

ACADEMY REDIVIVUS.—There is a movement on foot in this city among the old *habitués* of the Auburn Academy to invite Prof. William Hopkins to spend a week in our midst and give six days schooling to his former scholars for the sake of reviving old associations. It would be an interesting gathering, for those who went forth from the shades of the old Academy, forth from the rule (and ruler) of the veteran principal to battle, years ago, with the world, to return and sit, boys again, at the feet of the accomplished Professor, dig, under his direction, for Greek roots, and sound the depths of Algebraic problems on his cracked black-board. It would sound like a voice from the shores of boyhood, that "no more hilarity," and those polite but fatal invitations to "walk down to my laboratory." Many of his old scholars would drop the spade in the mines of California, or the plow in Kansas, and return to the shadows of the Academy walls to hear the Professor read once more the "Rules and Regulations," and dwell withunction on the clause relative to snow-balls and broken windows. Many a tired merchant would hasten from his dry-goods to hear the professor explain the mysteries of hydrogen and demonstrate the fealty of retorts. Many an anxious lawyer would leave his musty suits to hear the Professor renew his morning lecture and point with unerring finger to "those walls wherein all truant and idle boys have found a home." How many of those old students would come from afar to hear the Professor inform his assistant "that he would like to step out a moment, Mr. Johnson," and then to indulge in the luxury of stolen whispers and flinging of paper wads! Who would refuse to come from the far west to hear Grove Godfrey dispose of his weekly allowance of the "Boy stood on the burning deck," or hear Underwood in his "Young Lochinvar," or Hale in his "Autumn is here," or Peleg Sanford recite his "You would scarce expect?" What old Academician would not rejoice to see the Sherwoods, Underwoods, Myers, little Bob Perry, the Allens, the Sewards, all ranged as of yore, ogling each other to shy a paper wad, or snapping their fingers to attract the principal's attention! Let us have the Professor again! There are many over whom the daisies are growing, many of the old chums who have left this her school; but let the living come and their boyhood's days. "You may ring me, Mr. Hale!"

### Truth.

The following beautiful illustration of the simplicity and power of truth, is from the pen of S. H. Hammond, formerly editor of the Albany State Register. He was an eye witness of the scene in one of the higher courts:

A little girl nine years of age was offered as a witness against a prisoner who was on trial for a felony committed in her father's house.

"Now, Emily," said the counsel for the prisoner, upon your being offered as witness, "I desire to know if you understand the nature of an oath?"

"I don't know what you mean," was the simple answer.

"There, your Honor," said the counsel addressing the court, "is anything further necessary to demonstrate the validity of my objection! This witness should be rejected. She does not comprehend the nature of an oath."

"Let us see," said the Judge. "Come here, my daughter."

Assured by the kind tone and manner of the Judge, the child stepped toward him, and looked confidently up in face, with a clear eye, and in a manner artless and frank, that went straight

the heart.

"Did you ever take an oath?" inquired the Judge.

The little girl stepped back with a look of horror, and the red blood mantled in a blush all over her face as she answered:

"No, sir."

She thought that he intended to inquire if she had ever blasphemed.

"I do not mean that," said the Judge, who saw her mistake; "I mean, were you ever a witness before?"

"No, sir; I never was in court before," was the answer.

He handed her the Bible open.

"Do you know that book, my daughter?"

She looked at it and answered: "Yes, sir, it is the Bible."

"Do you ever read it?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, every evening."

"Can you tell me what the Bible is?" inquired the Judge.

"It is the word of the great God," she answered.

"Well, place your hand upon this Bible and listen to what I say;" and he repeated slowly and solemnly the oath usually administered to witnesses.

"Now," said the Judge, "you have sworn as a witness; will you tell me what will befall you if you do not tell the truth?"

"I shall be shut up in the State Prison," answered the child.

"Anything else?" asked the Judge.

"I shall be punished," she replied.

"How do you know this?" asked the Judge again.

The child took the Bible, and turning rapidly to the chapter containing the commandments, pointed to the injunction, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." "I learned that before I could read."

"Has any one talked with you about being a witness in court here against this man?" inquired the Judge.

"Yes, sir," she replied. "My mother heard they wanted me to be a witness, and last night she called me to her room and asked me to tell her the Ten Commandments, and then we kneeled down together and she prayed that I might understand how wicked it was to bear false witness against my neighbor, and that God would help me, a little child, to tell the truth as it was before him. And when I came up here with father, she kissed me and told me to remember the Ninth Commandment, and that God would hear every word than I said."

"Do you believe this?" asked the Judge, while a tear glistened in his eye, and his lip quivered with emotion.

"Yes, sir," said the child with a voice and manner that showed her conviction of its truth was perfect.

"God bless you, my child," said the Judge; "you have a good mother. This witness is competent," he continued. "Were I on trial for my life, and innocent of the charge against me, I would pray God for such witnesses as this. Let her be examined."

She told her story with the simplicity of a child, as she was, but there was a directness about it which carried conviction of its truth to every heart. She was rigidly cross-examined. The counsel plied her with infinite and ingenious questioning, but she varied from her first statement in nothing. The truth as spoken by that little child was sublime. Falsehood and perjury had preceded her testimony. The prisoner had entrenched

himself in lies, till he deemed himself impregnated. Witnesses had falsified facts in his favor, and villainy had manufactured for him a sham defence. But before her testimony, falsehood was scattered like chaff. The little child, for whom a mother had prayed for strength to be given her to speak the truth as it was before God, broke the cunning devices of maturated villainy to pieces like a potter's vessel. The strength that her mother prayed for was given her, and the sublime and terrible simplicity—terrible, I mean, to the prisoner and his associates—with which she spoke, was like a revelation from God himself.

### The Prophecy of Douglas.

Mr. Arnold, M. C. from the Chicago District, in a late speech in Congress, said:

Here I will pause a moment to state a most remarkable prediction made by Douglas in January, 1861. The statement is furnished to me by Mr. C. B. Stewart, of New York, a gentleman of the highest respectability.

Douglas was asked by Gen. Stewart, who was making a New Year's call on Mr. Douglas—

"What will be the result of the efforts of Jefferson Davis and his associates to divide the Union?"

Douglas replied—

"The Cotton States are making an effort to draw the Border States into their schemes of secession, and I am too fearful they will succeed. If they do succeed, there will be the most fearful war the world has ever seen, lasting for years. Virginia will become a charnel house; but the end will be in the triumph of the Union cause."

One of their first efforts will be to take possession of this capital, to give them prestige abroad; but they will never succeed in taking it. The North will rise en masse to defend it; but it will become a city of hospitals; the churches will be used for the sick and wounded; and even this house and the Minnesota Block, (now the Douglas Hospital,) may be devoted to that purpose before the end of the war."

Gen. Stewart inquired—

"What justification is there for all this?"

Douglas replied—

"There is no justification nor any pretence of any kind. If they will remain in the Union, I will go as far as the Constitution will permit to maintain their just rights; and I do not doubt that a majority of Congress will do the same. 'But,' continued he, 'if the Southern States attempt to secede from the Union without cause, I am in favor of their having just so many slaves and just so much territory as they can hold at the point of the bayonet!'

A GREAT NUISANCE.—Between 6 and 7 o'clock Monday evening, a vessel, in attempting to haul through Randolph street bridge, became in some unexplained manner fastened in the draw-passage, and remained there a full hour before she could be removed. During that time at least one thousand citizens were detained from half an hour to an hour, and all the Randolph street cars, with one exception, were collected on the west side of the bridge. This practice of warping up and down the river is an outrage, and should be at once abated. If there is no law to prevent a recurrence of the scene of last night, that will do it should be enacted at the earliest possible moment. But we believe there is already power enough in the ordinances to compel a proper regard to the rights of the public, and the attention of the Harbor Master is called to the urgent necessity which exists for their enforcement.

JUNE.

Out in the meadows clangor in din!  
Bobolinks jubilant over the clover,  
Poised above it, or hidden in;  
Reeling, shouting song upon song;  
Shouting the same tunes over and over,  
Drunken with melody all day long.

Over the uplands, high and cool,  
Truant winds with the sunshine wander,  
Winkling the sleeping fall of the pool,  
Nodding the rose's graceful head,  
That bends its blushing cheeks to ponder  
The sweet, false words the bees have said.

Heart at rest for a charmed hour!  
Lulled all memory, all endeavor!  
Wrapped in a spell whose magic power,  
The world's rude voice, alas, must break!  
Ah, thine is calm that lasts forever!  
Thine is a sleep that will not wake!

"WHAT FUNERAL IS THIS?"—We made a slight mistake under this heading in our issue of Sept. 1st.

The facts are that after Mr. E. P. Ross had passed through the toll gate by paying his toll, on his way to the Democratic Convention, a gentleman of the legal profession—Warren T. Warden, Esq., some five minutes behind Mr. Ross, and bound for the same place, (for some political purposes of his own,) endeavored to pass the gate on Mr. Ross' credit. This request being denied he resorted to the plea that it was a part of a funeral procession, which had just passed, that he had lost many friends during his pilgrimage, and was now going to do his duty to those who still remained on earth, and who were yet charitable to his numerous faults and idiosyncrasies. He would probably have succeeded in saving his toll if a friend who was with him had not let the cat out of the bag. On the return trip from the convention Mr. Warden would have had no difficulty in passing himself off as a real mourner.

FARMERS' FESTIVAL.—The festival passed off with all its usual enjoyment, and was largely attended. The occasion served to renew and extend the friendly and social intercourse of its participants.

These annual gatherings of our agriculturists and their friends are bright spots to look back upon, and give a tone of good fellowship to the profession that nothing else could so readily and pleasingly effect.

The following original verses were written for the occasion, and sung, helping to fill out the very satisfactory programme:

TUNE.—Loud raise the peal of gladness or, from Greenland's icy Mountains."

Loud raise the peal of gladness  
On this our Festal Day;  
We'll banish all of sadness  
And drive dull care away.  
We meet and sing together  
Beneath this ample dome,  
Where each can greet the other  
And all may feel at home.

The grand old trees before us  
That lift their heads on high  
Would gladly catch the chorus  
And bear it to the sky.  
With neither eyes nor voices  
To witness friendship's vows,  
As every heart rejoices  
They greet us with their boughs. (bowls)

You placid lake beside us  
Whose pillow is the hills,  
With bosom swelled with jewels  
Ingathered by the rills,  
Has waked to swell the measures  
With joyous notes replete;  
Let's take of friendship's treasures  
And lay them at her feet.

Then let us plow the furrows  
In Union soil more deep,  
Drag out the weeds of discord  
And pile them in a heap.  
Take coals from off the altar  
Our patriot sires did raise,  
Consume the wrath of traitors  
Or turn it to God's praise.

A GALLANT OFFICER.—A circumstance connected with the calling out of the militia has come to our notice, which constrains us to confess that the whole of our officers are not heroes, although we are satisfied the great majority would do their duty gallantly. A certain officer in the county of Haldimand, (we withhold his name,) on receipt of the news that flank companies were to be called out, felt, like Bob Acres, his courage oozing out at his finger ends, and determined to get out of the force immediately. He accordingly took his commission, and sent it to the Lieutenant-Colonel, with the following endorsement:

—dear Curnal, I beg to resine mi commission. Being a disipel of Krist, i cannot take up the sord. Fact!—

[Hamilton, (C. W.) Spectator.]  
A FAST FAMILY EVEN FOR A FAST AGE.—A few days ago, in the western part of this county, it is said that a marriage, a birth, a death and a funeral took place, all in the same family, in the same house, and on the same day.—Baraboo Wis. Republic.

President Lincoln Accepts the Nomination of the Baltimore Convention

President Lincoln, in reply to the Committee appointed to the letter of nomination, writes as follows:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,

Hon. William J. GATTON, June 27, 1864.)

mitttee of the Jennison and others, a Committee of the National Union Convention:

GENTLEMEN.—Your letter of the 14th inst.,

notifying me that I have been nomi-

nated by the Convention you represent for

the Presidency of the United States for four

years from the 4th of March next, has been received.

The nomination is gratefully ac-

cepted, as the resolutions of the Convention

—called the Platform—are heartily approved.

While the resolution in regard to the sup-

planting of Republican government upon the Western Continent is fully concurred in, there might be misunderstanding were I not

to say that the position of the Government

in relation to the action of France in Mexico

is assumed through the State Department and

indorsed by the Convention, among the mea-

ures and acts of the Executive, and will be

faithfully maintained so long as the state of

facts shall leave that position pertinent and applicable.

I am especially gratified that the soldier and the seaman were not forgotten by the Convention, as they forever must and will be remembered by the grateful country for whose salvation they devoted their lives.

Thanking you for the kind and complimentary terms in which you have communicated the nomination and other proceedings of the Convention, I subscribe myself,

Your obedient servant,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

JUNE '63—JUNE '64.

