M. Austin, U. Hoskins, B. F. Hall, Dr. H. Robinson, Jr., Marvin, Eastely, Dennis and Harbottle. SOUTH STREET. Richardson, D. M. Osborne, L. W. Nye, S. C. Lester, J. Burt, Goss, G. W. Peck, Mrs. Hamilton Burt, E. G. Knight, Humphreys, Mrs. Dr. Munson, Sartwell, Jno. Cheddell and Chas. Smith, (conceded to be by far the finest daytime display in the city.) Titus, Lee, Porter, Dr. Boyce, Whittlesey; Van Anden, Flagler, Suydam, S. J. Mathews.

EAST GENESEE STREET. Fine display, J. M. Hurd, Conklin. Richardson, National Hotel, Palmer, Coventry, Smith, Cone, Douglas, Brigham, Col. Stewart, Adam Miller, the latter had the finest display in the city in the evening.

NORTH STREET. Corning Hall Block, H. Brooks, Tuttle, Reed, Crandall, W. Woodruff, Arnet, Dennison, J. J. Frazier, very fine, Selover, Coventry, Dr. Condit, Segoin, Griswold, Wallis, Standart, Dr. Brinkerhoff.

STATE STREET. Northern Hotel, Central Hotel, Mrs. Leonard, C. H. Wellner, Mrs. Banks.

CLARK STREET. Clapp, Waldron, McCrea, Francisco, Van Nyl, Barber, Dr. Button, Northern Christian Advocate office, (a fine display.) Wm. J. Barber, Geo. Barber, Greeno, Tone, Hammond, J. Barber.

ORCHARD STREET. Jno. Choate, Burgess, Quick.

JAMES STREET. William Allen.

THE ILLUMINATION. was very beautiful, the subdued light of the Chinese lanterns, glowing through their gaily colored sides, from the top to the bottom of the long line of buildings and residences. The effect was pleasing, and the tasteful varieties of form and color produced a scene not often witnessed.

The celebration was a most happy one in all its details, general satisfaction being expressed on all hands at the enjoyable manner in which the day passed off. But comparatively little drunkenness was seen in our streets, and we hear of but one serious accident, occurring to Charles Tomlinson, while assisting in firing the salute at sunrise. Mr. Tomlinson, we are pained to learn, had two fingers of his right hand shot away by the premature discharge of the gun.

THE 9TH ARTILLERY COMING THIS WEEK. —We are credibly informed that the 9th Artillery will probably arrive in Syracuse the last of this week. There are 600 of the men who remain in the service, having been consolidated into a battalion and attached to the 2d N. Y. Artillery.

A BIT OF NEWS.—The Augusta (Ga.) Constitutionalist, of May 11th, publishes the following item of information which will probably be new to most of our readers:

RECAPTURE OF RICHMOND.—A few days after the capitulation of Gen. Lee's army, Maj. Gen. Rosser, who, with his cavalry division, refused to surrender, made a dash on Richmond, recapturing the place and held it for hours. He subsequently moved northward for the purpose, it is alleged, of invading Maryland and Pennsylvania.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT TO SECRETARY SEWARD.—The telegraph announces a serious accident to Hon. W. H. Seward, in Washington, on Wednesday. The dispatch states that at about 4 o'clock P. M., Secretary Seward left the State Department in his carriage, and passed up Pennsylvania Avenue to 15th street, to his residence. His son, F. W. Seward and wife, and Miss Titus got in, and while the driver was in the act of closing the door with his right hand, holding the horses with his left, the horses started. The driver held on, followed them, and endeavored to close the door. Mr. F. W. Seward seeing the danger, jumped from the carriage, with the hope of heading off the horses and stopping them.—They however got away from him, and from the driver, and when they reached the corner of Vermont Avenue and H street, Secretary Seward jumped from the carriage, falling on his right arm, breaking it just below the shoulder and bruising his face. He was taken up in an insensible condition. The Surgeon General was sent for, and he was conveyed to his residence. Surgeon General Abbot, of the United States Army, and Surgeon Vardi were called in, and set the broken limb, after which the Secretary felt much easier. The ladies remained in the carriage until it arrived at the stable, where a party of soldiers caught the horses. The driver was somewhat bruised. The sympathy expressed for the Secretary is general. In the course of the evening the heads of Departments and other officers of the Government, and members of the Diplomatic Corps, beside many citizens, called in person to make inquiry as to his condition.

We learn this morning that Mr. Seward was free from pain last evening, according to dispatches received by his family in this city. It is understood by the authority of the Surgeon General that Secretary Seward's right arm which was broken by the fall from the carriage, was yesterday released from the bandage, and the first use he made of it was to sign the proclamation of that date. ASTROLOGICAL PREDICTION OF THE ASSASSINATION.—Mrs. Child, in a letter to the New York Independent, calls attention to the horoscope of Abraham Lincoln, calculated by Thomas Sister, of Boston and published in September, 1864, which is a curious specimen of adroit vaticination. "The horoscope stated that the President was born under Jupiter, a planet whose influence usually made men fortunate in their undertakings. It predicted that he would be re-elected in November, because, astrologically speaking, 'his ruling planet will then be transiting over his ascendant in his own house.' He goes on to say: 'The transit of the evil planet Mars, in opposition with his ascendant, plainly shows that the struggle will continue till April, 1865, when the toes of the Union will be compelled to lay down their arms. In December, 1864, and in January, 1865, some deep, base plot will be got up against the president, shown by the transit of Mars; and the aspect of the planet shows danger by pistol shot, or some infernal machine. During these months more than ordinary caution and watchfulness will be highly necessary. After February, that evil transit will have passed away.'"

The Assassination of President Lincoln, Secretary Seward and his sons. We were too much overcome on Saturday by the shocking intelligence of the assassination of President Lincoln, Secretary Seward and his two sons, to attempt to write or print anything respecting it, beyond a simple announcement of the startling fact. We had no data for determining whether it was an authorized raid, like that at St. Albans, to be avowed and justified as a war measure

—whether it was an achievement of the knights of the Golden Circle—whether it was the work of assassins operating for the \$100,000 reward some time ago offered for the lives of Lincoln and Seward—or whether it was perpetrated by a few desperate individuals in retaliation for some personal grievance of their own. The reported declaration of Booth at the Theatre, that "the South is now avenged," looked amazingly as if he considered himself as acting generally in the rebel cause. His well known character and aspirations seemed to indicate that it was a tragedy got up chiefly to lionize himself.

The simultaneous assault upon Secretary Seward and his sons and the discovery of the cloak-muffled man at Secretary Stanton's door, indicated that there were several persons concerned in the foul conspiracy. The note found on the table of Andrew Johnson indicates the purpose to kill him also. By whomsoever plotted or committed it was an atrocious crime against the Nation, against Liberty and against Humanity. The assault upon Secretary Seward whilst lying paralyzed upon his bed, transcends in fiendishness any recorded act of Savages. It could have been committed only by men utterly steeped in murderous treason. Its bearing on the future will depend in a great degree upon the extent and character of the combinations which produce it.

But upon any theory we are able to suggest it is the fruit of that demoralization which produced the war, and the mercenary spirit with which the rebels have prosecuted it, is a bloody chapter of the war itself.

But the murder of the President, shocking as it is, has not extinguished the Nation; nor has it weakened the Power of the Government to squelch out treason, and punish traitors.

Its immediate effect has been to raise to the Executive Office Andrew Johnson of Tennessee, whose antecedents will afford no comforts to the rebellion anywhere.

Further Details of the Assassination.

BOOTH SUPPOSED SECRETED IN WASHINGTON.

No Hopes for Frederick Seward.

Booth's Actions on Friday.

Mobile Reported Captured.

Over 5,000 Prisoners Taken.

SECRETARY SEWARD OUT OF DANGER.

New York, April 17.

Times Washington special, 10 A. M. yesterday says: Secretary Seward decidedly better. Frederick still unconscious, but resting quiet as an infant sleeping.

The pistol with which he was struck is very heavy.

Mr. Seward's throat and face were dreadfully cut in the terrible conflict, the wounded soldier clinging to the assassin. Mr. Seward threw him self to the floor from the bed.—When it was over he lay in a pool of blood.

The door-bell was answered by a small colored boy. He told the assassin he could not go up stairs, but he rushed by and encountered Frederick at the head of the stairs.

Augustus, Mr. Seward's eldest son, who interfered, was severely cut, as was the invalid soldier.  
Fannie, Mr. Seward's daughter, was sitting by him.

The colored boy ran to a sentinel on the corner, telling him there was a murderer in the house, but the sentinel did not feel at liberty to leave his post.

Mr. Seward had information of the fact, but this information was so common that the admonition was disregarded.

The assassin was a large, athletic, powerful man, armed with a heavy revolver and Bowie-knife.

Gov. Seward is not quite so comfortable to-night.  
Frederick is still unconscious.

Tribune special, 4 50 P. M. says:  
No hopes are entertained of Frederick Seward's life.

The Secretary shows wonderful vitality. There is no danger from his wounds. It is the prostration his system received from his first injuries which excites apprehension.

Secretary Stanton thinks Booth is secreted in the city, but if he and his accomplice have escaped, it was across the Eastern Branch.

Of the movements of Booth on Friday the correspondent says:  
About 8 A. M. three men called at the National and inquired for Booth.

The Clerk told them he was not in.  
After earnest conversation between themselves they left.

Knowing Booth's acquaintances to be respectable, the clerk thought it strange that he should be called upon by such shabby persons. They had the general appearance of southern refugees. They left their cards which the clerk did not look at.

About 11 A. M. Booth was in the office, but presented no unusual appearance, except that he was unusually pale.

At 4 P. M. he asked the clerk if any letter had been left for him, and on being answered in the negative, appeared disappointed, and nervously called for a sheet of paper and envelope.

He was about to write, but as if afraid some one might see what he was writing, asked to be admitted inside the office.

The clerk asked him if he had made a thousand dollars that day. With a start he replied, sotto voce "No; but I have worked hard enough to have made ten times that amount."

He had written but a few words, when he said earnestly to the clerk, "Merrick, is this the year 1864, or 1865?"

Merrick said he must be joking.  
Booth said, "Sincerely, I do not."

Mr. Merrick says then he noticed he was entirely at variance with his usual deportment. He sealed his letter, put it in his pocket and left.

He re-appeared and took tea at 6 1/2 o'clock and left his key at the office as he went out.

Gen. Brady saw him on the Avenue, opposite Grover's theatre, seated on a horse, at half-past 4 P. M., in conversation with Mr. Matthews, of Ford's theatre. He talked with him, but noticed nothing extraordinary in his demeanor.

The assassin of Gov. Seward is believed to be a man named Sattuck, a noted Maryland rebel.

At least six persons were engaged in the conspiracy, four of whom neglected to perform their parts.

The murderers probably escaped across the Potomac to Mosby.

The ball entered the head of the President on the back part, near the base of the brains, took a direct course toward the right eye, struck the orbital bone, rebounded and lodged several inches from the surface. The ball was flattened.

The following is a copy of a note sent to Vice-President Johnson last Friday, but which was only found on his table yesterday among other papers:

"I do not wish to disturb you, but would be glad to have an interview."  
[Signed] "J. WILKES BOOTH."

Mr. Johnson was out at the time, and never saw the note till yesterday.

The wound inflicted on the Secretary's face reduced the inflammation and pain caused by the fracture of his jaw by the accident, and the contrivance of adjusting the jaw in wire prevented the assassin's knife from severing the artery.

It appears by the Herald's account, that Major Rathbone was not aware of the presence of the assassin in the box until he heard the pistol, when turning, he saw the man within six feet of the President.

The Major sprang toward him and seized him. The man struggled, and at the same time made a thrust at the Major's breast with a knife. The Major received the blow on his left arm, near the shoulder, and at once again sprang for him, but only seized his clothing, which was torn from him.

As he sprang from the box he cried "stop that man," and thinking it impossible for him to escape from the crowd below, turned to the President.

The President had not changed his position, except that his eyes were closed, and his head slightly bent forward.

The whole time consumed by the assassin from entering the box and disappearing did not consume thirty seconds.

Maj. Rathbone has suffered much from loss of blood. He is, however, in good condition, and progressing rapidly.

**More About the Assassination Plot.**

"The first anti-slavery President who shall be elected will be assassinated, and if there shall be no other person to do the deed, I will be the Brutus to plant the dagger in his breast."—[Roger A. Prior in 1860.]

This was said in an electioneering speech for Breckenridge. "Tall oaks from little acorns grow." It is not likely that the suggestion then had much of pre-meditation in it. It was one of Prior's spasmodics. But the evidence already gathered by Judge Advocate General Holt, indicates that this suggestion in 1860, led to the plot to assassinate President Lincoln in the spring of 1861 while he was on his way to Washington to be inaugurated. It does not yet appear that at that date, Jefferson Davis had anything to do with the matter. But Geo. N. Sanders, Beverly Tucker and Jacob Thompson had. They were cronies of Prior and were much in his company.

It is in proof that Prior upon other occasions talked of being the Brutus, and that he at least once used the term in conversation with Booth, before he went into the rebel army. Upon the return of Vallandigham from the South to Canada, it seems that Clay, Tucker and Sanders went there to meet him, and that the President's assassination was among the topics this cabal discussed there. Sanders then went to Richmond in disguise and laid the matter before Davis, who approved of the project as one of dernier resort.

William C. Cleary belongs to a family of bushwhackers famous as Quautrell all through the South and West. He became Clay's man Friday to execute any scheme of plunder which their necessity might require. In the St. Albans robbers he claimed to be a rebel commissioned officer—a Lieutenant Colonel, we believe.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Herald says:  
The persons taken into custody as participants, aids and abettors, or in some way accessories to the tragic deed, are numbered almost by hundreds. There are still a few at large; until they are captured it will not be the part of wisdom to publish in detail the developments in full which have transpired. It is but proper to state that the principal actors—the men who on the night of the 14th were at their posts and performed their allotted portion of the work—are in limbo, except it may be one person, and he

had but a minor part to act, and may be classed as one of the stock company in the plot.

**THE CONSPIRATORS PREPARING FOR THEIR WORK SINCE LAST AUGUST.**

The extent of the conspiracy is beyond what has been imagined. The facts are not conclusive where it originated; but circumstances point very strong to its being the work of the fire-eating Southerners, who, by their flaming speeches and boasts that a Brutus would arise to plant the dagger in the breast of the first anti-slavery President that was ever elected, gave the idea to their followers, which has been put in practice by the over zealous fanatics in our midst, who had not the courage to enter the Southern armies to fight for the cause which they pretended to uphold. Whether the details or the employment of the leading men in the tragedy was the work of the rebel conspirators, who had sought refuge in Canada, or not the facts in the trial will no doubt tell. The fact that some of the parties connected with it were participants in the St. Albans raid, and confederates in the attempt to burn New York city last fall, furnishes strong circumstantial evidence that the same brain that planned or instigated those atrocious deeds instigated and set in motion the plot for assassinating our late lamented Chief Magistrate.

One thing is certain: that the parties who were to execute the atrocious deed which has filled the land with mourning commenced holding their meetings in Washington as long ago as August, 1864. They were bound together by one of the strongest oaths ever taken by mortals, and every person who was admitted to the secret was bound to remain faithful to the end at the penalty of death—his life to be taken by one of his associates. Many of the confederates were not taken fully into the secret, and even those were allowed to approach it by degrees as their faithfulness to their oath had been tested. The authorities have been fortunate enough to ascertain where, when and how often the conspirators held their meetings, and have taken into custody the people who occupied the houses where they met. The number which were taken into the secret before the consummation of the deed was so large that it is astonishing that some one of the number did not reveal it.

It is now generally noticed that several of the secession sympathizing residents of Washington were in excellent spirits on the morning of the 14th ult., so much so as to attract the attention of many of the loyal citizens.—There were two or three persons who gave it as their opinion that Booth had some dastardly plot on hand; but all such were laughed at for discovering mares' nests, and failed to notify the authorities. But as soon as the deed was done, and Mr. Lincoln had breathed his last, there were numerous parties who had circumstantial evidence bearing upon it.

**HOW THE DETAILS OF THE CONSPIRACY WERE OBTAINED.**

It seems that about three weeks before the plans were put into execution one of the parties revolted at the part of the work which the leaders had allotted to him on the eventful night, and at once manifested a desire to back out. He was, however, reminded of his oath, and every effort made to bring him up to his work. But, the more he thought of it the more he became alarmed at the fearful proposition of the hellish schemers. After several days parleying he succeeded in getting the consent of his associates to relieve him from all further connection with them, on the condition that he should leave the city and not return for sixty days. He left the city, and was somewhere within the limits of the Army of the Potomac when the news came there of the assassination of the President. He immediately repaired to Fortress Monroe and gave himself up, and was sent to Washington, arriving there the next morning after the funeral services of Mr. Lincoln at the White House. When taken before the authorities he made a full confession of all that he knew of the plot, as to

where and when they met, and who were concerned in it. It is understood that the proclamation issued during that day by Secretary Stanton, offering an additional reward for Booth, also rewards for Atzerot and Harold, were based upon the confession of this prisoner. At any rate the arrests on that day were numerous, and several residents of Washington were among the number. This opened the way for further important developments, all of which will in due time be made public.

**THE NUMBER ENGAGED IN EXECUTING THE PLOT IS MUCH LARGER THAN HAS BEEN GENERALLY SUPPOSED.**

Besides Booth and his accomplices in and around the theatre, the assassinator of Seward, and Atzerot at the Kirkwood, there were a number engaged in cutting the telegraph wires leading from the War Department, and still another set endeavored to divert the attention of the authorities from the fleeing culprits. It appears that at precisely ten minutes past ten there were twenty-two wires, leading from the War Office in different directions and connecting with the fortifications and outposts, cut.—These wires having been cut at a considerable distance from each other, together with the simultaneousness of this work, shows very plainly that a number of men were engaged in it; and it is now believed that there were twenty-two men appointed to do this work. The time at which this was accomplished furnishes beyond a doubt the hour which the President was assassinated, which heretofore has been stated all the way from half past nine to half-past ten. It probably did not vary much from ten o'clock.

**THE PRESIDENT, VICE PRESIDENT AND SECRETARY SEWARD THE ONLY INTENDED VICTIMS.**

The numerous stories in reference to the contemplated assassination of all the leading officials in the government are all moonshine. At least, the evidence obtained thus far shows that the scheme only contemplated the assassination of President Lincoln, Vice President Johnson and Secretary Seward—no more, and no less. For some reason the person who was to execute the programme on Mr. Johnson failed to do his work.—Booth is the only man who carried out his part to the letter. The would-be assassin of Mr. Seward, no doubt considered that he had performed his work thoroughly; but providential circumstances prevented his blows being effective.

There are no facts whatever looking toward the design of touching any other officials, unless perchance they might be in the way, as Fred. Seward was at his father's residence, being fired upon since the mournful event of the 14th are all inventions got up for political capital. At least, such is the belief here. He is being pressed for a position in the cabinet, and this dodge is supposed to be the President Johnson in the light of a martyr, and thus secure for him the position Secretary of State.

**THE PARTIES ENGAGED IN THE CONSPIRACY.**

The persons engaged in the plot present a motley crew, from the wild and eccentric actor down to a mere carpenter, including the Pennsylvania avenue dandy, blockade runners, and men with their heads silvered over with the snows of many winters, and rattle-headed youths hardly out of their teens. The testimony already obtained is so straightforward and convincing that there is no doubt but at least twenty-one, if not twenty-three, persons will suffer the penalty of death. There is hardly any chance in a thousand that they can escape—the evidence is so damning against them. It is said that there are some three persons confederates in the conspiracy who had been pardoned by the President and escaped death by his tender heart and humane feelings.

**How Seward's Assassin was Bagged.**

The Washington correspondent of the Tribune on Tuesday writes:  
Late last night R. C. Morgan, of New York, made a lucky strike in working up the assas-

sination plot. Acting as one of the Special Commissioners of the War Department, under Mr. Orcutt, he visited the residence of Surratt on H street, between Ninth and Tenth.

The women were put under arrest and sent to headquarters for examination. Then a search of the house was made. Papers and correspondence of a most important character were found, but the most important event transpired while search was being made in the garret.

A peculiar knock was heard at a lower outer door. The expert at once entered and opened the door, when a large man entered with a pick-ax in his hand. Stepping aside, the man entered rapidly and unbidden. Morgan then closed the door upon him, and quickly locking it, put the key in his pocket.

The stranger, here discovering that something was wrong, turned and remarked that he had made a mistake—was in the wrong house, &c. "Who did you wish to see," was asked. "I came to see Mrs. Surratt," said he. "Well, you are right, then—she lives here," was replied.

He nevertheless insisted upon retiring, but a pistol was pointed at him and he was ordered into the room adjoining. His pick ax was taken from him and he was ordered to sit down. Here a lengthy questioning and cross-questioning took place.

He stated that he was a refugee from Virginia; was a poor man's son; had been brought up on a farm; did not know how to read; had always been kept hard at work, because his father was poor, and then showed his oath of allegiance, which he had in his pocket, and said that he had worked on the horse-railroad here.

When asked where he lived, he boggled a little. When asked where he slept last night, he said, "Down to the railroad." When asked where the night before that and Friday, he was still more embarrassed, and equivocated considerably. He said he came to this house to dig a drain for Mrs. Surratt; that he was to work at it early in the morning, and thought he would come up before he went to bed, as she would not be up in the morning.

It is proper to state that up to the question of where he stayed, no suspicion had been excited that he was other than a veritable laborer; but the fact of his coming at so late an hour led to suspicion that he might know something of the family connections.

Surratt himself having disappeared with Booth, a glance at his boots covered with mud disclosed them to be fine ones; his pants, also very muddy, were discovered to be of fine black cassimere. His coat was better than laborers usually wear, and nothing but his hat indicated a refugee.

He was still further questioned, and on saying he had no money he was searched and twenty-five dollars in greenbacks and some Canada coins found on his person, a fine white linen pocket handkerchief with a delicate pink border, a tooth and nail brush, a cake of fine toilet soap and some pomatum, for all of which he tried to give a plausible account, though bothered a good deal about his taste for the white handkerchief in his possession.

Here his hat was examined, and found to have been made of a fine gray or mixed undershirt of his own, which he had taken off to make a hat of, cut out in Confederate soldier style, and not sewed up but pinned. This led to the conviction that he had lost his hat, and other circumstances fixed suspicion that he was the assassin of the Seward family.

The Secretary's negro doorkeeper was sent for without the knowledge of what was wanted, came into the room and was seated, the gas having been turned down previously.

After he was seated the gas was turned on brightly, and, without a word being spoken, the man started as if he had been shot and the pseudo laborer started also and turned deadly pale.

The recognition was instantaneous and mutual. On being asked why he seemed so affected, the negro immediately answered: "Why, dat's the man wot cut Massa Seward,"

and moving for a moment uneasily and with his eyes intently fixed on the prisoner, he continued: "I doesn't want to stay here, no how."

Major Seward and sister were sent to identify him this morning and did so completely. His identification is absolute and he is now a prisoner on board a monitor. All of the circumstances connected with his arrest and detection are of the most marvelous character.

The detectives would not have been at the house but for the fidelity of a freedman, a poor colored woman, and the merest accident divested him of his well assumed character of a poor laborer.

Other evidences make it probable that he is one of the St. Albans raiders. He gives his name as James Paine, and is known here by several aliases. We hear the supposition is, that, finding himself unable to get out of the picket lines he had returned to Surratt's house for succor.

YESTERDAY AT THE CHURCHES.—The churches were appropriately decked with symbols of mourning yesterday, the pastors each selecting texts fitting to the hour. An unusually large number of our citizens were present at divine worship, showing a full appreciation of the awful calamity which has befallen the Nation.

A correspondent speaks of the services at St. Peter's, as follows:

Yesterday was a day, as well as the few preceding ones, which will long live in our memories. By a singular combination of circumstances, the day in the Episcopal church was one of the deepest interest. In the past week the honored head of the church in this Diocese had been consigned to his last resting place.

In token for the sorrow felt by the church at this great event, her altar had been appropriately draped in the habiliments of mourning. For that other great and terrible calamity which has cast our nation down into the very depths of sorrow, other emblems of mourning had been added throughout the church. This, together with its being the High Festival of Easter, the effect was heightened by the floral decorations which the church uses at this season, to symbolize her great doctrine of the resurrection and immortality of the soul.

The Rector took no other text on the occasion, but the great events of the hour, which the many emblems with which he was surrounded so significantly symbolized; and though the church had put on her beautiful garments of praise, for her risen Lord, yet was happy blending of the two, in the natural appropriateness which follows death, and the Resurrection which formed the theme of the preacher.

The Rector made a feeling allusion to our Secretary of State and family, who are his parishioners, and paid a beautiful, touching tribute to the worth of our late President, which seemed to well up as the spontaneous gushings of his soul, carrying all hearts with him.

Augustus, Mr. Seward's eldest son, who interfered, was severely cut, as was their-

**Auburn, June 21, 1865.**

A telegram received at 12 o'clock this M. from Washington, announces the death, at 10 1-4 this A. M., of Mrs. Frances A. Seward, wife of Hon. Wm. H. Seward.

This is very shocking intelligence to her neighbors, to whom, by her intrinsic goodness, she was greatly endeared. Hundreds will mourn her death as their benefactress.

**Funeral of Mrs. W. H. Seward.**

The funeral obsequies of Mrs. SEWARD, Saturday afternoon, drew together, from far and near, a large concourse of sympathizing friends. The occasion and the services were impressive and touching.

The beautiful grounds which adorn the mansion of Governor SEWARD were largely the creations of her own taste. In and about them she had passed happy years. Shortly before her spirit departed she said to her husband, "Oh, Henry, how I should like to see the flowers and hear the birds in the garden, once more!" In obedience to this wish, the remains were removed to a shaded spot in the grounds at one o'clock Saturday, where they were visited by friends until a few minutes before three, when, upon the appearance of a shower, they were returned to the house, from whence at half past three, the procession moved to St. Peter's Church. All places of business were closed, and the principal streets were crowded with citizens. The burial service was read by Rev. Mr. BRAINARD.

"I would not live always,"

and another hymn were sung with touching effect. The altar was elaborately adorned with wreaths, crosses, crowns and pyramids of flowers sent by mourning friends from Albany, Geneva, Rochester, &c., &c.

Gov. SEWARD, so borne down, more with sorrow than by the dreadful wounds inflicted, first by accident and then by design, followed the remains into the Church and to the Cemetery, attracting all eyes and awakening profound sympathy. That human nature could bear up so bravely under such an accumulation of suffering is truly wonderful.

The Pall Bearers were Gov. ENOS T. THROOP, Lieut. Gov. GEO. W. PATTERSON, R. M. BLANCHFORD, THURLOW WREED, JAS. S. SEYMOUR, GEO. M. GRIER, CHRISTOPHER MORGAN, B. F. HALL, HOLLIS WHITE, DAVID WRIGHT and ABRAHAM FITCH.

The Reverend Clergy with Baron STOECKEL, the Russian Minister, Maj. Gen. HANCOCK, Maj. Gen. BUTTERFIELD and Brig. Gen. MITCHELL, followed.

Then came the mourners, the Secretary sustaining and himself sustained by Mrs. WORDEN (Mrs. S.'s sister), and his daughter, followed by his son Gen. W. H. SEWARD and wife, his Brothers, POLYDOR and GEO. W. SEWARD, his nephew, the Rev. AUGUSTUS SEWARD, Mrs. CLARENCE A. SEWARD, the Hon. Mr. POMEROY, Mr. and Mrs. CHESEBRO, Mrs. MORGAN, Miss HORNER, Miss WEED, Mrs. F. WHITLEY, &c. &c.

The Secretary was attended by Doctor NORRIS, of the U. S. Army, who has been physician and friend throughout his severe trials.

The mourners were attended to the church and cemetery by James Kelly, Judge Peabody, Jas. F. Freeborn and James O. Derby, of New York; George Dawson and David Nelson, of Albany; Michael McQuade, of

The wound inflicted on the Secretary's face reduced the inflammation and pain.

Utica; W. S. Updyke, Samuel P. Allen and Frederick Whittlesy, of Rochester; Col. E. B. Morgan, E. W. Arms and W. H. Boyce, of Aurora; S. S. Benedict, of Washington, and many other old and attached friends of the family.

In the family group of mourners, at the church, were its domestics, including Nicholas and Harriet Bogart (colored) who have been faithful and affectionate servants for more than thirty years.

At the cemetery, a bird, perched in a tree directly over the grave, mingled its clear, cheerful, ringing melody with the solemn tones of the clergyman, as he committed "dust to dust—ashes to ashes."

[From the New York Tribune.]

**Tributes to Mrs. Seward.**

The death at Washington yesterday of Mrs. FRANCES SEWARD, wife of the Hon. William H. Seward, will be widely and sincerely mourned as more than a family bereavement. Mrs. Seward, born Frances Miller, daughter of Judge Elijah Miller, one of the honored pioneers of central New York, had attained the age of sixty years, and had filled for thirty years an exalted position without once exciting an enmity or alienating a friend, and without ever meeting one who had either the power or the wish to speak ill of her. Intellectually gifted and cultivated far beyond the average not merely of her sex but of her time, she gave much heed and thought to public affairs without neglecting or slighting any of the duties of a beloved, exemplary wife and mother; and every pulsation of her heart beat strongly for Justice, Humanity, and Freedom to All. An invalid and sufferer for several years past, she had necessarily withdrawn in great measure from society, solaced by the admiring love of a devoted family and walking cheerfully heavenward in the light of an unshadowed Christian faith. She had remained for the most part at home during the last four years, but hastened to Washington on the first tidings of the murderous assault on her husband and son, and the overtaxing of her impaired physical strength by that trying journey probably shortened her earthly career. All her children (three sons and a daughter) survive her. Her mortal remains will doubtless rest in the cemetery of Auburn, the city of her birth, which, though not always her residence, was always her home.

[From the Washington Daily Chronicle.]

The death of Mrs. Secretary Seward is an occurrence of unspeakable sadness. We do not feel that any poor words of ours can alleviate the profound grief of her husband and the stricken household. The prayers for the life of this noble and benevolent lady, for so many years the comfort and delight of a large and loving kindred, have risen from many who knew her rare gifts and priceless worth; but the agony and suspense of recent events proved to be too much for her weak and sensitive frame. May God, in his infinite Providence, spare this long-suffering family from an additional bereavement.

[From the New York Times.]

The public mind was in a measure, and the family of Mr. SEWARD fully prepared, for the bereavement it becomes a painful duty to announce. Mrs. SEWARD has been sinking from the moment that her intense anxiety for the safety of her husband and son was relieved. Up to the time that hope, in both cases, came, she was wonderfully sustained. It seemed that infirm and feeble as she had been for years, while those she loved so devotedly were in danger, disease had no power over the wife and mother. But when the strain was off, her over-taxed powers, mental and physical, gave way.