Those who are disposed to be despondent, should compare the "situation" now with what it was a year ago. They will find that the Union cause is immeasurably more promising now than it was then. June 1862 was a month of gloom and trial. The elements of disloyalty in our midst threatened to culminate in open war against the Government.

The mob spirit was rampant. A miniature Rebellion—embracing thousands of armed men—raged in Ohio; another, equally formidable, was incubating in Indiana. Our soil was invaded. Lee's entire army was on this side of the Potomac, marching north, sweeping everything before it, paralyzing the people, reducing Southern and Central Pennsylvania to the condition of a subject province, threatening to devastate our cities, seize the great coal mines whence the North derives its fuel, and imperiling the National Capital. One year ago the enemy's advance

appeared in sight of Harrisburg, and actually began to plant its batteries on the opposite side of the river. The country was panic stricken. The most hopeful began to lose heart, while the more despondent gave up all for lost. Public confidence was impaired—public credit was virtually destroyed—gloom and terror covered the land as with a garment.

If the prospect was dark in the East, it was little less flattering at the West. Banks had been terribly repulsed in his effort to storm the enemy's works at Port Hudson. Operations against Vicksburg had apparently come to a stand still. Grant, having attempted to assault the heights in the rear of the city and been driven back with a loss of several thousand troops, commenced what seemed to be an almost hopeless siege. At the same time Johnston was massing a large army in his rear and threatened to destroy or at least drive him from his position. Has the reader forgotten how "blue" people were about Vicksburg this time last year? with what misgivings they looked to the telegrams? how slim the prospect of reducing the beleaguered city seemed? how great the danger of the siege? how busy the croakers were in conjuring up visions of disaster and defeat? how jubilant the despatches of Pemberton were? how the Vicksburg papers ridiculed the idea of the place being taken? how

the Richmond prints published frothy bulletins of "Yankee" repulses before Vicksburg, and how uncomfortable such bulletins made us feel until we heard from our own side?

June closed in gloom but July opened in splendor. The victory of Gettysburg was achieved on the 3d. Vicksburg capitulated on the 4th, Port Hudson succumbed on the 7th, while almost every remaining day of the month was signalized by a minor success over the hosts of the Rebellion.

Our present June closes doubtfully though not disastrously. The indications are all hopeful, though we are without decisive results. May it not be that now, as then, we are organizing victory for the month to come? As we defeated Lee in July, '63, may we not destroy him in July, '64? And as we stunned the Rebellion then, may we not crush out its life now? Let us at least hope so.—[Albany Journal.]

### Hibernian Humor.

I remember an anecdote which Gov. Clinton and Gen. Morton used to tell with great gout. On some occasion they took a boat at Whitehall, to cross over to one of the islands in the Bay. It so happened that the boatman was from the Emerald Isle.

"Bear away, my lad," said Gen. Morton; "we are in a hurry."

"Yes, General!" replied Pat, pulling away lustily at the oar.

### Gen. Lane's Proclamation.

General Lane has issued his proclamation to the people of Western Missouri, now occupied by the Kansas Brigade. It is characteristic of the man and his mode of treating rebels in arms. He informs the Missouri people that his brigade are not thieves, or plunderers, or jayhawkers, but soldiers—soldiers regularly mustered into service and sworn to obey the rules and articles of war—that his brigade is fighting for peace—to put down a rebellion.

After talking to his rebellious inclined Missourians "like a father," Gen. Lane thus warns them of the wrath to come if they do not give heed to his peaceful counsels:

Should you, however, disregard my advice, the stern visitations of war will be meted out to the rebels and their allies. I shall then be convinced that your arming for protection is a sham, and rest assured that the traitor, when caught, shall receive a traitor's doom. The cup of mercy is exhausted. Treason, hereafter will be treated as treason. The massacre of innocent women and children by black hearted traitors, lately burning a bridge on the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, has satisfied us that a traitor will perpetrate crimes which devils would shudder to commit. They shall be blotted from existence and sent to that hell which yawns for their reception.

The two roads are open to you. People of Western Missouri, choose ye between them. The one will lead you to peace and plenty; the other to destruction.

J. H. LANE,  
Brig. Gen. Com'g Kansas Brigade.

CAMP DOUGLAS.—The mortality list for Tuesday is as follows:

G. C. Flint, Company C, Twenty-seventh Alabama;  
James Bradbury, Company G, Fifteenth Tennessee;  
W. A. Hogue, Company D, Forty-second Tennessee;  
W. H. Ritter, Company C, Third Mississippi.

Reported to-day.....  
Reported previously.....

Total to date.....  
Also, Wilson Nurse, of Company B, Sixty-fifth Illinois.

The wind blew terrifically in camp yesterday, amounting almost to a hurricane. It broke the halyards of the flag-staff, lowered the stars and stripes, demolished a long shed, and indulged in various pranks of a similar character. Those of the prisoners who ventured out of their quarters enveloped themselves in huge Indian blankets, as though it were a cold winter day.

Some of the prisoners, of an ingenious turn of mind, are employing their leisure hours in carving chains out of wood. Post Adjutant John R. Floyd was presented yesterday with a curiously wrought specimen of Dixie ingenuity made from a single block of wood. Their confinement is favorable to the development of their genius in this direction, and doubtless many will go away more expert with the jack-knife than when they left Dixie. Yankees will have to look out for their laurels if rebel prisoners are long confined at the North.

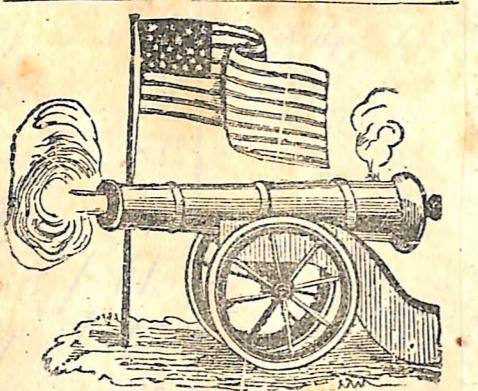
The four members of the Wisconsin Cavalry wounded at the late railroad accident are in the hospital at Camp Douglas, and are improving rapidly.

"I feel sad," said an old lady, "that I've got about through with this world. I shan't enjoy much more trouble."

A new sewing machine, to collect rents, mend manners, and repair family breaches is much needed.

The eldest son of President Tyler was "Bobby," the eldest son of President Lincoln is "Bob," and the eldest son of President Johnson is "Bob."

# Advertiser and Union EXTRA!



Thursday, June 8, 1865.

## ARRIVAL OF THE 11TH

AUBURN, June 8th, 1865.

By a telegram from Gen. McDougall, we learn that the 11th Regiment, are to arrive here at 11½ o'clock this morning, on their way to Syracuse to be mustered out of the service. They will remain here about 2 hours.

Bells will ring on the arrival of the train. Let the people turn out en masse to greet these war-worn veterans!

Fill the Depot and all adjacent streets!

The Regiment will march through some of the principal streets. The Police are requested to keep the way clear of Teams.

Let all patriotic citizens be at the Depot as early as 11 1-2 o'clock.

### An Incident of the Battle of the Forts.

Capt. Boggs, of the Varuna, tells a story of a brave boy who was on board his vessel during the bombardment of the forts on the Mississippi river.

The lad, who answers to the name of Oscar, is but thirteen years of age, but he has an old head on his shoulders. During the hottest of the fire he was busily engaged in passing ammunition to the gunners, and narrowly escaped death when one of the terrific broadsides of the Varuna's rebel antagonist was poured in.

Covered with dirt and begrimed with powder, he was met by Capt. Boggs, who asked him "where he was going in such a hurry?" "To get a passing box, sir, the other was smashed by a ball."

And so, throughout the fight, the brave lad held his place and did his duty.

When the Varuna went down, Capt. Boggs missed his boy and thought he was among the victims of the battle. But a few moments afterwards he saw the lad gallantly swimming towards the wreck. Clambering on board of Captain Bogg's boat, he threw his hand up to his forehead giving the usual salute and uttering only the words,

"All right, sir, I report myself on board and passed coolly to his station. So young a lad so brave and cool in danger, will make himself known as years go over his head."

Wednesday Evening, June 17, 1863.

### The President's Letter in Response to the Democratic Committee.

We publish to-day the President's Letter to the Committee appointed at the Democratic Meeting recently held in Albany on the subject of the arrest of Mr. VALLANDIGHAM. The letter is an able, dignified and high-toned paper. It goes over the whole ground of "arbitrary arrests" and shows conclusively that the circumstances that existed when Mr. VALLANDIGHAM was taken into custody abundantly justified the act. The President refers to the course of Gen. JACKSON at New Orleans during the war of 1812, when he not only arrested an individual for publishing a denunciatory newspaper article, but took into military custody the lawyer who appeared in his defense and the judge who granted a writ of habeas corpus in the case. These acts of Gen. JACKSON are justified by the Democracy but they cannot see what right any other General has to pursue a similar course.

The letter of the President will be universally read, and the positions he assumes will be very generally sustained. The conciliatory tone of the document will effectually disarm a large number of mischievous persons who had hoped, that in his answer, an opportunity would be furnished for fresh assaults upon the administration. It will be admitted by every candid reader that the President is only anxious to serve his country and safely conduct it through the perils by which it is surrounded. His only anxiety is to discharge his duty, and this he is determined to do without the slightest reference to political policy. Patriotism and strict devotion to the country, are principles which govern his action.

### Garibaldi's Gift to the Philadelphia Fair.

According to the Philadelphia Bulletin, the Sanitary Fair possesses a real treasure in a souvenir sent by the Italian hero. The Bulletin says:

Garibaldi's dagger has become proverbial in Italy; its figures in his portraits with the far-famed red shirt; it was borne by him in most of his battles, and it has been sung by more than one poet. It may gratify our readers to know that this weapon, which, though plain enough in itself, has attained historical celebrity, is now in this city, having been, with the celebrated letter addressed to the Ladies of America, presented to the Sanitary Fair by Garibaldi himself, through the medium of Mr. Marsh, the American minister at Turin, and Mrs. John Sherwood, of New York. These objects, including the photograph and autograph of Garibaldi, are now in the hands of Mr. Charles Godfrey Leland, chairman of the Newspaper Committee, at whose table they will be exhibited during the Fair.

It will be left to the visitors of the fair to decide as to whom these memorials shall be presented—each visitor to pay one dollar for the privilege of recording his vote. As the daggers bears the initials "G. G." (Giusoppe Garibaldi) carved by the great Italian himself on the handle, and also marked on the sheath, it has been happily suggested that Gen. Grant should receive this truly appropriate and world-renowned weapon.

Massachusetts

169 522 175 487 bearing circum-

For the Advertiser and Journal.  
THE GALLANT HEROES SLEEP.

"Requiescat in pace."  
BY A. E. HATHAWAY.

I.  
In sweet repose the gallant heroes sleep,  
On many a battle-field their valor won,  
And while above them we in sadness weep,  
Their race of glory—all too quickly run.  
"Tis sweet to think that o'er the humblest one  
Bright angels will their tireless vigils keep  
And e'en rewarding Time shall not be dumb,  
But write their deeds upon the scrolls of Fame,  
Where each shall live enshrined an ever deathless  
name.

II.  
Let us remember that for us they bled,  
For us they suffered, and for us they died;  
And while we stand above each gory bed,  
Shall their brave actions be by us belied?  
Shall we from Reason's pathway turn aside—  
Leave with the Traitors an inglorious peace,  
While glorious victory smiles on Freedom's side?  
O, Patriots! let our efforts never cease  
ill from Rebellion's curse we have a just release.

III.

O, many a heart shall sigh in bitter tears,  
The husband, father, friend and lover slain!  
And many a patriot sage, in future years  
Shall wander o'er the blood besprinkled plain,  
And oft recount their glorious deeds again.  
Hall that for which they fought for perish? No!  
They must not, Freedom; shall not die in vain!  
The cause for which their best heart's blood did flow,  
Shall flourish years to come and know no overthrow.

IV.  
Columbia! aye, while such heroic names  
Shall live upon thy bright historic page,  
And Time shall keep them in her lasting Fames.  
In vain shall Traitors rise and Tyrants rage,  
And all their hellish arts against thee wage;  
For honored Peace shall wave her gentle wand,  
And Right shall triumph in the coming age;  
Justice and Truth shall with them nobly stand,  
The pride, the joy of all and glory of the land.  
Summer Hill, N. Y.

### THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND MORE.

We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more,

From Mississippi's winding stream and from  
New-England's shore.

We leave our ploughs and workshops, our wives  
and children dear,  
With hearts too full for utterance, with but a  
silent tear;

We dare not look behind us, but steadfastly before—

We are coming, Father Abraham—three hundred thousand more.

You look across the hill-tops that meet the  
Northern sky,

And moving lines of rising dust your vision  
may desroy;

And now the wind, an instant, tears the cloudy  
veil aside,

And floats aloft our spangled flag in glory and in  
pride;

And bayonets in the sunlight gleam, and bands  
brave music pour—

We are coming, Father Abraham—three hundred thousand more!