Mrs. SEWARD has been a sufferer many years, bearing her illness, sometimes with cheerfulness—always with Christian resignation—and ever diligent and watchful in the discharge of every duty, especially in the mental and moral training of her children, in which her great happiness consisted. As

but a minor part to act, and may be a wife and former she was eminently a counselor and teacher. Her rule was supreme; but it was a supremacy in which wisdom and affection were so happily blended that all rejoiced to recognize her sceptre.

Mrs. SEWARD was the daughter of the late Judge ELIJAH H. MILLER, of Auburn. She was gifted in person and manners, and to these attractions was added a thorough education. For the first twelve or fifteen years of her married life she was the charm of the cultivated and refined associations in which she moved; but nearly twenty years ago her health failed, and since that period she has withdrawn from society, devoting herself to her family and the few friends whom she had early learned to value.

The attempted assassination of the Secretary and Assistant Secretary of State, it is hardly necessary to say, has, whatever their fate may be, caused this death. Those only who know, as we know, not only how devotedly she loved them, but how worthy they are of such affection, can judge of the intensity of her anxiety and suffering. The day but one after that fiendish attempt by which both lives were suspended by a thread, she said to the writer, "It seems as if I had two hearts, one throbbing for HENRY and the other for FREDERICK."

Mrs. SEWARD was, in the highest sense, the companion, counselor and friend to whom her husband turned and upon whom he relied on all occasions. Between them there was a perfect trust. They shared each others hopes and fears, joys and sorrows. Their household was one of uniform and undisturbed peace and purity.

Mrs. SEWARD leaves three sons and one daughter, all most tenderly attached to her. Of her own family, Mrs. WORDEN, an only sister, survives.

[From Forney, of the Philadelphia Press.]

It has been my good fortune since the convalescence of Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State, to pass several most interesting and memorable evenings in his society. The mournful events with which his family have been associated, the double disaster of which he was the victim—first the accident which nearly deprived him of his life, and next the attempt which almost terminated in his assassination—his bleeding and mutilated son, suspended as it were between life and death in an adjoining chamber, and the amiable and accomplished mother of his children prostrated by days and nights of incessant anxiety and watching—contributed to make his conversations unusually solemn and impressive. It is impossible to convey the emotions excited by this wonderful man, as still suffering from his injuries, yet keenly alive to his great public responsibilities, and to the stupendous complications that surrounded the administration of the Government, he dwelt upon the incidents of the terrible tragedy of the 14th of April, the virtues of our slaughtered President, the sacred duties of the patriot, the dawning prospects of a rescued Republic, the vindication of those principles of which, in his controversies with other nations, he was the most conspicuous defender and apostle, and the fitness, the unselfishness, and the high-souled devotion of the new Chief Magistrate. It seemed as if, when thrown upon what appeared to be the bed of death, when he could scarcely speak, or eat, or sleep, Providence had so purified as almost to inspire his mighty intellect. Gradually and almost imperceptibly the physical frame of the veteran statesman responded to the skill of the surgeon and the grateful attentions of family and friends, and, in these processes of nature, his brain began to operate. Hence, for days and weeks, he trained his reflections and classified his duties, and prepared himself for those new and greater labors, which he felt must succeed his restoration to health. And when he was able to move and to articulate, he surprised those who crowded to his couch, by the simplicity, the breadth, the vigor, and the comprehensiveness of his views.

Mr. Seward has always been distinguished for his colloquial powers. Acute, philosophical, and felicitous in his discussions and delineations of doctrines and of men, his speeches and his essays have been models of composition and of thought. But never

the young man appeared struck with

before, not even in the buoyancy of high health and in the excitement of debate, has he more signally displayed those rare gifts with which above most men he is so bountifully possessed, as during the hours which succeeded his long and lingering sufferings, and his happy entrance upon what promised to be a new, and if possible, a more honorable public career. It is not many evenings ago since, as I was seated by his side and listening to his suggestions, Surgeon General Barnes entered his parlor and told him in a low voice that Mrs. Seward had had a long and pleasant sleep, and that reasonable hopes might now be entertained of her recovery. "Ah!" he said, "Dr. Barnes this is good news indeed; I now feel as if the wing of the angel of death had been lifted, and as if this was to be once more a happy and healthful household." And then he told us what a sad procession it would have been if he had been called, in his broken condition, to leave his suffering boy behind, and to accompany the remains of his true and beloved wife to the family cemetery at Auburn, New York. Under the influence of these good tidings he dilated anew upon the bright prospects of the country; clearing away many of the doubts that trouble the minds of statesmen, offering suggestions of priceless value for the discussion of the difficult questions of the hour, and predicting the brightest future for the people of a restored Union. I shall never forget these words nor the manner in which he uttered them; "Time alone is necessary to heal our wounds. These Southern people will come back in peace and in obedience. They have been defeated by the ballot box and on the battle-field. Having resisted the one, and resorted to the other, they are now left completely prostrate. In this condition they have neither interest nor real inclination to renew a conflict which has only brought beggary to their households, destruction to their favorite institution, and ruin to their colossal fortunes."

"On our part, having proved our strength, it is right that we should now prove our wisdom. Patient, forbearance, magnanimity—these are the instrumentalities which, backed by unlimited and unexampled material forces, will re-establish the Republic on enduring foundations." Under the influence of such feelings, and inspired by such hopes, Mr. Seward proceeded to the administration of duties of his great office. His return to his Department was welcomed by men of all parties. He had no rivals or critics now. His former enemies hastened to tender their congratulations. The foreign ministers came to offer their best wishes for his welfare, and every member of the Government, from the President to the humblest officer, deemed it a pleasure to greet his appearance in the position he has filled with such unparalleled ability and sagacity. But the hope that Mrs. Seward might be saved to her husband and her family has been disappointed. This morning about 10 o'clock she breathed her last; and as I write the sad intelligence is being sent over the wires.—Mrs. Francis Adeline Seward was the youngest daughter of Judge Miller, of Auburn, N. Y., and was married to the present Secretary of State in 1824. She was a lady of rare amiability, intelligence, and piety. Never a very strong health, the tragedy of the 14th of April reacted upon her nervous temperament. Affecting several who were dearest and dearest to her, it taxed and shattered her feeble energies, until finally, just as those who were most severely struck are slowly coming back to life, she is called away. Another victim of the infernal spirit which deprived the nation of its beloved chief.

MR. SEWARD'S HEALTH ENTIRELY RESTORED.—The Secretary of State continues his duties in almost perfect health. The novel and extraordinary splint was removed from his face by order of his surgeons, and proves to have been a marvelous success, and very few traces are to be seen of the original accident and the subsequent assault of the baffled assassin, with the exception of a slight swelling on the side of his right cheek. Mr. Sew-

ard arose on Monday morning, dressed himself and performed his toilet, even to shaving, without assistance, for the first time since his accident. His friends and the country will be glad to learn that he has entirely recovered the use of his arm; one of which was fearfully maimed when he was thrown from his carriage. For seventy days of three months of suffering, Mr. Seward's mind has been engaged in the transaction of public business—a fact which will enable him with comparative ease to resume the active and laborious duties of his department.

**The Death of Mrs. Seward.**

For weeks past our citizens have been interested to a degree seldom manifested in any community, in the intelligence from Washington bearing upon the fate of those who were the intended victims of the plot for the assassination, on the 14th of April last, as also of those who suffered in their efforts to shield and protect the Secretary of State from the intended murder. The victims of the dagger and bludgeon have, thanks to a kind and protecting Providence, been saved. Their lives are still spared, although they are maimed and suffering from wounds and bruises. But the ruffian blow aimed at one heart, has reached another, and with fatal force. The death of Mrs. FRANCES A. SEWARD, announced by yesterday's telegraph, is received by our citizens with feelings of sadness and sympathy, rarely, if ever, before evinced by our community, and give the most full and perfect testimonial that could be offered of the place she held in the hearts of all who knew her. And how well was she known? This was her birth place, and her residence throughout her life. She was known by birth and education in the refined circles of society.—There she shone as a gifted and accomplished woman. She was known to other circles and to other people; and acts of constant charity and benevolence crowned her life.—I am not writing her obituary, but in alluding to her death, can say, as one who knoweth well, that a woman more respected and beloved has rarely lived, and one more regretted has never died.

AN OLD CITIZEN.

The foregoing tribute is from one of our most substantial and appreciative citizens, who not only well knew her intrinsic excellencies, but also how well she was beloved in this community. Mrs. SEWARD possessed all the virtues of a highly cultivated and refined Christian lady. Besides discharging all the duties of an excellent wife and mother, she sought and found opportunities for ministering to the wants and comforts of others less fortunate than herself in worldly means. She had the disposition as well as the means of doing a great deal of good, and she devoted them liberally, but unostentatiously to that purpose.

Her death will be mourned by hundreds as that of their benefactress. In the confidence of a certain faith in her Redeemer, she has gone to the Christian's rest and reward.

Not only our own, but the sympathies of this entire community are tendered to Governor Seward and the surviving members of his family on account of this great bereavement.

The Funeral will take place at St. Peter's church on Saturday next, at 3 o'clock P. M.

Documents Relative to the Trent Affair.

Washington, Jan. 14. The President to-day submitted to Congress the following documents relative to the Trent affair: COUNT RECHBERG TO THE CHEVELIER HULSEMAN, (TRANSLATION.)

Vienna, Dec. 18, 1861. To Chevalier de Hulseman, Washington: SIR:—The difference which has supervened between the government of the United States and that of Great Britain, in consequence of the arrest of Messrs. Mason and Slidell, made by the Captain of the American ship-of-War San Jacinto, on board the English mail packet Trent, has not failed to fix the most serious attention of the Imperial Court.

The more importance we attach to the maintenance of friendly relations between the United States and England, the more must we regret an accident which has come to add so grave a complication to a situation already bristling with so many difficulties.

Without having the intention to enter here upon an examination into the question of right, we nevertheless cannot but acknowledge that according to international law, adopted by all the powers, and which the American government itself has often taken, as the rule of its conduct, England could in any wise, in the present case, refrain from reclamation against the affront given to the flag, and from asking proper reparation for it.

It seems to us, moreover, that the requests, reduced to form, by the Cabinet of St. James, have in them nothing offensive to the Cabinet at Washington, and that it will be enabled to do an act of equity and moderation without the least sacrifice of its dignity, in taking counsel from rules which guide in national relations, as well as from considerations of enlightened policy, rather than from manifestations produced by a over-excitement of national feeling.

The government of the United States, we are gratified to hear, will bring into its appreciation of the case all the calmness which its importance demands, and will deem it proper to take a position, which, whilst preserving from rupture the relations between the two great powers to which Austria is equally bound in friendship, will be such as to prevent the grave disturbances which the eventuality of a war could not fail to bring, not only upon each one of the contending parties, but upon the affairs of the world generally.

You will please serve to bring the preceding reflections to Mr. Seward's notice, and make a report to us of the manner in which the Minister shall receive your communication.

Accept, Sir, the assurances of my distinguished consideration. (Signed) RECHBERG. MR. SEWARD TO CHEVELIER HULSEMAN. DEPARTMENT OF STATE, Washington Jan. 9, 1862.

To Chevalier Hulseman, etc.: SIR:—I have submitted to the President the note which you left with me, which was addressed to you on the 18th of Dec. last, by Count Rechburg, touching the affair of the capture and detention of the British contract steamer Trent, by Capt. Wilkes of the San Jacinto.

I send you a copy of the correspondence which has passed on that exciting subject, between this government and the governments of Great Britain and France, and I have to request that you will transmit these papers to Count Rechburg.

The Imperial Government. will learn from them important facts, viz.

First, that the United States are not only incapable, for a moment, of seeking to disturb the peace of the world, but are deliberately just and friendly in their intercourse with all foreign nations.

Secondly, That they will not be unfaithful to their traditions and policy, as an advocate of the broadest liberality in the application of the principle of international law to the conduct of maritime warfare.

The U.S., faithful to their sentiments, and while at the same time careful of their political constitution, will sincerely rejoice if the occasion which has given rise to this correspondence shall be improved so as to obtain a revision of the law of Nations, which will render more definite and certain the rights and obligations of States in time of war.

I shall esteem it a favor, Sir, if you will charge yourself with the care of expressing these sentiments to your government, and will at the same time assure Count Rechburg that the President appreciates very highly the frankness and cordiality which the government of Austria has practiced on an occasion of such great interest to the welfare of the United States.

I avail myself of the circumstances to offer to you, sir, renewed assurances of my very high consideration.

(Signed) WM. H. SEWARD.

### THE FALL OF ATLANTA.

#### Saturday a Great Day in Auburn

#### Flags, Bells, Guns, Music and Speeches.

#### Great Crowd in Front of the Exchange.

#### An Adjournment to the Park.

#### SPEECH OF GOV. SEWARD.

Saturday was a gala day in Auburn, over the splendid victory of Gen. SHERMAN, in the capture of Atlanta. At an early hour all the flags in the city were run up, giving it a very gay and patriotic appearance. At 5 o'clock P. M. all the bells struck up a merry peal, and about the same hour a salute of one hundred guns was fired. Immediately a large crowd, including several hundred volunteers, who were waiting to be mustered in, assembled in front of the Western Exchange, and were briefly addressed by the Hon. CHRISTOPHER MORGAN and Provost Marshal KNAPP. After the speeches, it was proposed that the assemblage form in procession and march to the residence of Gov. SEWARD. The band led off with a lively tune, and the line of march was immediately taken up. On arriving in front of Gov. SEWARD'S residence the assemblage became so large that it was found necessary to continue the march to the park, adjoining Gov. SEWARD'S grounds.

After the procession had halted, Gov. SEWARD was called for, and came forward and addressed the crowd in one of his most earnest and effective speeches, which was received with unbounded enthusiasm. After he concluded, three cheers were called for and given with a will, for the following persons:

SHERMAN, GRANT, SHERIDAN, MEADE, STANTON, FARRAGUT, LINCOLN and SEWARD. Three more rousing ones were given for the soldiers and the Union. The crowd then separated. In the evening Gov. SEWARD was serenaded by the Auburn Band, and responded to the compliment in a brief speech.

The following is the speech of Gov. SEWARD delivered in the Park.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—It is so that I like to see you come marching to the time of national airs, under the folds of the old national flag. I thank you for this hospitable and patriotic welcome. It proves that though you deal rigorously with your public servants exacting reasons for their policy, energy in their conduct of affairs, and explanations for failures, and disappointments in their administration, yet you are nevertheless just, because you willingly allow them to rejoice with you, when you have successes, victories, and triumphs, to celebrate. The news that brings us together is authentic. (A voice do you think is reliable?) Yes. Here is a telegram which I received this morning from the Secretary of war, "Van Duzer reports that Sherman's advance entered Atlanta about noon to-day particulars not yet received. "Edwin M. Stanton."

(Three cheers were given for Atlanta.)—Now this news comes in a good shape. It is pleasant to have a grand result at the first, and it protracts the interest of the thing, to have particulars coming in afterwards. (Yes, Yes, we can wait for the particulars.) This victory comes in the right connection. It falls in with the echoes of the capture of forts Gaines and Morgan, which I understand to be the particulars of Farragut's glorious naval battle, in the Bay of Mobile, a battle equalled by no other in American History, but the naval achievements of the same veteran Admiral at New Orleans and Fort Hudson, and all these have no parallel in naval warfare, but the battles of the Nile and Trafalgar. (A voice I wish we were all Farraguts. Well my friend I know the Admiral well and I confess that we all can't be Farraguts. Indeed very few of us can. But we may take this comfort ourselves that as a whole people, we can appreciate the veterans. We can also appreciate Sherman, who has performed the most successful and splendid march through a mountainous and hostile country recorded in modern history, and in doing this we show ourselves inferior in virtue to no other nation. By the way every body admired Farragut's heroism in climbing the topmast to direct the battle. But there was another "particular" of that contest that no less forcible illustrates his heroic character. "Admiral" said one of his officers, the night before the battle, "won't you consent to give Jack a glass of grog, in the morning,—not enough to make him drunk, but just enough to make him fight cheerfully?"— "Well replied the Admiral, I have been to sea considerable, and have seen a battle or two, but I never found that I wanted rum to enable me to do my duty. I will order two cups of good coffee, to each man, at two o'clock and at eight o'clock, I will pipe all hands to breakfast in Mobile bay. (Hurrah for Farragut.) And he did give Jack the coffee and then he went up to the masthead and did it.

The victory at Atlanta comes at the right place. The rebellious district is in the shape of an egg. It presents equal resistance on its whole surface. But if you could break the shell at either of the two ends, Richmond and Atlanta, the whole must crumble to pieces.—While Sherman under Grant has been striking the big end Meade under Grant has been striking just as hard blows upon the lesser end. The whole shell will now be easily crushed, for it has grown brittle, with the exhaustion of vitality within.

This glorious victory comes in good time for another reason. Just now we are calling upon you, for three hundred thousand more volunteers, if you will—drafted men if we must, to end the war. You were getting a little tired of long delays and disappointed expectations. In Indiana a portion of the people instigated by rebel plotters, at the Clifton House, in Canada, were importing British revolvers

in boxes which passed the Custom House, as stationary, under pretence of arming to defend themselves, but really to resist the draft and bring the Government down to ruin, through a subordinate and auxiliary civil war. True no arms have been imported here.

Yet delegates went out from among you, and sat down in council at Chicago, with those Indiana conspirators and agreed with them not only that that importation of arms should be defended in the election canvass, but also to demand the cessation of the war, upon the ground that success in restoring the Union is unattainable. Already under the influence of the cheering news from Atlanta, all this discontent and this despondency have disappeared. We shall have no draft because the army is being reinforced at the rate of five to ten thousand men per day by volunteers. [Hurrah for the volunteers.] May I not add that this victory at Atlanta comes in good time as the wisdom and the energy of the war administration. Farragut's fleet did not make itself, nor did he make it. It was prepared by the Secretary of the Navy, and he that shall record the history of this war truthfully, and impartially, will write that since the days of Carnot, no man has organized war with ability equal to that of Stanton. [Cheers for Stanton, Secretary of the Navy.]

But auspicious as the occasion is, it has nevertheless failed to bring out some whom we here to rejoice in the victories that will thrill the hearts of the lovers of Freedom throughout the world. Alas, that it must be confessed, it is party spirit that holds them aloof.—All of them are partisans. Some are Republicans, who cannot rejoice in the national victory, because this war, for the life of the nation, is not in all respects, conducted according to their own peculiar radical ideas and theories. They want guaranties for swift, and universal, and complete emancipation, or they do not want the nation saved. Others stay away, because they want to be assured that in coming out of the revolutionary storm, the ship of state will be found exactly in the same condition as when the tempest assailed it, or they do not want the ship saved at all, as if anybody could give such guaranties in the name of a people of thirty million. Others are Democrats. They received from their Fathers the axiom that only Democrats could save the country, and they must save it by Democratic formulas and combinations which the progress of the age has forever exploded. They cannot come up to celebrate achievements which condemn their narrow and hereditary bigotry.

Others of both the Republican and Democratic parties, are willing that the nation shall be saved, provided it is done by some one of their chosen and idolized chiefs, which chief, they mutually denounce and revile. They cannot honor Grant, and Sherman, and Farragut, and Porter, because by such homage, they fear that Fremont and McClellan's fame may be eclipsed.

Nevertheless, there are enough here of the right sort, (Yes—that's true,) enough of men who once were Republicans, but who, taking that word in a partisan sense, are Republicans no longer, and men, who once were Democrats, but who, taking that word in its narrow application, are Democrats no longer. All of whom are now Union men, because they found out at the beginning of this tremendous civil war, or at some period in its progress, that no man—no party—no formula—no creed could save the Union, but that only the people could save it, and they could save it only by ceasing to become partisans, and becoming patriots and Union men. (Cheers for the Union.)

Yes, my Friends, when this war shall be ended in the restoration of the Union, no man then living will exult in the recollection that during its continuance he was either a Radical or a Conservative, a Republican or a Democrat, but every man will claim to have been throughout an unreserved and unconditional Union man.

But why should party spirit, especially at this juncture, divide the American People.—And why should I, a member of the Executive Administration, allude to it on such an occasion as this? The answer is at hand.—The Constitution of our country commands that Administration to surrender its powers to the People, and the People to designate Agents to assume and exercise them four years. You receive the Executive Government in a condition very different from that in which it is

the young man appeared struck with and after the prayer was over returned to his seat. The moral strength which makes our loyal position impregnable, would pass from us, and when that moral strength has passed away, material forces are no longer effective, or even available. By such a proceeding we shall have agreed with the enemy, and shall have given him the victory. But in that agreement the Constitution and the Union will have perished, because when it shall have once been proved that a minority can by force or circumvention, defeat the full accession of a constitutionally chosen President, no President thereafter, though elected by ever so large a majority, can hope to exercise the Executive powers unopposed throughout the whole Country. One of two things must follow that fatal error. Either a contest between your newly elected compromise President, and the same usurper, in which the usurper must prevail, or else a combination between them through which the usurper or his successor, subverting your Constitution and substituting his own, will become President, King, or Emperor of the United States without foreign aid, if he can, with foreign intervention if necessary. (That's so.) To be sure it is so; nothing is more certain than that either the United States and their Constitutional President, or the so called Confederate States, and their usurping President, must rule within the limits of this Republic. I therefore regard the pending Presidential Election, as involving the question whether hereafter we shall have a Constitution and a Country left us. How shall we vote then to save our Country from this fearful danger? (Vote Lincoln in again.) You have hit it exactly my friend. We must vote Lincoln in again, and fight him in at the same time. If we do this the rebellion will perish, and leave no root. If we do otherwise, we have only the alternatives of acquiescence in a perpetual usurpation, or of entering an endless succession of civil and social wars. Upon these grounds, entirely irrespective of platform and candidate, I consider the recommendations of the Constitution at Chicago, as tending to subvert the Republic. (Its so, that's a fact.)

It will seem a hard thing when I imply, that a party, like the Democratic party, can either meditate or blindly adopt measures, to overthrow the Republic. All experience however shows that it is by the malice or the madness of great parties that Free States have been brought down to destruction. You often hear alarms, that a party in power is subverting the State, and it sometimes happens so. But nine times out of ten, it is a party out of power, that in its impatience or its ambition overthrows a Republic.

The Democratic party, of course leaving off the Loyal Union Democrats, opposed the election of Abraham Lincoln, in 1860. In doing so they divided and organized in three columns. One a treasonable column, of State Rights, disunion Democrats under Breckenridge. A second, a loyal northern column, under Douglas. The third a Conciliatory flying column, under John Bell, who has since joined the insurgents. We thereupon invited the two loyal columns to combine with the Republican party to oppose the disunion democratic column. They declined. On the eve of the Election in 1860, I told the followers of Douglas and of Bell that when the Election should have closed, they would find they had inadvertently favored disunion and rebellion. They persisted, and the attempted revolution came. Disunion then presented itself, in the practical form of preventing Abraham Lincoln from assuming the Executive authority. Thus the Democratic party produced that calamity, the Southern democrats acting from design, the northern democrats passive through inadvertence.—The disputed succession still remains undisputed. A new election has come on.—For a time, the Northern Democrats, with notable exceptions, gave a more or less liberal support to the Government, against the Democratic insurgents of the South. But the same Democratic forces which figured in the election of 1860, now appear in the political field, with positions and policy unchanged since that time, as I think, except for the worse. The Southern Democracy is still in arms under the usurper at Richmond. It is

found it practically expelled from the whole country south of the Delaware, the Ohio, and the Missouri, with the most of the army and navy betrayed or fallen into the hands of insurgents, and a new and treasonable Confederacy with the indirect but effective co-operation of foreign Powers, establishing itself on the Gulf of Mexico. We cheerfully give the Government back to you, with large and conquering armies, and a triumphant navy, with the hateful Confederacy falling into pieces, and the rebellious States, one after another, returning to their allegiance.

Regarding myself now, therefore, not as a Secretary, but simply as one of the people, I like you, am called by my vote, to determine into whose hands, the precious trust shall now be confided. We might wish to avoid, or at least to postpone that duty, until the present fearful crisis is passed. But it cannot and it ought not to be avoided or adjourned. It is a Constitutional trial and the nation must go through it, deliberately and bravely.

I shall therefore cheerfully submit, for your consideration, the course which I have concluded to adopt; and the reasons for it.

First, I beg you to remember, that the present is no common or customary Presidential Election. It occurs, in the midst of civil war, arising out of a disputed succession to the Executive power. Disputed successions are the most frequent causes of civil wars, not only in Republics, but even in Monarchies. A dispute about the succession of the President, periodically begets an abortive or a real Revolution, in each one of the Spanish and American Republics. So the disputed succession of the Spanish throne, begot that memorable thirty years war, which convulsed all Europe. A dispute whether Juarez was the lawful President brought on the present civil war, with the consequence of French intervention in Mexico. A dispute whether the present king of Denmark, who succeeded to the throne last winter, is lawful heir to the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein, brought about the civil war in that country, which through German intervention, has just now ended with the dismemberment of the Danish kingdom. It is remarkable also that civil wars produced, by disputed successions, invariably begin with resistance, by some one or more of the States or provinces, which constitute the Kingdom, Empire, or Republic, which is disturbed. It was so with the United States of Mexico. It was so in the United States of Columbia, and the case was the same in the United States of Venezuela. Now it is certain that in 1860, we elected Abraham Lincoln, lawfully and constitutionally to be President of the whole of the United States of America. Seven of the States immediately thereon, rushed into disunion, and summoning eight more to their alliance, they set up a Revolutionary Government. They levied war against us, to effect a separation, and establish a distinct sovereignty and independence.

We accepted the war in defence of the Union. The only grievance of the insurgents was that their choice of John C. Breckenridge for President, was constitutionally overruled in the Election of Lincoln. They rejected Lincoln, and set up a usurper. The Executive power of the United States, is now therefore by force practically suspended, between that usurper Jefferson Davis, and that constitutional President Abraham Lincoln. The war is waged by the usurper to expel that constitutional President from the Capitol, which in some sort is constantly held in siege, and to conquer the States which loyally adhere to him. The war is maintained on our side, to suppress the usurper, and to bring the insurgent States back, under the authority of the constitutional President. The war is at its crisis.—It is clear therefore that we are fighting to make Abraham Lincoln President of the whole United States, under the Election of 1860, to continue until the 4th of March 1865. In voting for a President of the United States, can we wisely or safely vote out the identical person whom with force and arms, we are fighting into the Presidency? (No. No.) You, justly say No. It would nothing less than to give up the very ob-

ject of the war at the ballot box. The moral strength which makes our loyal position impregnable, would pass from us, and when that moral strength has passed away, material forces are no longer effective, or even available. By such a proceeding we shall have agreed with the enemy, and shall have given him the victory. But in that agreement the Constitution and the Union will have perished, because when it shall have once been proved that a minority can by force or circumvention, defeat the full accession of a constitutionally chosen President, no President thereafter, though elected by ever so large a majority, can hope to exercise the Executive powers unopposed throughout the whole Country. One of two things must follow that fatal error. Either a contest between your newly elected compromise President, and the same usurper, in which the usurper must prevail, or else a combination between them through which the usurper or his successor, subverting your Constitution and substituting his own, will become President, King, or Emperor of the United States without foreign aid, if he can, with foreign intervention if necessary. (That's so.) To be sure it is so; nothing is more certain than that either the United States and their Constitutional President, or the so called Confederate States, and their usurping President, must rule within the limits of this Republic. I therefore regard the pending Presidential Election, as involving the question whether hereafter we shall have a Constitution and a Country left us. How shall we vote then to save our Country from this fearful danger? (Vote Lincoln in again.) You have hit it exactly my friend. We must vote Lincoln in again, and fight him in at the same time. If we do this the rebellion will perish, and leave no root. If we do otherwise, we have only the alternatives of acquiescence in a perpetual usurpation, or of entering an endless succession of civil and social wars. Upon these grounds, entirely irrespective of platform and candidate, I consider the recommendations of the Constitution at Chicago, as tending to subvert the Republic. (Its so, that's a fact.)

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Douglas and Bell columns consolidated, are found at Chicago, and all three of the parties are compassing the rejection of the Constitutional President of the United States. They agree not only in this attempt, but they assign the same reasons for it,—namely, that Abraham Lincoln is a tyrant.

They agree, also, that the real usurper at Richmond is blameless, and pure, at least the Richmond democracy affirm it, and the Chicago democracy do not gainsay it. To me therefore, the democracy at Richmond and the democracy at Chicago, like Caesar and Pompey, seem to retain all their original family resemblance. They are very much alike—especially Pompey. But it is not in mere externals that their similarity lies. They talk very much alike, as I have already shown you. When you consider that among the Democrats at Chicago, the Indiana Democrats were present, who have imported arms to resist the National authority, and defeat the National laws, and that all the Democrats there assembled agreed to justify that proceeding, I think you will agree with me that the Richmond Democrats and the Chicago Democrats have lately come to act very much alike.

I shall now go further and prove to you that they not only have a common policy, and a common way of defending it, but they have even adopted that policy in concert with each other. You know that when the Chicago Convention was approaching in July last, George Sanders, Clement C. Clay, and J. P. Holcomb appeared at the Clifton House on the Canada bank of the Niagara River, fully invested with the confidence and acquainted with the purposes of Jefferson Davis and his Confederates at Richmond. You know, also, that Chicago Democrats resorted there in considerable numbers to confer with these emissaries of Jefferson Davis. Here is the fruit of that Conference, and no one can deny the authenticity of my evidence. It is extracted from the London Times, the common organ of all the enemies of the United States. The New York correspondent of the London Times, writing from Niagara Falls under date of Aug 8th, says:

"Clifton House has become a centre of negotiations between the Northern friends of peace and Southern agents, which propose a withdrawal of differences from the arbitration of the sword. The correspondent then goes on to explain that an effort is to be made to nominate a candidate for the Presidency on the platform of an armistice and a convention of states, and to thwart by all possible means the efforts of Mr. Lincoln for re-election."

Mark now, that on the 8th of August, 1864 Northern Democrats and Richmond agents agree upon three things to be done at Chicago.

Namely: First, A withdrawal of the differences between the Government and the insurgents, from the arbitrament of the sword. 2d, A nomination for President of the United States, on a platform of an armistice and ultimately a convention of the States. 3d, To thwart by all possible means the re-election of Abraham Lincoln.

Such a conference, held in a neutral country between professedly loyal citizens of the United States and the agents of the Richmond traitors in arms, has a very suspicious look. But let that pass. Political elections must be free, and therefore they justly excuse many extravagancies. We have now seen what the agents of Pompey and Caesar agreed at Niagara that Pompey should do at Chicago. Here is what he actually did:

Resolved, That this Convention does explicitly declare, as the sense of the American people, that, after four years of failure to restore the Union by the experiment of war, during which, under the pretense of a military necessity of war power higher than the Constitution, the Constitution itself has been disregarded in every part, and public liberty and private right alike trodden down, and the material prosperity of the country essentially impaired, justice, humanity, liberty, and the public welfare demand that immediate efforts be made for a cessation of hostilities, with a view to an ultimate Convention of all the States, or other peaceable means to the end that at the earliest

The Imperial Government will restore moment peace may be restored on the basis of the Federal Union of the States."

The Democracy at Chicago did there just what had been agreed upon with the Richmond agents at Niagara. Namely, they pronounced for an abandonment of the military defence of the Union against the insurgents, with a view to an ultimate National Convention, and the defeat of the election of Abraham Lincoln. That is to say, they proposed to eject Abraham Lincoln from the Presidential Chair at Washington on the 4th of March next, and at the same time leave the usurper, Davis, unassailed, secure and unmolested in his seat at Richmond with a view to an ultimate Convention of States, which that usurper's Constitution will allow no one of the insurgent States to enter—What now, if there be no Convention at all, or if the Convention fail to agree on a submission to the Federal authority? Jefferson Davis then remains in authority, his Confederacy established and the Union with all its glories is gone forever. Nay more, if such a thing could happen as that the Chicago candidate, nominated upon such an agreement should be elected President of the United States on the 1st Tuesday of November next, who can vouch for the safety of the country against the rebels during the interval which must elapse before the new administration can constitutionally come into power? It seems to me that such an election would tend equally to demoralize the Union and to invite the insurgents to renew their efforts for its destruction.

It remains for me now only to give you the proof, that although the way in which the Chicago democracy did what had been agreed upon in their behalf at Niagara, was not altogether satisfactory, yet what they actually did, was accepted as a full execution of the previous compact.

ST CATHERINES, C. W., Sept 1.  
To Hon. D. Wier, Halifax:

Platform and Presidential nominee unsatisfactory. Vice President and speeches satisfactory. Tell Philmore not to oppose.

(Signed) GEO. N. SANDERS.  
D. Wier is a Richmond accomplice at Halifax, and Philmore is understood to be the conductor of the insurgent organ in London.

Here then we have a nomination and a platform which were made by treaty formally contracted between the democratic traitors at Richmond, and the democratic opposition at Chicago, signed, sealed, attested, and delivered in the presence of the London Times, and already ratified at Richmond.— ("By Heaven, we've got 'em.") Got them to be sure you've got them, my friends.— They say I am always too sanguine of the success of national candidates and of the national arms. But it seems to me that the veriest croaker in all our loyal camp will take new courage, and become heroic when he sees that the last hope of the rebellion, hangs upon the ratification of this abominable and detestable compact by the American people.

Yes, you have got them: but how did you get them? Not by any skill or art of the Administration, or even through the sagacity, or activity of the loyal people, but through the cunning of the conspirators, overreaching itself, and thus working out their own defeat and confusion. They do say that the Father of evil always indulges his chosen disciples to render their ultimate ruin and punishment, with such an excess of subtlety, as inevitable.

And what a time is this to proclaim such a policy, conceived in treachery and brought forth with shameless effrontery. A cessation of hostilities on the heel of decisive naval and land battles, at the very moment that the rebellion without a single fort in its possession on the ocean or on either of the great rivers, or lakes, is crumbling to the earth, and at the same time, a dozen new ships of war, are going to complete the investment by sea, and three hundred thousand volunteers are rushing to the lines, to complete the work of restoration and pacification.

There is a maxim, which thoughtful teachers always carefully inculcate.— It is that inconstancy is imbecility, and that perseverance is necessary to in-

SHERMAN, GRANT, SHELDON, MEADE, STANTON. The wound indicated a wife and mother she was eminently a coun-  
sure success. This maxim, was set forth in the form of a copy, in the writing book, when I was young. "Perseverance always conquers." Even infantile beginners encountered the instruction in the form of a fable in Webster's spelling book. The story was that after using soft words and tufts of grass the farmer tried what virtue there was in stones, and by persistence in that application, he brought the rude boy who was stealing apples, down from the tree, and made him ask the farmers pardon. Our Chicago teachers, tell us that just as the rude boy is coming down, we must lay down the stones and resort again to the use of grass, with the consequence, of course, that the farmer must beg pardon of the trespasser. But what makes this Chicago policy more contemptible and even ridiculous, is that it is nothing different from the policy with which the same parties now contracting actually ushered in disunion in 1861, in the closing hours of the Administration of James Buchanan. Yes, my Dear Friends, when we of this Administration came into our places, in March 1861, we found there existing just the system which is now recommended at Chicago. Namely, 1st a treasonable confederacy in arms against the Federal authority. 2d, a truce between the Government of the United States and the rebels, a veritable armistice which was so construed that while the National ports, and forts, were thoroughly invested along the sea coast, and rivers by the insurgents, they could be neither reinforced, nor supplied even with food by the government. 3d, a languid debate with a view to an ultimate National Convention which the rebels haughtily despised and contemptuously rejected. What were the alternatives left us.— Either to surrender ourselves and the government, at discretion, or to summon the people to arms, terminate the armistice, adjourn the demoralizing debate, and "repossess" ourselves of the National forts and ports. And now has all the treasure, that has been spent, and all the precious blood that has been poured forth, gone for nothing else but to secure an ignominious retreat, and return at the end of four years to the hopeless imbecility and rapid process of national dissolution, which existed when Abraham Lincoln took into his hands the reins of Government.

Every one of you know that but for that accession of Abraham Lincoln just at that time the Union would in less than three months have fallen into absolute and irretrievable ruin.

I will not dwell long on the complaints which misguided but not intentionally perverse men, bring against the Administration of Abam Lincoln. They complain of military arrests of spies and lurking traitors in the loyal States, as if the Government could justify itself for waiting without preventive measures, for more States to be invaded or to be carried off into secession.

They complain that when we call for volunteers we present the alternative of a draft as if when the ship has been scuttled the captain ought to leave the sleeping passengers to go to the bottom without calling upon them to take their turn at the pump.

They are not content with plotting sedition in secret places, but they go up and down the public streets uttering treason, vainly seeking to provoke arrest in order that they may complain of a denial of the liberty of speech.— The impunity they everywhere enjoy under the protection of constitutional debate, shows at one and the same time, that their complaints are groundless, and that the Union in the element of moral stability it stronger than they know.

The chief complaint against the President is that he will not accept peace on the basis of the integrity of the Union, without having also the abandonment of slavery. When and where have the insurgents offered him peace on the basis of the integrity of the Union? Nobody has offered it. The Rebels never will offer it. Nobody on their behalf can offer it. They are determined and pledged to rule this Republic or ruin it. I told you here a year ago, that practically slavery was no longer in question—that it was perishing, under the operation of the war. That assertion has been confirmed.

The Union men in all the Slave States that we have delivered are even more anxious than we are to abolish Slavery. Witness Western Virginia, Maryland, Missouri, Louisiana, Tennessee, and Arkansas. Jefferson Davis tells you in effect, the same thing. He says that it is not Slavery, but Independence and Sovereignty, for which he is contending. There is good reason for this. A hundred dollars in gold is only a year's purchase of the labor of the working man in every part of the United States. At less than half that price you could buy all the slaves in the country. Nevertheless, our opponents want a distinct exposition of the President's views on the ultimate solution of the slavery question.

Why do they want it? For the same reason that the Pharisees and Sadducees wanted an authoritative resolution of the questions of casuistry which arose in their day. One of those sects believed in a Kingdom to come, and the other altogether denied the resurrection of the dead. Nevertheless, they walked together in loving accord in search of instruction concerning the spirit world.— "Master," said they, "there was a man of our nation who married a wife and died, leaving six brothers. These brothers successively married the widowed woman, and afterwards died. And last of all the woman died also. In the resurrection, which of the seven shall have this woman to his wife?"

Now what was it to them whether one or all should have the woman to wife in Heaven. It could be nothing to the Sadducees in any case. What was it to any human being on this side of the grave? What was it to any human being in heaven except the woman and her seven husbands—absolutely nothing. Yet they would have an answer. And they received one. The answer was that while in this mortal state, men and women shall never cease to marry and to die, there will be in the resurrection neither death nor marrying or giving in marriage.

Although altogether unauthorized to speak for the President upon hypothetical questions I think I can give an answer upon the subject of slavery at the present day—an answer which will be explicit, and I hope not altogether unsatisfactory. While the rebels continue to wage war against the Government of the United States, the military measures affecting slavery, which have been adopted from necessity, to bring the war to a speedy and successful end, will be continued, except so far as practical experience shall show that they can be modified advantageously, with a view to the same end. When the insurgents shall have disbanded their armies, and laid down their arms, the war will instantly cease—and all the war measures then existing, including those which affect slavery, will cease also, and all the moral, economical and political questions as well questions affecting slavery as others which shall then be existing, between individuals, and States, and the Federal Government, whether they arose before the civil began, or whether they grew out of it, will, by force of the Constitution pass over to the arbitration of Courts of law, and to the councils of Legislation.

I am not unsophisticated enough to expect that conspirators while yet unsubdued, and exercising an unresisted despotism in the insurrectionary states, will either sue for or even accept an amnesty based on the surrender of the power they have so recklessly usurped. Nevertheless, I know that if any such conspirator should tender his submission upon such terms, that he will at once receive a candid hearing, and an answer prompted purely by a desire for peace, with the maintenance of the Union. On the other hand, I do expect propositions of peace with a restoration of the Union, to come not from the Confederates in authority, nor through them, but from citizens and States under and behind them. And I expect such propositions from citizens and States to come over the Confederates in power, just so fast as those citizens and States shall be delivered by the Federal arms, from the usurpation by which they are now oppressed. All the world knows, that so far as I am concerned, and, I believe, so far as the President is concerned, all such

the young man appeared struck with  
it becomes a great, magnanimous and humane people, to grant to brethren who have

back from their wanderings, to seek a shelter in the common ark of our national purity and happiness.

The sun is setting. So surely as it shall set again, so surely do I think that the great

we have now celebrated prelude the of our national troubles, and the restoration of the national authority with peace, prosperity and freedom throughout the whole

from the lakes to the gulf, and from an to ocean.  
and so I bid you good night; and may I have you, with our whole country, all in His holy and paternal keeping.

enthusiastic cheers were given at the conclusion of the speech.

the Assault upon Mr. Seward—Interesting Details—Letter from Dr. Verdi, Mr. Seward's Family Physician.

Washington, April 21, 1865.

At nine o'clock on the evening of the 14th instant, I had left Secretary Seward in a comfortable condition, and his family hopeful of his speedy recovery from an accident, which

several days previously had met with, his horses having run away and dashed him from the carriage, fracturing his right humerus at the surgical neck, his lower maxillary below the angle, and generally bruising him about the face and neck.

At a few minutes after 10 p. m., I was hastily summoned, by the colored boy, to attend Mr. Seward, his sons and his attendants, who were, as the messenger expressed it, "murdered by an assassin."

Two minutes brought me to the spot. I was the first medical man there. As I glanced round the room, I found terror depicted on every countenance, and blood everywhere.

Among the bleeding men and terrified ladies sought for Mr. Seward. He was lying in his bed, covered with blood, a fearful gaping laceration marking his chin and extending below the maxillary bone. His, probably, was the only countenance that did not express fear.

At last I examined his wounds, and I had the joy to bring the first consolation to that anxious family, in announcing to them that his wounds were not mortal. The carotid artery and jugular vein had not been divided or injured. The gash was semi-circular, commencing just below the high bone of the neck, and extending downward toward the mouth, and then backward over the submaxillary gland, laying open the inflamed and swollen part of the face and neck, that had been injured by his previous accident.

On examining further, I found another stab under the left ear, wounding the parotid gland; but this cut, however, was not very deep. Mr. Seward had lost much blood, and I immediately applied ice, to arrest the bleeding temporarily; after which I was informed that Frederick Seward was in an adjacent room, also injured. I hastily went to him and found him lying on a lounge with blood streaming over his face. He had been wounded in several places viz. on the left parietal bone just above the "parietal eminence;" on the left side of the frontal bone, just about the line of intersection with the parietal; with two other light wounds in that neighborhood.

The injury on the parietal eminence had evidently crushed the bone, as osseous spicules were taken out; but it appeared, however, at the internal table, even if fractured, was not depressed. He was not insensible, but could not articulate. In about an hour, however, after his wounds were dressed, he lapsed into a slumber from which, for sixty hours, could not be aroused. I had scarcely finished applying ice to arrest the hemorrhage, when I was told to look at Mr. Aug. Seward.

"What?" said I, "is he become truly amazed?" His injuries, however, were comparatively light—one was on the forehead, another on the head of the Major, making a blow with the butt-end of a pistol, on the thumb of his right hand. Here I was again requested to look at another man. My surprise ceased then—I became horrified.—

This was the man nurse, a soldier in attendance on Mr. Seward. I found his wounds were four in number, all from the blade of a knife; three over the right scapular region, and one below it. It was evident, after a careful examination, that the capra prevented the penetration of the frightful weapon into the chest. After giving to this patient the requisite attendance, I was called to see another man who was wounded. He had received but one stab, in the back over the seventh rib, very near the spinal column. The knife must have glanced off, as this cut was long but quite superficial; had it been direct, his right lung would have received an irreparable injury.

Such is the scene that was presented— Now I will relate to you the circumstances I gathered in this horrible attempt at assassination.

At 10 o'clock the bell at Mr. Seward's house was rung, and answered by the colored boy. As the door opened, a very tall man appeared, with a small package in his hand, saying that Dr. Verdi had sent him with a prescription for Secretary Seward, which he must deliver personally. The boy remonstrated with the man, saying that Mr. Seward was asleep, and that he (the servant) would take charge of the prescription. The man said, "No; I have particular directions, and I must deliver them myself." So saying, he walked up stairs; but, treading very heavily, he was reminded by the boy, who was following him, to walk more lightly, in order not to disturb Mr. Seward.

Mr. Frederick Seward was at this time lying dressed, on a sofa in his room, (one adjacent to his father's) and hearing heavy footsteps, came into the hall and met the stranger, who attempted to enter his father's room. Frederick expostulated with him, declaring that his father was asleep and could not be seen. Evidently the young man saw mischief in the face of the assassin. Miss Fanny Seward, who was in her father's room, hearing the conversation outside, opened the door to ascertain what was the matter; but Frederick cried out to her to "shut the door."

It seems that for two or three minutes the assassin hesitated, or endeavored to enter without making a deadly assault upon Frederick; but meeting with determined opposition, he dealt several blows on young Seward's head, apparently with a pistol, with the intention, probably of disabling without killing him. The door was then opened, and the murderer entered, pushing Frederick, already staggering, before him; then disengaging himself from his adversary, he asked Miss Fanny, "Is the Secretary asleep?"—at the same instant making a spring for the bed, where the unfortunate man sat, aroused with the frightful conviction of what was to be expected. The next moment the villain dealt him a blow with the deadly knife, which was so violent that (fortunately, we may say,) it precipitated him from his bed. In falling, however, he must have received the second blow on the other side of the neck. It must have been at this time that the man nurse (having been absent at the hospital,) returned and attacked the murderer, to prevent him from doing further injury to Mr. Seward. In the endeavor to restrain the ferocity of the assassin the nurse was struck several times, as described above.

It was at this moment that the nurse and Frederick, who rallied sufficiently to still use his feeble efforts in behalf of his poor father, were struggling with this man, that Major Augustus Seward, awakened from sleep by the noise and screams of Miss Fanny, came into the room, thinking that probably his father was delirious, and had frightened the attendant, or else that the nurse left to watch during the night was in some way misbehaving himself.

The Major, seeing the struggle, and not at all comprehending the facts, took hold on the man (believing him still to be the nurse) and dragged him to the door. Of course the assassin took advantage of this, and dealing one blow on the head of the Major, making, however, but a slight wound, and cutting his hand, as aforesaid, ran down stairs, followed by the Major, who did not know the condition of affairs until he came back to his

father's room. The assassin then mounted his horse, which he had left before the door, and rode rapidly away.

There are three peculiar features to this case: First, had Frederick Seward said to his sister, "Lock the door," instead of "Shut the door," the assassin might never have been able to enter the Secretary's room.— Second, had Augustus Seward understood that that man was an assassin attempting to murder his father, he would never have allowed him to escape, or perchance might have precipitated him down stairs, and then attempted to disable and arrest him. The third is this: the boy who followed the wretch up stairs, soon hearing that he was making an attack on Mr. Frederick, ran out, calling "watch!" and "Murder!" and went as far as the corner of the street, only fifty yards distant, where there was a sentry on duty: the terrified lad told the sentry to hasten to the house, that there was an assassin attempting the lives of the family; but the sentry did not heed the boy, or thought he could not leave his post; else he would have been in time to present his bayonet to the flying assassin, and could have secured or killed him.

Thus ended that horrible tragedy, which took one hundredth part less of time in perpetrating than my weak attempt at its relation.

Surgeon General Barnes, Drs. Norris, U. S. A., and Wilson, Medical Director of this department, came in to my assistance, and I must say to their honor, that their energies united with mine only to save and relieve the victims, and not one descended to that petty professional pique or ill-conceived pride of many practitioners, in reference to associating with a medical gentleman of a different school of therapeutics. Our intercourse, professional and social, has been mutually courteous: we met on the same field, inspired by the game ambition, to work together for the same end.

Letter from Edwin Booth.  
The members of the New York Lodge of Freemason's, No. 330, having addressed a letter of greeting to Mr. Edwin Booth, expressive of their sympathy in the hour of his deep affliction, the following answer was returned:  
"No. 28 EAST NINETEENTH STREET.  
"Brothers: Your fraternal and consoling letter has come to me in the hour of my greatest need. It is very comforting amid the dreadful darkness which shrouds my present and future.  
"If there can be compensation for such a calamity as has overtaken me, it is to be found in the sentiments you so gracefully express, and, as I believe, sincerely entertain for me.  
"I thank you, brothers, for the great relief your cheering words convey.  
"It has pleased God to afflict my family as none other was ever afflicted.  
"The nature, manner and extent of the crime which has been laid at our door have crushed me to the very earth. My detestation and abhorrence of the act, in all its attributes, are inexpressible; my grief is unutterable, and, were it not for the sympathy of friends such as you, would be intolerable.  
"You bear witness to my loyalty. You know my persistent, and to some extent, successful efforts to elevate our name, personally and professionally. For a proof of this I appeal to the records of the past.  
"For the future, also, I shall struggle on in my retirement, bearing a heavy heart, an oppressed memory and wounded name— heavy burdens—to my too welcome grave. Your afflicted friend and brother,  
Edwin Booth.  
"To the Committee of N. Y. Lodge, 330, F. and A. M."

Mr. Lincoln was the first of our Presidents who died in his second term of office.  
In Washington, the sale of Booth's photographs is prohibited.

At a flag-raising on Independence Hall, Philadelphia, four years ago, Mr. Lincoln made a brief speech, concluding with these remarkable words:

I have often inquired of myself what great principle or idea it was that kept this confederacy so long together. It was something in the Declaration of Independence giving liberty, not only to the people of this country, but hope to the world for all future time. It was that which gave promise that in due time the weights should be lifted from the shoulders of all men, and that all should have an equal chance.

Two men have been shot dead in St Louis for exulting over the assassination of Mr. Lincoln.

Triumphal Arches.

For the information of the committee on decorations, we publish the following article from Elme's Dictionary of the Fine Arts:

TRIUMPHAL ARCHES. In architecture. A monument consisting of a grand portico or archway, erected at the entrance of a town, in its principal street, upon a bridge, or in a public road, to the glory of some celebrated general, or in memory of some important event. Some of these arches are merely honorary monuments set up in the spirit of adulation: these, of course, bear no triumphal trophies, while those of the former description are generally charged with inscriptions in honor of the triumpher, with bassi relievi representing the arms of the vanquished enemy, &c.

The invention of these structures is attributable to the Romans. The earliest specimens are destitute of any magnificence. For a long time, they consisted merely of a plain arch, at top of which were placed the trophies and the statue of the triumpher. Subsequently the span was enlarged, the style enriched, and a profusion of all kinds of ornaments loaded on them. The whole mass formed a square penetrated by three arcades, crowned by a very high attic, which received inscriptions, and sometimes bassi relievi, and which supported equestrian statues, triumphal cars, and other analogous ornaments, as we find represented on a variety of medals. The archivaults were adorned with figures of victory holding palms and crowns. In early times, when the triumpher passed under the arch which had been erected for the occasion, they had at the summit little figures of Victory with wings, and so suspended that, by means of pulleys, they descended and placed a crown on the head of the victor. Hence the winged Victories which are represented on all these arches.

The Triumphal Arches varied greatly in point of construction, form, and decoration. As has been already observed, the first specimens were simple, composed only of a single arcade, adorned with Doric or Tuscan columns, without pedestal; and many of them were without imposts. Those existing at the present day offer three very distinct species:—First, those which consist but of a single arch, such as that of Titus at Rome, of Trajan at Ancona, &c. Secondly, those which are formed of two arches or arcades, such as those of Verona, &c., which appear to have formed, at the same time, gates for the town. Thirdly, the species composed of three arcades, the centre being the principal or grand arch, and the other at each side much smaller. Such is the arch of Septimius Severus, of Constantine and others. The lesser arch of Septimius Severus, carried also that of the Oratoire, forms a class apart.—It is not vaulted, but formed in plat-band.

The arch known to us as that of Constantine is, thanks to the care and restorations made by order of Pope Clement XII. the best preserved of all the great antique arches, but as the greater part of the bassi relievi represent the victories of Trajan, it is most likely that this structure is the same as that erected by command of the senate in honor of that emperor; and this opinion is strengthened on recollecting that the decline of the arts in the time of Constantine had rendered it almost impossible that such a structure could have been then raised. This arch is at present buried, to the height of the pedestals of the columns.

The arch of Septimius Severus, placed at the foot of the Capitoline Hill, and also partly buried, greatly resembles that of Constantine. The arch of Titus is the next most considerable in Rome, after these two. This monument, composed of one single arcade, is the first upon which we find the composite order employed. It was constructed after the death of the emperor, who was called Divus, and whose apotheosis is perceived in the centre of the vault.

The provincial towns were not backward to emulate the capital in erecting structures. A small arch placed upon the Flaminian way, and called Arcus Portugallie, was pulled down by order of Pope Alexander VII. and its sculpture placed in the Capitol. This arch was constructed out of the ruins of other edifices. The arch of Benevento (see that word,) erected in honor of Trajan, is one of the most remarkable relics of antiquity, as well on account of its sculptures as its architecture; the order which decorates it is composite. The bassi relievi with which it is adorned are similar in point of taste to those of the arch of Constantine at Rome. They represent different actions in the life of the Emperor Trajan; and indeed the work altogether may vie even with the structures of Rome both for grandeur of style and boldness of execution. This beautiful monument is too little known, for it does not stand in the ordinary route pursued by the artists and amateurs who flock into Italy.

The arch of Trajan, at Ancona, is likewise one of the most elegant works of ancient architecture. It is placed on the pier of the port, at the entrance of the mole, and is in capital preservation, having only been despoiled of its accessories and ornaments in bronze. It is decorated with four Corinthian columns on pedestals; and its principal charm arises from the beauty of its construction, the elegance of its proportions, and its great simplicity.

The arch of Rimini, erected in honor of Augustus, on the occasion of his repairing the Flaminian way, from this town to Rome, is the most ancient of all the antique arches, and, for its size, one of the noblest existing. That of Pola, in Istria, is regarded as a monument of the Augustan age, on account of the beauty of its architecture and ornaments.

On the subject of the triumphal arches of antiquity the following works may be consulted with advantage:—BELLORI's work, and that of SVARES on the Arch of Septimius Severus. The arch of Benevento, published at Rome in 1739 and 1770. That of Titus, published at Paris in 1770, &c.

Many beautiful structures of this kind have been erected in modern times, but principally on the plan, and in imitation, of one or other of the edifices above mentioned. Ancient medals are very numerous bearing figures of this specimen of architecture; and some of them represent arches which have for centuries past ceased to exist.

RICHMOND.

The last number of the rebel Richmond Whig, printed on last Monday morning about an hour before Weitzel's negro soldiers marched in, is an amusing periodical. We extract some rare paragraphs:

From the Richmond Whig, April 3.

The New York Times Washington special says that "the most substantial evidences of the design of the rebels to evacuate Richmond is found in the fact that on the late Sheridan raid the files of the Richmond Whig and all the surplus material of that office were captured at Scottsville, on James river, where it had been thrown off with the other freight to lighten a small boat."

The "special" draws an inference from a supposition. The files referred to were sent to Hardwickville in June, 1863. The Whig had no "surplus material" at Scottsville. We presume that the files, from 1824 to 1861, were destroyed by the worse than vandals who captured them; but they need not exult at the supposed injury inflicted upon the establishment, as we have duplicate files which will never fall into their possession.

Flour, \$900@1,000 per barrel; corn, \$100 per bushel; corn meal, \$110; bacon \$15@18; beef, \$10@12; pork, \$12@14; butter \$18@20; lard, \$18; hay, \$150 per 100 lbs.; cornfield peas, \$100@110 per bushel; white beans, \$120 @ \$125 per bushel; potatoes, \$60@75 per bushel; eggs, \$10@12 per dozen. Very little has been done in the tobacco market since the late raid. Markets now rather better supplied with meats, fish and vegetables, and prices tending downwards.

The weather is becoming pleasant again, and with the return of balmy spring there should be a resumption of afternoon soirees on the Capitol square. We respectfully ask Gov. Smith's attention to the almost universal desire of the community for "music on the square"—not outlandish clangor, which no one appreciates, but home melodies and patriotic airs, with an occasional operatic gem, which all can enjoy.

The new negro recruits, under Majors Pegram and Turner, were drilled in front of their rendezvous Saturday evening. Many persons were present—among them several members of the Legislature, who went away convinced that Sambo can be taught to handle a Southern musket quite as well as the negroes in the Yankee army. Majors Pegram and Turner expect to have their battalion ready for active service in a short time, if they can get the assistance of active and intelligent slaveowners of the city interested and convinced of the importance of this measure. Every master should encourage his slaves to enlist, and not refuse to let them defend a country in which they have a common interest with the white citizens; the example would be extremely valuable in procuring negro enlistments in the country.

Steps are being taken to have recruiting officers in different parts of the State, and we ask the aid of intelligent and energetic farmers who fully appreciate the vital importance of the duty. It is important to have officers who have had experience in the management of negroes, and who understand their peculiar nature. There should be no compulsion. Let their enlistments be voluntary, if possible.—They should be promised freedom and a home among those with whom they have been raised and lived. We hope our citizens, both in our cities and the country, will explain this matter fully to their slaves, and get them to volunteer at once, as it is important to have them before the campaign is far advanced.—Let Virginians do their duty, and furnish thirty thousand negro troops for a start. Can't Richmond send five thousand?

The new Whig, under the same proprietor and editor, published the following, after walking on Tuesday morning and finding "nobody hurt:"

PUBLICATION OF THE WHIG RESUMED.

The publication of the Whig is resumed this afternoon with the consent of the military authorities. The editor, and all who heretofore controlled its columns, have taken their departure. The proprietor and one attache of the recent editorial corps remain. The former has had a conference with Gen. Shepley, the Military Governor, who assented to the publication of the paper on conditions which will be cheerfully and faithfully complied with. The Whig paper, therefore, be issued hereafter as a Union paper. The sentiments of attachment to our "whole country," which formerly characterized it as a journal, will again find expression in its columns, and whatever influence it may have for the restoration of the national authority will be exerted.

As soon as practical a full and efficient editorial force will be organized. For the present we ask the indulgence of our readers. We stand on the best we can under existing circumstances, promising a daily improvement in the interest of the contents of the paper, until we shall make the Whig commend itself to the favor and support of all persons loyal to the Government of the United States.

DESTROYING THE LIQUOR.

When it was made known on Sunday morning that the evacuation of Richmond was a foregone conclusion, the City Council held a meeting, and in secret session passed an order for the destruction of all the liquor in the city. Accordingly, about the hour of midnight the work commenced, under the direction of committees of citizens in all the wards. Hundreds of barrels of liquor were rolled into the street, and the heads knocked in. The gutters ran impregnated with the liquor, and the fumes filled and quored were forced into the street from third pieces. As the work proceeded, the gutters were being cleaned, and wrecked into a...

the city, managed to get hold of a quantity of liquor. From that moment law and order ceased to exist; chaos came, and a Pandemonium reigned.

PLUNDER AND PILLAGE.

Drunk with vile liquor, the soldiers—said to belong to Geray's cavalry—roamed from store to store on Main street, followed by a reckless crowd, drunk as they. With the butts of their muskets they dashed in the plate glass of the store doors, and entering, made a wreck of everything with the celerity of magic. Jewelry stores, clothing stores, boot and hat stores, and confectionary stores, were objects of special attraction to the pillagers, who, be it remembered, were not Federal soldiers, but Confederate stragglers.

The following are some of the stores thus robbed: Jennet's jewelry store, Mitchell & Tyler's jewelry store, Semons' trimming store, Antoni's confectionary store, Pizzini's confectionary store, and numbers of others—all on Main street.

And the following additional interesting items are from the correspondence of the Tribune and the World:—

JOHN BROWN'S SOUL MARCHING ON.

Day before yesterday Mr. Chester, the colored correspondent of the Philadelphia Press, was seated in the Speaker's chair of the rebel House of Representatives, quietly writing to his paper. A scion of a first family discovered him thus and kindled his ire. He ordered Mr. Chester to "Kim out o' thar"—which he didn't, as Pipe Joe the blacksmith would say. Then the scion laid hold of him to take him out.—Then Chester planted a black fist and left a black eye and a prostrate rebel. Then the rebel rose and asked an officer, who was a witness of the scene, for a sword "to cut the d—d nigger's heart out." The officer declined on the ground that he did not have two swords, that he might also give one to Chester. However, if the scion desired it, he would see fair play for a fair fight, at the same time expressing the opinion that he would "get thrashed worse than Lee did the other day. The scion let his wrath and skulked away, meanwhile Chester was coolly writing.

REBEL BARBARITY.

Perhaps the most diabolical act of the rebel general was the explosion of the magazine which was situated in the immediate vicinity of the Richmond Alms-house, and against which it is said the citizens, backed up by J. Breckinridge, the rebel Secretary of War, demonstrated, but to no effect, as the General asserted that such were his orders. An explosion took place at five o'clock this morning and involved a fearful loss of life. The inmates of the Alms-house, being unaware of the hellish design, were all sleeping quietly in their respective quarters at the time of the occurrence, and every one of them was instantly launched into eternity, their bodies being mangled in the most shocking manner. Houses in the locality were also shattered, so that not a pane of glass remains to be seen in any of them for a distance of several squares from the place where the explosion occurred.