If you look up all our valleys, where the growing  
harvests shine,

You may see our sturdy farmer boys fast form-  
ing into line;

And children from their mothers' knees are pull-  
ing at the weeds,

And learning how to reap and sow, against their  
country's needs;

A farewell group stands weeping at every  
cottage door—

We are coming, Father Abraham—three hundred thousand more!

We have called us, and we're coming, by Rich-  
mond's bloody tide

Delay us down for freedom's sake, our brothers'

bones beside;

From foul treason's savage grasp to wrench  
the murderous blade,

In the face of foreign foes its fragments to

the parade;

One hundred thousand loyal men and true have  
gone before—

We are coming, Father Abraham—three hundred thousand more!

FORT HILL CEMETERY.—Agreeable to public notice, the lot owners on Fort Hill Cemetery met at the office of Christopher Morgan, Esq., and elected for the ensuing three years Messrs. E. B. Cobb, C. N. Tuttle, W. H. Carpenter, J. P. Hulbert. The present organization of the board is as follows: Z. M. Mason, Alex. McCrea, J. B. Richardson, E. T. T. Martin, elected in 1857; C. Morgan, E. H. Groot, M. S. Myers, and W. C. Beardsley, elected in 1858; E. B. Cobb, C. N. Tuttle, W. H. Carpenter, and J. P. Hulbert, elected in 1859. Committees for the year are: On Improvements, Messrs. Richardson, Groot, and Carpenter; on Sale of Lots, Messrs. Cobb, McCrea and Beardsley.

Z. M. MASON, President.  
E. B. COBB, Treasurer.  
J. B. RICHARDSON, Secretary.

Auburn, May 9th, 1859.

HOW HEROES DIE.—A correspondent of the Evening Post, who has a wounded son in the army, writes:

"On the field the men are as exultant and joyful, as if they were attending a Fourth of July celebration. The dying seem joyful to die. One with whom my son conversed, belonging to one of the Vermont regiments, when told he could not live, asked 'how things were going in the fight,' when told we were driving the rebels, he answered 'all right then,' and began to sing 'We are marching along,' and died singing, 'I'm coming home to die Mother.' Everywhere there was a confident feeling that success was sure under the present leadership of the army.

THE DRESS REFORM.—The London Times evidently dislikes the idea that American ladies should dress exclusively in American fabrics, to the injury of European manufacturers, and gives vent to its feelings as follows:

What can be said of a people where the wives of ex-presidents, Vice Presidents Senators and Representatives can seriously hold a large meeting in the capital city, in the very crisis of the war, and act out this piece of half-mad, half-smart bombast? What can we expect of the men whose wives, daughters and mothers can find no other public exercise of feminine qualities than this pizarr and tricksy patriotism? If it were possible to forget the terrible sacrifice of human life that is involved in the struggle, and the great issues of history which hang upon its result, one would be disposed to treat the whole scene as one grand pantomime, where the only object is to outface absurdity with absurdity, and we should await with the easy excitement of spectators the anticipated and intended crash.

AN OLD BACHELOR FRIEND OF OURS WILL INSIST THAT DAN RICE, THE CLOWN, HAS BEEN NOMINATED THIS IS A CONTEMPTIBLE WORLD. HE SAYS THAT WHETHER FOR STATE SENATOR BY THE DEMOCRATS OF HIS DISTRICT IN PENNSYLVANIA.

He says that when he was nobody, and was never asked to parties by the "codfish aristocracy." But he was sheep's grey and worked out for ten dollars a month, he was nobody, and was never asked to parties by the "codfish aristocracy." Saturday, says: "Everything looks elegant has fallen to him, and now invitations pour in up Do you want to bet that Jeff. will not be an old friend says he cannot associate with such trash. Brig. Gens. Averill and Torbett, command for their aristocracy is all on a "money basis." He knew old "codfish" when he peddled suckers have been appointed brevet Major General by the string in an old one-horse wagon. He for gallantry and meritorious service in the field.

LIFE'S GOOD MORNING.—The following lines were written by Mrs. Barbauld, in her old age. It is, to one, of the most beautiful stanzas in the English language. The poet, Rogers, it is said, was very fond of repeating it to his friends during his latter years, and did it with much feeling and fine effect:

"Life! we've been long together,  
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather!"

"Tis hard to part when friends are dear—  
Perhaps 'twill cost a silent tear,

Then steal away, give little warning.

Choose thine own time;

Say not good night; but in some happier clime  
Bid me good morning!"

### Captain Robert Lincoln.

Robert Lincoln, the President's oldest son, has just graduated and taken a Captain's Commission in the army. He is now serving on Gen. Grant's Staff. He is said to be a very promising young man.

The Rochester Union seems to think that Gen. Grant should not have taken the young man upon his staff. Of that we presume Gen. Grant himself to be the better judge.—Gen. Grant has need of Staff officers; and he has need of Staff officers upon whom he can rely. Common rumor says he works his Staff officers very severely, and makes them earn their wages. He has no idlers about his person at any time, and hence no place on his staff is a sinecure. If young Lincoln has got work in him, Gen. Grant will be likely to bring it out. And if he earns his salary we do not perceive that anybody has the right to complain.

ENLISTING IN IRELAND.—The question of enlistments for the American army and navy in Ireland, which has been exercising the British Parliament and statesmen lately, has been met by a declaration of Mr. Seward to the Senate Tuesday that no authority was ever issued by the President or any department of the government, to any party either in Ireland, Canada or any foreign country, to obtain recruits; but that, on the contrary, all applications for such authority were absolutely refused.

THE STEREOPICON CALLED A FULL HOUSE AT CORNING HALL LAST NIGHT.

GO TO-NIGHT TO SEE THE STEREOPICON.—COMPLETE CHANGE OF PROGRAMME, AND 100 VALUABLE GIFTS.

MCCLELLAN AND LINCOLN WILL BE SEEN AT CORNING HALL TO-NIGHT.

CULTIVATE THE BEAUTY OF THE HEART, AND PRESERVE A CLEAR CONSCIENCE AS WELL AS A CLEAR COMPLEXION.

Speak low, ladies, and yet always endeavor to be high-toned women.

THE FUNERAL OF THE TWO DECEASED CHILDREN OF NEWTON CHAPPEL WILL BE HELD AT THE BAPTIST CHURCH AT 10 A. M. TO-MORROW 15TH INST.

DAN RICE, THE CLOWN, HAS BEEN NOMINATED FOR STATE SENATOR BY THE DEMOCRATS OF HIS DISTRICT IN PENNSYLVANIA. He says that when he was nobody, and was never asked to parties by the "codfish aristocracy." Saturday, says: "Everything looks elegant has fallen to him, and now invitations pour in up Do you want to bet that Jeff. will not be an old friend says he cannot associate with such trash. Brig. Gens. Averill and Torbett, command for their aristocracy is all on a "money basis." He knew old "codfish" when he peddled suckers have been appointed brevet Major General by the string in an old one-horse wagon. He for gallantry and meritorious service in the field.

LIFE'S GOOD MORNING.—The following

## SCIENCE.

The Australian papers state that gold has been discovered in New Caledonia, one of the islands in the South Pacific.

Collodion has, by a new process of treatment, found out by a photographer, been turned from its photographic use into first-rate leather, by certain chemical treatment. It becomes as strong and durable as ordinary leather, and impervious to air and water.

A new species of silkworm, living on the oak, has just been introduced into France. It is the *Bombyx Roylei*, and is a native of the table-lands of the Himalaya, on the frontiers of Cashmere.

Dr. SHIRMPSON, of Paris, has published several remarkable cures of typhus fever, chiefly attributable to the free admission of air to the patient's bedroom.

In a case of disease in Germany lately twelve ounces of blood from the veins of a lamb were injected into the veins of the patient with benefit.

The product of all the coal mines of the United States in 1850 was valued at \$7,173,750; in 1860 it was over \$19,000,000.

It will be remembered that some daguerreotypes or sun-pictures were found some months since under such circumstances as to induce the belief that they were the work of WATT, the celebrated inventor or improver of the steam-engine, and were executed about the year 1780. It has now been ascertained that the pictures are by no means of the age ascribed to them, and that the history of photographic discovery is not in the slightest degree disturbed by the so-called "mechanical pictures" found in the house of WATT at Soho, Birmingham.

A process is now being adopted in France, by which malleable iron may be obtained direct from the smelting-furnace; it consists in driving oxide of iron into the furnace by means of the ventilator, whereby all the carbon is at once absorbed.

In order to apply this method, the hearth of the smelting-furnace must be built somewhat higher than usual, and the air driven in by the ventilator is previously made to pass through three chambers, in which it becomes charged with oxide of iron at a high temperature, the atmospheric pressure being at the same time kept very high.

Scientific lecturers in England are now taking photographs by artificial light. The light used is produced by the combustion of magnesium.

At the last sitting of the Paris Academy of Sciences, a paper by M. Loir was sent in by the Minister of the Interior, in which the author endeavored to show that a quantity of electricity was produced in large factories, and might be turned to account by means of the straps which generated it by their friction, in communicating motion to the machinery.

Many advantages are claimed for gun-cotton, as now manufactured by BARON LENK, of Austria, over gunpowder. It is asserted that when employed for artillery the same initial velocity of a projectile can be obtained by a charge of gun-cotton one fourth the weight of gunpowder, without smoke, without fouling and heating the gun, and with much less recoil. For civil engineering, in driving tunnels through hard rock, a charge of gun-cotton exerts double the explosive force of gunpowder, and may be so used as to reduce the rock to smaller pieces. In coal-mines it is found to bring down much larger quantities of coal with a given charge, and the absence of smoke prevents the delay of the work. For military and naval engineering it is said to possess the advantage of lightness of weight, and to have a much wider range of destructive power than gunpowder. Time, damp, and exposure, do not alter its qualities; and it can be transported through fire by being simply wetted; and, when dried in the open air, it recovers all its properties. LENK's gun-cotton is much safer in its manufacture than gunpowder from its being made in the form of rope or yarn; and is also quite free from the danger of spontaneous combustion.

A tree was recently cut down in California, the circumference of which was ninety feet, and its length three hundred and twenty-five feet. The tree contained 250,000 feet of timber. The wood was sound and very solid.

DR. EDWARD FOURNIER, an eminent scientific man of France, has been lecturing at Paris on the physiology of the human voice. In illustration of his remarks he exhibited an artificial larynx, so constructed that he could produce all the notes of which the human throat is capable, with great accuracy and facility.

In an aviary at Christchurch, Hants, England, are three male hybrids between the pheasant and bantam. Their plumage is very beautiful, partaking of both parents. The birds are quite tame.

Detective Mike Kinsella has received the following warrant from Gov. Seymour:

"The People of the State of New York, by the grace of God, free and independent: To all to whom these presents shall come, greeting: Know ye that we have nominated, constituted and appointed, and by these presents do nominate, constitute and appoint Mike Kinsella, of Auburn, in the County of Cayuga, and State of New York, as a Railway Policeman and Detective, under Chapter 346, Laws of 1862, hereby giving and granting unto Mike Kinsella, all and singular, the powers and authorities to the said office by law belonging or appertaining to have and to hold the said office together with the fees, profits and advantages to the same belonging, for and during the time limited by the Constitution and laws of our said State. In testimony whereof we have caused these our letters to be made patent, and the great seal of our said State to be hereunto affixed. Witness, HORATIO SEYMOUR, Governor of our Said State, at our city of Albany, the twenty-fourth day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four."

HORATIO SEYMOUR.

Attested by EASTUS CLARK, Deputy Secretary of State.

EDITORS ATLAS & ARGUS:—I clip the following from Seward's home organ, and it needs a little explanation:

ANOTHER RECORD.—Among the patriotic and loyal supporters of the Government who come up to the requirements of the times, in backing the Administration with men and money, we record, with pleasure, the name of Josiah Douglass, of this city, who has furnished three Representative Recruits to the army, to represent himself, wife and daughter in the field of conflict. Mr. Douglass, in addition to these recruits, has contributed \$200 in cash.—[Auburn Advertiser.]

I am a private citizen of Auburn, and am not now nor never was, an office holder—for which I am very thankful. I consider myself loyal to the Government, but as to "backing the Administration," I consider a hard matter for one who is loyal to his country. I cannot support any class of men whom I consider disunionists, and who are using their utmost endeavors to subvert the Constitution and overthrow the Union. I charge the Republican party with being guilty of this. I stand by my country, and love its institutions. I am an old Henry Clay Whig, and supported that talented, able and honest statesman for the office which is now disgraced by a "smutty joker." When the old Whig party ceased to exist, I joined the party which came nearest representing my principles—the Democratic party, which I now consider the only true Union party in existence. I intend to support the nominees of that party in this canvass—I stand by Gen. Geo. B. McClellan and Horatio Seymour, and the Union as it was, and the Constitution as it is.