THE NEGRO TROOPS.

The black troops were a bitter dose to the high-born patricians, and yet the recent effort of the rebels themselves in that line has done away with much of that prejudice. I might say in passing that the experiment of raising black troops was the most ridiculous failure and burlesque ever perpetrated by a government. There were never more than eighty organized, and these were mostly nurses impressed from hospitals. I have asked several, both black and white, if they thought the negroes could be induced to fight against us, and they laugh at the notion. The negro recruitment is the greatest failure of the day.

The entry of our forces has completely revolutionized the manners and customs, and, to some extent, the ideas prevailing here, already. You are perhaps aware that negroes have never been allowed to enter the Capitol square except on their duties. Of course it has been filled with all the negroes in the city since enlarged freedom has been granted them.

It is a significant fact that the last is from the World's correspondent.

The Great Chicago and Richmond Compromise.

The St. Louis Democrat says that in the compromise meeting proposed by the Chicago Democrats the two parties would discuss the following:

The Democrats would say to Jeff Davis, "We are determined that the Union shall be restored by any means except one, that is, we will not fight you." But Jeff Davis would reply, "If you do not intend to fight, why not remove your armies from our soil, for otherwise you will fight us."

Mr. Davis—"Then you will let us alone—that is all we want."

Democrats—"No—the North and South must live together—we are unswervingly for the Union."

Mr. Davis—"But we don't want to live with you, and according to the doctrine of state sovereignty we have a right to do as we please."

Democrat—"But listen, Mr. Davis. The Union must be restored, but you may make your own terms. We are unswervingly for the Union."

Mr. Davis—Very well then. Depose your President, and let Richmond be the Confederate capital for all the states, you joining us whom you admit you have so outrageously wronged."

Democrat—"But would you not consent to make the city of Washington your capital?"

Mr. Davis—"What is the difference, so the Union is restored? Nevertheless, I will consent to make the change when you have disposed of McClellan and his adherents."

Democrat—"Oh, he is with us. He is ready to do your bidding. We are unswervingly for the Union on any terms but fighting for it."

Mr. Davis—"But what about the runaway negroes?"

Democrat—"We will catch them for you."

Mr. Davis—"What about our debt?"

Democrat—"We'll pay it."

Mr. Davis—"And our ruined homes?"

Democrat—"We will restore all by the labor of our hard-fisted yeomanry."

Mr. Davis—"Will you re-deliver to us the hundreds of thousands of slaves whom the war has made free?"

Democrat—"We will."

Mr. Davis—"Then I will consent to be President of the United States. But you, plebeian scoundrels, take care how you again by your mudsill majorities, attempt to thwart the will of the aristocracy of the land, and assail the divinity of slavery."

The way Grant manages military matters evidently does not please the Slaveholding Confederates. "It is reported," says a Rebel newspaper "that there is little doubt that Grant is receiving reinforcements, and that he is conveying them to his left. Where they come from, or what the object of collecting them on our right can be, is a mere conjecture. While digging and mining and fighting in front of Petersburg, Grant has not been idle in other respects. He has been grading the country in the rear of his works preparatory to the building of a branch railroad to connect the extreme left with the road to City Point, and thereby have a rapid and unbroken line of communication between all parts of his army and his main base of supplies. He is now busy at work laying the rails on this new track, and will ere long have it completed. The enemy's batteries were again opened on Petersburg on Thursday. One negro was injured, and one or two houses struck."

EXPANDING THE LUNGS.—Step out in the purest air you can find; stand perfectly erect with the head and shoulders back, and then fixing the lips as though you were going to whistle, draw the air through the nostrils inward, and after gently forcing the thumbs backwards and the chest open, reverse the process by which you draw your breath, till the lungs are entirely empty. This process should be repeated three or four times a day. It is impossible to describe to one who has never tried it the glorious sense of vigor which follows the exercise. It is the best expectorant in the world. We know a gentleman the measure of whose chest has been increased some three inches during as many months.

Josh Billings says that a "man who will chaw turbacker and a man that will drink santy kruss rum will go to the devil, and a man who will go to the devil is mean enuff es."

For the Advertiser and Union. Our Neighbor.

Did language on the soul's deep movements wait, And with their growing strength become more strong,

In what a flood the words would pour along, When such afflictions visit one so great!

Might we, as do the childlike ones above, Obey the highest promptings that we feel, We'd press in throngs beside his chair to kneel, And clasp his hand in sympathizing love.

To dash against the helpless patriot's life, And mar with bloody gash the pallid face Where tokens of the pure alone had place, Was work befitting Slavery's murderous knife.

Ah! well the demon of that scheme of wrong Could single out, for his malignant blow, The life-long, steadfast, ever-watchful foe, In love to man, and peerless wisdom strong.

But why was he, while weeks of pain went by, O, Thou beholding, and controlling One! To see that gifted, gentle-hearted son Upon the shadowed valley's border lie?

Did need remain that deeper waves should roll, And all their whelming force on him expend? That Heaven a still severer test should send To prove the patience of the mighty soul?

The sharer of his inmost being's life, Who walked with ease along his mental plane, And suffered not the heavenly fire to wane, Which kept him resolute in Freedom's strife,

Has left her Henry for the courts on high: The love, which learned its superhuman power In that terrific, world beglazing hour, Has raised her from his bosom to the sky.

O, Comforter divine! be ever near To strengthen him; still spare him to mankind, Till he may cast his eyes abroad, and find That human liberty has nought to fear.

President Lincoln's Prospective Influence.

The President was beleaguered strongly a few days since to introduce to Congress a new measure of financial policy by some of his neighbors from Illinois, and declined to do it then. At the end of a long conversation he said "No, no, gentlemen—not now—not until after the fourth of March. I expect to have more influence in the next administration than I have had in this."—There is a point to this, having reference to the differences between him and members of the present Congress respecting the finances.

EXPORTING PRAISE FROM ENEMIES.—We may well open our eyes with wonder when we see such a journal as the London Illustrated News—always heretofore unfriendly to our cause and very sarcastic and abusive of our public men—saying of President Lincoln that "The ludicrous falseness of the popular estimate of this remarkable man must by this time have become apparent to all capable of reflection. No man could have spoken more simply and nobly over the dead at Gettysburg; more firmly, and at the same time wisely and moderately, on the question of emancipation: more tersely unanswerably than in rebutting the charges of illegal arrests. The same spirit pervades all these utterances—that of a magistrate severely conscious of his responsibilities, disinterested, energetic, circumspect."

The Chicago Times says that the oil recently "struck" within the limits of the city is thick, almost like tar, and will never make an illuminating oil, although it is of far more value, for this reason, for lubricating purposes.

The Imperial Government will soon  
[From the New York Herald]  
Extravagance in New York.

Far away the dull boom of cannon, the shrill, sharp report of musketry, the shrieks and groans of the dying, may be heard. There the brave soldiers of the North are battling to preserve our glorious Union. We hear none of those direful sounds here—take no heed of them in this gay and crowded metropolis. Here fashion and pleasure, not grim war, reign supreme. Here music and festivity are the order of the day, not carnage and strife. We never before made such active preparations for a season of enjoyment and gaiety. Our elite, our aristocracy of money, our shoddy people, have run their mad race of extravagance and show at the fashionable watering places, and are returning to commence in the city a season of unparalleled display.

All classes are taking advantages of the recklessness and extravagance of the day. Now that pleasure, fashion and expenditure rule our people, those who cater to this spirit of extravagance have become as daring and reckless as the crowds that serve, and are playing a game of follow the leader which would have driven the past generation wild with dismay. Our theatres and other places of amusement have increased their prices fifty per cent; but this has had no effect upon the masses. On the contrary, it is a noticeable fact, a sign of the times, that since the increase of prices the audiences have increased in number. In short, increase is the order of the day. Once upon a time people were content to drive two horses, and even one, before their carriages. This summer, nothing short of a four in hand was considered the ton at Newport and such places, where some of the extra refined shoddy gentlemen drove as many as ten or twelve magnificent horses at a time. The ladies, in a spirit of emulation, get up pony-teams, but were not content to drive a pair. They harnessed three, and then five, together, and had postillions and outriders, and made a show which grew greater as the season lasted. The mind becomes bewildered when reflecting upon what would have occurred had the season not drawn to a close.

Taking its cue from the extravagance of the summer season, the city is preparing to outshine itself during the fall and winter. The theatres have all brightened up and re-fitted, and have, as we have said above, raised their prices. The opera will be more than usually attractive and brilliant, and has also raised its price. The negro minstrels have been seized by this contagious spirit of increase, and their prices have been raised. Our fashionable shops—milliner and such like—have given themselves up to the mania of high prices with an abandon which is fearfully admirable. A lady's bonnet—a little piece of velvet and a flower—to cap the climax, now costs one hundred dollars, and cannot be manufactured fast enough to supply the demand. Silks, satins, and laces now cost their weight in greenbacks. Gloves are worth what was formerly considered a week's salary for many people, while other styles of dress have increased in like ratio. The wonder of all is that, spite of these high prices, the consumption is greater than ever. But never before was the general expenditure of the citizens of this metropolis so liberal, so extravagant.

[For the Ambassador]

Acrostic.

Ere the truth by man was found,  
Nought but darkness dwelt around.  
Darkness veiled his mental sky,  
Loud he groaned and feared to die.  
Every day and every hour  
Some dark monster showed his power—  
Saying you must go with me,  
Misery is your destiny!  
In this day of gospel light,  
Some there are who choose the night,  
Ever fearing lest they be  
Rack'd throughout eternity,  
Yes, with Endless Misery!

Franklin, Pa.

THE WAY THE MEMBERS OF THE ASSEMBLY ARE WATCHED.—The Legislative correspondent of the N. Y. Herald makes the following statement as to how the members of the Assembly are looked after by a "Watching Committee":

Every member is closely watched by Vigilance Committees, appointed for that purpose. The Democrats have appointed a committee of outsiders, one or more of whom are stationed, during the session at the doors leading to the Assembly chamber, to prevent any on his side disappearing during the balloting. And thus matters move along in the same humdrum style. All hands are good natured, and the best of feeling exists between the contending parties. To all appearance on the surface, no one seems to care whether they organize or not, with a fair prospect of continuing in that state of mind until their constituents begin to raise a howl about their not organizing.

The Senate has gone through the form of meeting and adjourning every day, and that is about all. This makes up the routine of daily events at Albany, except the secret caucus, private confabs and mysterious talk of the managers on both sides, all of which has no more effect on the election of Speaker than the "Pope's bull against the comet."

A PRESENT FOR THE PRESIDENT AND MRS. LINCOLN.—A mechanic of Milwaukee has manufactured two wonderful pieces of cabinet work intended as presents for the President and Mrs. Lincoln.

One for Mr. Lincoln is an ordinary sized center table, of octagonal form, which is composed of twenty thousand different pieces of wood. The top has a beautiful and graceful border, made of black walnut and white holly, about three and a half inches wide. Within this are perfect representations of our most beautiful birds, faithful likenesses of Lincoln, Johnson, Grant and Butler, baskets of the rarest flowers and fruits, and other designs in most excellent taste. No verbal description can give any adequate idea of the grand effect of this wonderful composition in wood. It is a perfect picture. Six months' labor was required in its completion, and it is valued at \$1,000.

The other is a workstand for Mrs. Lincoln, is got up with similar elaborateness, contains 1000 pieces, is finished with every conceivable convenience, and cost two months of patient labor. Before taking these magnificent presents to Washington, the donor proposes to place them on exhibition in Milwaukee and other cities for a short time.

Miscellaneous Items.

Four negroes were sold in Frederick, Md., last month, for forty-one dollars.

One hundred thousand dollars worth of shoes were recently destroyed on a ship from Boston to San Francisco by cockroaches.

The yield of gold in Australia and New Zealand, for the year 1863, was about \$38,000,000 to \$40,000,000.

An oil farm in Western Pennsylvania has been sold for the enormous sum of \$400,000.

The wheat crop in Illinois, promises to be abundant in all section of the State.

The Chattanooga Rebel chronicles a startling rumor to the effect that "Hon. H. S. Foote has gone over to the Yankees."

Gen. Butler's Reception in Boston.  
Boston, 13.

Gen. Butler had a grand and enthusiastic reception to-day. Immense crowds gathered around the Lowell depot awaiting his arrival, and the route of procession was lined with multitudes of people.

Faneuil Hall was overflowing. The spaces around it contained thousand of spectators. The galleries were packed with ladies.

When the General entered the Hall the effect was very grand, the white handkerchiefs of nearly 2000 were waving him a brilliant welcome home.

Mayor Lincoln introduced him to the assembled citizens and spoke of his series of deeds which were known to the world, and alluded as proof to the fact that the rebels had offered \$50,000 for his head. Tremendous applause follow this introduction.

Gen. Butler in response spoke with great feeling. When the government says the word he was ready to go North, South, East or West.

He said confidently that there was more doubt at home concerning the issue of the struggle than there was among the soldiers.

In his judgment we have exhausted conciliation and there should be no peace nor could there be, until rebels were content to receive it as a part of the Union. His plan of paying the war debt by the introduction of free labor would become honorable, and by which more abundant crops of cotton could be raised with more profit and less cost than by slave labor.—Cotton could be raised for profit at less than ten cents per pound. We are now paying 50 or 60c per pound for it. But a tax of ten cents a pound upon cotton thus bringing the price at 20 cents, and we have an internal revenue from that source alone enough to pay the interest on a war debt twice as large as that we now have.

Besides, by doing this, England and France who have done so much to prolong the war would thus be obliged to pay a large proportion of the debt.

Gen. Butler concluded by presenting to the Mayor an elegant confederate flag, taken from the City Hall, New Orleans. This flag he gave to Boston, not as a trophy, but as a memento of the evils of secession.

Gen. Butler resumed his seat amid the most enthusiastic cheering.

Among the decorations on the route of the procession was a large and elegant flag suspended from the residence of Hon. Edward Everett.

A public dinner was tendered to Gen. Butler, but he declined it.

A serenade was given him at the Revere House in the evening.

Subscriptions have been started in Boston already realizing nearly \$10,000 to aid the wounded.

A pair of boots made in Norway of tanned salmon skin were exhibited at one of the public museums of Paris.

The draft commenced in Boston and some of the adjoining towns on Thursday.

The late Gen. Sedgwick was a bachelor: his staff constructed his family.

A man of color, a veritable negro, was lately received with marked consideration on the floor of Congress. The gentleman was Col. Romaine, Minister from Hayti.

Just Where they Want to Be.

The soldiers of the Union under Sherman are just where they like to be—cleaning up the chivalry of South Carolina. It is the fulfillment of the hopes and prayers of Sherman's veterans to be carrying the "old flag" "full high advanced" through the heart of South Carolina. They feel that they are engaged in a work of righteous retribution in flanking, stirring about, smoking out and following up the skeddaddling fire eaters of South Carolina. They know that they are shaking up the viper's nest in which this rebellion was hatched, in shaking up, from top to bottom, the State of South Carolina.—In this work of justice they esteem it a privilege to march through the miry swamps and wade the muddy rivers of South Carolina. They know that the masses of the people, North and South, rejoice with exceeding joy over the good work Sherman's invincibles are doing in South Carolina, and they know that at the end of this terrible war, and for generations yet unborn, a peculiar glory will belong to the name of the humblest Union soldier identified with Sherman's effective purgation of South Carolina. Their march right down from the centre to the seacoast of Georgia was a holiday excursion, but all their past campaigns are eclipsed, and they are rewarded for all their trials and sufferings in the crowning glory of their magnificent overhauling of South Carolina.—[N. Y. Herald.]

The Chicago Tunnel.

Western paper thus sums up the latest intelligence from the great Chicago bore, designed to furnish that city with pure water from Lake Michigan:

The estimates of the Chicago tunnel under Lake Michigan fixed the rate of progress at three feet and a half per day; but it is now going on at nearly four times that rate, being twelve feet every twenty-four hours.—The shaft has now reached a distance of 1,700 feet, or more than one-third of a mile, or one-sixth of the whole distance.

The nature of the soil through which the tunnel is being dug continues to be the same as at first; a hard blue clay, interspersed with gravel pockets and boulders. It is a remarkable fact that a wonderful variety of mineralogical specimens are obtained from the excavation, including every kind of stone found along the borders of Lake Michigan; galena, limestone, and no less than six varieties of granite. Five different specimens of fossils have also been dug out. The workmen continue to meet with seams and jets of carburetted hydrogen gas, which, on being ignited, burns with a very brilliant flame.—Traces of petroleum are occasionally found, but not sufficiently large quantities to warrant the city in changing the object of the bore.

[For the Ambassador.]

To The Husband.

BY MRS. D. A. MOORE.

O how divinely sweet to share  
All thy trials, all thy care,  
To cheer thy heart in fortune's calm,  
And when afflicted prove a balm.

Who could offend thee and ill use,  
Or, when care-worn could thee abuse;  
Or when dejected and forlorn,  
Could in thy bosom prove a thorn.

And when the setting of the sun,  
Proclaims to thee thy work is done,  
What wife in conscience could forbear,  
To place thy slippers and arm-chair?

And when disease attacks thy frame,  
When thy body racked with pain,  
Who best can soothe thy aches and strife—  
Methinks it is a loving wife.

Stray not abroad, my husband then,  
A loving wife is thy best friend;  
Then stay, I pray, Oh! do not roam,  
Dear is thy presence at our home.

Adams Centre, N. Y.

Inaugural Address.

FELLOW COUNTRYMEN:—At this second appearing to take the oath of the Presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then a statement somewhat in detail of a course to be pursued, seemed very fitting and proper.

Now, at the expiration of 4 years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented.

The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself, and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all.

With high hopes for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this, four years ago, although thousands anxiously directed attention to an impending civil war, all dreaded it, all sought to avert it.

While the Inaugural Address was being delivered from this place, we voted altogether to saving the Union without war. Insurgent agents were seeking to dissolve the Union and divide the effects by negotiations.

Both parties deprecated war, but one would make war rather than let the nation survive, and the other would accept war rather than let it perish, and the war came. One-eighth of the whole population was colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but located in the Southern part of it.

These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest.

All knew that this interest was somehow the cause of the war.

To strengthen, perpetuate and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union by war, while the Government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it. Neither party expected all the war in magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease, or even before the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easy triumph and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God, and each invokes his aid against the other.

It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in warring their bread from the sweat of other men's faces, but let us judge not that we not be judged. The prayers of both should not be answered. That of neither has been answered fully.

The Almighty has his own purpose.

Oswego, March 4.

Mayor Grant has received a dispatch from Gov. Fenton, stating that the War Department of Washington, has received information from Halifax that the rebels in the provinces are contemplating a raid on Oswego and Rochester. A public meeting is to be held in this city this afternoon, to take such action in the matter as may be necessary.

Notwithstanding the military movements on James river, the exchange of prisoners is still going on. The exchange is now made at Aiken's Landing, ten miles below Richmond.

At a recent meeting of the Archaeological Association in London, the Rev. C. Hartshorne exhibited the signet ring of Caesar Borgia. At the back in a slide, within which, it is related, he carried the poison he was in the habit of dropping into the wine of his unsuspecting guests. The signet is contained in an elegantly chased silver box surmounted by a jewel.

It is stated that Mrs. Lincoln, in her recent visit to New York with her son "Tommy," bought a splendid set of ear-rings and pin at one of the Broadway stores, amounting to three thousand dollars.

A Capital Caricature.

The Philadelphia Evening Telegraph of the 8th inst., publishes a capital caricature, representing the Chicago platform, on which is pictured a double-headed *Lucas natura*, one half carrying a sword and fire, the other the olive branch of peace. The persons are represented as looking at the platform from different stand-points through telescopes of apparently equal size; the first seeing the amiable and smiling, yet cowardly submission side, says: "This platform looks too much like peace; it don't meet my views." The second looking at the opposite side remarks: "This platform looks like war. It don't suit me," while the third, evidently representing a soldier, viewing it from the front, ejaculates: "This platform looks like nothing at all. It won't answer for me." Underneath is the following from the third act of Hamlet:

Hamlet—Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?  
Polonius—By the mass, and 'tis a camel indeed!  
Ham.—Methinks it is like a weasel.  
Pol.—It is backed like a weasel.  
Ham.—Or like a whale?  
Pol.—Very like a whale.

The caricature represents the feeling regarding the Democratic platform which is so utterly false that perhaps nobody could be found to stand upon it, save General McClellan, in the most admirable manner. His capacity for advocating falsehoods is only excelled by his ability to manufacture them; and with the exception of the individual who wrote the platform, Vallandigham, he is undoubtedly, as Dogberry would say, "the most senseless and fit man" to be Captain of the Democracy. If he runs as rapidly for the Presidency as he marched the army from the Potomac to the James, he will reach the White House in about ten centuries. He gained his victories by dispatches, he will now be dispatched by a victory.

A Horned Woman.

Somebody who has seen whereof he speaks writes from Larnaca, in the island of Cyprus, to the Observer, of this city, an elaborate account of a woman living at Livada, in Cyprus, who has horns growing out of her head:

I at once dispatched a secret agent, and succeeded after a few days in obtaining a sight of this most wonderful cornigerous creature. She told me *via voce*, that she had suffered greatly from this affliction, and would never have revealed it but for a vision she had lately, when an old man with silvery hair and long flowing beard presented himself to her, leaning on a crutch, and warned her not to conceal it longer—that it was from God, *apo tou Theou*, and that He would afflict her even more if she concealed it any longer. She at once confessed to the priest and then revealed her mysterious condition. She has one horn on the side of her head, three or four inches long, and an inch in circumference, besides three or four cornicles on other parts of the head, one of which she says she broke off. It is now in possession of the French doctor of this place.

These horns are attached to skin of the head, and not the bone, resembling in texture the appearance of the horns of goats—not the silver horns of the Druze woman, but as much a part of her as her hair or head. She has been visited by nearly all the consuls and Europeans of this place, some of whom are making an effort to secure her for exhibition in Europe.

Another letter to a gentleman in this city says that one of the horns is equal in size to the ordinary ram's horn. The Italian consul at Cyprus offered the woman one hundred thousand francs to go to Paris.—[N. Y. Post.]

The last words of Gen. Rice, the brave officer killed in Tuesday's battle, were, "Turn my face toward the enemy."

The Connecticut river at Hartford is seventeen feet above low water mark, and some of the papers say that shad can swim right through the windows of some houses and on to the gridiron.

The Ice at Aurora.

MR. EDITOR:—To your columns, those who shall hereafter seek the truth of events of which your pages are the local chronicle, must come to ascertain just what have been the light or shadows of the year.

Returning home I find Aurora stirred in memory, and enjoyment of its week of a frozen Lake—an event so rare as that it is only in the record of long intervals that it has occurred, and one the details of which, even if not at the moment narrated, deserve to be told. Fortunately, all histories of winters writing in snow and ice, can bide their time, and do not for their interest need the broaded types in which to declare them "the very latest."

Passing the Seneca Lake a few days since, I saw its steamboats imprisoned by the ice, which, in its white mirror, reflected the buildings on the shore for a long distance southwards. It was from that, evident that the campaign of the frost had been resistless.

At such unusual seasons as those in which the navigation of the Seneca is closed, the Cayuga Lake at Aurora is ice bridged also, but at no period rememberable with as much safety of transit as in the week beginning on the 12th of February, 1865. I am not over credulous in the memories of those somewhat romantic historians, the "Old Indian Chiefs," because they knew nothing of the severe accuracies of science, but their legends illustrate the truth. You will find in Gen. Scott's autobiography, an interesting narrative of a desperate encounter he had while a prisoner in Canada, with a Chief of the name of Major Jacobs, who sought thus to take revenge for the loss of the Indians at a recent battle. I saw this Major Jacobs in 1847. He visited Albany with a cool request to be included among the recipients of certain annuities to the Cayugas. He left the banks of the Cayuga in 1794, and stated that no memory or tradition existed then, of the total closing of the Lake at Aurora by ice.

He was probably mistaken, for in all probability it yielded as the harbor of New York did in the hard winter of 1780. Meteorological occurrences are of all others, most loosely remembered.

In 1836, which yet without rival, exists in the annals as the terrible winter of this hundred years, so far as yet developed, the Lake at Aurora was frozen over, and among the few who crossed it, was the venerated Salem Town. An old horse, not considered specially valuable, was risked over also, a probable martyr to scientific curiosity as to the strength of the ice. No decent exaggeration goes beyond the truth of the rigors of the winter of 1836. It was Siberian, and it continued in its force until it seemed interminable. As late as the month of April, the snow was almost unfathomable. In that year the Cayuga surrendered, believing itself justified in so doing, by the example of all North America.

We then floated along in easy winters, the ice forming in fields—skimming the surface, but yielding to the first sunshine or south wind, till 1856, when it closed again, but rather treacherously, as there seemed to be an open space far out in the Lake, and the crossing was a very dubious adventure.

On Sunday, the 12th of February, 1865, the severe cold had chilled the great mass of water, and the Lake closed, and in the prevalence of the cold of Monday strengthened, and on Tuesday, the 14th, the St. Valentine of old mythology, a party of adventurous boys dared

the experimental journey across to East Varick. Away they went, far out, far beyond all former journeying, so far that they seemed but as brief dark spots on the line of the great plane of ice, far out, where, if they had gone down, the waters for more than three hundred feet, would have closed over them, far out, until the great North and South range of the Lake was before them, and yet, believing in no danger, dreading none, they accomplished their transit.

They had but to return and relate their adventure, and it soon found a host of imitators. Men and boys joined the caravan of crossers, and our population seemed suddenly to have found peculiar loveliness in the white snow fields of Seneca County. The skaters, graceful and experimental—the easy circleers of the outside curve, and the less facile were at once in motion, and Tuesday witnessed a lively Lake, but the full carnival was for the Wednesday. It will be a day of long remembrance. The skate market was exhausted, and all those who even remembered that they ever did skate, essayed it again, while the day permitted those ladies who, themselves, did not skate, to throng the banks of the Lake to see the thousand threaded labyrinth of graceful movement, and the Lake seemed vivid with the carnival—enjoyed so keenly because so rare in the history of the Lake.

We had the companionship of those superb skaters, really artists, from Springport, the Messrs. Carr and Lord, men who accomplish the impossible, and who, in all that force and grace can devise, elevate this amusement into the rank of the old classic games, whence the Greek made his record of the years, and to which the struggle of life has parallel.

The time made, the distance of the leap, the almost flight backwards—accomplished by the champion skater of the Cayuga, as it has been told me, would have made him, of old, a power among the Athletæ.

And so the day dazzled and glittered until the soft (but unwelcome) curtain of the snow fell—obliterating the track of the steel, and by its gentle force arresting the swift progress of the joyous crowd. Some who had wandered too far, found the way home a bewildered peril, and at last reached the shore, far distant from the straight line of their compass course.

The Lake continued closed until Sunday morning, when in the Southwest, in a line towards the Long Point, the blue waters again appeared—yet there was delicious skating in the Bay on the afternoon of Monday. Today, Tuesday, as I write this, the line of the blue Lake seems enlarging—the white frost that picket guard of the thaw has been sent out—the soft south wind is rolling the sparkling waves in the open water, and although the ice seems strong, the effort of the wave line to reach the land, gives the sound of a break up.

We miss the beat of the waves on the shore—the winds seem silent, without their accompaniment. This ice mirror does not win so easily, the hues of the sky—the picture is too broad in its glare of white, but we shall lose, with reluctance, our great Skating Park, and it will be in the memory for the long years, what gay life of motion over the Lake was the creation of the hard winter of 1865. Aurora, Feb. 21, '65. B.

REVOLUTIONARY PENSIONERS.—The whole number of revolutionary pensioners remaining on the rolls, 30th of June last, was 63, the total payment of whom during the year was \$27,681.87. One of these died lately in New Hampshire, aged 101 years. In two years preceding last June, 102 of the old pensioners, or 62 per cent. of the whole number, died. They are fast passing away.

Secesh at New Orleans.

Gen. Banks' relaxation of Gen. Butler rule at New Orleans is emboldening the secessionists who have so long been trained to a decent observance of the articles of war. The pretty secesh women, especially, are trying to attract attention. The following story, to that point, is related in the Boston Journal:

An incident occurred New Year's day illustrative of the license which the women of New Orleans imagine is given them by the removal of their late ruler. A surgeon attached to one of the federal men-of-war in port was riding in a horse car, in which were several elegantly dressed females. Upon recognizing the presence of a federal officer they manifested great uneasiness, and averted their faces from the gentleman, at whose handsome features and graceful person any sensible marriageable lady need not have "made mouths." These high-born southern belles entered into conversation speaking so loud that the officer could not avoid hearing.

"I've invited the Rinaldos to call on us this evening," said one, meaning the officers of her British Majesty's steamer Rinaldo, of Mason and Slidell notoriety which is now in port. "We don't receive callers this New Year's but I've invited them to come, and told them not to bring any of those disgusting Yankee officers, as we don't desire to associate with them;" and a contemptuous frown was directed at the officer by this fair daughter of the South. Nothing daunted by this intended insult, the officer calling the attention of a friend to the sign-board at the corner of Terpsichore and — streets, remarked audibly, "see that the streets here are named after the Muses. Now I think it would have been much more appropriate to have named them after the Furies!" The shot took effect, and nothing more was heard from Mademoiselle Secesh during the ride.

For the Ambassador.

"Farewell!"

"Farewell," it is a solemn word, And oft it must needs be said, With those we part to meet again, And those we part with as the dead.

"Farewell," and oh, how at that word, The life-blood curdles 'round my heart, When from the lips we've loved for years, We hear that solemn word to part.

And oh, how mournfully it sounds, When from the prostrate form it comes, When death holds captive at his will, And desolates our peaceful homes.

How sad that "farewell" word, when said By those the tomb claims for its own, And clasps within its cold embrace The cherished forms we called our own.

"Farewell," ah, yes, within mine ears, That word still rings and ever will; Time, time, which only doth efface, But keeps it fresh in memory still.

"Farewell," she said when youth and hope, Were held delusive to mine eye; Then sank as sinks the summer sun, Whose mellow ray illumines the sky.

"Farewell," oh, may I meet her there, Where joys celestial reign within; Where no more "farewell" words are heard, Where we are free from death and sin.

E. J. STOUT.

Death of Major Throop.

We are pained to announce the death of Major N. Garrow Throop in the Georgetown Seminary Hospital, on Monday morning, January 12th.

Major Throop was the son of Ex-Gov. Enos T. Throop, of this County. He entered the service as Captain about fifteen months ago, having raised a company for the 57th Reg. N. Y. V. With this regiment, forming a part of Sumner's Corps, he served on the Peninsula, and in the unfortunate campaign in Virginia, under Pope, and in the brief campaign in Maryland. Wounded in the battle of Antietam, he came home to recover, and was promoted to the Majority of his regiment. He rejoined his regiment a few days before the battle of Fredericksburg.