JOSIAH DOUGLASS.

We hope Mr. Douglass is now satisfied that his position is correctly understood. We were informed that he had some feeling because we did not chronicle his loyalty and liberality, as we had done that of others who had sent representatives to the field. In order, therefore, to do him justice, we inserted the paragraph to which he has taken exceptions. It seems that our statement did not please him. He doubtless thinks that the public announcement of his loyalty and willingness to back up the Administration was calculated to injure him with the Democratic Party, and therefore takes it all back, in his letter to the Argus. We certainly regret it if we have inflicted any injury.

Mr. Douglass, as a Democrat, by publishing as a loyal citizen,

## The Colossus of the Two Platforms.

There was an immense Union meeting in Pittsburg last Thursday, which was addressed by some of the most distinguished men of Pittsburg, among them Simon Cameron, the Hon. John Covode, the Hon. Wm. F. Johnston, the Hon. J. K. Morehead, and J. A. J. Buchanan. The following letter from Daniel S. Dickinson made the vast audience rock and roll with mirth:

BINGHAMTON, Sept. 24, 1864.

JOHN W. RIDDELL esq. Chairman of Committee &c.—My Dear Sir: Our Circuit Court sits here on the 26th, and will doubtless continue a week; and, being engaged in legal practice, I cannot leave. But for this, your very kind invitation for the 29th, and my desire to ventilate the Chicago capitulation before the people of Pittsburg would be quite likely to secure my attendance.

Believing General McClellan entitled to fair treatment, I am quite inclined to censure those who are proposing to distort his comely proportions by placing one foot in the sliding, slippery surrender structure of Chicago, and the other on a vigorous prosecution of a patriotic war on "conservative principles!" It requires too much tension of muscle, and is entirely unjustified at the present price of ready-made clothing. The Colossus of Rhodes, though made of brass nearly equal to that of Chicago, fell in attempting to stand astride a much narrower gulf than separates these points, and as the General is well read in history as well as classic fable, he will have no apology for attempting an exploit of such unusual daring. Hoping for the success of the Union cause, and believing that our good land is to be rescued from the grasp of the despoiler, I am

Sincerely yours, D. S. DICKINSON.

## Miscellaneous Items.

Over two thousand recruits left New York for the front during last Friday and Saturday.

Gen. Sherman's prisoners of war on their way to the North have been sent back to Atlanta to be exchanged.

The War Department have in their possession nearly two hundred rebel flags, for which it is indebted to our soldiers.

Gen. Foster has ordered a draft of all able-bodied colored citizens in the department of South Carolina and Florida.

Gen. Sherman has issued a special order directing that all corps, regiments and batteries composing his army inscribe Atlanta on their colors.

The Central railroad last month earned over \$1,200,000.

The report of the arrest of Quantrell, the guerrilla, was false.

Gen. Hooker goes to Washington this week, and expects an important command.

Government is short of small bills, and offers the banks compound six per cents or seven-thirty currency notes in exchange for young greenbacks.

The receipts of internal revenue for the first half of the current month are about eight and a half million dollars, being nearly a million more than for the same period of last month.

The price of coal at the Lehigh and Scranton mines is \$2.25 per ton; at Mauch Chunk, eight miles distance, it is sold for \$8.25.—is good.

The Chicago Tribune of last week predicts a great stringency in the money market West, and a downfall of the prices of pork, grain and other produce.

**A Singular Bet about Napoleon III.**

"Carl Benson" writes to Wilke's Spirit;

Some months ago the papers contained this conundrum: "Why could not Louis Napoleon get his life insured? Because no one can make out his policy."— Nevertheless, Napoleon's life was insured at that time, and in a New York office. It happened in this wise: During the spring of 1852 two American gentlemen in Paris were discussing the probable duration of the new regime. Not being able to agree, they finally had recourse to the usual Anglo-Saxon argument of a wager. One of them offered to bet \$1,000 that the Prince (for such he then was) would not be living in nine years from Dec. 2, 1852, the anniversary of the *coup d'état*.

The other accepted the bet, but, on reflection, thinking it a rash one (as it certainly was at the time), cast about for some means of recovering himself. None better suggested itself than insuring Louis Napoleon's life for the sum at stake, and this he actually succeeded in doing here, at 2 1/2 per cent, the only condition being that he should not divulge the name of the company. Time passed on, one of the party went through a serious and all but fatal illness, the other had at least half a dozen hair breadth escapes, both from sickness and "moving incidents," a third person who had taken half the bet off the loser's hands died outright, and the subject of the wager remains apparently in better ease than ever. The first December news from Europe of course decided the event, and the winner will have just a quarter of his stake to pay for the insurance. The loser is

CARL BENSON.

**"Little" Mac Accepts the Nomination.**

The following is the letter of "Little" Mac accepting the nomination for the Presidency, conferred upon him by the Chicago Convention.

It will be seen that he takes his position on the platform adopted by that body, believing, as he says, "that the views expressed in his letter, are those of the Convention." The letter and the platform are quite consistent with each other. They both look one way and row another:

ORANGE, N. J., Sept. 8.

GENTLEMEN.—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the letter informing me of my nomination by the National Democratic Convention recently assembled at Chicago, as their candidate for the next President of the U. S.

It is unnecessary for me to inform you that the nomination comes to me unsought. I am happy to know that when the nomination was made, the record of my public life was kept in view.

The effect of long and varied service in the army during war and peace has been to strengthen and make indelible in my mind and heart, the love and reverence for the Union, constitution, laws and flag of our country, impressed upon me in early youth. These feelings have thus far guided the course of my life and must continue to do so to the end.

The existence of more than one Government over the region which once owned our flag is incompatible with the peace, the power and the happiness of the people. The preservation of our Union was the sole avowed object for which the war was commenced.

Thus conducted, the work of reconciliation would have been easy and we might have reaped the benefits of our many victories on land and sea. The Union was originally formed by the exercise of a spirit of conciliation and compromise. To restore and preserve

it the same spirit must prevail in our councils and in the hearts of the people. The re-establishment of the Union in all its integrity is and must continue to be the indispensable condition in any settlement. So soon as it is clear or even probable that our present adversaries are ready for peace upon the basis of the Union, we should exhaust all the resources of statesmanship practiced by civilized nations and taught by the traditions of the American people, consistent with the honor and interests of the country, to secure such peace, re-establish the Union, and guarantee for the future the constitutional rights of every State. The Union is the one condition of peace. We ask no more. Let me add, what I doubt not was although unexpressed, the sentiment of the Convention as it is of the people they represent, that when any one State is willing to return to the Union, it should be received at once with a full guarantee of all its constitutional rights. If a frank, earnest and persistent effort to obtain those objects should fail, the responsibility for ulterior consequences will fall upon those who remain in arms against the Union.

**Reception of General Fremont.**

A committee of citizens met General Fremont a few miles from town last evening, and accompanied him to the depot on Canal street, where he was met by several thousand of his friends and admirers bearing torches, etc. He was placed in an open barouche, drawn by four white horses, splendidly caparisoned, and headed by the Great Western Band, was escorted down Madison street to Clark, along Clark to Lake, and on Lake to the Tremont, around which a vast throng already swayed to and fro. This assemblage, being augmented by the arrival of the thousands who awaited General Fremont's arrival at the depot, and who crowded around his carriage during its passage to the Tremont, now began to utter cries for "Fremont!" "Fremont!" "A Speech!" "A Speech!" The Great Western Band performed the Star Spangled Banner in an artistic and effective manner, after which the hero of the occasion was led to the balcony by Hon. John Wentworth and Hon. Caspar Butz, and was by the latter introduced to the assembled multitude, when he made the following remarks:

My friends in the city of Chicago:

I thank you heartily for the very unexpected pleasure of this meeting with you to-night. And now I am going to presume upon your kindly disposition by asking your indulgence for not speaking to-night. I am not very well, and am not in very good condition for speaking; but I am cheered by the presence of this vast throng, and grateful for so significant an expression of your good feeling. I am deeply sensible

For this honor I thank you; and not for this alone. My thanks are due to you for your cordial and enthusiastic support while I was in command of the Army of the West. [Applause.] The State of Illinois, and her sister States of the mighty Northwest, Chicago, raised, equipped, and placed in the field an army of nearly one hundred thousand men—an army sufficient to have carried your flag in triumph to the mouth of the Mississippi river, and kept the river open to your commerce. I am happy on this occasion to give my testimony to your patriotic services, and offer to you the thanks due from myself.

So, gentlemen, I ask your permission to say to you, good night.

The Michigan Central Railroad Company, with their usual courtesy, tendered the use of the Prince's car to Gen. Fremont and the members of his staff. They left this morning for New York, accompanied by His Excellency Gov. Yates and party, who are en route for Washington.

**Perils of a Revivalist.**

An anecdote is told of Fenny the "revivalist," and a canaler, to the following effect:

He was "holding forth" in Rochester, and in walking along the canal one day, came across a boatman who was swearing furiously. Marching up, he confronted him and abruptly asked:

"Sir, do you know where you are going?"

The unsuspecting man innocently replied Johny Sands.

"No, sir, you are not," continued Fenny; "you are going to hell faster than a canal boat will convey you."

The boatman looked at him in astonishment for a minute, and then returned the question:

"Sir, do you know where you are going?"

"I expect to go to heaven."

"No, sir, you are going into the canal!"

And suiting the action to the word he took Fenny in his arms and tossed him into the murky waters, where he would have drowned had not the boatman relented and fished him out.

Mrs. Lincoln has notified the Monument Association, at Springfield, that unless the monument be erected over her husband's remains, and a deed be given her of the lot whereon it shall stand, she will accept an offer for the removal of the remains to Washington. Governor Oglesby and ex-Secretary of State, Hatch, have been deputized to consult with Mrs. L. on the subject.

**Artemus Ward** has visited Richmond and gives the result of his experience in a letter from which we make the following extracts: "There is raly a great deal of Union sentiment in this city. I see it on every hand. I met a man to-day—I am not at liberty to tell his name, but he is an old and influential citizen of Richmond,—and sez he, "Why! we've bin fightin' again the old Flag! Lor' bless me, how singlar!" he then borrowed five dollars of me and busted into a flood of tears.

Sed another (a man of standing and formerly a bitter rebuell) "Let us at once stop this effoshun of blood! The old flag is good enuff for me. "Sir," he added, "you air from the North! Have you a dough-nut or a piece of custard-pie about you?" I told him no, but I knew a man from Vermont who had just organized a sort of restaurant, where he could go and make a very comfortable breakfast on New England rum and cheese. He borrowed fifty cents of me, and askin' me to send him William Lloyd Garrison's ambrotype as I got home, he walked off.

Sed another. "There's bin a tremendous Union feelin' here from the fust. But we was kep down by a rain of terror. Have you a daguerreotype of Wendell Phillips about your person?"

And if you will lend me four dollars for a few days till we air once more a happy and united people."

Jeff Davis is not poplar here. She is regarded as a Southern sympathizer. & yet I am told that he was kind to his Parents.—she ran away from 'em many years ago, and has never bin back. This was showin' em a good deal of consideration when we reflect what his conduct has been. Her captur in female apparel confuses me in regard to his sex, and you see I speak of him as a her as frekent as otherwise, & I guess he feels so himself.

As I am through, I'll say adoo, gentle reader, merely remarkin that the Star Spangled Banner is wavin' round loose again, and that there don't seem to be anything, the matter with the Goddess of Liberty beyond a slight boid.

ARTEMUS WARD.

**The Sunday for the Laborer.**

Henry Ward Beecher in one of his sermons said:

If there is any class in the community that is a right to Sunday, it is the poor laboring man. And if we that are Christians are well off, we are not to pull up the harness till the jickle snaps; we are apt not to turn the screw, and having screwed up all the week, to screw up on Sunday too. And that is the reason why, when a protest was circulated against the cars running on Sunday, I would sign it. I have been glad ever since that did not. "Well, why did you not sign it?" it asked. In the first place, because I believe it is better for people to go to church where they want to than not to go to church at all. There are thousands of people living in the outskirts of the city who would not go to church if the cars did not run, because they would be unable to go where they want to and see no more sin in their riding in the cars than in your riding in your coach.

Ed I said, "The cars is the poor man's coach; if he wants to go to church, I have no objection to his having the necessary convenience." Then, in the next place, there are thousands of people of the very class that I have been speaking of, who certainly will not go to church if they are confined to the city, and who, if they have a chance, at a low price, will go out into the country and see their friends, or ramble in the open fields, and spend a comparatively innocent day. If they are denied that chance, they not only not go to church, but they will go into houses, and there smoke and drink, and allow in low social pleasure, while their wives and children are at home and uncared for.

If you ask me, "Would it not be better if they should go to church?" If the ice was between their going to church and

For the Daily Advertiser.

**In Memoriam.**

Toll the funeral bells to-day;  
Aye, sound their mournful music forth,  
While unto my friend I pay  
The tribute due departed worth.