While rallying his men he was again wounded, a ball striking his leg and entering the bone. He was being removed from the field on a stretcher, weak, helpless, bleeding, when a shell burst at his side inflicting still another wound in his arm and killing instantly two of the men who were conveying him to the rear.

The body of Major Throop was to be received at New York by a military escort, and is expected to arrive at Utica to-day.

The "Horse-Hair."

In Professor Agassiz's interesting paper on "Methods of Study in Natural History," the second of the series in the Atlantic Monthly, we find this anecdote of an animal known to almost all country boys:

"A gentleman from Detroit had the kindness to send me one of those long thread-like worms (Gordius) found often in brooks, and called horse-hairs by the common people. When I first received it, it was coiled up in a close roll at the bottom of the bottle, filled with fresh water, that contained it, and looked more like a little tangle of black sewing-silk than anything else. Wishing to unwind it, that I might examine its entire length, I placed it in a large china basin filled with water, and proceeded very gently to disentangle its coils, when I perceived that the animal had twisted itself around a bundle of its eggs, holding them fast in close embrace. In the process of unwinding, the eggs dropped away and floated to a little distance. Having finally stretched it out to its full length, perhaps half a yard, I sat watching to see this singular being, that looked like a long black thread in the water, would give any signs of life. Almost immediately it moved toward the bundle of eggs, and, having reached it, began to sew itself through and through the little white mass, sing one end of its body through it, and then turning to make another stitch, as it were, till eggs were at last completely entangled again in intricate network of coils. It seemed to me most impossible that this care of offspring could be the result of any instinct of affection in a creature so low an organization, and I again separated it from the eggs, and placed them at a great distance, when the same action was repeated. On trying the experiment a third time, the idle of eggs had become loosened, and a few of them dropped off singly into the water. The effort of the animal then made to recover the missing ones, winding itself round and round them, but failing to bring them into the fold with rest, because they were too small, and evaded efforts to secure them, when once parted from first little compact mass, convinced me that there was a definite purpose in its attempts, and even a being so low in the scale of animal existence has some dim consciousness of a need for its offspring. I afterward unction to its mass of eggs, which, when I also saw I first saw it, made a roll of white substance about the size of a coffee-bean, and I found that it consisted of a string of eggs, measuring more than twelve feet in length, the eggs being held together by some gelatinous substance cemented them and prevented them from falling apart. Cutting this string across, and placing a small section of such a cut from seven to ten on one surface, and estimating the entire to seventy-five eggs; and, estimating the number of eggs according to the number counted on such a surface, I found that there were less than eight millions of eggs in the whole

Fashions for Mid-Winter.

The articles mostly employed for in-door dress are druggets, reps, and woolen terry velvets; silks, satins, moire terry and plain velvets are patronized for visiting or for full dress. Soutache is still the favorite ornament, and is applied to all materials and for any style of dress. Cloaks, also, are handsomely braided. In fact, this trimming is employed wherever it can be advantageously introduced. Astracan is still in great favor, but swan's down has been introduced for full dress, and has a very elegant effect.

The skirts of dresses are worn very full, and long behind. Tight sleeves are very rarely seen. The most fashionable shape for the present month is open, rather short and small. The trimming is not generally placed at the edge, but a little below the elbow.

The bodies are made open down the front, but have usually a small piece of the same material as the skirt detached from the corsage, but which can be put under the opening for out-of-door wear. They are fastened by buttons, unless they have some trimming down the front, which necessitates a flat surface. Some bodies are attached quite on one side, or the fastening begins on one shoulder and ends at the waist on the opposite side.

Many corsages are so trimmed as to give the appearance of a jacket, the ornament ending at the waist, under the arm.

Pockets are still worn ornamented; and, instead of being sewn on the outside as formerly, the opening only seen. Corsages are made either pointed or round. With the latter style a band is worn, or a sash with long floating ends, which is often made of the same material as the dress and covered with soutages.

Six flounces are worn, striped or bound; the former style is more elegant. They are sometimes set on in large plaits, in which case they are hemmed. We have seen some silk dresses made with one deep flounce and two small ones placed above, and with an upper skirt to fall and meet the top flounce. Both flounces and skirt were pinked. The body of this dress was made open, with open sleeves and rather short, and both trimmed with a frill pinked at each edge.

For ball dresses nothing is so elegant or distinctive in effect as tarlatane skirts, with flounces pinked, and headed by bouillonnes, over colored ribbon, chicoree ruches or silk. A colored tarlatane skirt, to match the ribbons or ruchings, is worn under the white one.

Colored tarlatanes and crapes are worn, but are scarcely so simple or recherche. Lace flounces are generally lined with crape or tarlatane, either white or colored, to impart a little stiffness to them.

Satin dresses with lace flounces will be worn for full dress by married ladies. For elderly ladies we have noticed some velvet dresses, opening down the front over satin, moire or watered silk; the underskirt is generally handsomely embroidered or trimmed with lace.

Opera cloaks are still worn in the form of burnous; some are made in the form of paletots, but the burnous have the advantage of being more easily removed; they are made of satin, silk, and terry velvet, cashmere or plush, and are handsomely braided, embroidered, or edged with lace. When made in plush they are merely edged with a large silk cord with tassels at each corner.

Bonnets are worn of two colors—for instance, black velvet, trimmed with colored flowers or feathers. For full dress the curtain and passe are generally made of tulle or blonde. Bonnets are still made large, but not of the unbecoming shape recently worn; they are rather flat, instead of being pointed at the top. Colored pipings are no longer in good taste, having become so very common.

A FRENCH STORY.—In 1769, a gentleman was passing late at night over Pont Neuf (Paris) with a lantern. A man came up to him and said, "Read this paper." He held his lantern, and read as follows:

"Speak not a word when you've this read, Or in an instant you'll be dead! Give up your money, watch, and rings, With other valuable things— Then quick in silence you depart, Then quick in silence will cleave your heart!"

Not being a man of much pluck, the affrighted gentleman gave up his watch and money, and ran off. He soon gave the alarm, and the highwayman was arrested.

"What have you to say for yourself?" inquired the magistrate before whom the robber was arraigned.

"That I am not guilty of robbery, though I took the watch and money."

"Why not guilty?" asked the magistrate. "Simply because I can neither read nor write. I picked up the note just at the moment I met this gentleman with a lantern. Thinking it might be something valuable, I politely asked him to read it for me. He complied with my request, and presently handed me his watch and purse, and ran off. I supposed the paper to be of great value to him, and that he thus liberally rewarded me for finding it. He gave me no time to return thanks, which act of politeness I was ready to perform."

The gentleman accepted the plea of the robber, and withdrew his complaint.

My own Sweet Wife and I.

This world's a world of care of pain. And trials thickly strew it; A greater share of loss than gain. Most find in passing through it. But wherefore at our lot repine? To-day the storm sweeps by, To-morrow's sun we trust will shine— My own sweet wife and I.

Five years and more have we been wed, And dark has been the weather; Yet never lacked we daily bread, Or comfort when together.

We walk, perchance, while others ride, Yet laugh while others sigh, And lift our heads in honest pride— My own sweet wife and I.

My cheek to thine has oft been prest, My true, my own sweet dove; And each the other still hath blessed With uncomplaining love.

True love's a blessing evermore; Riches take wings and fly; We pine not for the miser's store— My own sweet wife and I.

Then let the world go as it will, Still hopefully we'll try, If not our purse with gold to fill, In love to live and die.

And when the eve of life comes on, Resting our hopes on high, We shall not rue the moment gone, My own sweet wife and I.

Thanksgiving Proclamation by Gov. Seymour.

ALBANY, NOV. 17.—Gov. Seymour has issued the following Thanksgiving Proclamation:

By virtue of the laws of this State, I, Horatio Seymour, Governor of New York, do hereby designate Thursday, the 24th inst., as a legal holiday, and a day of Thanksgiving to Almighty God for public health, abundant harvests and other blessings during the year.

While desolating civil war fills our land with mourning, throws heavy burthens upon the industry of our country and carries distress into the homes of our people, we should be thankful that the miseries caused by the weakness and wickedness of men are lightened by the goodness and mercy of God, that the destinies of our Nation are in His control, and we can trust that in due time He will lift His chastening hand from the people of the country who have been ungrateful for His favors, and rebellious to His teachings and authority. Gratitude to God is best shown by mercy and charity to our fellow men. I therefore exhort the citizens of this State to help the poor, to relieve the sick and to comfort those who are in affliction.

Many living in our large towns are threatened with a want of means to buy food and fuel, while the withdrawal of great numbers of able bodied men from our State into our armies leaves thousands of helpless persons without support.

I especially invoke the public to make contributions for the comfort and assistance of the families of those who are in the service of the armies and navy of our country.

(Signed.) HORATIO SEYMOUR, B. WILLERS, Private Secretary.

SUICIDE.—A few days since our town was startled with the intelligence that a man residing near here had hung himself. This victim of his own hands was a man by the name of Allen Cook, living south of Mt. Vernon about two miles, was unmarried, and was keeping house by himself in a small log cabin. For several days his nearest neighbor, a Mrs. Wain, had observed no smoke issuing from his chimney, and, fearing that something had happened to the man, she requested Dr. Belden, of this place, who was attending upon one of her children, to go over and see what had become of Cook. Accordingly Dr. B. and a small boy went over and found the door barricaded and windows closed, so that there was no ingress except by breaking down the door. Upon bursting in the door, the horrid spectacle of a man hanging by a rope, his body in fearful contortions, frozen stiff—stone dead—met their gaze. Before him was an open trunk, in which were some old clothing, a fiddle, and a treatise on the philosophy of death.—Mt. Vernon (Iowa) News, Jan. 28.



O, there are some Can trife in cold vanity with all The warm soul's precious throbs; to whom it is A triumph, that a fond devoted heart Is breaking for them; who can bear to call Young flowers into beauty, and then crush them."

'Tis done! the ties are all unbound, the last Link is severed; thou hast cast aside Forever, as a worthless thing, the love Of a warm confiding heart, and thou art Wedded to another. Thou camest not Back to fulfil thy plighted vows to one Whose love thou in other days didst win, one Who had poured out to thee in all the pure Confiding earnestness of youthful hearts, The wealth of her affections. But thou hast Sought a stranger's side, and wed her for thy tale Bride. Yes, thou hast left her to whom thy tale Of love was told when youth was on thy brow, Ere thou hadst worshipped at ambition's shrine, To weep in vain regrets o'er blighted hopes And broken promises.

I little deem'd When last we met, that in this cold and Changing world should linger still, when thou shouldst Seek another for thy bride, for then thou Saidst what oft thou saidst before, thou ne'er couldst Love another—wish'd not to be absolved, And I with woman's trusting heart the tale Believed.

Than mine a happier heart, beat Not in tenement of clay, when from thy Lips the first soft accents came which told that I was loved, and never dreaming that thou E'er couldst change, I yielded up to thee Without reserve my young and guileless heart. I loved as the heart ever loves in youth; With deep, intense devotion—pure as Infancy, yet strong as death. A brighter Dream than mine did never love and hope create. 'Twas bright, 'twas heavenly, but 'tis past." (The Lot of woman was upon me, and I Met a woman's recompense.) In its stead Came disappointment with wreath of wormwood, And her cup of gall. I was doomed to bear The long protracted martyrdom of hope. Long years and months roll'd by, and still thou Camest not. But in thy place came this most Unwelcome truth—that thou wert changed. O, thou Ne'er canst know what I have felt: for there is Nought that sheds around the heart such black Despair, as cold neglect for faithful love.

Longer—mine be the fault, and mine alone And was it false? It was. "Thou didst not deal Decisively" with her whose love for thee Ne'er waned. O welcome to this bride'd and Bleeding heart the knowledge came that thou didst Not deceive. Yes, 'twas sweet to know that one So long, so dearly loved, was worthy still. Perchance 'twas wrong o'er for a moment to Indulge the thought that thou so noble once, So free from guile, couldst e'er have stooped so low As to deceive. I would forgiveness ask. But, ah! too well I know my faults you ne'er Forgive!

Thou lovest, yes, "most sincerely lovest" Her whose hair so glossy "black" it outvies The "raven's wing"—art happy in her love. O, it shall soothe this care-worn heart to know Such happy lot is thine, although I feel The price it costs brings bitterness to me. 'Twere better far we ne'er had met: 'twould much Regret have saved; and sorrowing sharp and Long. 'Tis hard to bear thy coldness now—to Know thy heart is another's. But thou art Happy, and I'll ne'er repine. But nightly As my orison's I raise to Him whose Ear unto the pray'r of faith is open ever, Unworthy though the suppliant be, I'll Breathe for thee an humble prayer. What shall I Crave? Shall I ask that care and grief may ne'er Be known to thy glad heart? That earth's winds may

Pass lightly o'er thee? and that gently down The stream of Time thou mayst glide, secure from Every ill? O, pleasing thought, but vain! For Well I know that thou, with all thy race, while On this sin-stained earth, must drink of the mix'd Cup. Then let me ask, that in thy cup, may Not be mingled, as has been in mine, more Gall than honey—far more and bitter joy. That Thou ne'er mayst feel the pangs of joyer Disappointment, crushing all thy cherished Hopes, and blighting all thy budding prospects: And that when the cloud is o'er thee and the Waves shall dash above thy head, thou mayst not Repine or give to earth thy thoughts, but that Thou mayst upward look and know and trust Thy God. That when the fearful angel comes to lead

Thy spirit through the vale of shadows, thou Mayst murmur not to bid farewell to earth, But with immortality beyond the Dark grave dawning upon thee—with a smile Thy freed spirit may lead away, to rest In the bosom of thy God.

I ask from These no tear of sympathy, no word of Kindness. No! go discharge to her thou hast Sworn to love, thy duties late assum'd, with Faithfulness and Love. Remember 'tis her Happiness she has trusted in thy hands. Guard thou it well. Break not another heart— Let mine suffice. And when the last faint Throbbings of this withered heart are hushed in Death, and the dark grave closed o'er this wasted Form—when the worm is banqueting on these Lips on which thine own were once fondly pressed Remember thou wert my first, my best, my Only love; and thy proud spirit aimed the Fatal blow which laid me there. Then be my Sorrows and my faults forgot, buried. Alike, within the mouldering tomb. We meet Perchance no more on earth; but at high Heaven's Tribunal we both must give account.

One Glimpse upon these lines, that thou wilt pause, and Lend one thought to other days, and unto her Who, although by thee no longer loved, must

And I will think of Thee, as some bright, joyous presence, who, Like a meteor, rose on my path—journeyed With me a little way along life's weary Pilgrimage, and vanished, leaving me Desolate, "alone, in this wide world, ALONE!"

These no tear of sympathy, no word of Kindness. No! go discharge to her thou hast Sworn to love, thy duties late assum'd, with Faithfulness and Love. Remember 'tis her Happiness she has trusted in thy hands. Guard thou it well. Break not another heart— Let mine suffice. And when the last faint Throbbings of this withered heart are hushed in Death, and the dark grave closed o'er this wasted Form—when the worm is banqueting on these Lips on which thine own were once fondly pressed Remember thou wert my first, my best, my Only love; and thy proud spirit aimed the Fatal blow which laid me there. Then be my Sorrows and my faults forgot, buried. Alike, within the mouldering tomb. We meet Perchance no more on earth; but at high Heaven's Tribunal we both must give account.

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# President Lincoln in Philadelphia.

## His Public Reception.

## Great Enthusiasm among the People.

## His Address at the Sanitary Fair.

## Favorable Views as to General Grant's Position.

## Predicted Fall of the Rebel Capital.

## No Executive Action in Regard to Vallandigham, the Traitor.

### President Lincoln in Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, June 16.—As was generally expected, the President arrived at Baltimore shortly after 11 o'clock this morning. Crowds gathered around the train in hopes of eliciting a speech, with which, however, they were not gratified.

At Wilmington the people turned out en masse, but the President made no speech there.

A special meeting of the Council of Philadelphia was held at half-past ten o'clock this morning, to make arrangements for the proper reception of the President.

A committee to act in conjunction with the Presidents of both Chambers, was appointed to wait upon President Lincoln and tender him the hospitalities of the city.

The Committee of Reception held a meeting immediately upon its appointment, and it was agreed that the Committee, headed by the Mayor, should wait upon the distinguished visitor, at the Continental Hotel, some time previous to his starting for the fair.

While the Committee were thus deliberating, the President arrived.

Broad street, from Chestnut street down to the Depot, was lined with citizens and invalid soldiers, and in the vicinity of the Depot there were at least 3,000 people.

A barouche in which were seated the President, Gov. Cannon and Mr. Thos. T. Webster, issued from the Depot, moving up Chestnut street. Such cheers, such spontaneous and hearty outburst of applause as then went up has never been heard for many days in Philadelphia. Flags were everywhere displayed. The day was beautiful, and the crowd was as enthusiastic as demonstrative.

At the headquarters of the supervisory committee for recruiting colored regiments, there was another demonstration. Two companies were drawn up in front of the building, and presented arms as the President passed, while the accompanying band played Star Spangled Banner.

The troops could not restrain their enthusiasm, and cheer after cheer were given for President Lincoln.

The Union League House was beautifully decorated, the stars and stripes hung across the building, beneath the windows of every store and the State and National colors were displayed from the windows from flag staffs flying white streamers, each containing the name of a State.

The windows of houses were occupied by ladies, who waved their handkerchiefs, the President gracefully returning the salutes he received.

The National Union Club House was beautifully decorated, and the same demonstrations again met the progress of the President.

About twenty minutes before one o'clock, the cavalcade arrived at the Continental, and as the President alighted from his barouche he was greeted with tumultuous and continued cheers. He proceeded by the Ladies' entrance to his apartments, every movement being eagerly surveyed by those who were fortunate enough to be within a seeing distance.

The concourse without the Continental cheered lustily for the President, and called loudly for a speech for "our next President" and for "Father Abraham" but their efforts were vain, as the President did not appear.

The porticos and windows of 9th street, in front of the Hotel were thronged with spectators, eagerly waiting the appearance of the President, but up to half-past one o'clock he made no signs of gratifying the general desire for an address.

The Executive Committee of the Fair foreseeing a tremendous gain, raised the price of admission to one dollar for yesterday.

The President and Mrs. Lincoln reached the Fair at half-past four o'clock, coming down 18th street in a barouche drawn by two gray horses.

They were accompanied this time only by their son. All around the side of the square by which the President entered the street was rendered almost impassible by the crowd which extended back in a solid mass to the doors and steps of the houses and other stand points of observation.

The distinguished visitor passed into the inclosure, escorted by the Executive Committee, and surrounded by special friends, and moved on towards Union Avenue.

The President slowly made his way until he entered the Horticultural Department. As he passed in, the crowd pressed down the barriers, overwhelmed the door-keeper, and rushed tumultuously into the Horticultural circle.

Not less than 1500 people were straining to get a glimpse at the President at one moment.

Mr. Lincoln was at last rescued from the squeeze, and taken into the private room of the committee on international arrangements, whither Mrs. Lincoln had already been conducted.

After the President had taken a little rest, he was taken through the fair for a space of two hours.

It must have been extremely fatiguing, giving however, preference to the ladies. He remained the longest in the Delaware & N. J. Departments of the Fair, both of which States have done nobly for the general cause.

It was after 7 o'clock when he returned to the supper rooms. Present at the tables were Hon. Edward Everett, Gen. Lew Wallace, Ex-Gov. Cannon of Delaware, the Mayor and both Presidents of the Councils.

Mr. Thomas Webster gave in a bumper, "The health of the President" which was drunk in the heartiest sincerity by all present.

The President said in acknowledgement: "I suppose this toast is intended to open the way for me to say something." "War at the best, is terrible, and this one of ours in its magnitude and duration, is one of the most terrible the world has ever known. It has deranged business totally in many places, perhaps in all. It has destroyed property, destroyed life and ruined homes. It has produced a national debt and a degree of taxation unprecedented in the history of this country.

It has carried mourning among us until the heavens may almost be said to be hung in black. "And yet it continued, "It has had accompaniments not before known in the history of the world. I mean the Sanitary and Christiana Commissioners with their labors for the relief of the soldiers and the volunteer, refreshment saloons, understood better by those who hear me than by myself, (applause,) and these fairs first began at Chicago, and next held in Boston, Cincinnati and other cities. The moving objects that lie at the bottom of them is worthy of most that we can do for the soldier who goes to fight the battles of his country.

From the fair, tender hands of women is much done for the soldier, continually reminding him of the care and thought for him at home. The knowledge that he is not forgotten is grateful to his heart. (Applause.) Another view of this institution is worthy of thought. They are voluntary contributions, giving proof that the national resolves are not all exhausted, and that the national patriotism will sustain us through all.

It is a pertinent question, "When is this war to end?" I do not wish to name a day when it will end, lest the end should not come at the given time. We accepted this war and did not begin it. (Deafening applause.) We accepted it for an object, and when that object is attained the war will end, and I hope to God it will never end until that object is accomplished. (Great applause.)— We are going through with our task so far as I am concerned, if it takes us three years longer.

I have not been in the habit of making predictions, but I am almost tempted to hazard one, I will. It is that Grant is this evening in a position, with Meade and Hancock of Pennsylvania, whence he never can be dislodged by the enemy until Richmond is taken. If I shall discover that Gen. Grant may be greatly facilitated in the capture of Richmond by rapidly pouring to him large numbers of armed men at the briefest notice, will you go? (Cries of "Yes.") Will you march on with him? (Cries of "Yes, yes.") Then I shall call upon you when it is necessary.— [Laughter and applause, during which the President retired from the table.]

Gen. Wallace was the next who was toasted. The President leaves for Washington at 9 o'clock to-morrow morning.

### A New Rebel Invention.

According to the Baltimore correspondent the rebels propose to resort to the Chinese mode of warfare, should Grant penetrate to the defences of their capitol. He writes:

I must mention a new and novel invention by Captain Holden of the rebel army. It is nothing more nor less than a stink ball, designed to be fired into the works of besiegers to stink them out. About the middle of April, I was one of several civilians, who, upon invitation, accompanied a party of officers to Atlee's, a station on the Central Railroad ten miles from Richmond, to witness some experiments with this ball. The ball is an inch shell containing combustible and destructive material, as well as odiferous matter, and in appearance is similar to the stink ball in use many years ago. It is designed to be thrown by mortars, but in the tests on the occasion referred to the fuse was lighted and the shells allowed to fulminate, where they were placed. The stench which followed the explosion was the most fetid and villainous that ever outraged the olfactories of man—it provokes sneezing and coughing, and produces nausea, rendering it impossible for men to do duty within reach of it. A single ball will impregnate the atmosphere for fifty yards round, and the fetid compound, entering everything it touches, emits the stench for a long time. The opinion of all who witnessed the experiments was that these balls were a fair offset to Greek fire, and General Winder, and several other officers of rank who were present, expressed the belief that it would prove more effective for driving off besiegers than anything ever invented. Be this as it may, if Richmond is ever threatened by a siege, the "sneezers," as the inventor facetiously calls his balls, will form a prominent feature in the defensive operations.

### The Negroes and their Masters.

A correspondent in Grant's army says that about 2,000 rebel prisoners were marched past a portion of the negro troops of Burnside's Corps. It was amusing to hear the negro's inquire, jestingly, "How is it, boss? Mighty good ting we didn't catch you; we would never tuck ye prisoners."

The rebels became infuriated and begged to have their will with the negroes for five minutes. "Remember Fort Pillow," the negroes would urge.

"We'll cut your black throats!" was the threat of the others. Thus the two races reviled each other.— The master was prisoner; the bondman free, a soldier.

Many who think themselves the pillars of the church are only its deepers.

A soldier belonging to the Pennsylvania cavalry of the Potomac army was a short time since found asleep near Warrenton, having slept twenty-four hours. He stepped up to his captain and said "Captain, I die to-morrow at 4 o'clock, and the war will end in June. You have no more for me to do." As the clock struck four on the following day he died with a groan.

A rather singular mistake was made recently in the London Times. A Mr. WIEASS officiated as Chairman at the adjourned meeting of the Garibaldi Working Men's Committee of London, on the 23d of last month, and the great British journal made him a present of an s, which was rather awkwardly placed. His name was given as "Wiseass" and the gentleman so called presented his compliments to the editor of the Times, and informed him that this was incorrect.

Since the commencement of the late battles in Virginia, the government has made several requisitions upon the Springfield armory, to make good the drain upon the Washington arsenal. Orders have been received and filled for 144 boxes of artillery harness, each box containing two complete sets, and 500 extra collars and traces. There have also been forwarded 7,000 sets of cavalry, and as many of infantry accoutrements, besides 24 caissons. These orders have about exhausted the supply of accoutrements on hand—but more will soon come in from the manufacturing factories. Meanwhile the accumulation of guns goes on, and has reached 240,000.

### Summer on Caste.

The managers of the Young Men's Association of Albany refused admission to their lectures to all persons not of the most approved color; and were recently sustained therein by re-election, by means of a most questionable voting and counting. They then applied to the Hon. Charles Sumner to deliver one of their lectures, and were answered as follows:

Senate Chamber, April 16, 1864. Sir: You invite me to deliver an address on Lafayette before the Young Men's Association. I cannot consent to speak of Lafayette, who was not ashamed to fight beside a black soldier, to an audience too delicate to sit beside a black citizen. I cannot speak of Lafayette, who was a friend of universal liberty, under the auspices of a Society which makes itself the champion of caste and vulgar prejudice.

I have the honor to be, Sir, your obedient servant, CHARLES SUMNER. C. W. DAVIS, Esq., Cor. Sec., Albany. Gen. Wadsworth on Slavery and Rebellion.

The lamented Gen. Wadsworth of New York, killed in one of the late battles in Virginia, gave utterance to the following sentiments on slavery, in a private letter just before his death. It is worthy of being remembered:

"I have come to the conclusion that we can never have a true peace until slavery is utterly abolished. It will be a severe ordeal to pass through, but we had better meet it manfully than to leave it a canker sore for our children."

REGISTERED SEAMEN.—For the year ending Sept. 30, 1861, of the registered seamen, 1,994 sailed from Massachusetts, 1,338 from Maine, 764 from Pennsylvania, and only 174 from New York, which stands fourth on the list. The three first-named States supplied the principal part of the seamen registered.

Rev. Dr. Bellows. Private letters from California, quoted by the Boston Transcript, state that Rev. Dr. Bellows is meeting a very cordial reception wherever he speaks on the Pacific coast.— His pulpit ministrations in San Francisco have been admirably adapted to the condition of public affairs, and his popular addresses in behalf of the Sanitary Commission have met with a most generous response.

A breakfast was recently given to him by a score of the most prominent citizens of California. These gentlemen invited Dr. Bellows to make a short excursion to look at some charming scenery, but the real object of the trip was to give him a surprise in the form of a pleasant festival. He can accept but a few of the invitations he receives to address public meetings.

Two officers, wounded in the battle of the 20th before Petersburg, were going home last Friday by the Erie route. When the train neared Oswego, a well dressed lady, accompanied by a child and a gentleman, entered the car and took the seat in front of them. As the officers talked over the recent engagements at Petersburg, informing each other of various acquaintances who had fallen, one remarked "there was Capt. Warwick, of the One Hundred and Ninth New York, as brave a fellow as ever lived, he was shot through the head and instantly killed."

The lady referred to immediately sprang from her seat, and throwing up her hands exclaimed "Oh, don't say that, he was my husband," and then burst into an agony of tears. This was the first intelligence she had received of her husband's death. The child with her was his daughter and the gentleman his brother. There were very few dry eyes in that car during the rest of the journey to Elmira.

FREDDY'S PRAYER.—A bright-eyed boy of four years was saying his prayers to his mother the other night, and with eyes closed and hands folded, he sweetly said:

"Now I lay me down to sleep; I pray the Lord my soul to keep; If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take. God bless papa, mamma, and"—

He stopped all at once, opened his eyes and exclaimed: "Mother! what shall I say; I've been a bad boy?"

"You should not stop to ask questions, my son while saying your prayers," replied his mother.

"But, mother, if I've been bad what shall I say?"

"Ask God to forgive you; but you should say your prayer all through when you commence, without stopping."

His question answered, he reverently closed his eyes, and folding his hands again continued: "And will God forgive me for killing a hop-toad with a big stick and throwing him down a deep hole? Amen."

Children of a larger growth will do well to copy.

During the late drought, when the woods and lands in the direction of Oneida Lake were on fire, one of the Oneida "Community" men went in response to a call for help to preserve property; and having occasion to write home for supplies of provisions, dated his letter, "Department of Ruin, in the Valley of Smoke and Shadow of Death, Brown's Track, July 27, 1864." The rations were at once despatched.

THE GAME OF LIFE.

A HOMILY—BY JOHN G. SAXE.

There's a game much in fashion—I think it's called 'Euche'...

While watching the game, 'tis a whim of the bard's. A moral to draw from the skirmish in cards...

When great Galileo proclaimed that the world in a regular orbit was ceaselessly whirled...

When Kepler, with intellect, piercing afar, Discovered the laws of each planet and star...

Alas! for the player who idly depends, In the struggle of life, upon kindred or friends...

There's something, no doubt, in the hand you may hold; Health, family, culture, wit, beauty and gold...

In battle or business, whatever the game, In law or in love, it is ever the same...

Our Wheelbarrow.

Some women take such delight in scolding that it would be cruel not to give them occasion to do it.

When a poor fellow is about to be burned by the savages, his very existence is at stake.

If a man sitting on a chest is shot at, he would prefer, if hit at all, to be hit in the chest.

A dull and plausible man, like an un-rifed gun, is a smooth bore.

If a man is murdered by his hired men, should the coroner render a verdict of killed by his own hands.

Even the sun hasn't an unspotted character.

Why is a sailor's sword like a girl discarded by her beau? Because she is a cut lass.

When the government is afflicted, the political doctors generally apply leeches to its chest.

What character in Scripture had neither father nor mother? Joshua, the son of Nun.

From Washington.

Special Dispatch to the N. Y. Herald.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 29.

The Union Defence Committee of Chicago are here, asking reimbursement of \$211,000 expended in fitting out Illinois troops.

Two friends at a table—one said, reading the paper, 'There was a man hanged this morning—one Vowel.'

Good men have the fewest fears. He has cut one who fears to do wrong. He has a thousand who has overcome that one.

But the Greatest of These is Charity.

From the Boston Commercial Bulletin.

An incident in the life of a young man in this city came to our knowledge the other day, which, from the spice of romance it contains...

As the young clerk and a friend were passing hastily through Broad street, one raw, chilly day in November, a few years ago, they saw standing near the corner of India street...

'Poor old woman!' said one as he approached the poor creature, and with a sudden impulse he plunged his hand into his pocket...