A few days since, in strength, and health,  
And hope, he stood beside me here;  
The Future with its promised wealth  
Of joy, beam'd on him bright and clear.

His youthful years all unclouded,  
By the knowledge of worldly strife,  
He kn-w not of the sorrows shrouded,  
In the hereafter years of life.

Knowing not life is but a dream,  
Feeling all its brightest pleasures,  
And that forever it would seem,  
God takes first his choicest treasures.

Oh, my dear friend, my heart is sad,  
And the world seems dark without thee;  
And my strong passions, evil, bad,  
Seem to gain the mastery o'er me.

I wept that ever I was born,  
Born into this world of sorrow,  
Where hopes beam bright in early morn,  
But to vanish e'er the morrow.

For Death stands even at our birth,  
Our life is given out in trust;  
To-day we revel in its mirth,  
To-morrow mingle dust with dust.

And yet we never seem to heed,  
That Death stands ever at our door;  
And that the paths to-day we tread,  
To-morrow we may walk no more.

Oh! my dear friend, I mourn Thee lost,  
As here I stand upon life's shore,  
And watch its ocean tempest toss'd,  
And hear its hollow surges roar.

And ask, is all so dark and drear,  
Are there no joys with sorrow twining?  
Has all our life no word of cheer;  
Have all its clouds no silver lining?

And are the lives of men in vain,  
That they are born to pass away,  
That chords of life are snap'd in twain,  
And hearts are broken every day?

Oh, not in vain the Earth was made,  
And not in vain our lives are given,  
The flowers of Earth, they only fade  
Till they may brighter bloom in Heaven.

Drape the house in signs of mourning,  
Tie the crape upon the door,  
For the footsteps e'er so welcome,  
Shall approach it never more.

They echoless tread the Courts of God,  
He has entered the Golden portal—  
I bow beneath the chastening rod,  
That made my mortal friend immortal.

H. N. L.

An eccentric old man recently died in Vienna who for many years had put on a new pair of stockings every day, several old women being constantly engaged in knitting them for him. His wife before her marriage had been a poor knitting girl, and his practice was in honor of her marriage. He left nearly 5000 pairs of stockings behind him.

GENERAL HOOD.—General A. B. Hood, appointed by the Richmond government to the command heretofore held by Joe Johnston, is a Kentuckian by birth, and graduated from West Point in 1852. He was by no means regarded as a particularly bright student at that academy and was a long way from the head of the class. At Gettysburg he lost a leg. The accounts from Atlanta show that his career in that quarter has not commenced in a very brilliant manner.

The Chicago Journal says: "Rev. Dr. Evans, by way of illustrating the inscrutability of Divine Providence, related in his sermon last Sunday the following incident: The spot in our lake can be pointed out to you where a young Lieutenant of the United States army was once well nigh drowned. He went down as it was supposed for the last time, when assistance reached him. He was rescued, and after much difficulty restored to consciousness. That young Lieutenant is now President of the insurgent 'Confederacy'—Jefferson Davis."

Baltimore, May 25.  
I learn from a well informed gentleman who left Fortress Monroe yesterday evening that Jeff Davis has manacles on both ankles, with a chain connecting about three feet long.

He stoutly resisted the process of manacling, and threatened vengeance on those who did it. Rather than submit, he wanted the guards to shoot him. It became necessary to throw him on his back and hold him until the irons were clinched by a son of Vulcan. He exhibited intense agitation and scorn, but finally caved in and wept. He indicated writhing misanthropy, and an indication towards *felo de se*. No knives nor forks are allowed in his cell; nothing more destructive than a soup spoon. Two guards are in his casemate continually. The clanking chains give him intense horror.

The Philadelphia Telegraph has the following special on the subject:

Baltimore, May 25.  
A gentleman who lives at Old Point, and who left there yesterday evening, informs us that Jeff Davis, the arch traitor, is absolutely now in irons. Manacles are attached to both his ankles being united by a strong iron chain some three or four feet long; joined to this, midway, is also another chain.

The process, or operation of putting irons on the prisoner was highly exciting, as related by those who performed the task. Two guards, well armed, were in his cell. It is their duty, and those relieving them, to guard him thus constantly day and night.

At a given hour the blacksmith and assistant obedient to orders, entered the great "Cotton King's" apartment. They had with them manacles. It was announced to the ex-President of the caved in Southern Confederacy that they had come to put irons upon him. He looked at these sons of Vulcan with all the sternness of his nature, and once proud bearing and unflinching eye, telling them that it could not be that they were going to treat a fallen foe thus, that he would not submit to it, &c. He asked to see the commander of the fort, asserting that there must be some mistake in the matter. He wanted to know where the order came from.

The commandant could not be seen, but upon being told the orders were direct from Washington and must be executed, he still resisted, threatening vengeance upon the men if they attempted to perform their work.

Rather than submit to this he exclaimed, "Take my life!" "Order the guards to shoot me!" &c.

Additional guards were called, and the work was undertaken.

"His Highness" struggled most obstinately, until finally it became necessary to lay him upon his back on the floor of the cell, and hold him there while the manacles were being riveted to his ankles. After concluding the work, owing to great exertions in resistance, the "mighty fallen" was almost exhausted. Never before was so proud a spirit, so strong a will, so completely subdued.

How THE REBELS GET ARMS AND LEAD.—The rebels claim to have gleaned over two millions worth of small arms, equipments, lead, &c., from the battlefields of the Wilderness and Spotsylvania. The Richmond Dispatch enumerates among the spoils 30,000 small arms, and 25,000 pounds of lead.

The latest advertisement of articles for sale is, 1,500 wagons, and 20,000 sets of single mule harness.

Among the applications for pardon, is Gov. Vance of North Carolina, and John A. Gilmer, formerly a prominent American or Know Nothing member of the United States House of Congress.

An old gentleman, on retiring from business, gave the following sage advice to his son and successor: "Common sense, my son, is valuable in all kinds of business—except love-making."

### The Greatness of Grant.

E. P. Whipple writes as follows to the Atlantic Monthly for April:

### RECEPTION OF THE VETERANS.

### Honors to the Defenders of the Nation.

At 10:40 this morning the jubilant bells announced the arrival of the gallant 111th. The Central R. R. depot and vicinity were thronged by expectant citizens, awaiting the arrival of the war-worn veterans, who have participated in over fifty of the hardest battles of the war.

After debarking from the train, and going through with the warm greetings of the assembled friends and relatives, the regiment was formed in line on Chapel-st., whence they marched through North and Genesee-sts. to the front of the Exchange Hotel, where they were welcomed in a very eloquent and telling address by Hon. Theo. M. Pomeroy, who won the enthusiastic applause of the citizens by his allusions to the glorious fighting qualities of the 111th, and the applause of the latter by his well-timed summing up of the present status of the Rebellion and its leaders, one-half of which latter were under the turf, and the other half awaiting the halter.

Hearty applause was given during this address, and at its conclusion three rousing cheers by the assemblage for the 111th, which made the welkin ring.

A song by the Auburn Quartette Club was then given in their usual fine style, entitled "Victory at Last," which went to the hearts of the boys and elicited general applause.

In reply to Mr. Pomeroy's welcome, Gen. MacDougall replied that himself and Col. Husk had for the last three years been blessed as fighting-men, but not as speakers. He would therefore call upon Chaplain R. N. Brown, of the 111th,—the fighting Chaplain to respond, on behalf of the Regiment and its officers, to this flattering welcome.

Chaplain Brown very handsomely responded to the welcome, and his feeling reference to the glorious achievement of liberty and freedom by our noble armies, was received with enthusiasm by all present.

At the conclusion three cheers were given by the veterans for the citizens of Auburn, which were responded to by six for the 111th, the Union and the Flag, and for Cayuga, Seneca and Wayne.

Three cheers were proposed by Gen. MacDougall for the Hon. Theo. M. Pomeroy, who very gracefully turned them into "six for the 111th and its noble officers and men."

At 12 o'clock the Regiment took up the line of march through State to Clark-st., through Genesee to William, South and Genesee again, escorted by the Fire Department and citizens led by the Marshal of the Day, Col. Jno. B. Richardson, marching in splendid style, bayonets fixed, to the fine music of the Auburn Cornet Band, and then proceeded to dinner, which was furnished at the various hotels and Dining Rooms of the city, as sufficient notice could not be given for the preparation of a table to accommodate the entire Regiment.

Contrary to general expectation, the 111th were ordered to Syracuse to be paid off, instead of at Auburn. They were allowed several hours stay in this city, in order to a reception, and then left in the afternoon for the former place, accompanied to the depot by crowds of citizens.

The 111th was organized in August, 1862, 1040 strong, since which time they have re-

sived nearly 1,000 recruits, and now return but about 80 of their original number.

The regiment has suffered as severely as any rate what I have stated is voluntary testimony, from a stand-point, I submit, entitled to respectful consideration.

Among his stories freshest in my mind, one which he related to me shortly after its occurrence, belongs to the history of the famous interview on board the River Queen at Hampton Roads, between himself and Secretary Seward, and the Rebel Peace Commissioners. It was reported at the time that the President told a "little story" on that occasion, and the inquiry went around among the newspapers, "What was it?" The New York Herald published what purported to be a version of it, but the "point" was entirely lost, and it attracted no attention.

Being in Washington a few days subsequent to the interview with the Commissioners, (my previous sojourn there having terminated about the first of last August,) I asked Mr. Lincoln one day, "if it was true that he told Stephens, Hunter and Campbell a story." "Why yes," he replied, manifesting some surprise, "but has it leaked out?"

### The Episcopal Church on the Death of Mr. Lincoln.

The annual Diocesan Convention of the Episcopal Church in Pennsylvania began its services in Philadelphia on Wednesday. Copper offered the following resolutions, which were adopted:

Whereas, it is both the duty and desire of this convention to place upon its journal the sad record of the assassination of the late President of the United States on the 14th of April, 1865, and to give public expression to the sentiment of its profoundest sorrow; therefore,

Resolved, That while by his death the nation has been suddenly bereft of its honored, trusted, and beloved President, human freedom has lost its greatest and most successful champion republican institutions their most zealous representative and defender, and religious liberty throughout the world an ardent and powerful friend.

Resolved, That in his tenacious opposition to treason in all its forms and wiles, his far-sighted policy domestic and foreign, and last but not least, his merciful and loving spirit, we see the manifestation of the wisdom, justice and Christian charity enjoined as the proper characteristics and brightest ornaments of those who are in authority.

Resolved, That we record, as clergymen and laymen of the diocese of Pennsylvania, our abhorrence of that foul and nameless crime by which our President was torn in an instant from his country, his family, and his wife.

Resolved, That we confide in the goodness of God, which already betokens that He will use this bitter stroke as an instrument for his glory, and the welfare and edifying of the nation.

Resolved, That we do most heartily sympathize with the widow and orphan children of the illustrious martyr, and pray that God will be to them a merciful and abiding comforter.

Resolved, That this preamble and these resolutions now offered be engrossed and transmitted to Mrs. Lincoln, under the direction of the president and secretary of the convention.

### Two of Mr. Lincoln's Stories.

Mr. F. B. Carpenter, so long a resident of the White House, communicates to the New York Independent a couple of stories by the late President, one of which possesses a historical interest:

I may say with propriety, and I feel that it is due to Mr. Lincoln's memory to state, that, during the entire period of my stay in Washington, after witnessing his intercourse with almost all classes of people, including Governors, Senators, Members of Congress, officers of the army, and familiar friends, I cannot recollect to have even heard him relate a circumstance to any one of them all, that would have been out of place uttered in a ladies drawing-room! I am aware that a different impression prevails, founded it may be in some instances upon fact, but where here is one fact of the kind I am persuaded that there are forty falsehoods, at least. At

"May I ask," said the Secretary, "what is to be the subject of your lectures?" "Certainly," was the reply, with a very solemn expression of countenance. "The course I wish to deliver is on the second coming of our Lord!" "It is of no use," said C. "If you will take my advice, you will not waste your time in this city. It is my private opinion that, if the Lord has been in Springfield once, he will never come the second time."

### The War—Who Began It?

"This is a Nigger War," was borne upon a piece of cotton, when the Peace men assembled at Syracuse. "This is a nigger war," is a common Copperhead exclamation. Well, who began it? How came the country to be engaged in a "nigger war," that has cost the nation so fearfully in blood and treasure? Let those who would throw the guilt of the war upon the shoulders of Mr. Lincoln read the following catalogue of "remarkable events," published in a *Southern* almanac, all of which occurred during the Presidency of Mr. BUCHANAN, and see if there be not some grounds for believing it to be something of a white man's war:

Dec. 27, 1860.—Capture of Fort Moultrie and Castle Pinckney by South Carolina troops. Capt. Costen surrenders the revenue cutter Aiken.

Jan. 3, 1861.—Capture of Fort Pulaski by the Savannah troops.