'Bill, you are a fool to throw your money away in that manner on street baggars.'

The next day the matter was forgotten, and indeed might never have been remembered again had it not been brought to mind in the following manner:

The next summer, one day, as the young man was busy over his ledgers in an inner counting room at his employer's store, he was summoned to the outer office by the message that some one wished to see him.

'Did you wish to see me, sir?'

'Blue eyes, light complexion, stands straight, speaks quick,' said the sailor, half soliloquizing.

'Yes, you must be the man, you look just like it,' said the man.

'Just like what?' said the young man, a little surprised.

'Why, I'll tell you! Overhaul your log and tell me if you recollect seeing a poor old woman, about ten months ago, shivering in the cold in Broad street...

'Ah! but she hasn't forgotten!' said the sailor warmly; 'but do you recollect what the man that walked with you said?'

'Why, yes, now that I recall the circumstance, I think I do. He said,

'Bill, what a fool you are to throw your money away.'

'That proves it,' said the sailor, joyfully, and dashing his hat on the floor...

'God bless your soul, sir! you saved my mother's life, you did—I knew you must be the man,' continued he, to the astonished clerk...

Drawing his guest aside, the clerk learned that he was second mate of a ship now in port...

That afternoon Mr. Morgan entered the office of Mr. Carson. There was a painful expression on his face...

'Mr. Carson, I cannot pay you that note to-day. I would do so willingly—but God knows I can't.'

'I have disposed of it, Mr. Morgan.'

'You have? You did not throw it into the bank?'

'No—I did not. John Brent is your creditor. I paid part of my indebted-

food, fire, or clothing, and driven her to the street to procure them; that the handful of change which the young man threw into her basket procured her necessities till other means fortunately reached her.

In answer to the clerk's inquiry as to what clue he had to direct him in his search, he replied:

'My mother marked you, sir, although you walked off so quickly, and her description of the color of your eyes and hair, and of your height, are correct. Furthermore, she heard your companion call you 'Bill,' and say something about the wharf; so I concluded you must be in a store on the wharf; so I've been into every store on the wharves where there were any Williams, and overhauled about two dozen 'Bills,' but didn't run alongside the true Bill till I found you, sir. There,' concluded the sailor, 'that's my yarn. I felt I could not rest easy till I thanked you—and that's what I've called to do. My old mother is well provided for now, and I'm second mate of a ship. God bless you, sir! I'll never forget your name, and may you never know what it is to be poor!'

And the sailor wrung the hand of his benefactor, whose heart glowed with the richness of the poor man's blessing as he departed.

From the Rural New Yorker.

Thinking Better of it.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

John Brent sat in his counting-house. His face wore a worried look. At times he drummed idly with his fingers upon the desk; at others he half vacantly turned back and forth the leaves of the ledger that lay before him.

A few customers had repudiated their bills—many had forsaken him—while others bought so sparingly that it was not much of an object to wait upon them. Then, too, he had received several letters from his tenants, stating that, in view of the war and the want of employment, they were unable to pay the rents they had contracted to pay, or which he contemplated demanded for the opening year.

He was a man well to do in the world, and the times had not driven him to any straights, or materially affected his position. Still, he was fond of making money, and loved the excitement of business, and this sudden stagnation fretted him. While under this despondent mood, a young man entered the office. He was a sprightly, intelligent looking fellow.—He approached the merchant quietly, holding his hat in his hand.

'Good morning, Master Wentworth,' said the merchant, moodily.

'Mr. Morgan sent me over,' said the young man, 'to see if you would not let him have eight hundred dollars for a few days. He was disappointed in certain quarters, and finds himself short this morning.'

'Tell Mr. Morgan,' said the merchant gruffly, 'that I cannot possibly accommodate him. I am sick and tired of his applications.'

'They have not been so frequent,' suggested the lad.

'Sufficiently so for me, sir. Has he no one else to run to when he is short?'

'He has heretofore always found a friend in you, Mr. Brent—and in every instance I am sure your kindness has been properly appreciated. Has he not always fulfilled his promises promptly? Did you not on one occasion receive a similar favor at his hands?'

'Master Wentworth, that will do. I am not in a mood to be catechised. My own affairs are at loose ends, and I have my own sources of worry. I cannot let Mr. Morgan have the money.'

the young man appeared struck with

'I do not wish you to be offended at me, Mr. Brent. I do not wish to dictate to you, or argue beyond the privilege of my years. The esteem in which I hold my employer, and my desire not to have him misrepresented, is my excuse—Shall I report to him this conversation?'

The young man departed and Mr. Brent walked slowly up and down the room with his hands behind his back.—The occurrence just described had added to his worry. He felt out of humor with himself, and, as a consequence, with everybody else.

When he went home in the evening he carried his ill humor with him, and influenced all who came in contact with him. He put his younger children pettishly aside—had no kind smile for his oldest daughter, who had placed his easy chair, wrapper and slippers so cosily by the fire and spoke harshly to his wife. The latter looked up in wonderment, but said nothing. She sensibly concluded that business matters had ruffled his temper, and that it would soon wear off.

When he returned to the store the next day he was still out of humor, but with himself alone. He felt ashamed of the manner in which he had treated Mr. Morgan. He had the money in the bank, had no especial, urgent use for it, and a dash of the pen would have been sufficient. What would Mr. Morgan think of him? Had he done right? The matter worried him; he fretted under the accusations of his conscience. Perhaps Mr. Morgan had been refused in other quarters, and was sorely pressed. What if it should drive him to the wall? Would he not be to blame? Why did he add insult to refusal? In what manner could he make reparation? He was just debating whether he should not yet offer to accommodate his friend and apologize for his conduct when a gentleman entered the office.

'Good morning, Mr. Brent.'

'The same to you Carson. Take a chair.'

'Why—no—I have hardly time. Are you pressed for funds to-day?'

'Not at all, Carson.'

'Well—I am glad of it. You know I promised to lift that note at noon. It is for twenty-eight hundred dollars. I could do so now, only I hold a note against Mr. Morgan, and he is unable to pay it to-day.'

'For how much is the note you hold against Morgan?'

'For eight hundred dollars.'

'Then I will take it in part payment.'

'You will? Good. Here is his note, and my own check for two thousand dollars. That entitles me to that little 'scrap.'

'Here it is,' said the merchant, opening his desk and handing his friend the redeemed note.

That afternoon Mr. Morgan entered the office of Mr. Carson. There was a painful expression on his face, and a restlessness in his movements.

'Mr. Carson, I cannot pay you that note to-day. I would do so willingly—but God knows I can't.'

'I have disposed of it, Mr. Morgan.'

'You have? You did not throw it into the bank?'

'No—I did not. John Brent is your creditor. I paid part of my indebted-

and after the prayer was over restraining

'I am sorry,' said Mr. Morgan.

'Why?' asked the other in surprise.—'He is indulgent. Are you not good friends?'

'I cannot say that we are. There is at least a misunderstanding between us. I wanted to borrow of him yesterday, and he refused me point blank, and very uncivilly, too.'

'That is strange, Morgan. There must be a mistake somewhere. It was some thing unusual with him.'

'It was. I can not comprehend it. I am sensitive about going to him now.'

'I do not see why you should be. Believe me, the matter can be righted. He asked for the note and took it so willingly that it does not in the least correspond with the conduct you attribute to him.'

Mr. Morgan posted off to John Brent. The latter received him kindly.

'You have been to see Mr. Carson,' he asked.

'I have.'

'He told you of the transfer.'

'Yes—that is what brought me here.'

'You need not give yourself any trouble about the note, Mr. Morgan. You can pay it whenever it suits you to pay it.—If you are further pressed I will aid you. I owe you an apology. I have been most heartily ashamed of my conduct, it has been a source of much worry to me. But when your clerk applied, my mind was exercised by losses and perplexities in business, and I acted under the pressure of the moment. You will excuse my hasty, unkind reply.'

'Most willingly, Mr. Brent. You have taken a load off my mind and you have my heartfelt thanks. I will lift that note at an early day.'

'Give yourself no trouble about it, Mr. Morgan.'

John Brent was in capital humor for the remainder of the day. He was pleased with himself. He had made reparation in the best manner he could and his business prospects did not seem so gloomy after all. When at home that evening his wife said to him:

'My dear—you remember old Moses Ames, living in Harmony Court?'

'Yes—what of him?'

'His wife was here yesterday. She says her husband cannot pay the rent for this quarter, and probably not for the next. You won't eject them?'

'Hardly; what is their plea?'

'Want of steady employment. Half of the bookbinders are in the same fix.—He will pay you when his sons send their first wages home.'

'Has he any boys in the army?'

'Three.'

'Three! Good for old Ames. Tell his wife they shall live rent free during the war, no matter how long it last.'

That was just like John Brent. His wife came and stood by his side.

'You would not have given me that reply yesterday evening,' she said. 'I did not dare to ask you. What was the matter?'

'O, nothing—only that I had made a fool of myself.'

And John Brent related to his wife the affair with Morgan.

MOUNT JOY, Pa., 1862.

ARMY TO BE DEFENDED.—We are pleased

CAPT. J. C. PETERSON, whose arrival from Pittsburgh Landing, was announced in yesterday's ADVERTISER, was wounded in a very singular manner. The bullet from a rifle perforated the front piece of his cap, a silver tassel and the lining of the cap, and lodged in the forehead, firmly imbedded in the skull. Capt. Peterson received the wound after having been five hours in the field in Monday's fight and after having successfully passed through two bayonet charges upon the enemy's front. On receiving the wound, the Captain felt a numbing, crashing sensation in the head and remembered nothing until two hours afterwards. He had been carried a few rods to the rear, and placed behind a log. On coming to his senses, the rain was falling heavily; disengaging a shawl from the shoulders of a dead secessionist near him, he threw it about him and remained under the shelter of a log until the arrival of an ambulance on Tuesday morning. He was taken on board one of the steamers and left for the North on a sick furlough. Capt. Peterson belongs to the 13th U. S. Infantry, Gen. Buell's Division and arrived on the battle field at 1 o'clock Monday morning, after most fatiguing forced marches. The Captain confirms the statement of the utter route and disgrace of several Regiments who behaved in such a cowardly manner that Gen. Buell threatened to shell them from the gunboats. They swarmed beneath a bluff in the river, and many were actually drowned in their mad attempt to swim the river. The rebels fought well, contesting every inch of the ground, but were armed in a promiscuous manner. They would seldom, however, stand a bayonet charge. The neglect of the officers to properly anticipate the enemy's assault is the subject of the Captain's severest censure. No pickets were thrown out to any distance, or hardly any of the precautions taken that a competent officer would maintain, even when mountains, rivers, and distance intervened between him and his enemy. The assault was a complete surprise and nothing but the individual bravery of the troops, saved them from capture or utter annihilation. On Sunday there was nothing like Generalship displayed on our side; nothing but obstinate and persistent resistance, increased by the fact that capture or the Tennessee river would be the fate of the soldiers should they submit to a repulse and rout and even then, the terrible firing of our gunboats was our only salvation. Somebody must, indeed, answer for this mismanagement.

The Captain has many curious incidents to relate. His first sergeant received a rifle shot through the hips; he spun completely around and landed in a sitting posture on the ground, and mad at the thought of the wound, he up with his gun and brought down a rabbit that was running across the field. All kinds of game, besides rebels, flew across the field and through the woods. Capt. Peterson saw the dead body of the rebel General, A. Sidney Johnson.

There were more dead on the rebel side, from the fact that our Enfield rifles were greatly superior to their miscellaneous collection; we had double more wounded men. Our men are mostly wounded between the knee and foot, as the rebel officers instructed their men to fire low.

Capt. P. is sanguine that in two weeks the rebel forces at Corinth will be surrounded and forced to capitulate. The faith in the energy and genius of Halleck was unbounded, and his arrival would infuse a spirit into our brave troops which would be irresistible.

Dr. Brigg's performed the surgical operation to-day of removing the bullet from Capt. Peterson's head.

BROWNLOW'S LAST.—In his recent speech in Nashville, Parson Brownlow said: 'I am going to East Tennessee with troops. I want them to kill rebel leaders enough to grease h—l five miles with the fat of rebel leaders. The Southern Confederacy is the last depot this side of h—l, and if any one is going to h—l, he must stop in the Southern Confederacy and look after his baggage.'

A negro, one hundred and ten years has just died at Baltimore. His name was Jack Murray. He was born in Baltimore when the city contained but six houses.

### An Incident in the West.

Some years ago a temperate man moved with his family from South Carolina to the west. The sparseness of the population and the continued travel by his place rendered it a necessary act of humanity in him frequently to entertain travellers who could get no farther. Owing to the frequency of these calls, he resolved to enlarge his house and to put up the usual sign.

Soon after this an election came on.—The triumphant party felt that it was a wonderful victory and some of the 'young bloods' of the majority determined in honor of it to have a regular "blow out."

Accordingly, mounted on their fine prairie horses, they started on a long ride. Every tavern on their route was visited, and the variety thus drank produced a mixture which added greatly to the noise and boisterousness of the company. In this condition they came, a dozen in number to our quiet temperance tavern. The landlord and lady were absent and the eldest daughter, fourteen years of age, and five younger children were alone in the house.

The gentlemen, for they called themselves such, called for liquor.

"We keep none," was the modest reply of the young girl.

"What do you keep a tavern for, then?"

"For the accommodation of travellers."

"Well, then, accommodate us with something to drink."

"You will see, sir, by the sign, that we keep a temperance tavern."

"A temperance tavern. (Here the children clustered around their sister.) Give me an axe and I will cut down the sign."

"You will find an axe at the wood pile, sir."

Here the party, each one with an oath, made a rush for the wood pile, exclaiming,

"Down with the sign! Down with the sign."

But the leader, in going out discovered in an adjoining room, a piano and its accompaniments.

"Who makes that thing squeak," said he.

"I play sometimes," said the girl, in a quiet modest manner.

"You do? Give us a tune."

"Certainly, sir," and taking a stool, while the children formed a circle close to her, she sang and played "The Old Arm Chair."

Some of them had never heard a piano before. Others had not heard one for years. The tumult was soon hushed, the whip and spur gentlemen were drawn back from the wood pile and formed a circle outside the children. The leader again spoke:

"Will you be so kind as to favor us with another song?"

Another was played and the children becoming re-assured, some of them joined their sweet voices with their sister's.—Song after song was sung and played. One would touch the sympathies of the strangers, another melt in grief; one would arouse their patriotism, another their chivalry and benevolence; until at length, ashamed to ask for more they each made a low bow, thanked her, wished her a good afternoon and left her as quietly as if they had been to a funeral.

Months after this occurrence the father in travelling, stopped at a village where a gentleman accosted him:

"Are you Col. P. of S.?"

"I am."

"Well, sir, I was spokesman of the party who so grossly insulted your innocent family, threatened to cut down your sign and spoke so rudely to your children.—You have just cause to be proud of your daughter sir; her noble bearing and fearless courage were remarkable for one so young and unprotected. Can you pardon me, sir? I feel that I can never forgive myself."

The Dying Soldier.

The chaplain came at last to a cot set somewhat by itself outside the wards.—Here, reclined at length, was a young man whose face bore slight traces of suffering. It was flushed with a hue like that of health; the eyes were undimmed, and only the position of his hands, which were thrown over his head, and locked in almost spasmodic tightness, told that he was in pain. He was unusually noble in countenance. His brow was broad and fair, and the thick locks that clustered back from the temples curled like the ringlets of a boy. He knew not why, but the chaplain experienced an unusual and sudden sympathy for this young man, struck down in his beauty; still he felt there was no immediate danger in his case.

"How is he wounded?" he asked of the surgeon, as the two approached the bed softly.

"In the right side, below the ribs," was the reply.

"Is he in danger?"

"O, no; that is, not at present. The case may take a bad turn, to be sure; but it looks very well now." "Charles," he added, addressing the sick man familiarly, "the chaplain is going the rounds; would you like to see him?"

"O, certainly!" exclaimed the young man, smiling. "I am very glad to see him;" and he held out his hand. His voice was strong and ringing, as with the highest health; his clasp was vigorous.

"I am sorry to find you wounded, my friend," said the chaplain.

"Oh, only the casualty of war; we must some of us expect it, you know."

"Do you suffer much?"

"At times, sir, very severely; I feel so well only the distress here;" and he pressed his hand to his side.

"You will be up soon, I hope."

"I trust so, sir; the doctors say it is a bad wound, but will yield with care. I only wish I had my mother here. She has heard of it, and, doubtless, started before this. It will seem so comfortable to see her; you don't know how I long for her."

Ah! mothers, you are first thought of when the hardy soldiers feel the pang of pain. It is your name he calls, your form he sees through the mist of delirium, your voice he hears in every gentle word that is spoken. He knows whose touch will be tenderest, through the sympathy of suffering, he knows who has borne the most for him; and on the tented field the holy name of mother receives a fresh baptism of love and beauty.

"I can imagine how you feel," said the chaplain, "and I have no doubt you will see her soon. Meanwhile you know there is a friend who will be to you more than mother or father, sister or brother."

"I realize that, sir," said the young man; "I am a professor of religion, and have been for years. When I was shot, ay, and before, I commended my soul to

Him for life or death; but I confess that I have much to live for. I am not brought yet where I am perfectly willing to die."

"It may be for the reason that you are not yet called to die," replied the chaplain; "but in life, you know, it is the one important thing to be prepared for death."

After a short prayer, the minister and the sick man parted. "He seems very strong and sanguine," he said, as he met the surgeon again, and likely to recover."

"No doubt of it, sir, no doubt," was the hasty reply, of the surgeon, as he passed on.

The hour of midnight had struck from the great hall. Slowly and solemnly it knelled the departing moment, and its echo rolled through the halls, vibrating on many an ear that would never hear the sound of the striking hours again.—The chaplain still sat up in his own room writing letters for three or four of the wounded soldiers, and a strange stillness fell around him, as he closed the last sheet and sat back with folded hands to think. He could not tell why, but do what and go where he would, the face of the young volunteer, with whom he spoke last, haunted him. He arose to move to the window, where the breeze was cooler, when a knock was heard at the door, and a rapid voice called "chaplain?" He hurried to lift the latch. The surgeon stood there, looking like a shadow in the dim moonlight that crept into the passage.

"Chaplain, sorry to disturb you, and more sorry still to give you an unpleasant duty to perform."

"Why, what is it?" was the quick rejoinder.

"The fine young fellow whom you talked with is going."

"What, you do not mean—"

"Won't live an hour, or two at the most. I tried to tell him, but I couldn't; and finally I thought of you. You can ease it you know."

A great shadow fell on the chaplain; for a moment he was stunned and choked, and his voice grew husky as he made reply,

"It is a sad errand, but none the less my duty. Poor fellow! I can't realize it, indeed I cannot. His voice was so strong; his manner so natural! I'll be there presently." And left alone, he threw himself upon his knees to wrestle for strength in prayer.

The atmosphere was filled with low sighs from the strugglers with pain and disease. Going up softly to the couch at which he had stood before, the chaplain gazed upon the face before him. It looked as calm as that of a sleeping infant, but he did not sleep. Hearing a slight noise, his eyes flew open, and rested in some surprise upon the chaplain.

"I felt as if I must see you again before I retired," said the latter, striving to steady his voice. "How do you feel now?"

"Oh, better, I thank you; in fact almost well. The pain is gone, and I feel quite hopeful. I rather think the surgeon does, though he said nothing."

Again that fearful swelling in the chaplain's throat. How should he tell him of his danger—how prepare the mind so calmly resting on almost a certainty—the poor hopeful soul that would never look with earthly eyes on the mother he so longed for? Another moment, and

the young man appeared struck with some peculiarity at the face or movements of the chaplain. The large eyes sought his with an intenseness that was pain, and he interpreted that which made the difference between this and his former demeanor.

"Your cares weary you, chaplain," he said quietly; "you must be very faithful, for it is past midnight."

"I was on the point of going to bed, when I was called to prepare a dying man for his last hour," was the fearful response.

"Indeed! what poor fellow goes next?" rejoined the young man, with a look of mournful inquiry.

There was no answer for the wealth of the world the chaplain could not have spoken now. That tone so unconscious of danger, that eye so full of sympathy! Still a strange silence! What did it mean? The sick man's inquiring glance changed for a moment to one of intense terror. He raised both arms—let them fall heavily upon the coverlet at his side, and in a voice totally changed by emotion, he gasped—

"Great heaven! you mean me."

"My dear friend," said the chaplain, unmanned.

"I am to die, then—and—how—long? His eyes once more sought that of the chaplain.

"You have made your peace with God, let death come as soon as it will, he will call you over the river."

"Yes, but this is awfully sudden! awfully sudden!" his lips quivered; he looked up grievously; "and I shall not see my mother."

"Christ is better than a mother," murmured the chaplain.

"Yes." The word came in a whisper.—His eyes were closed; the lips still wore that trembling grief, as if the chastisement were too sore, too hard to be borne; but as the minute passed, and the soul lifted itself up stronger and more steadily upon the wings of prayer, the countenance grew calmer, the lips steadier, and when the eyes were opened again, there was a light in their depths that could have come only from Heaven.

"I thank you for your courage," he said, more feebly, taking the hand of the chaplain. "The bitterness is over now, and I feel willing to die. Tell my mother"—he paused, gave one sob, dry, and full of the last anguish of earth—"tell her how I longed to see her, but if God will permit me I will be near her. Tell her to comfort all who love me, to say that I thought of them all. Tell my father I am glad he gave me his consent, and that other fathers will mourn for other sons. Tell my minister, by word or letter, that I thought of him, and that I thank him for his counsels. Tell him that I find Christ will not desert the passing soul; and that I wish him to give my testimony to the living, that nothing is of real worth but the religion of Jesus. And now will you pray for me?"

Oh! what emotions swelled the heart of that devoted man, as he kneeled by the bedside of that dying volunteer, the young soldier of Christ; and with tones so low that only the ear of God and that of him, was passing away could bear who esought God's grace and presence. Never all his experience had his heart been so powerfully wrought upon; never had feeling of such unutterable tenderness been possession of his soul. He seemed ready in the presence of a glorified spirit

and after the prayer was over, restraining his sobs, he bent down, and pressed upon the beautiful brow, already chilled with the breath of the coming angel, twice, thrice, a fervent kiss. They might have been as tokens from the father and mother, as well as himself. So, perhaps thought the dying soldier for a heavenly smile touched his face with new beauty, as he said, "Thank you! I won't trouble you any longer; you are wearied out—go to your rest."

"The Lord God be with you," was the fervent response.

"Amen!" trembled from the fast whitening lips.

Another hour passed. The chaplain still moved uneasily around his room.—There were hurried sounds overhead, and footsteps on the stairs. He opened his door; encountered the surgeons, who whispered one little word, "Gone!"

Christ's soldier had found the Captain of his salvation.

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF ENGLAND.—Prince Albert and Queen Victoria were married on the 10th of February, 1840. Their children, nine in number, and all now living, were born as follows:

1. Victoria Adelaide Mary Louisa, born Nov. 21, 1840.

2. Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, born Nov. 9, 1841.

3. Alice Maud Mary, born April 25, 1843.

4. Alfred Ernest Albert, born Aug. 6, 1844.

5. Helena Augusta Victoria, born May 25, 1846.

6. Helena Caroline Alberta, born March 18, 1849.

7. Arthur William Patrick Albert, born May 1, 1850.

8. Leopold George Duncan Albert, born April 7, 1853.

9. Beatrice Mary Victoria Feodore, born April 24, 1857.

Our Wheelbarrow.

—Diplomacy may work as much calmity as a battle; a few ink-drops may cost a nation more misery and exhaustion than a river of blood.

—Death, to a good man, is the coming of the heart to its blossoming time. Do we call it dying when the bud bursts into flower?

—We do not easily discover our own faults; the clearest eyes do not see the cheeks below, nor the brow above.

—If a man is doomed to the stake, he would generally prefer that it should be beef or venison.

—Ladies, keep a proper rein upon your husband; whenever they demand a great deal of freedom, give them just a little bit.

—There are many calm and holy scenes of enchantment where we would hear no word spoken—where silence is more musical than sound.

—"Jack," said a man to a lad entering his teens, "your father is drowned." "Damn it, he's got my knife in his pocket," said the young hopeful.

—Said a scedy fellow to a rich friend—"If ever you have a dispute with any one about money, just leave it to me."

A convict who was sent to State prison at Concord last fall for three years, as a punishment for burglary, managed to keep all the time a \$100 bill that he had stolen by putting it into his hair. But a few days ago he thought better of it, and gave the money up to the chaplain, requesting him to send it to the owner.

A slice of lemon in your tea, ladies, in the evening, will prevent the beverage from producing wakefulness.

AUBURN TO BE DEFENDED!—We are pleased with the alacrity with which the border cities and towns are making preparations for erecting defenses for imaginary invasion. Oswego, for instance, requests the modest expenditure of \$300,000 to put her into shape to resist the tread of foreign foes. Now, that we think about it, we are not so clear but that some \$400,000, or less, could be expended in and around our city and county, not only advantageously to the country, but particularly gratifying to a large class of public benefactors—the contractors. Auburn could easily and successfully be shelled from the high hills north of us, commanding, as they do, our city and its various approaches. We hardly ever turn our eyes northward at those hills, without shuddering at their significant attitude. Imagine shells from the Mentz hills—Copper John flying in one direction, Logan's monument in another, the museum unroofed and the Mummy exposed, the prison wall breached and a rush from Buffalo imminent, the shells alighting in the cellar of the brewery and an explosion momentarily expected among the barrels!

In view of this danger, we would seriously recommend the erection of a Fort on these hills.—We would suggest a pentagon fort, capable of containing ten or fifteen Colonels, one hundred or more Captains and a few privates. Let the contract be awarded—suitable time and a liberal reward to be given for a contractor. The fort once completed, our city would be safe from an invasion by way of Mosquito Point, or an attack via Montezuma Salt Springs or the Free Bridge road, and it would afford a splendid nucleus for the formation of an army—of contractors.

A pontoon bridge or two on the Seneca River would be a sufficient and fore-thoughtful arrangement for a flank movement by our Home Guard in case of an invasion. Reflection has convinced us that several gun boats on the Big Dam would not be bad for the defense of the southern suburbs. By a draw at the Long Bridge, and one or two artificial channels to be excavated at a fair price per cubic foot, the Owasco could be reached and the inhabitants along the banks easily protected.

Earth works around the hills at Moravia would present fair strategic points, from which sorties could be handsomely planned—and executed if thought desirable. The inlet that flows at the base of the hills is liable to high floods; hence its advantages in case it was deemed judicious to contemplate a forward move. We can easily, in these improvements, use up \$400,000, but we would be satisfied with the amount claimed by Oswego, where several millions have already been expended. Will the proper authorities send along the money?

Miscellaneous Items.

"Bob, how is your sweetheart getting along?" "Pretty well, I guess; she says I needn't call any more."

Queen Victoria has nine children, aged respectively 23, 22, 19, 17, 15, 14, 10 and 6; five girls and four boys. Three are married.

A wag seeing a lady at a party with a very low-necked dress and bare arms, expressed his admiration by saying she "out-stripped" the whole party.

A quantity of forged Confederate bonds, of \$20 each, have been put into circulation in England. One batch of \$72,000 was sold in London to go to Holland.

Emma Webb, whilom the star oratrix of the "Democracy," is playing at the Alexandria (Va.) theatre. She and her sister came up to Washington the other day, and were gallanted around the capitol by Sammy Cox.

Letter From Dr. H. Robinson.

The following extract from a letter from Dr. ROBINSON, of this city, gives an interesting description of his voyage from Panama to San Francisco:

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 27, 1862.

I have no language at command to give you anything like a description of Aspinwall. It is beneath anything I ever saw before. The buildings, the best, are nothing but poor frames, covered partially with clap-boards. I presume there is not a building in the place that is lathed and plastered. When I awoke in the morning I could look out at all points and see the buzzards flying about the place and lighting upon the roofs of the buildings, (if they may be called such.)—The people make their money from gouging the passengers who are detained there, charging three dollars for supper, lodging and breakfast—and all this of the most miserable quality.

The negroes, or natives, predominate over the whites, and they are raised only one notch higher in the scale of human existence than the brute creation.

The next morning at 8 1/2 o'clock, the 11th inst., the cars started for Panama.—The ride across the Isthmus was delightful; the scenery was all new, the first of the kind I ever had an opportunity to witness. The cocoanut and cocoa trees were beautiful. The villages were composed of huts, made by driving poles in the ground, standing about six or eight feet high, with a thatched roof; some of them thatched on the sides and some not; no floors, or even fires, as they need no cooking apparatus, as many of them live on the fruit of the place, as nature brings it forth for them.

After we had passed the summit a few miles, the train stopped for wood and water. Here was one of the most beautiful landscapes I ever beheld. On the left there was spread out a flat of about fifty acres, nearly level, covered with underbrush, so thick and compact that man or beast could not penetrate without cutting away the foliage. Every six or eight rods there would spring up a cocoanut tree about fifteen feet above this foliage with its slender trunk, and then throw off its leaves and bulb, hanging in the most beautiful curves, and the cocoa tree varying but little from the nut tree, interspersed with occasionally the broad leaf of the Bananna. On the south a high mountain gradually arose to a considerable height, covered with trees of a peculiar cast, the name of which I could not learn. Here I wanted our neighbor Clough to take a sketch—that with his masterly hand would make one of the most beautiful pictures that now exists in Auburn.

We passed on to Panama, a distance of forty-seven and a half miles from Aspinwall, when we went on a lighter, and were carried off to the steamer St. Louis, about

three miles, as she could not come up to the dock. The tide rises about twenty-six feet here, but on the Atlantic side it rises about two and a half to three and a half feet. The steamer got her wheels going at three o'clock P. M., February 11th. Here we were upon the broad Pacific. We ran on a south by west course until we reached the 7° 30' north lat. This was the lowest degree we reached. At this point the ship turned her course up to northwest by west one-half west, and ran up the coast of New Granada, Guatamala, &c., &c., past the Gulf of Tehuantepec. Here we saw whales frequently spouting and rolling up their huge black backs.

We arrived at Accapulco on the evening of the 17th about 11 o'clock.—This is a very fine harbor, although small. It was moonlight but as we entered the narrow gate, we saw the high mountains on both sides. The Captain fired his 9 pounder, the sound vibrating around the hills on all sides of the Bay. This was to give them notice to have coal and water ready, After hauling along side of their coal barge, the natives came off in canoes, loaded with oranges, lemons, pine apples, bananas, and all the tropical fruits.—They would throw up a line with a basket attached, the money placed in the basket, he hauling it down, put the fruit in it and then drawn up to the ship. I put in a quarter and hauled up 20 large, beautiful oranges, which I took to my state-room, and had more than I could eat on the voyage, and had to call on my room mates to help eat them.

We had up to this place sailed 1440 miles. About 3 o'clock the next morning the steamer turned around and retraced her course out of the harbor, and then took her course up the coast. We went smoothly along until we reached the Gulf of California.—Up to this time the sea was as smooth as our little Owaseo. Surely this is the peaceful Ocean. God has moved upon the face of the waters, and smoothed the raging billows. The sun setting and rising, are sights in all respects desirable. Here again I could not help going back to Auburn and wish my friend Mr. Lee was here, as he is such an admirer of Nature; but I must leave all friends and view the splendor of the scene myself until fatigued with viewing and retire to my narrow bed and sleep out the remainder of the night. Thus we went on in our monotonous course until the 26th inst., when we reached the Golden Gate to the city of San Francisco, about 2 o'clock A. M. Running from Panama 3,257 miles, the whole distance from New York 5,282 miles—leaving out my trip to Washington and around to New York. To-morrow at 3 P. M., I shall take the clipper ship Polynesia for Honolulu.—Thus you see I have but little time for this city. Dr. Wormer called to see me, and Mr. Lewis, son of Isaac Lewis, be-

sides many of my ship companions. I have formed a very agreeable acquaintance with quite a number on board, and happy congratulations are passing between us, since my arrival.

I am very well, and am now dreading the sail about to be taken, but shall rejoice when it is over, and I get into my quarters, and something to do. I shall take up my log next from Honolulu if I am fortunate enough to reach that place, and will write a little more of home matters there, and give a description of my quarters.

H. ROBINSON.

"MAKE WAY FOR LIBERTY."

Under the oaks of Sempach  
The Switzers knelt in prayer.  
And swore upon their sword-hilts  
The oath their fathers swore.  
Under the oaks of Sempach  
Their fathers' swords they bared,  
And dared the powers of Slavery  
Their valiant fathers dared.

Duke Leopold's knights in armor,  
Duke Leopold's spearmen tall,  
With shields overlapped and lance-points,  
Stood up, like a castle wall;  
And when the Switzers smote them,  
Their angry armor rang,  
Like anvils under hammers,  
With hoarse and sullen clang!

Behold! the fateful moment—  
The hour of Freedom's stress!  
Then stood forth Arnold Winkelreid  
From all the dubious press.  
He looked upon the Switzers,  
And saw their fear and doubt—  
"I'll make a path for LIBERTY!"  
Bold Winkelreid cried out.

He turned upon the Austrians,  
And flung his arms apart;  
He clasped a score of lance-points,  
And joined them at his heart.  
As bride embraces bridegroom,  
He hugged the lovely death:  
"I make a path for LIBERTY!"  
He said with dying breath.

And after him the Switzers  
No more knew doubts or fears:  
They passed the broken shield wall  
They passed the hedge of spears;  
And where he fell they mounted,  
O'er shattered helm and shield,  
And drave the Austrian spoilers  
From Sempach's gory field!

Five hundred years have moldered  
O'er Winkelreid the Swiss:  
No slave hath breathed in Switzerland  
From that brave day to this.  
And as the Lord yet liveth,  
I cannot help but pray  
Some Winkelreid may lift his voice  
In mine own land to-day!

Some stern and loyal leader,  
To shame our doubts and fears,  
And cleave for us the shield-wall,  
And break the hedge of spears!  
Some hero-man, o'er-mastering  
A slavish time like this—  
To make a path for LIBERTY—  
Like Winkelreid the Swiss!  
New York, Jan. 1, '61. A. J. H. DUGANNE.

ORIGIN OF MATRIMONIAL JEALOUSY.—Adam used to go to Heaven in the evening to pray. One time, Satan made a friendly call at Adam's residence, and Eve, not knowing where her husband had gone, was a little petulant and lonesome. Satan told her that Adam had gone to Heaven to call on another woman—he supposed it was all right; he was averse to making mischief in families, but really, the conduct of her husband was remarkable, in thus leaving so beautiful a woman alone. He then took Eve to a fountain and showed her the picture of the woman her husband was in the habit of visiting.—Adam came home after a while, and got regular blowing up, and they made so much noise about it that both were unceremoniously kicked out of Paradise.—[Exchange

Gen. Shields has so far recovered to be able to start for Strasburg to row.

Alexander and the Colonel.

The Emperor Alexander, traveling in Northern Russia, reached a small town, and, while they were changing the horses took the whim of going a short distance in advance. Unaccompanied, wrapped in a military overcoat and without any mark of distinction, he quickly crossed the town and arrived at the suburbs, where the highway separates into two roads.—Not knowing which of these to take Alexander approached a man wrapped like himself in a military overcoat and smoking his pipe on the sill of the last house.

"Friend," asked the Emperor, "which of these two roads must I take to reach Blouga?"

The man with the pipe, astonished at a mere traveler should dare address him so familiarly, scornfully let drop between two puffs of smoke—the words—"To the right."

"I beg you pardon, sir," said the Emperor, "one more question, if you please."

"Well?"

"Allow me to ask you your position in army?"

"Guess."

"Perhaps you are a lieutenant?"

"Higher."

"Captain?"

"Still higher."

"Major?"

"Higher still."

"Colonel?"

"At last."

"And now in my turn," said the man with the pipe, certain that he was addressing an inferior, "who are you if you please?"

"Guess," replied the Emperor.

"Lieutenant?"

"Go on."

"Captain?"

"Higher."

"Major."

"Try again."

"Colonel?"

"Again."

"General?"

"You've not reached it."  
The man draws the pipe from his mouth.  
"Your excellency then is Lieut.-General?"

"You are coming near."  
The Colonel raised his hand to his cap  
"Why then your highness is Field-Marshal?"

"Once more Colonel."  
"His Imperial Majesty!" cried the latter, his pipe falling and breaking into pieces.

"The same" replied Alexander, smiling.  
"Ah, sire," exclaimed the officer; falling on his knees, "pardon me!"

"And what do you want me to pardon you for?" answered the Emperor; "I asked you the way, you have shown it to me. Thank you."

A HELP-MATE INDEED.—The Green Bay Advertiser says:  
"As a specimen of western enterprise, we will state that several days ago we bought of a Belgian woman four thousand good shingles, which she informed us she had split and shaved and packed all herself, and had yoked up her two cows and brought them to market, a distance of fourteen miles. One of the cows gave milk, which, with bread she brought from home, served as her food on the trip, which occupied two days."

BURNSIDE AT NEWBERN.—A soldier, writing to his friends, thus describes the appearance of the Commanding General on the day of the battle:  
"You would have laughed if you had seen Burnside on that day. His dress was a compound between a coal heaver and an Italian brigand. If you have ever seen the Corsican Brothers played, you can form an idea of his costume."

DEATH OF AN OLD AUBURNIAN.—Intelligence was received here from Oswego on Saturday last, of the death of Mr. RICHARD OLIPHANT, an old Printer, formerly of this city, aged 61 years, who fell dead in the street in that city. Few of the old residents of Auburn but remember Richard, when years ago, he practiced "the art preservative of all arts"—the printing business—in our goodly city. His keen wit and dry humour, so often overflowing in his speech, were familiar to all; and his many eccentricities and rather singular appearance, gave a zest to his character for peculiarity in his greeting of friends and acquaintances—ever the same on all occasions—evinced the exuberance of a heart overflowing with good nature and geniality of feeling. As a practical Printer, when engaged in his profession, his superior could not be found in taste and tact in the execution of all kinds of job printing.—Possessed of no ordinary talent as the conductor of a newspaper, he studied to always make his hebdomadal of a character combining the literary, with the moral and political cast of his sheet. A feeling and manly heart ever beat in his bosom, which was always the seat of honor, as he fought the battle of life in the varied struggle of living and supporting a wife and family by his vocation. Among the printers who knew him, he will be long remembered as one whose proof sheet was free from all errors of the heart. Peace, then, to the memory of a brother TYPO, to whom death so suddenly put his final period. The grim tyrant of the tomb seldom, if ever, embraced a husband, father and friend, with kindlier qualities of our humanity, than he who has suddenly been taken away. The earth clods of the cold and silent grave never covered a bosom in which beat a nobler, more generous and truer heart, and he will long be missed with regret in the circles in which he moved. \*

A Singular Story.

Speaking of the death of Joseph Garlinghouse, the Albany correspondent of the New York World tells this queer story:

With the death of Mr. Garlinghouse, the Janitor of the Senate, there passed away a man of strong mind and of a large area of experience. He knew much about the once famous Morgan Masonic excitement. He has related to me the scene which occurred when those who had nerved themselves to the act of killing Morgan met in a lonely locality in Canada. There a box was placed containing red and white balls—four red ones. As each came to the box, without the least communication with the other they took one of the balls—then at a distance from this place each one looked to see what had been his choice. If a white one, he went his way and held no converse with any one on the subject, but if he found a red one in his hand, the doom was on him. At an appointed place he met the other three, who, like him, had found the fatal color, and there the order of the last dread act of this great error and great tragedy was arranged. It is one of the strangest pages of our history.

HOGS AS POINTERS.—In some parts of France and Italy, hogs are regularly trained to hunt for truffles, a sort of mushroom of delicate flavor and highly prized, found beneath the surface of the ground. When the hog scents the truffle, he expresses his satisfaction by a grunt, then digs up the ground with his snout, seizes the truffle carefully, and carries it to his master, who gives him a handful of grain as a reward. And it is a well known fact that, in the midland counties of England, some intelligent breeds of hogs have been trained to hunt for partridge, woodcock, and other game, and have manifested the valuable qualities of thorough-bred and sagacious pointers.

Incidents at the Bombardment of Fort Pickens.

The following extract is from a letter written by an officer on board the United States steamer Richmond, after the bombardment of Fort Pickens:

"I went, by invitation of Lieut. —, of the Engineers, to visit the fort. Took a circuit first of the covered way, then of the parapet and ramparts. All around the fort, inside and out, were marks of the enemy's shot and shell. On the glacis, here and there, are deep grooves, ending in a large hole, where the shot had plumed into it, and where there had been shell which had burst. The hole was a great excavation, into which you could drive an ox-cart. Where the projectiles have struck the standing walls, they have chipped off patches of the brick-work (it is a brick and not a stone fort) perhaps eight or ten inches deep, and, where they struck the corners, larger portions have been removed; but in no case has any part of the fortifications received an injury tending in the least to weaken it, and this after two days' heavy firing. The only man who was killed outright, during the two days' action, was an artilleryman, who was passing into the casemates with some bread from the bake-house. A shell exploded at the other side of the area, and one piece, flying a distance of some two or three hundred feet, passed through his body, under his arms. He walked a few steps and fell dead. There were many almost miraculous escapes. A shell was heard coming toward a gun on the parapet, and the men dodged under their bomb-proofs. The shell hit fairly on top of the bomb-proof, went through and dropped into a pail of water beside the officer, where it exploded. When the men came out again to resume their work, all they saw of the officer was his heels sticking out of a pile of rubbish. After digging him out, they stood amazed to see that he was not even hurt. He rose up, shook the sand from his hair and clothes, and coolly said, 'Come, come! what are you standing there gaping at? Load that gun there.' At it they went again, as if nothing had happened. Another officer, who had charge of a battery of mortars, had no less than seventeen shells strike within ten yards of him. I saw the ground plowed up in every direction, and yet not a man was hurt. About twenty of the men, who had been relieved from their guns, were sitting smoking and watching the firing in a corner, protected from shot by the walls, when half of a huge shell struck and buried itself right in the middle of the group without disturbing them in the least. 'What's that?' asked one. 'The devil knows, and he won't tell,' indifferently responded another, and went on smoking. A 10-inch columbiad came rolling towards a group, the fuse whizzing and smoking. 'Wonder if that'll hit us?' 'Guess not! we're too near it!' Crack! went the shell, flying in every direction, but fortunately escaping them all. The rebel powder was poor, as also their shot and shell, except that portion which they succeeded in stealing before the rebellion broke out. Their practice, however, was said to be good—how could it have been otherwise? Uncle Sam taught them at his unparalleled school at West Point, but with little thought that the teaching would be thus employed."

An old Dutch farmer, just arrived at the dignity of a Justice of the Peace, had his first case of marriage. He did it up in this way. He said first to the man:  
"Vell you wants to be marrit, do you?"  
"Vell, you lovesh dis voman so goot as any voman you have never seen?"  
"Yes," answered the man.  
"Then to the voman:  
"Vell, do you love dis man so better as any man you have never seen?"  
She hesitated a little, and he repeated.  
"Vell, vell, do you like him so well as to be his wife."  
"Yes, yes, she answered.  
"Vell, dat ish all any reasonable man could expect. So you marrit; I pronounce you man and wife."  
The man asked the justice what was to pay.  
"Nothing at all; you are welcome to it if it will do you any good."

"Pap, observed a young urchin of tender years to his 'fond parient,' does the Lord know everything?"  
"Yes my son," replied the hopeful sire.  
"But why do you ask that question?"  
"Because our preacher when he pray is so long telling him everything, I tho' he wasn't posted."

The parent reflected.

### "I Wish I had a Capital."

So we heard a great strapping young man exclaim the other day in an office. We did want to tell him a piece of our mind so bad. And we'll just write it to him. You want capital, do you? And suppose you had what you call capital, what would you do with it? You want capital? Haven't you got hands, and feet and body and muscle and bone, and brain and don't you call them capital? What more capital did God give to anybody? Oh, but they are not money, say you. But they are more than money.—If you will use them they will make money and nobody can take them from you. Don't you know how to use them? If you don't it is time you were learning.—Take hold of the first plow or hoe or jack plain, or broad axe that you can find and go to work. Your capital will soon yield you a large interest. Aye, but there's the rub; you don't want to work, you want money or credit that you may play the gentleman and speculate and end by playing the vagabond; or you want a plantation and negroes, that you may hire an overseer to attend to them, while you run about over the country and dissipate and get into debt; or you want to marry some rich girl, who may be foolish enough to take you for your fine clothes and good looks, that she may support you.

Shame upon you, young man. Go to work with the capital you have, and you will soon make interest upon it and with it to give you as much money as you want and make you feel like a man. If you can't make money upon what capital you have, you couldn't make it if you had a million dollars in money. If you don't know how to use bone and muscle and brain, you would not know how to use gold. If you let the capital you have lie idle and waste and rust out, it would be the same thing with you if you had gold. You would only know how to waste it. Then don't stand about like a great, helpless child, waiting for somebody to come in and help you, but go to work.—Take the first work you can find, no matter what it is so that you be sure to do it like Billy Gray did his drumming—well. Yes, whatever you undertake, do it well: always do your best. If you manage the capital you have, you will soon have plenty more to manage; but if you can't or won't manage the capital God has given you, you will never have any other to manage. Do you hear young man?

### Overshadowing of Death.

Presentiments on the battle field often prove prophetic. Here is an instance: While Col. Osterhaus was gallantly attacking the centre of the enemy on the second day of the battle at Pea Ridge, Arkansas, a sergeant of the Twelfth Missouri, requested the captain of his company to send his wife's portrait which he had taken from his bosom to her address in St. Louis, with his dying declaration that he thought of her in his dying moments. "What is that for?" asked his Captain. "You are not wounded are you?" "No," answered the sergeant, "but I know I shall be killed to day. I have been in battle before, but I never felt as I do now. A moment ago I became conscious that my time had come, but how I shall die I don't know. Will you grant my request?" "I speak to you as a dying man, my brave fellow, but you

will live to a good old age with your wife. Do not grow melancholy over a fancy or a dream."

"You will see," was the sergeant's response.

The picture changed hands. The sergeant stepped forward to the front of the column, and the lieutenant perceived him no more.

At the camp fire that evening the officers inquired for the sergeant. He was not present. He had been killed three hours before by a grape shot from one of the enemy's batteries.

### Jamie's Struggle.

"Where's Jamie?" asked Madge, timidly, coming into the room, cherry with its pretty crimson coal fire, and bright, yellow jets of gas light.

Her cousin looked up coldly at the question. Uncle Gould frowned ominously over his paper, and Aunt Gould just said very dryly—"In this room."

Madge looked uneasily from one to the other, but no single pair of eyes turned upon her with sympathy or explanation, and after a few moments of irresolution, she laid down her school books and stole from the room. In the hall she met the housemaid.

"Oh! Betty, please tell me, has anything happened? and why didn't Jamie come to school this afternoon?"

Betty shook her head. "Well, Miss, I don't like to grieve you, but your brother has done a horrible thing, and if he was a poor boy now, I suppose he'd be looking through iron bars to night in the county jail."

"Oh, Betty, what do you mean?" said Madge, turning quite pale.

"Well, Miss," said Betty, sinking her voice to a whisper, "you'd have to know it sometime, I suppose, and the fact is, he's just been stealin' money out of master's drawer!—a hundred dollars, more or less."

"It isn't so!" cried Madge, in a loud, sharp tone, which almost startled herself. "What! Jamie steal! It's a wicked lie!" and she burst into tears.

"Very well," said the offended Betty, "you will soon find whether I tell a lie or no. I believe he's none too good to be a thief, nor you neither, with your mincing, saint ways."

But Madge was out of hearing—two steps at a time up the broad stairs, till she reached a little room, at the farther end of the third story corridor.—She burst in without any ceremony, but all was still in the cold winter twilight, except the dismal dashing of sleet against the window panes. "Jamie?" she called anxiously.

At first there was no reply, and then a little movement behind the dingy brown curtains betrayed him, and Madge was at his side, with her arms flung around his neck.

"I knew you had heard it all, the minute you called me," faltered Jamie trying to smile. "I heard the 'tears in your voice,' you know; but you don't believe it?"

"Never!" cried Madge vehemently.—"Now tell me all about it. How could any one dare to say so?"

"I hardly know where to begin," said Jamie, with a great effort at self control. "I'll have to tell you something I've been keeping secret ever since last summer.—You see when Cousin Bell had her birth

day party last June, and all the girls swept around in such pretty shining silks, or else dresses of half clouds and half cobwebs, and you only had that pink calico—it hurt me, I don't know why.—You looked just as sweet as any—yes, the prettiest of all I thought; but when Fisher Knight said 'just look at my sister. Isn't she pretty, and doesn't her dress look as if she bought three or four yards of sunset, and had the moon up all night sewing stars on it?'"

"Then the boys laughed, and I said,—'And isn't my sister pretty too?' for you did look sweet as a rose, I thought; but that proud Fisher Knight laughed just like a knife—I mean it seemed to cut right into me, and he said—'O yes, and how kind Betty was to lend her that dress.' Some of the boys said—'Too bad!' but that only hurt me more and I crept away pretty soon, and lay behind the thick snow ball bushes, and looked up into the great, still sky, and wondered why God couldn't have taken you and me too, when father and mother died, and not left us to come to this proud rich uncle, who doesn't love us, and who treats us like little beggars."

"Oh, don't say so, Jamie," said Madge, soothingly; "I'm sure he's been very kind to us sometimes."

"I don't remember many times just now," sighed Jamie. "Well, a little while after that I heard Lutie say that her birthday came in the winter, and she meant to have a grand time, and invite every boy and girl she had ever seen.—Then I thought to myself—'Now they will want to dress Madge in some ugly brown merino, but I am determined she shall look the prettiest of them all.' So I began to work after school, doing all kinds of little jobs for anybody who would hire me, and I never spent anything for candy or marbles, you know, so that all the boys began to call me miser. But I didn't mind that, because I thought my pleasure was coming by and by. The money came very slowly Madge and often I thought I'd never have enough. But when Aunt gave me money to buy mittens, I just went without and kept my hands in my pockets. Then I got considerable at Christmas, you know, and sold the top that Lutie gave me, and together, yesterday I found I had just enough to buy what I wanted. So Mr. Green, who is always so kind to me, cused me from my lessons this morning, and I walked all the way to Betty's, and I thought I could get nicer than there, and Madge, I bought you the sweetest green silk! It made me think of the woods in spring, and I thought when you had it on, with your sweet white face, you would look just like a lily coming up out of a bed of moss."

"Dear little Jamie," cried Madge, "you do all that for me? I am so so. You know I never care what I wear."

"Yes, I know it," said Jamie, "you are always lovely to me. I suppose it is because, as Mr. Green says, you always wear the jewels which are of great price in sight of God. I haven't a doubt, Madge, but the angels thing you're the prettiest girl in the world, but some way, I know it's foolish—I wanted to have the boys think so too."

"Well, when I came back just as I got to the hall door with my bundle, feeling so proud that I had earned it all myself, out came Uncle, looking very red, and storming about some money—about twenty dollars I think—that he said he had left in his desk and forgot to lock up last

night. Nobody knew anything about it and I was just going on tiptoe to my room when he called very suddenly—'What have you got in that bundle, sir?'"

"A dress for Madge," said he louder yet "let me see it."

"So I opened it, trying to tell him that I earned the money all myself, but as soon as he saw the pretty silk he caught hold of my arm so I almost screamed, and said 'You earned money to buy such a dress as that. You are telling me a falsehood. Confess now that you took my money.' Then out came Aunt Gould, and Belle, and Lutie, and they all held up their hands and looked so shocked and would not believe a word I said. Then Uncle seemed to try to be kind and told me that if I confessed and asked his pardon, he would try to forgive it. But I couldn't tell a lie and only said over and over that I didn't do such a thing, till he called me a hardened, obstinate boy and ordered me up to my room. And as for the dress, Madge, that I've been thinking about for more than six months, Jamie coughed violently, 'I heard Aunt Gould say it would not be such a loss, for with a yard or two more, it would make a dress for Lutie.'

Madge tried to comfort him but broke down.

"Never mind," said he at last, patting her tear stained cheek, "I am determined you shall have something nice after all. To-morrow is the skating match you know and I think I am sure of the second prize at least, and whatever I get shall be given to darling Madge."

"You will be sure to get it," cried she, with eager sympathy. "You've skated ever since you could walk," and she remembered with a glow of pride that no one had ever yet caught Jamie on a race, and often when she thought him only gazing, he'd be writing his name, with a rather clumsy steel pen, on the great white page of ice as handsomely as on the leaf of his writing book.

"Yes, you'll be sure of the prize, Jamie," he said exultingly, "and I know it will be right with Uncle, too. I'm going to tell him all about it now."

But to her great grief, Uncle Gould could not hear a word.

"No, child," he said, "no one could make me believe that a boy would go without marbles and candies half a year to buy his sister a dress. And if he did, never could have saved enough for such a handsome silk dress. Besides, that settles the matter, Betty saw him in the library at my desk very early this morning, before any one was up. It is a very rare case, though it grieves me much to hear so."

The next morning, as, after a sleepless night, Jamie stole down stairs with his bundle, his Uncle met him in the hall.

"You cannot skate to-day, James," said Uncle almost kindly, as he looked at the flushed, worn face. "I feel it but that you should have some punishment for such a great fault."

"But I did not do it," said Jamie, indignantly.

Uncle Gould grew quite stern. "Remember that Betty saw you, my child.—Confess, ask pardon or go back to your room."

"I don't know where to begin," said Jamie, with a great effort at self control. "I'll have to tell you something I've been keeping secret ever since last summer.—You see when Cousin Bell had her birth

day party last June, and all the girls swept around in such pretty shining silks, or else dresses of half clouds and half cobwebs, and you only had that pink calico—it hurt me, I don't know why.—You looked just as sweet as any—yes, the prettiest of all I thought; but when Fisher Knight said 'just look at my sister. Isn't she pretty, and doesn't her dress look as if she bought three or four yards of sunset, and had the moon up all night sewing stars on it?'"

"Then the boys laughed, and I said,—'And isn't my sister pretty too?' for you did look sweet as a rose, I thought; but that proud Fisher Knight laughed just like a knife—I mean it seemed to cut right into me, and he said—'O yes, and how kind Betty was to lend her that dress.' Some of the boys said—'Too bad!' but that only hurt me more and I crept away pretty soon, and lay behind the thick snow ball bushes, and looked up into the great, still sky, and wondered why God couldn't have taken you and me too, when father and mother died, and not left us to come to this proud rich uncle, who doesn't love us, and who treats us like little beggars."

"Oh, don't say so, Jamie," said Madge, soothingly; "I'm sure he's been very kind to us sometimes."

"I don't remember many times just now," sighed Jamie. "Well, a little while after that I heard Lutie say that her birthday came in the winter, and she meant to have a grand time, and invite every boy and girl she had ever seen.—Then I thought to myself—'Now they will want to dress Madge in some ugly brown merino, but I am determined she shall look the prettiest of them all.' So I began to work after school, doing all kinds of little jobs for anybody who would hire me, and I never spent anything for candy or marbles, you know, so that all the boys began to call me miser. But I didn't mind that, because I thought my pleasure was coming by and by. The money came very slowly Madge and often I thought I'd never have enough. But when Aunt gave me money to buy mittens, I just went without and kept my hands in my pockets. Then I got considerable at Christmas, you know, and sold the top that Lutie gave me, and together, yesterday I found I had just enough to buy what I wanted. So Mr. Green, who is always so kind to me, cused me from my lessons this morning, and I walked all the way to Betty's, and I thought I could get nicer than there, and Madge, I bought you the sweetest green silk! It made me think of the woods in spring, and I thought when you had it on, with your sweet white face, you would look just like a lily coming up out of a bed of moss."

"Dear little Jamie," cried Madge, "you do all that for me? I am so so. You know I never care what I wear."

"Yes, I know it," said Jamie, "you are always lovely to me. I suppose it is because, as Mr. Green says, you always wear the jewels which are of great price in sight of God. I haven't a doubt, Madge, but the angels thing you're the prettiest girl in the world, but some way, I know it's foolish—I wanted to have the boys think so too."

"Well, when I came back just as I got to the hall door with my bundle, feeling so proud that I had earned it all myself, out came Uncle, looking very red, and storming about some money—about twenty dollars I think—that he said he had left in his desk and forgot to lock up last

night. Nobody knew anything about it and I was just going on tiptoe to my room when he called very suddenly—'What have you got in that bundle, sir?'"

"A dress for Madge," said he louder yet "let me see it."

to forgive you, and trust you once more. And indeed, since it would make you so very happy, I will promise to give the dress to Madge."

"Don't be a pig, Jim," whispered Lutie; "just say you took it, and have it done with."

What a terrible struggle went on in poor Jamie's breast. If he told a lie, there was love and forgiveness—the skating prize and the pretty dress; if he told the truth, nothing but coldness and contempt, and solitude in his dreary room. What a struggle! The hot passion raged, and the terrible fire burned through his cheeks, and eyes. He hesitated.—Ah! is he going to love the praise of man more than the praise of God? A moment more of silence, and he says firmly:

"I did not do it, Uncle. I cannot tell a lie."

Poor Jamie spent the day in his room, attended by Madge, his faithful shadow. They heard Belle and Lutie going away merrily with their skates, but, strange to say, they did not feel so very miserable, and even smiled as their eyes met.

"Isn't it queer I can be so happy?"—said Jamie. "It wasn't for this headache, I should feel as light as a feather."

"Do you remember that strange verse that mother used to say?" said Madge. "Behold we count them happy which endure." I believe I understand it better now, Jamie; and what is the rest of it—

"ye have seen the word of the Lord, that the Lord is very pitiful and of tender mercy." I am so glad you endured it all Jamie—and who knows what the end will be? I am quite certain it will all come right at last."

Jamie tried to smile hopefully, and whenever a vivid remembrance of his heavy disappointments came over him, he repeated softly to himself,

"Very pitiful, and of tender mercy."

It is a week after, and the night of Lutie's birth day. Madge—can it be possible—is standing by the piano in that identical green silk; though with that happy flush on her cheeks, she looks more like a moss rose than a lily. And Jamie—was there ever such a radiant face? What can have happened? But here is Madge, eager to tell you all, how "Aunt Gould found the missing roll of bills caught behind the little drawer, and how proud Uncle Gould had actually asked Jamie's pardon, and since had treated him almost respectfully as if he had been a grown man, and everybody was so kind, and she (Madge) was so proud! Oh! she couldn't begin to tell all she felt!"

But who can express Jamie's happiness?—happiness that not only he is respected and loved—that Madge is acknowledged sweeter than any other boy's sister—that Uncle Gould has already shaken hands with him twice that very evening—but there is a deeper joy—the sweet peace—the consciousness of victory over great temptation. And this it is which makes Madge turn from the merry sparkling faces to the sweeter light in Jamie's great earnest eyes, and whispered softly,

"Behold we count them happy which endure!"

### THE TWO VISIONS.

BY M. HELEN LUCY.

I wandered out in careless mood,  
One smiling summer day,  
And sought the dim aisles of the wood,  
Where dark grim shadows lay.  
I knelt down by the little stream,  
Whose waters ran so clear;  
And scanned with eager wondering,  
The face reflected there.

I noted that the soul of joy  
Each feature seemed to fill;  
I asked myself, when years go by,  
Shall I be happy still?  
I mused on bitter tears I'd seen  
On furrowed faces flow;  
It seemed to me their happiness  
Was in the "Long Ago!"

The years went by with saddened heart—  
I sought the wood once more,  
Nor tarried till I reached the spot  
Where I had dreamed before.  
The self-same boughs above me hung,  
As in the years gone by;  
The little brook still murmured on,  
But changed, I knew not why.

Once more I gazed upon the face  
The waters pictured there;  
The same, and yet 'twas not the same,  
Now sadder and less fair.  
The mantling shadows of the firs  
Hung round me heavily,  
And far off in the distance, I  
The meadow lands could see.

It was my life—the present time  
Was sad and dark to me;  
For all that blighting time had left,  
Was pale, sweet Memory.  
They're all gone to return no more,  
They who were once so dear;  
But I have learned the sum of life,  
A smile and then a tear.

The shades of sorrow, dark and cold,  
Fall round me as I stray;  
And oftentimes my weary feet  
Are faltering in the way.  
But there is life and light beyond,  
Where death shall come no more;  
There shall we meet the early lost,  
On heaven's eternal shore.

### An 1812 War Story.

The following we believe has never seen print. Ogden Hoffman used to tell the story. He was in the great fight between the Constitution and Guerriere, and said that, as the British ship came sailing down on them, as they heard the sharp orders when the guns were run out, and the men could be seen ready with their matchlocks, an officer came in haste to Capt. Isaac Hull and asked for orders to fire. "Not yet," was the quiet response. As they came still nearer, and the British vessel poured in her fire, the First Lieutenant of the Constitution came on the poop and begged permission to return the broadside, saying that the men could not be restrained much longer. "Not yet," was the indifferent reply. Still nearer the British ship came, and the American prisoners, who were in the cockpit of the Guerriere, afterwards said that they began to believe that their own countrymen were afraid to measure their strength with the enemy, and this thought gave them more pain than the wounds which some of them were still suffering from. In a moment after the Guerriere rode gallantly forward, showing her burnished sides; and, as the swell carried her close to the very muzzles of "Old Ironsides," Capt. Hull, who was then quite fat, and dressed in full tights, bent himself twice to the deck, and, with every muscle and vein throbbing with excitement, shouted, "Now, boys, pour it into them." That broadside settled their opponent, and when the smoke cleared away the Commodore's tights were seen to be split from waistband to heel.