Jan. 3.—The arsenal of Mount Vernon, Alabama, with 20,000 stand of arms, seized by the Alabama troops.

Jan. 4.—Fort Morgan, in Mobile Bay, taken by the Alabama troops.

Jan. 9.—The steamship Star of the West fired into and driven off by the South Carolina batteries, on Morris Island. Failure of an attempt to reinforce Fort Sumter.

Jan. 10.—Forts Jackson, St. Phillip and Pike, near New Orleans, captured by the Louisiana troops.

Jan. 14.—Capture of Pensacola Navy Yard and Forts Barrancas and McRae.—Major Chase shortly afterwards takes command, and the siege of Fort Pickens commences.

Jan. 13.—Surrender of Baton Rouge arsenal to Louisiana troops.

Jan. 31.—New Orleans Mint and Custom House taken.

Feb. 2.—Seizure of Little Rock arsenal by Arkansas troops.

Feb. 4.—Surrender of the revenue cutter Cass to the Alabama authorities.

Feb. 8.—Provisional Constitution adopted.

Feb. 9.—Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, and Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, elected President and Vice President.

Feb. 16.—Gen. Twiggs transfers public property in Texas to the State authorities. Col. Waite, U. S. A., surrenders San Antonio to Col. Ben. McCulloch and his Texan rangers.

March 3.—The revenue cutter Dodge seized by the Texan authorities.

In view of the foregoing, a friendly paper in a foreign country—The Montreal Witness—very pertinently remarks as follows:

"Now all these were warlike and treasonable acts, and all were committed before Mr. Lincoln entered office. It is simply ridiculous to say that he commenced the war. On the 12th of April Fort Sumter was bombarded; on the 18th it was surrendered, and on the 14th it was evacuated. It was not till the last named date that Lincoln issued his first call for volunteers, to put down the rebellion in the United States. With these facts before them, can any one continue to call the present struggle in the United States Mr. Lincoln's war?"

A funny bigamy case is reported in the Dublin Mail. One O'Neile was brought to trial at Tyrone for having "a wife too many." O'Neile conducted his own defense, examining the witnesses in person. One of the principle ones was the superfluous wife. She was a pretty looking young woman, and when she appeared on the stand the following dialogue took place between her and O'Neile:

O'Neile—Did you live with me before the pretended second marriage took place?

Witness—I did.

O'Neile—Did you consider it a good marriage?

Witness—I considered very little about it; I was quite willing to live with you whether it was a good marriage or not.

O'Neile—Did you not buy me?

Judge—Buy you; what do you mean?

O'Neile—I mean did she purchase and pay for me. (To witness)—Answer me that question upon your oath.

Witness—I did buy you from your first wife.

O'Neile—What did you pay for me?

Witness—She asked two pounds for you, but I gave her three pounds, thinking you were very cheap at that.

O'Neile—Was not the bargain entirely between you and her?

Witness—It was; she said her father gave you some pounds with her, and as she had bought you with his money, she had a right to sell you as she liked.

O'Neile—The same as a cow, a sheep, or a pig?

Witness—Exactly so.

O'Neile thought he had made a triumphant case, but what was his dismay when the jury found a verdict of guilty, and he was sentenced to eight months' hard labor.

#### "Hoop-de-dooden-do."

From Monday's Baltimore Clipper.

The most amusing incident of the day transpired yesterday afternoon in front of this office. A sweet, blooming Miss of about seventeen summers, accompanied by a young gentleman, (no doubt her husband in prospective,) were lovingly walking side by side, when at the point above named, the young lady was seized with a sudden faintness, and grasped the arm of her companion for support. The latter supposing the fair one to be sick, was about summoning help, when the lady in a soft voice, uttered "No don't, Andy—it's only my hoops falling off." The next movement revealed the fact that the expander had broken from its original place, and was quitting its fair owner.—The difficulties becoming great, the young lady assumed a bold stand and stepped from the unruly crinoline, and with her companion proceeded up Baltimore street.

The hoops lying upon the pavement, and hundreds of ladies and gentlemen passing, great speculation was indulged in—some supposing that the owner of the trap had suddenly sunk into the earth, while others advanced the idea that the wearer had gone up in a balloon. After much amusement had been indulged in, the naughty crinoline was picked up by a negro woman, who stalked away with the prize amid the laughter of a crowd.

#### Beautiful Answers.

A pupil of the Abbie Sicord gave the following extraordinary answers:

What is gratitude?

Gratitude is the memory of the heart.

What is hope?

Hope is the blossom of happiness. What is the difference between hope and desire?

Desire is a tree in leaf; hope is a tree in flour, and enjoyment is a tree in fruit.

What is eternity?

A day without yesterday or to-morrow—a day without end.

What is time?

A line that has two ends—a path that begins in the cradle and ends in the grave.

What is God?

The necessary being, the sun of eternity—the machinist of nature, the eye of justice—the matchless power of the Universe, the soul of the world.

Does God reason?

Man reasons because he doubts; he celebrates—he desires. God is omniscient, he never doubts, he therefore never reasons.

#### Rebel Defenses against the Federal Navy.

From the Richmond Examiner, Dec. 20.

We are glad to know that the attention of Congress has been brought to the serious want of a navy in our public defenses, and that prompt and vigorous measures have been initiated by it to supply that want, so far as circumstances would permit. Its appreciation of the importance of the subject, we understand has been testified in its appropriation of a very considerable sum for the immediate construction of a fleet of gun-boats, the protection of which to our coasts and rivers, and the service they will be likely to render in the Chesapeake Bay, which has been indicated as a theatre for our naval operations, will be invaluable. It is to be hoped, and to be urged by every consideration of the public interest that the navy department will act promptly and vigorously to carry out the act of Congress in having these boats built and equipped at the earliest possible period.

#### The Camp Kettle.

This is the title of a newspaper, published by the Roundhead Regiment at Beaufort, the first Black Republican newspaper ever printed on the sacred soil of South Carolina. Thus it discourages the climate at Beaufort:

"It seems strange to us 'northern vandals' here in Beaufort to receive letters from dear ones at home, telling of sleigh rides, skatings and coastings, while we are sitting before our open windows, in one of the deserted palaces, surrounded by shrubbery green as the leaves of June and the air filled with the perfume of roses that bloom in beauty all around us.

"As we write, two vases filled with flowers of every color, gorgeous as the dreams of fairy land, stand before us, and their graceful forms seduce our eyes anon to look on their blushing beauties. Ah! 'land of the sunny South,' where summer lingers in the lap of winter, and impatient spring, with hurrying steps resumes her reign of roses. Eden was scarce more fair; but Eden too, had an evil spirit that seduced its happy citizens and lured them to their ruin. That evil spirit was the first secessionist.

#### Getting More than They Bargained for

Some of the English Journals are beginning to wake up to the effect of a set-

ment of the Trent affair on the basis of their demand. The London Review thus remarks:

In our willingness to accept the timely aid proffered, we believe with the utmost sincerity, by the French Government, we must not overlook the important fact that their reasoning is based on the assumption that the ancient code of belligerent rights is abolished, and that the new doctrine of neutral privileges is universally accepted. This is a matter for English statesmen maturely to consider, for the warlike resources of a maritime country ought not to be disposed of by a side wind. If it is right that a reform should be introduced into our international law, it should be solemnly enacted and not incidentally assumed.

Why is a kiss like a sermon?—It requires two heads and an application.

Why are teeth like verbs?—They are regular, irregular and defective.

Was Eve high or low church?—Adam thought her Eve-angelical.

If a bear were to go into a linen draper's shop, what would he want?—He would want muzzlin'.

Why is it impossible for a person who lisps to believe in the existence of young ladies?—He takes every Miss for a Myth.

When are weeds not weeds?—When they become widows.

In what part of the Times can we find broken English?—The bankrupt list.

What part of a fish is like the end of a book?—The Fin is.

Which of our English monarchs had most reason to complain of his laundress? John, when his baggage was lost in Wash.

When was Napoleon most shabby dressed?—When he was out at Elba (bow.)

What fish is most valued by a happy wife?—Her-ring.

What part of a fish weighs most?—The scales.

#### Franklin As Ing for Work.

When a youth, Franklin went to London, entered a printing office, and inquired if he could get employment.

"Where are you from?" asked the foreman.

"America," was the reply.

"Ah," said the foreman, "from America! A lad from America seeking employment as a printer! Well, do you really understand the art of printing? Can you really set type?"

Franklin stepped up to one of the cases, and in a very brief space of time set up the following passage from the first chapter of John:

"Nathaniel said unto him, can any good thing come out of Nazareth? Phillip saith unto him, come and see."

It was done so quickly, so accurately, and contained a delicate reproof so appropriate and powerful that it at once gave him character and standing with all the office.

Intense agitation was created in our streets yesterday afternoon by the sudden appearance in the city of the "What is it?" No information of its escape from Barnum having been telegraphed, its debut caused some surprise and no little merriment. It was supposed by many that there would be an attempt at Niagara evolution à la Blondin, as the animal was seen on a rope stretched across Genesee street, but to-day, up to our going to press, it still hangs and looks very much like a dead mackerel.

Col. Mulligan in a recent address at Detroit, related the following incident:

With your permission I will now relate a circumstance which occurred in Missouri. On a pleasant spot outside Jefferson city lay encamped two regiments, over which floated twin banners—banners that will be twin forever—The Harp of Ireland and the Stars and Stripes of America. (Applause.) Under this twin banner lay as gay and rollicking a regiment as you ever met, viz: the Irish brigade. Instructions came requiring the commander to report at headquarters for orders. These instructions came (to use a military term) 'after taps,' which is a time when civil men should be in bed. (Laughter.) The question was asked. "When can you march?"

"Immediately," was the answer. "Well, I wish you to go to Tipton's relief, cut your way through the enemy, go to Lexington and hold it. (Cheers.) The next day saw the Irish brigade on the way to Lexington. (Cheers.) As we moved along our smoothed his wrinkled brow, the Major mixed his admonitions with occasionally chanting a snatch of an Irish melody. The Major was a married man, and chanted—

"Ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming."

The Lieutenant Colonel was a married man, and not to be personal, I was a married man, and followed the Major. (Laughter and applause.) Thus we went until arriving within two miles of Lexington, where we encamped and previous to entering the city we washed and brushed up so as to make a respectable appearance. [Laughter.] We went in with our solitary six pounder, muzzled in roses and breeched in evergreens, and notwithstanding our weary nine days' march, we looked well. (Cheers.) We started with three days rations, and six days we had o live on the country. We were told to cut our way through, but we left the impress of our teeth far deeper than that of the swords in the section thro' which we passed. (Laughter and applause.)

Who is Payne?

It is intimated that the mysterious assassin of Mr. Seward, who has gone by the name of Payne, is a distant relative of Gen. Lee. But old friends of the Lee family deny the connection. The mystery about this man excites great interest.

Payne says, in answer to questions concerning his antecedents. "I don't know my name. I was stolen from my parents when quite young." Some days ago a colored woman who stated that she was formerly a slave of the Lee family, was in the court-room, and, on seeing Payne she burst into tears.

She stated that she had been Payne's nurse; that he was born and raised in Virginia, and son of the brother of Gen. Robert E. Lee, who was an officer of the navy, and who, a few years previous to the rebellion, resided in Washington. She stated that the full name of the prisoner was Daniel Murray Lee.

One officer who visited the room for the purpose, declared that the prisoner was really Daniel Murray Lee, but subsequently another officer who is familiar with the record of the Lee family, and knows the members personally, visited the court-room and asserted positively that Payne was not a Lee. If his father is a Florida Powell, it is possible that he may be a distant connection of Gen. Lee's, cousin of Mrs. Curtiss, (Mrs. Lee's mother,) Miss Turner having married into the Powell family of Loudon, Va., some years ago, and me of the Loudon Powells have since settled further south. These conflicting stories concerning the prisoner have tended rather to deepen the mystery regarding him than to clear it.

Among the new names for ladies' mantles we hear of the Wife's Bliss, the Husband's Torture, the Banker's Terror, the Sheriff's Joy, the Poor Man's Horror, the Rich Man's Dread, and the Maiden's Delight.

Who would be a queen? France has had sixty-seven of them. Miserable lives they led. Eleven were divorced; two executed, nine died young; seven were widowed early; three cruelly treated; three exiled. The rest were poisoned or died broken-hearted.

Inhuman Treatment of Prisoners.

No chapter in the history of the civil war in this country is more terrible than that which records the cruelty and neglect systematically inflicted by the rebel authorities upon the Union soldiers in their hands as prisoners of war.

The treatment of these unfortunate men, who were heartlessly deprived of the necessities of life, would be incredible, were it not abundantly substantiated by testimony that cannot be doubted.

The secrets of the prison-house are coming to light. Official documents found in Richmond

since its capture prove that the barbarities practiced upon our soldiers, against which the rebel surgeons professionally protested,

were part of a settled plan, and deliberately sanctioned by the authorities at Richmond.

It is heart-rending to read the records of

the results of this inhuman treatment, in the

tens of thousands left to die the lingering

death of starvation, and in the perhaps worse

condition of those who have been spared to

be exchanged. Dr. C. R. Agnew, a distin-

guished physician of New York, and one

of the Standing Committee of the United

States Sanitary Commission, gives this tes-

timony to the condition of the returned pris-

oners sent to Washington, N. C.

"Filth, rags, nakedness, starvation were

personified in their condition. Many of the

men were in a state of mind resembling

idiocy, unable to tell their names, and lost

to all sense of modesty, unconscious of their

nakedness and personal condition; some of

them moving about on hands and knees, un-

able to stand on their gangrenous feet, look-

ing up like hungry dogs, beseeching the ob-

server for a bite of bread or a cup of water.

Some of them hatched along on their hands

and buttocks, pushing gangrenous feet, lite-

rally reduced to bone and shreds, before them.

Others leaned upon staves, and

glared from sunken eyes through the parch-

ment like slits of their open eyelids into

space, without having the power to fix an in-

telligent gaze upon passing objects. Others

giggle and smirked and hobbed like starved

idiots; while some adamantine figures walk-

ed erect, as though they meant to move the

skeleton homeward so long as vitality enough

remained to enable them to do so.

"To see the men who remain here in hos-

pitals would move a heart as hard and cold

as marble. Their condition is that of men

who have for months suffered chronic star-

vation. Their arms and legs look like

coarse reeds with the bulbous joints. Their

faces look as though a skilful taxidermist

had drawn tanned skin over the bare skull,

and then placed false eyes in the orbital

cavities. They defy description. It would

**The Poisoning of Andrew Johnson on the 4th of March.**

Our theory of the poisoning of Andrew Johnson on the day of the inauguration, when it was the original intention of the assassins to have slain the President, has received a singular confirmation in the testimony of one of the late witnesses on the assassination trial, before the military court at Washington. Marcus P. Norton, of Troy, in this State, testified that he had seen Atzerott, to whom had been confided the murder of the Vice President elect, and O'Laughlin, who was to have killed General Grant, in company with Booth at the National Hotel in Washington on the 2d or 3d of March, and overheard a conversation among these parties, in which it was said, that "if the matter succeeded as well with Johnson as with Old Buchanan, they would be pretty well sold." It will be borne in mind that Buchanan was poisoned at the National Hotel at the time of his inauguration in 1856; and this allusion by the assassins to that circumstance, taken together with Mr. Johnson's singular illness at the time of his inauguration, and the proofs that Booth had stood posted at the capitol to shoot Mr. Lincoln on that very morning, seems to be conclusive that the singular condition of the Vice President on that occasion, was to be attributed to the influence of poison. His powerful physical nature triumphed over the insidious drug, and hence the allusion in the subsequent circular which gave directions to the assassins, that each of them must bear in mind, that "the cup once had failed."

AUBURN, N. Y.,

TUESDAY EVENING, MAY 10, 1859.

Editorial Correspondence Daily Advertiser  
Matters and Things in New York—  
Gov. Seward's Departure for Europe.

METROPOLITAN HOTEL, NEW YORK, May 9, 1859.

This is decidedly the most favorable season of the year to visit the great metropolis of the Union, if you go for the mere pleasure of the thing. Those who have boarded the boat, and immediately after, come when their interests dictate; but four hundred passed on board by those who seek enjoyment, will consulting tickets at the gate. At half past ten their own comfort by selecting the last steamboat left the dock amid the month of Spring for a trip. It is then ne'er cheers and buzzes of the thousands who are not so crowded as to preclude the possibility of obtaining good quarters.

I left Auburn on Thursday last, and, barring the dust which will find its way in to the ears, had a very pleasant ride to Albany. The wheat crop along the line of

the road, so far as could be observed, promises favorably. It looks thrifty, and does not present the appearance of having been injured by the mild winter. On two or three farms between Utica and Schenectady, we noticed that farmers were planting corn. It will seem to the farmers of Cayuga County that this is "rushing the season." They do not plant quite so early, and yet they succeed in securing as heavy crops as their friends through the valley of the Mohawk.

At Albany we took the Steamboat, New World, for this city. This is one of the best boats on the river; and what makes it equally attractive, it has for its officers men who are, in every sense of the word, qualified for their positions. By a very fortunate circumstance, we had the privilege of W. Seward, Esq. and lady, were also on

passing down the river from West Point in the day time. The fog became so thick

that the boat was compelled to anchor opposite West Point until day light. This gave such of the passengers as could muster the courage to rise early, an opportunity to witness the magnificent scenery down the Hudson.

The great feature in the city last week, was the arrival of Gov. SEWARD and his departure for Europe. He reached town on Monday last, and took rooms at the Astor House, intending to remain quiet until Saturday, the day appointed for his departure.

But he was not to be gratified in this respect. As soon as it became known that he was in town, the rush to his quarters commenced in good earnest, and was kept up until his departure. And not content with these manifestations of friendship for our distinguished townsman, arrangements were made by the New Yorkers to escort Gov. SEWARD as far as Sandy Hook on his voyage.

A brief description of the ceremonies attending this enthusiastic demonstration will be perused with interest by our readers.—At ten o'clock A. M., the hour appointed for Gov. SEWARD's departure from the Astor House, he was awaited upon, by the two Republican Central Committees of the city, under whose direction the demonstration was got up, and escorted to Castle Garden. Here the Governor and Committees were met by a crowd of thousands who had assembled to witness the departure of the steamboat Josephine, which had been chartered to convey the Governor and invi-

sion of the Union, if you go for the mere pleasure of the thing. Those who have boarded the boat, and immediately after,

come when their interests dictate; but four hundred passed on board by those who seek enjoyment, will consulting tickets at the gate. At half past ten their own comfort by selecting the last steamboat left the dock amid the month of Spring for a trip. It is then ne'er cheers and buzzes of the thousands who are not so crowded as to preclude the possibility of obtaining good quarters.

Among the prominent men who accompanied Gov. SEWARD down the bay were U. S. Senator King, Ex Governor Clark, Ex Lieut. Governor Patterson, Hon. James A. Briggs, M. C.; Colonel Seaton, editor of the National Intelligencer; Senator Laffin and Diven; Assemblymen, Meeks, Shaw and Childs; Almshouse Governors, Breunighausen, Smith and Pinckney; Hon. J. L. Schoolcraft, Supervisor Steuart; Hon. Mr. Murray, Hon. R. M. Blatchford, Jonathan W. Allen, Deputy Secretary of State Morton, John A. Kennedy, Judge Peabody, Gov. Randall, of Wis., Emigrant Commissioner Cumming, Charles King, President of Columbia College; Robert B. Minturn, Capt. Schultz, Gen. Welch, James Kelly, Harbor Commissioner Benedict, Hon. Wm. Beach. Frederick

At Albany we took the Steamboat, New World, for this city. This is one of the best boats on the river; and what makes it equally attractive, it has for its officers men who are, in every sense of the word, qualified for their positions. By a very fortu-

nate circumstance, we had the privilege of W. Seward, Esq. and lady, were also on

board.

The Josephine stopped a few moments at Quarantine where several friends of Gov. Seward were taken on board, among whom was Health Officer Dr. Gunn. A salute of thirteen guns was fired at Quarantine. During the passage down the bay several steamers were met, all of which saluted as they passed, and were answered by the music and cannon on board the Josephine.

The time occupied in reaching the Hook was about two hours, and was spent in agreeable conversation, and in partaking of a collection which had been prepared for the occasion. Just before reaching the point where Gov. SEWARD was transferred from the Josephine to the steamship Ariel, the crowd gathered on deck and called upon the Governor for a speech; Gov. S. responded as follows:

GENTLEMEN:—It would of course be impossible for me to persuade you that anybody could be insensible to the manifestations of such hospitality as I am receiving at your hands. I will, with your leave, however, undertake to interpret it, leaving out all its political bearings and relations, and will regard you not as politicians, not as Republicans, but as fellow citizens and as friends who, against my will, followed me to the house of my friends, where I was entertained, took me up at the door of my hotel, unwilling to leave me alone in your city, and who will not part from me now until you separate from me at the gates of the ocean. (Applause.)

Gentlemen, the sky is bright, the sun is auspicious, all the indications promise a pleasant and prosperous voyage, and it will depend upon my own temper whether out of it I am able or not to make the material for which I go abroad—the knowledge derived from the sufferings and strivings of humanity in foreign countries—to teach me how to improve and elevate the condition of my own countrymen. I will only say, gentlemen, in expressing my thanks to you, now that we are at the point of separation, that I trust it may be my good fortune to return amongst you, and resume the duties now temporarily suspended in the great cause of Freedom and humanity. But no one knows the casualties of life; and two voyages separate me from you.—What may happen in that space and time no one but a beneficent Providence knows. If it is my lot not to return among you, I trust I shall be remembered as one who accomplished in his own life the laudable ends of an honorable ambition, and died far away from his native land—without an enemy to be recalled, and without a regretful remembrance, and with a conviction that he had tried to deserve the good opinion which his friends entertained of him. [Prolonged cheers.]

Soon after the conclusion of the speech, the steamboat Alida, which had been chartered by the Republicans of Brooklyn as one of the escort steamers, came in sight, and the Josephine stopped her engines and

waited her approach. The decks of the Alida were literally crowded with persons who came up with banners, and music, and enthusiastic cheering. The Josephine and Alida were soon made fast to each other, when the committee of arrangements from the latter visited the former, with an invitation to Gov. SEWARD to pass over to their boat. The invitation was accepted, and Gov. Governor was received on board the Alida with enthusiastic cheering. After getting the upper deck he was introduced to the Brooklyn delegation by Police Commissioner Straahan, and replied as follows:

GENTLEMEN—If upon an occasion of so much sadness I may be allowed to indulge for a moment in pleasantry, I will say in regard to that portion of my fellow citizens on the other boat, that they are not at all according to my heart; for, in the first place, they were too fast. (Laughter.) They exacted a speech from me, although I saw your boat astern, and naturally thought that if they would wait a few moments I could make one speech answer for both, and thus I might fulfill the old adage and "kill two birds with one stone." Then, again, they were rather exclusive. They said I belonged to that boat, and I, being a submissive member of their party, acquiesced. But being also a radical man, I acquiesced in your invitation. (Cheers.) But, gentlemen, so small a strait as the East river ought not to alienate permanent friends of the same cause. I hope my friend the reporter, whom I see at my right hand, will report what I have said in regard to my friends on the other boat, that may be known that I am not, as I never was, a man of double speech. (Laughter.) Fellow citizens, friends, I am entirely taken by surprise by these manifestations of our good will and attention. I have not wedged myself to consider whether there can be anything in what I have done to deserve it. I had hopes, as I had thought, that I could pass out of the country in silence, to seek strength, health, vigor and knowledge in foreign lands, unattended, unnoticed, if not unknown. I need not say it is a pleasant surprise. But as we near the gates of the ocean, where we must part, sad thoughts rather than exciting ones enter into my mind. You will excuse me, therefore, if I turn aside altogether from political questions and considerations, which it is my duty to forego, and follow the scenes which it is my object to study and contemplate. I do so more readily, because I know that at last the great questions of justice and humanity before the American people are destined to be decided, and that they may be safely left in your hands, even if one who has been regarded as an instructor never returns. (Cheers.)

If Providence restores me with health and vigor, it shall be devoted to the establishment and supremacy of the same principles. But we do not know the casualties which await us. We do know only that our welfare is the object of the care of a

beneficent Providence. And we know, too, that a life which has been devoted to humanity, and has endeavored to avoid doing injustice to mankind, is a life which can leave no other than a harmless, if not a satisfactory, reputation. Such, if I know my own heart, I hope will be the reputation which I shall leave. And now, kindest of friends, whose liberality, courtesy and attention have attended my passage from my country to the very gates of the ocean, farewell. God be with you. (Prolonged cheers.)

After the speech, Gov. SEWARD was conducted back to the Josephine, amid the cheers of the delegations on both boats.

About this time the steamship Ariel came in sight, and within half an hour was alongside the Josephine ready to receive Gov. SEWARD on board. The vessels were made fast to each other, the plank was run out and Gov. S. separated from his friends.

Just as the transfer was made, the steamship City of Washington, also bound for Europe, came up and gave a salute by the firing of guns and running up her colors. With the four vessels in close proximity to each other, and all crowded with passengers, with flags flying, drums beating, men cheering, handkerchiefs waving, cannon roaring, the scene may be better imagined than described. It was indeed a grand spectacle. The ocean being entirely calm, the steamboats passed some four or five miles outside the Hook before they separated from the ocean vessels. The cheering and enthusiasm was kept up to the close.