HARD TIMES IN CANADA.—A Wisconsin paper says, on the faith of a private letter times are awful hard in Canada. No business done, wages not sufficient to pay board, and almost impossible to get work at any thing. The country is overrun with skeddaddlers from the United States and the Confederacy, while thousands of Canadians are leaving for the States to procure work.

### A Romantic Incident of the War.

A few mornings since Gov. Curtin of Pennsylvania, was called upon at the Continental Hotel in Philadelphia, by a young lady. When she was introduced into his parlor she expressed her great joy at seeing the Governor, at the same time imprinting a kiss upon his forehead:

"Madam," said he, "to whom am I indebted for this unexpected salutation?"

"Sir, do you not know me?"

"Take a chair," said the Governor, at the same time extending one of the handsomest in the parlor.

"Shortly after the battle of Antietam you were upon that bloody field," said she to the Governor.

"I was," replied he.

"You administered to the wants of the wounded and the dying."

"It was my duty, as a feeling man."

"You did your duty well. Heaven alone will reward you, sir, for in this life there is no reward adequately expressive of the merit due you. You, sir, imparted consolation and revived the hopes of a dying soldier of the 28th Ohio. He was badly wounded in the arm; you lifted him into an ambulance, and the blood dripping from him, stained your hands and your clothing. That soldier was as dear to me as life itself."

"A husband!" said the Governor.

"No, sir."

"A brother, perhaps?"

"No, sir."

"A father?"

"No, sir."

"A son?"

"No, sir."

"A lover?"

"No, sir."

"If not a husband, father, brother, son, or lover, who, then could it be?" said the Governor, at length breaking the silence, "this is an enigma to me. Please explain more about the gallant soldier of Ohio."

"Well, sir, that soldier gave you a ring—C. E. D. were the letters engraved on the interior. That is the ring upon your little finger. He told you to wear it, and carefully you have done so."

The Governor pulled the ring off, and sure enough the letters were there.

"The finger that used to wear that ring will never wear it any more. The hand is dead, but the soldier lives."

The Governor was now more interested than ever. "Well, madam," said he, "tell me all about it. Is the ring yours? Was it given to you by a soldier whom you loved?"

"I loved him as I loved my life; but he never returned that love. He had more love for his country than for me; I honor him for it. That soldier who placed that little ring upon your finger stands before you." So saying, the strange lady arose from her chair, and stood before the Governor.

The scene that now ensued we leave to the imagination of the reader. A happy hour passed. The girl who had thus introduced herself was Catharine E. Davidson, of Sheffield, Ohio. She was engaged to be married, but her future husband responded to the call of the President, and she followed him by joining another regiment. He was killed in the same battle where she fell wounded. She is alone in the world, her father and mother having departed this life years ago. She was the soldier of the 28th Ohio who had placed the ring upon the finger of Gov.

ernor Curtin for the kind attention given her upon the bloody field of Antietam.

The right arm had been amputated about half way between the elbow and the shoulder. The interview finally ended, and having at last seen her benefactor, she bade him and his friends adieu, taking with her an order, bearing the bold signature of A. G. Curtin, for one of Palmer's patent arms.

### Genteelity.

Genteel it is to have soft hands, but not genteel to work on lands.

Genteel it is to cringe and bow, but not genteel to sow and plow.

Genteel it is to play the bean, but not genteel to reap and mow.

Genteel it is to keep a gig, but not genteel to hoe and dig.

Genteel it is to trade to fail, but not genteel to swing the flail.

Genteel it is to play the fool, but not genteel to keep a school.

Genteel it is to cheat your tailor, but not genteel to be a sailor.

Genteel it is to fight a duel, but not genteel to cut your fuel.

Genteel it is to eat rich cake, but not genteel to cook and bake.

Genteel it is to have the blues, but not genteel to wear thick shoes.

Genteel it is to roll in wealth, but not genteel to have good health.

Genteel it is to cut a friend, but not genteel your clothes to mend.

Genteel it is to make a show, but not genteel poor folks to know.

Genteel it is to run away, but not genteel at home to stay.

Genteel it is to smirk and smile, but not genteel to shun all guile.

Genteel it is to be a knave, but not genteel your cash to save.

Genteel it is to make a bet, but not genteel to pay a debt.

Genteel it is to play at dice, but not genteel to take advice.

Genteel it is to curse and swear, but not genteel plain clothes to wear.

The Avalanche says that General Sam Houston, of Texas, is not dead, but worth a dozen dead men. Yes, that's just about the old traitor's value. And what are a dozen carcasses worth except as so much manure?

For the Daily Advertiser.

### On the Reception of a Letter from a Loved Daughter.

"Is my letter a white dove to you mother? Lift up its wing and take out a precious burden of love."

Twilight found me lonely; dreaming  
Of my loved ones far away;  
One so cold and silent lying  
Near the ever restless sea;  
One upon its heaving bosom  
Seeking for the boon of health;  
Some within the busy city  
Gathering stores of glittering wealth;  
Two, before all others dearest,  
In the halls of learning strive,  
And for wisdom's priceless treasure,  
Time and toil incessant give.  
Suddenly a white dove entered,  
Resting in my lone abode,  
And its smooth white wing I lifted,  
Taking out a precious load,  
Softly in my heart there nestled  
Sweetest peace. For it had brought  
Dear assurance of affection,  
More than gold hath ever bought.  
Though I have not glittering treasure,  
I have stores of precious love—  
Priceless jewels—which are brought me  
By thy message bringing dove.  
By E. message bringing dove.

By a strange coincidence, just before the explosion occurred in the arsenal at Washington, a letter was read to these girls, acknowledging the receipt of \$170 contributed by them for the erection of a monument to the victims of an almost similar catastrophe at Pittsburg last year.

### Stuffing the Inquisitive.

Over the line in Canada they are as inquisitive as their Yankee neighbors.—Some years since the Receiver General was traveling on a steamboat with considerable funds for Government, and for the sake of safety and privacy, he engaged the whole of the lady's cabin. The passengers were all alive to ascertain the reason of this arrangement, and especially to know the business the officer could have on hand to require so much room and money. At length one of them, more bold than the rest, ventured to introduce the subject as the Receiver was walking the deck, and approaching him, asked if he was engaged on a government contract.

"Yes."

"A very large one?"

"Yes."

"May I ask what it is?"

"Yes."

"Well, pray sir, what is it?"

"Why, you see," said the Receiver-General, with great seriousness, "the Queen of England has made a present to the King of Siam of this half of Lake Ontario, and I am engaged to bottle it off."

No more questions were asked.

### Getting Ready to go to Richmond.

The capture of Richmond is a foregone conclusion, and sundry classes of persons are preparing to visit that spot. Some of the preparations in this direction are thus noted by a Philadelphia paper:

"We know of one house in whose lofts for a week past, many cases of goods have been awaiting the opening of communication to Richmond. Where one house sees an opportunity of advantageous trade, others are likely to possess equal acuteness; and for cash, the restored cities will at once have abundant opportunities to lay in a supply of those necessities, so long denied them by the oppression of the rebel leaders. One theatrical company and a first class band of minstrels were ready to go to Richmond a week since, and will start at the moment the communication is open. Refugees in considerable numbers are also in the city, who will be only too glad to return and rebuild their desolate homes.—Of this class of people we have encountered very many. To them suspense will soon be certainty. Many of them are farmers, whose denuded lands alone remain. Crops are destroyed, barns stripped of their weather-boarding or burned, and houses devastated. Through miles of country around Richmond, we have been told, the crow of a rooster or the quack of a duck was no more to be heard than the whistle of a skylark. Like the horses and cattle, the smaller stock from the farming people is entirely swept away. If the cock-crow were the only means of marking time in the desolated districts of Virginia, its people would be horologically destitute."

PATRIOTIC TO THE LAST HOUR.—Mrs. Rachel Lee, who died at Manchester, 15th inst., aged 99 years 8 months, was the widow of Isaac Lee, Jr., a revolutionary patriot who fought at the battle of Bunker Hill, when he was only 14 years of age. Mrs. Lee has had 122 descendants, of whom 68 are living. She enjoyed remarkable physical and intellectual vigor to the very last, and, when taken ill, was engaged in knitting for the Union volunteers. Three of her family are now in the

For the Advertiser & Union.  
FOLLOWING THE DRUM—No 5.

C. POWERS, ASSISTANT SURGEON 75TH REGIMENT, N. Y. V.

Thank God! the Stars and Stripes are again waving over Pensacola and Forts Barancas and McRae.

From the date of my last letter to you until quite lately, there was apparently but little change in the state of affairs across the bay, except that we inferred from what we could see and hear, that the number of the rebels was diminishing, and this was confirmed by occasional deserters. About a fortnight ago, it was evident that a change of some kind had come over the spirit of their dream.—Guns disappeared from the parapet, and embrasures of their forts. Trains of wagons were heard of nights, passing to and fro from the Navy Yard to the forts, and edging from the sounds of the whipping and urging of the mules, we presumed that the loads were all taken from the forts. Night after night, their little steamers would come down from Pensacola, which is the terminus of the Railroad to Mobile and New Orleans, take on board and depart; evidently the dismantling process was going on, and yet, with our number of troops it would have been madness to have attacked them, especially without gunboats, and these we could not get. At length on the evening of Friday, April 9, about 11 o'clock, a multitude of fires sprang up simultaneously, from Pensacola to McRae. A semicircle of flame, of miles in extent, told us that the cowardly villains were setting everything combustible on fire, and were of course, evacuating the coast. In the hope of saving some of the immensely valuable property, an active fire of shot and shell was immediately opened from Fort Pickens, which, indeed, did have the effect of arresting the wholesale arson, and of saving a few valuable buildings, of which Fort Barancas and the Light House were the most important. The extensive and costly works at the Navy Yard, with a large village of beautiful brick houses; the truly magnificent Marine Hospital, one of the very best and largest in the Union, Fort McRae, as well as scores of other valuable buildings, are all gone. Probably more than ten million dollars worth of property was destroyed in a few hours.

At four o'clock the next morning, a little gun-brig, the only vessel which was here at the time, sailed round into the Bay, which had been closed to us for fifteen months, and in passing, threw one or two shots into McRae, but the dead monster was past replying, her fighting lays were over. In the course of the forenoon, the steamer Harriet Lane, under the command of Commodore Porter—who had just returned from New Orleans, which his mortar fleet had played so prominent a part in reducing—came in, to offer to assist us in driving out the re-

belts from their strongholds around us,—just in time to be too late. He however, remained a day, and rendered us essential service in transporting the entire 75th Regiment (except the sick in Hospital) and also one or two companies of Regulars, to the other side. The Regulars occupied Barancas, and the 75th bivouacked near Barancas Barracks, a large brick structure, which being nearly fire-proof, escaped the general conflagration. My duties at the Hospital had left me on Santa Rosa, but on Monday morning I found time to go over to the mainland, and like all the rest of us, was pained and shocked at the sight of the ruthless and wide spread devastation. Before the advent of these worse than Goths and Vandals, the Government works here, must have been a scene of surpassing beauty and loveliness, especially the grounds about the Marine Hospital. Six or eight acres were enclosed with a strong brick wall ten feet high, and the area mostly filled with choice evergreens, and other trees, so that most of it was completely shaded, a great luxury in the semitropical climate. The trees were chiefly Chinese, Arbor Vitae, Catalpa, Fig, Magnolia, Cedar and Live Oak. Those, of course, standing near the burnt building, were scorched and blackened by the fire. Some of the fine out-buildings, such as the Officer's Quarters, bathing houses, &c., escaped, as the hideous hounds were stopped in their career of arson, by the shells of Fort Pickens. While conversing with our worthy and honored Chaplain about the wanton destruction of this noble edifice, which was intended and reared only for the comfort of the sick, I said to him "Mr. H., while you were looking at these ruins, I should like to know, only as a matter of information, and without intending any disrespect, whether you were not strongly tempted to swear?"

"No," he replied, "but I was filled with righteous indignation."

A little after noon, Gen. Arnold, Commandant of Fort Pickens, came over with some more regulars, when immediately the order was given to form, and fall into line, and in half an hour the whole force, with the exception of two or three companies of regulars, which were left at Barancas, marched for Pensacola. We have since heard that many of the citizens who still remain there, received them with kindness and hospitality, sending beds, blankets and pillows to the troops, and that when the national colors were hoisted over the town, they responded with three rousing cheers.

Before returning I went over Fort Barancas, which is a strong place certainly, though much smaller than Pickens. All the guns are mounted on the parapet, the sides being only pierced for musketry.—At one time it is supposed that there was nearly or quite forty of these "last arguments of kings" (and republics) there, but on taking possession, we found but

three which were valuable pieces, and loaded to the very muzzle, evidently with the design of destroying them, but the scamps were hurried away too quickly to carry out their amiable intention. Some good books were lying scattered about in the galleries, three or four of which I brought away as mementoes. Among them was a fine copy of Hudibras, one distich of which they might read and ponder over with profit:

"Ah me! what perils do environ  
The man that meddles with cold iron."

On Saturday night there occurred one of those painful casualties which are seemingly the inseparable accompaniments of war. Some mounted rebels had been seen and fired at by our pickets in the evening, and about midnight Capt. McDougal and Lieut. Tuller set out with a squad of five men to reconnoitre. They did not meet with them, but before returning, they fired into a jungle, where they thought they might possibly be lurking, and then thinking that the report might alarm the camp they started back at nearly double quick time. They were challenged by several of the picket guard, one after another, to whom they gave the countersign and passed on, but the last two, seeing them coming rather rapidly, supposing them to be rebels, fired upon them without challenging. Capt. McDougal was shot through the thigh, but the ball very luckily missed all the large vessels, as well as the bone, but inflicted an ugly flesh wound. One of his men, Lewis Heady, was not so fortunate. He too was hit in the thigh, but the ball completely shattered the bone and his condition is very precarious.—There is great danger that he will lose his limb, and even his life. After the departure of the Regiment, whom Dr. Benedict accompanied, I procured a detail of twelve men, and by them, they were bro't down on hand litters to the beach, and placed on a launch, which was towed to this side, and then they were carried to our hospitals. To-day they are quite comfortable, but the result in Heady's case is quite doubtful. The Captain will probably be about in a few weeks.

As you may well suppose, the entire regiment is highly pleased to get away from this barren sand heap, and still more so, to be ordered to Pensacola. The tents are struck and with the baggage, are now en route. In a very few days, I trust to shake off the sand from my boots, and with the sick and wounded, join the regiment there. As the days lengthen and steadily grow hotter, the scorching, blinding glare from the white sand, grows more and more intolerable. In August, of a still, cloudless day, this delectable Sahara must be about as nice a miniature hell as could well be conceived. Prose cannot do justice to all the beauties and peculiarities of this blessed place. Let us try rhyme—stand a little back reader—here it comes—

SANTA ROSA.

SANTA ROSA.

Sandy little island,  
Southern edge of Dixie,  
(Glad it isn't my land!)  
Scarce terra firma,  
Continually shifting  
It's form; with every wind  
Perpetually drifting,  
Containing, (more or less)  
Twenty thousand acres,  
On which beat night and day,  
Circumbient breakers.

On its western end is  
Famous Fortress Pickens,  
Where Colonel Harvey Brown  
Played the very dickens,  
With the rebellious knives  
Just across the water,  
With blazing shell and shot  
(But no especial slaughter.)  
Plunging shot and shell  
In "McRae" and "Barancas,"  
For which—ungratefully,  
They still neglect to thank us.

"Schools" of hungry sharks,  
See them at their revels!  
Sporting in the surges,  
R stiers, greedy devils.  
Interesting fellows,  
Twice as large as sturgeons,  
They'll amputate a limb  
Quicker than our surgeons.  
And should you have a taste  
For animated nature,  
You'll meet, perchance, inland,  
With snakes and alligators.

Before the fierce tornadoes  
Sand-clouds scud in legions,  
Piled in shifting ridges  
Like snows in Arctic regions.  
Such thunder, rain and storms!!  
For fear you'll think me prosy  
I'll only hint the wind,  
Can blow on Santa Rosa.  
Then as Summer deepens,  
Sunbeams torrid glances,  
Dart with fervid power  
Like thrusts of burning lances.

A thousand fleas a day,  
Besides the other "rations"  
"Allowed" to every man  
By "Army Regulations."  
And when the supply fails  
Of these agile creatures,  
The balance is made up  
In sand flies and mosquitoes.  
Thus officers and men  
Are for their country truly  
Shedding their heart's blood  
Somewhat prematurely.

Round the sutler's building  
Crowds of soldiers thronging,  
Gazing at his stale wares,  
Covetously longing  
For his worthless "notions,"  
Spending all their money,  
Ruining their health—  
He thinks it vastly funny.  
Robbing the poor fellows  
Almost of their rations,  
His crowd out numbers far  
The Chaplain's congregation.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Farewell old Fort Pickens,  
Farewell tents so cozy,  
Farewell (we hope) to fleas,  
Farewell Santa Rosa.  
Ho! for Pensacola!  
Slow drags the weary hours  
Till our delighted vision  
Greets shade, and trees, and flowers.  
And to conclude our ballad  
Of Rhymes that's rather prose—y,  
Everlasting Farewell  
Sandy Santa Rosa.  
Fort Pickens, Florida, May 14, 1862.

### FOLLOWING THE DRUM—No 4.

BY G. POWERS, ASSISTANT SURGEON 75th REGIMENT, N. Y. V.

SANTA ROSA—SAINT ROSE! Who was Saint Rose? And why was she canonized as Saint Rose in the multitudinous calendar of that august and dazzling superstition, the Romish Church? Was she a contemporary of the early Fathers and lived on the Alexandrian delta or Syrian deserts in solitary odour of sanctity, like those wild santons, Simon Stylites on his stone pillar, or Saint Anthony in his cave? Lived she amid the vines of Gaul, the olives of Iberia, or the classic orange groves of fair Italia itself? Did she flourish in the mediæval ages, or in some walled convent, as black veiled nun or grim abyss, or was she a myth, and never flourished at all? If she was a live flesh-and-blood saint, or saintess, what sin did she commit that her name and memory should do penance evermore by having this long desolate sand heap named in

her [dis] honor.

"Did she kiss some favorite 'priest,' or kissed she more than one?  
I warrant you she did no more than many a 'Rose' has done."

We must, I fear, abide for the present in our ignorance of aught concerning our fair saint:—it will doubtless be revealed to us at the same time that we ascertain who was the man in the iron Mask—who wrote the letters of Junius—and when this war will come to an honorable and happy end.

Nothing has occurred here of any special interest for a long time. The Regiment is improving daily in discipline, and if there is some complaint of prolonged inactivity—as to rust out, is much harder to endure than to wear out,—there is probably as much or more, on the Potomac or elsewhere. Yet if two thousand men, can safely hold an important position and keep six or eight thousand of the enemy actively employed in watching them, and consequently out of the power of doing mischief elsewhere, are they not doing as useful service as any equal number of men in our whole grand army?

We are so close to the rebels that we can see the sentinels passing their rounds, and even hear them at times across the intervening water. They have a railway, connecting by a long "circumbendibus" with Mobile and New Orleans, and prior to the bombardment of Jan. 1st, we used to hear the whistle of these locomotives as the evening train came in punctually at 6 15. Perhaps some of our heavy round shot or shell tore up the track, or smashed their machine; at any rate since then it has been silent. Their only band seems to consist of a nigger and a base drum, and occasionally our own fine brass band go down to the north beach—when the wind is southerly—and "aggrify" their feelings by playing Hail Columbia, Yankee Doodle and Dixie's Land, which polite attention on our part, is doubtless gratefully appreciated by our rattle snake friends "over there."

More or less of ships, steamers, gunboats, &c., are always in the offing, ready to co-operate in case of a row. Their number ranges from two to six and varies almost every day. They "come like shadows, so depart," keeping close watch and ward upon the beleaguered coast. Sometimes they pass us without stopping, on their way to Ship Island and Galveston, merely signaling the war vessels lying here. Once a gunboat came up from Key West, between four and five hundred miles distant, and communicated for a few minutes with a steamer and then directly returned without sending a boat to the shore.

There is a peculiarly soft and dreamy haze outspread over the land and water during mornings and evenings in this region, somewhat resembling our own dear Indiansummer, in the golden, smoky October days. A vapory, filmy indistinct-

ness—not fog, I should say—but if fog, it is wonderfully glorified and transfigured. In the clear evenings, this luminous veil reaches but a few degrees above the horizon, and above its upper marge, the stars glow with intense radiance, which we seldom see in the North, except on an exceedingly cold and frosty night in mid winter. Occasionally this vague haze clears away, and then distant objects stand out with lines clear and sharp as those of a silhouette. Cloud architecture is less gorgeous than with us, heavy cumuli predominating, but the brilliant and rapidly changing tints of the painted sky, on clear mornings and evenings, are far finer than are ever seen north of latitude forty-two.

I fell into a grievous error in one of my former letters, *mea culpa*. I said that Santa Rosa was composed of white sand. I should have said white sand and fleas. Sundry dark nebulous spots are scattered about in the hollows, which like the nebula in the constellation Orion, have never yet been fully resolved. Whether this opacity of the aforesaid hollows is owing to the predominance of the flea element, has not yet been fully decided, but seems highly probable.

There is a great deal of hunting done on the island—flea hunting—and about bed time these entomological re-searches are most general and active. Humboldt states that some extensive regions on the upper waters of the Orinoco and Amazon are rendered utterly uninhabitable by myriad swarms of muschetoes. As yet, we stoutly hold divided empire here with the fleas, but if they reinforce their forces for the future, as fast as they have during the last month, don't count too highly on our patriotism. Your correspondent has derived some infinitesimal share of comfort while suffering from the regular nightly "charge of the six Hundred" as fierce and bloody as the Balaklava onslaught, which Tennyson has immortalized, in hoping that the parasitical theory is true, which is thus laid down by some unknown poet:

"Great fleas have little fleas,  
And these have less to bite 'em  
And then again have lesser ones,  
And so,—*ad finitum*."

Within the last week or two, seven rebel soldiers have deserted and come over to us. One of the most intelligent of these, from Ohio, gave me this statement, which is probably reliable. The whole force across the bay is now reduced to about six thousand men, of which the Louisiana Regiment is by far the best.—They are styled Regulars, and keep up their daily drill, but the others, called Volunteers, have but little discipline, and drill about when they please, and as they please. All the clothes of the privates are made of coarse gray, cotton "nigger cloth." A few are without muskets.—Their rations are,—plenty of rice, molasses, and lean Texas beef, and a limited allowance of bread. No spirituous liquor

can be had, Gen. Bragg having effectually banished it from the camp. Northern worn soldiers, of whom there are many in the Louisiana Regiment, and some in all, are weary of the war, and would gladly desert, if it were possible to do so, with safety. Most of these think the Rebellion will be put down in time. The native Southern rebels he says, will never desert, and almost all of them scout at the idea of their ever being conquered, and maintain that they can keep up a defensive war for any period of time. Ammunition is plenty with them. Their heavy 13 inch shell they cast at the Navy Yard works; the smaller ones they get by rail from some source unknown to him. They have many formidable masked batteries, which they have never yet opened, and he thinks that any large ships attacking them, would be completely riddled; some small gunboats might possibly get in. They have no intention whatever of attacking us, and are daily expecting an attack from Butler's Expedition on Mobile. They suppose our force on this island to be about four thousand. Gen. Bragg has removed his headquarters to Mobile. Their soldiers pay is eleven dollars a month, and are paid every two months in Confederate bonds, or bills of the Central Bank of Alabama, issued at Montgomery. These pass current, no one daring to refuse them.

There is, he reports, no Union feeling or sentiment whatever among those born South. There has been, and is still, much fatal sickness among them, chiefly dysentery and typhoid fever.

And now, in the absence of wars and the rumors of wars to chronicle, and while the opposing forces here are at the present dead lock, you may if you please, take a peep into our tent, an unusually large and commodious one. Seated at the long, unpainted pine "centre-table," are the Surgeons of the 75th, a pair of sober silver grays, both of whom are well over the central keystone of the arch of life, say about half way between the average physical meridian of mankind, which comes at about thirty, and the mental meridian, which is rarely attained before sixty. On each, the long unrequited "rides" and countless vigils, which twenty years of country practice involves, has set its seal. Time's unmistakable phylacteries—which too surely indicate that the wearer has at last reached the Indian summer of existence. To institute a parallel between them, after the manner of Plutarch, (and sooth to say a long way after) let us state, that one is actively and even restlessly industrious—the other is not lazy, Oh! no, but a remarkably good economist of his own vital forces; one is a good talker, and the other a fair listener; one hates tobacco as the Devil hates holy water, the other daily smokes his three pipes of "killikinch," and has been known to exceed that number; that while both are book-worms, one is om-

niverous, and the other too daintily fastidious in the choice of this mental pabulum; one is good looking, and the other is—the subscriber.

Scattered over the table, are "morning sick reports" a stethoscope, newspapers from civilized regions, of the latest date, say three or four weeks old, a copy of the "Army Regulations," a few profusely illustrated surgical tomes, a jar of cuttle fish, sea snails, &c., in alcohol—waifs thrown on the neighboring beach by the restless sea, some odd volumes of Theodore Parker and Thomas Carlyle and a brass bound mahogany box, which, if your curiosity prompts you to open and examine, will disclose divers knives, saws, and other articles of ornamental and mutilating cutlery. I will spare you the recital of their round of duties among the sick and suffering. Let us hope that they try to do their duty, both to the sick soldiers under their care, and to their country in this dire hour of her sorest need and trial.

Fort Pickens, Fla., Feb. 16, 1862.

SINGULAR FREAK OF THE DRAFT.—The revolution of the "wheel" at the Court House sometimes bestows its undesirable favors upon particular localities with singular persistence and exactness. In the draft for the town of Sennett on Thursday last, the road running from North street to Sennett village, known as the County Poor House road, came in for its full share of prizes.

With barely an exception, every enrolled man from the Auburn line to Sennett Corners—a distance of four miles or more—was drafted.

And what is still more singular, every drafted man is a Republican, the only enrolled Democrat on the route being the lucky man who escaped.

Judging from the jovial appearance of this band of conscripted neighbors, we could scarcely believe it such a serious matter after all, to be drafted.

Not a word of murmuring was heard, but after the last name was drawn, there was a cordial shaking of hands and a mutual exchange of congratulations upon their "good luck" as they cheerfully separated for their homes.

From the Cleveland Herald.

### The Rebel Prisoners on Johnson's Island.

In a recent visit to Johnson's Island we picked up a few items that may be of interest to some of our readers. The number of rebel officers now confined there is about 2,600, with about 100 enlisted men detailed for police duty at the barracks. The rebels are confined in a large square enclosure, surrounded by a very high board fence, around which, on the outside, near the top, runs a gallery for the sentinels to pace. The boards of the lake front of the enclosures are about three inches apart, so as to give a view of the water. A line is marked on the turf inside the fence, and a short distance from it, beyond which the prisoners are not allowed to come. Large and comfortable barracks, of two stories in height are erected in the prisons yard.

The prisoners are supplied by Government with one blanket each, beside being allowed to retain their own blankets. They are also allowed to draw such articles of clothing as are absolutely necessary, and which they are destitute of, their treatment in this, as in other respects, being the exact reverse of that accorded to Union prisoners in the hands of the rebels. Their daily rations consist of

fourteen ounces of beef and sixteen ounces of bread each, with rice or potatoes. They show by their physical condition that they do not suffer from hunger. Their clothing is of all shades of grey, and a more ragged, dirty, and forbidding looking lot of fellows can hardly be imagined. There are among them some men of intelligence and culture, but the majority have the appearance, manners, and ignorance of a gang of bushwhackers. There is one Major General in the crowd, with several Brigadiers, and a host of Colonels, Majors and Captains.

Medical stores are supplied by the Post Surgeon, on requisition, and dispensed by a rebel surgeon in the prison. The mortality is very light, being only one a week for several weeks past. The great difficulty is to keep the men clean, their habits being naturally dirty, or they are too lazy to do the necessary police duty. There are two negroes among the prisoners, body-servants to the officers. Some time since there were a number of this class in the inclosure, but on being notified that they could have their liberty whenever they desired it, all but two concluded to quit their masters and "hoe their own row" for the future.

The prisoners spend their time in washing, cleaning up, reading, writing, or lounging about. Sometimes amusement of various kinds are improvised, and not long since a "Negro Minstrel Troupe" and a Democratic Association" were in full operation.

Large amounts of money are sent to the rebels by their friends and sympathizers.—These sums are retained by Col. Hill, commanding the post, who issues a receipt for it. The amounts received by Col. Hill, in good money, ranges from \$25,000 to \$30,000 per month, among them being numerous remittances in pounds sterling from Canada. Besides these are stacks of Confederate funds which count for nothing.

When the roll of the prisoners is called daily they are asked if they want money, small amounts for actual necessary purposes being allowed them. To those who need money, blank checks are furnished for them to fill out on the spot, when they are countersigned by the officer, and presented to Col. Hill who cashes them. Previous to this system of checks and countersigning numerous frauds were practiced by the "chivalry" upon each other, forging orders being the daily business of some of the rebel officers.

When a prisoner wishes to purchase anything for his use he has to send a note to the Superintendent of Prisoners, asking permission, as no sutler is allowed, and nothing can be furnished to the prisoners in any way without the sanction of the authorities.—Presence sent to the prisoners are carefully examined inside the inclosures, and articles of a contraband nature removed.

No liquor is allowed among the prisoners except for medical purposes. A short time since a lot of the rebels conspired to get the materials for a big drunk, and for several days they were afflicted with diseases that required liquor as a remedy. Their daily doses were secreted until sufficient had been obtained for a drunk, when they closed doors and had a "high old time," managing, however, not to break prison rules.

The Superintendent of Prisons is Lieut. Col. E. A. Scovill, of this city, who, by his kind, yet firm rule, has won for himself the esteem of the prisoners, while at the same time they are held in strict obedience to the rules.

### A Negro Admitted to Practice in the Supreme Court.

Special Dispatch to the Cincinnati Gazette.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 1.

The Court room, that a few years ago heard the decision that a negro has no right which a white man is bound to respect, to-day witnessed the admission of a negro as a counselor of the Supreme Court. Senator Sumner brought him in and moved his admission. Chief Justice Chase quietly assented, and directed the Clerk to administer the necessary oaths, and the whole ceremony that marked the practical reversal of the Dred Scott decision, by the same tribunal that had pronounced it, was over in three minutes. Judges Nelson, Wayne and Grier, who united in rendering the Dred Scott decision, were on the bench, but made no objection. The negro admitted is a tall black—He is a practicing lawyer in the Supreme Court of Massachusetts.