And it was thus that Gov. SEWARD left his friends on this side of the Atlantic for a brief visit to Europe. We heard it remarked by several old Whig politicians that they had never seen anything like the enthusiasm manifested on this occasion since the days of HENRY CLAY. The whole movement was spontaneous and entirely unlockeed for on the part of Gov. SEWARD. The circumstances taken together show most conclusively the great change that has taken place in public sentiment in New York city within the past ten years. Gov. SEWARD as far back as that would not have found a corporal's guard in the city who would have been willing to manifest their sympathy with the great principles of universal freedom for which he has ever been a consistent advocate.

On the return trip of the Josephine to New York, the crowd was addressed at different times by U. S. Senator King, State Senators Lafin and Divin, Judge Peabody and others. The Josephine reached the dock about 4 o'clock. The trip was eminently pleasant and agreeable. The weather was delightful, the party was in excellent spirits, and every thing conspired to lend interest to the occasion.

DOMESTIC LADIES.—Too much cannot be said in favor of a thoroughly domesticated young lady. She may be all that, and yet not be a slave to the discharge of her domestic duties. She may be also sufficiently accomplished to enable her to bring cheerfulness and pleasure with her to her future home—in fact, she is then only qualified to make a home, and to become its centre and chief attraction.

There are now twenty six hundred men employed at the Portsmouth navy yard, and quite a fleet is getting ready for sea.

**Siamese Twins.**

The Philadelphia Ledger publishes the following curious information concerning those phenomenal individuals, the Siamese Twins:

The Siamese Twins have been lost from public view for the last few years. It was well known of them that they had married two sisters, and settled down near Salisbury, in North Carolina, on a well-stocked plantation. In addition to this, they have ample funds invested through their agent in New York. Through a North Carolina medical gentleman, now within our lines, we had the other day an opportunity of obtaining full particulars in regard to them. Ever since the war began they had continued to reside on their plantation, and lived in the same quiet and harmony as ever until within two years. Of course no one ever thought of drafting them, and their negroes prospered, except that when out of temper from any cause, it was apt to work itself off in striking the first one that came to hand, from which the best escape was to keep out of the way. The brothers probably never would have had any difficulty, but that their wives, though sisters, turned away their hearts, and children were the cause of this estrangement. Up to the period that each had five children, all prospered well enough, but one of them had a sixth, and this awoke envy and jealousy to such a degree that the two sisters, not being bound together like the twin brothers, would no longer live under the same roof, though, we believe, still in different houses on the same plantation.

The brothers are now it seems, about fifty years of age, but one, we believe the smaller and feebler of the two, looks, it is said now fully ten years older than the other. They can turn back to back or face to face, but that is as far as the remarkable bond that unites them permits. It is almost certain that should either die the other could not survive even for more than a few minutes, as there is an artery as large as the femoral artery that connects them. A few years since they corresponded with some of the leading surgical operators in London, as to the possibility of the umbilicus which unites them being cut, so that in case of the death of one the life of the other might be saved. At the request of the London surgeon, they visited that city, and many experiments were tried to determine the safety of such an operation. Among other things, a ligature was tied firmly for a few minutes round the connection between them, so as to prevent the circulation of blood through the artery. But it seemed as if each would expire if this were longer persisted in. The smaller of the two fainted away and lost all consciousness and there were symptoms that the same effect would follow to the other, but that the process could not be continued long enough without endangering the life of him who was first to faint. Should the smaller and feebler die, it might be worth while making the experiment of operating, but the prospects of prolonging the life of the other would be very small. Should, however, the larger and more healthy of the twin brothers die, there would seem absolutely no hope of saving the feebler of the two. From all this it is evident that though the connection between these two brothers is very remarkable and perfectly unique, it is yet not so absolute as has been usually supposed.

Last January, it will be remembered, the safe of the American Express Company at Schenectady, was blown open by burglars, and its contents stolen. After a diligent search, Detective Scott arrested the thief in New York, last week, and he is now in jail at Schenectady. There is said to be sufficient evidence with the authorities to convict him not only of this robbery, but of many others that have occurred in different parts of the State recently.

There are now twenty six hundred men employed at the Portsmouth navy yard, and quite a fleet is getting ready for sea.

## President's Message.

Fellow citizens of the Senate and House of Representatives:

Again the blessings of health and abundant harvests claim our profoundest gratitude to Almighty God. The condition of our foreign affairs is reasonably satisfactory. Mexico continues to be a theatre of civil war. While our political relations with that country have undergone no change, we have at the same time strictly maintained nationality with the belligerents.

At the request of the States of Costa Rica and Nicaragua, a competent engineer has been authorized to make a survey of the river San Juan and the port of San Juan. It is a source of much satisfaction, that the difficulties that for the moment excited some political apprehensions and caused a closing of the inter-Oceanic Transit route, have been admirably adjusted, and that there is a good prospect that the route will soon be re-opened with an increase of capacity and adaptation.

We could not exaggerate either the commercial or the political importance of that great improvement. It would be doing injustice to an important South American State not to acknowledge the directness, frankness and cordiality with which the United States of Columbia have entered into intimate relations with this Government.

A Claims convention has been constituted to complete the unfinished work of the one which closed its session in 1861.

The new Liberal Constitution of Venezuela having gone into effect with the universal acquiescence of the people, the Government under it has been recognized, and diplomatic intercourse with it has been opened in a cordial and friendly spirit.

The long defeated Avis Island claim has been satisfactorily paid and discharged; mutual payment has been made of the claims awarded by the late Joint Commission for the settlement of claims between the United States and Peru.

An earnest and cordial friendship continues to exist between the two countries, and such efforts as were in my power have been used to remove misunderstanding and avert threatened war between Peru and Spain.—

Our relations are of the most friendly nature with Chile, the Argentine Republic, Bolivar, Costa Rica, Paraguay, San Salvador and Hayti.

During the past year no difficulties of any kind have arisen with any of these Republics, and on the other hand, their sympathies with the United States are constantly expressed with cordiality and earnestness.

The claim arising from the seizure of the brig Macedonia in 1821, has been paid in full by the Government of Chili.

Civil war continues in the Spanish part of San Domingo, apparently without prospect of an early close.

Official correspondence has been freely opened with Liberia, and it gives us a pleasing view of social and political progress in that Republic. It may be expected to derive new view from American influence improved by the rapid disappearance of slavery in the United States.

I solicit your authority to furnish the Republic a gunboat at a moderate cost, to be reimbursed to the United States in installments.

Such a vessel is needed. The safety of that State against the native African races, and in Liberian hands it would be more effective in arresting the African slave trade than a squadron in our own hands. The possession of the least organized naval force would stimulate a generous ambition in the Republic, and the confidence which we should manifest by furnishing it would win forbearance and favor toward the Colony from all civilized nations.

The proposed overland Telegraph between America and Europe, via. Bering's Straits and Asiatic Russia, which was sanctioned by Congress at the last Session, has been undertaken under very favorable circumstances by an association of American citizens, with the cordial good will, and support as well of this

Government as those of Great Britain and Russia. Assurances have been received from most of the South American States of their high approbation of the enterprise, and their readiness to co-operate in constructing lines tributary to that world—encircling communication. I learn with much satisfaction that the noble design of a telegraphic communication between the Eastern coast of America and Great Britain has been renewed, with a full expectation of its early accomplishment. Thus it is hoped that, with the return of domestic peace, the country will be able to resume with energy and advantage her former high career of commerce and civilization.

One very popular and estimable representative in Egypt died in September last. An unpleasant altercation which arose between the temporary incumbent of the office and the Government of the Pasha, resulted in a suspension of intercourse. The evil was promptly corrected on the arrival of the successor in the consulate, and our relations with Egypt, as well as our relation with the Barbaric Powers, are entirely satisfactory.

The Rebellion which has so long been flagrant in China has at last been suppressed with the co-operating good offices of this Government, and of the other Western Commercial States. The judicial consular establishment has been very difficult and onerous, and it will need legislative action to adapt to the extensions of the commerce, and to the more intimate intercourse which has been instituted with government and people of that vast Empire.

China seems to be accepting with hearty good will the conventional laws which regulate commerce and social intercourse among western nations.

Owing to the peculiar situation of Japan, and the anomalous form of its government, the action of that Empire in performing treaty stipulations is inconstant and capricious. Nevertheless, good progress has been effected by the Western Powers, moving in enlightened concert. Our own pecuniary claims have been allowed, or put in course of settlement, and the Inland Sea has been re-opened to commerce.

There is reason, also, to believe that these proceedings have increased rather than diminished the friendship of Japan towards the United States. The ports of Norfolk, Fernandina and Pensacola have been opened by proclamation. It is hoped that foreign merchants will now consider whether it is not safer and more profitable to themselves, as well as just to the United States, to resort to these and other open ports than it is to pursue, through many hazards, and at vast cost, a contraband trade with other ports which are closed, if not by actual military operation, at least by a lawful and effective blockade.

The public debt on the 1st day of July, although somewhat exceeding the estimate of the Secretary of the Treasury, made at Congress at the commencement of the last session, falls short of the estimate of that officer made in the previous December as to its probable amount at the beginning of this year, by the sum of \$3,995,079,33. This fact exhibits the satisfactory condition and conduct of the operations of the Treasury.

The financial affairs of the government have been successfully administered. During the last year the requisition of the last session of Congress has beneficially effected the revenue, although sufficient time has not yet elapsed to experience the full effect of several of the provisions of the acts of Congress imposing increased taxation. The receipts during the year from all sources, upon the basis of warrants signed by the Secretary of the Treasury, including loans, and the balance in the Treasury on the first day of July, 1863, were \$1,394,796,007.62, and the aggregate disbursements upon the same basis were \$1,298,056,101.89, leaving a balance in the Treasury as shown by warrants, of \$96,739,905.72, deduct from these amounts the amount of the principal of the public debt redeemed, and the amount of issues in substitution therefor, and the actual cash operations of the Treasury were: receipts \$884,076,646.77; disbursements \$865,234,087.86; which leaves a cash balance in the Treasury of \$18,842,558.71. Of the receipts there were derived from custom \$102,816,152.99; from lands, \$588,833.29; from direct taxes, \$475,648.96; from internal revenue, \$109,741,184.10; from miscellaneous sources, \$17,411,448.10; and from loans applied to actual disbursements, including for

the United States, which have required and are likely to continue to require the practice of constant vigilance and a just and conciliatory spirit on the part of the United States as well as of the Nations concerned, and their governments. Commissioners have been appointed under the treaty with Great Britain on the adjustment of the claims of the Hudson Bay and Puget's Sound Agricultural companies in Oregon, and are now proceeding to the execution of the trust assigned to them.

In view of the insecurity of life in the region adjacent to the Canadian border, by recent assaults and depredations committed by inimical and desperate persons who are harbored there, it has been thought proper to give notice that after the expiration of six months, the period conditionally stipulated in the existing arrangements with Great Britain, the United States must hold themselves at liberty to increase their naval armament upon the Lakes, if they shall find that proceeding necessary. The condition of the border will necessarily come into consideration in connection with the question of continuing or modifying the rights of transit from Canada through the United States, as well as the regulation of imports, which were temporarily established by the reciprocity treaty of the 5th of June, 1854. I desire, however, to be understood while making this statement, that the Colonial authorities are not deemed to be intentionally unjust or unfriendly towards the United States; but, on the contrary, there is every reason to expect that with the approval of the imperial government, they will take the necessary measures to prevent new invasion across the border.

### EMIGRATION.

The act passed at the last session for the encouragement of emigration has, as far as was possible been put in operation. It seems to need amendment, which will enable the officers of the government to prevent the practice of frauds against the immigrants while on their way, and on their arrival in the ports, so as to secure them here a free chance of avocations and places of settlement. A liberal disposition towards this great national policy is manifested by most of the European states, and ought to be reciprocated on our part by giving the immigrants effective national protection. I regard our immigrants as one of the principal replenishing streams which are appointed by Providence to repair the ravages of internal war and its wastes of national health and strength. All that is necessary, is to secure the flow of that stream in its present fullness, and to that end the government must in every way make it manifest that it neither needs nor designs to impose involuntary military service upon those who come from other lands to cast their lot in our country.

### THE NATIONAL FINANCES.

The financial affairs of the government have been successfully administered. During the last year the requisition of the last session of Congress has beneficially effected the revenue, although sufficient time has not yet elapsed to experience the full effect of several of the provisions of the acts of Congress imposing increased taxation. The receipts during the year from all sources, upon the basis of warrants signed by the Secretary of the Treasury, including loans, and the balance in the Treasury on the first day of July, 1863, were \$1,394,796,007.62, and the aggregate disbursements upon the same basis were \$1,298,056,101.89, leaving a balance in the Treasury as shown by warrants, of \$96,739,905.72, deduct from these amounts the amount of the principal of the public debt redeemed, and the amount of issues in substitution therefor, and the actual cash operations of the Treasury were: receipts \$884,076,646.77; disbursements \$865,234,087.86; which leaves a cash balance in the Treasury of \$18,842,558.71. Of the receipts there were derived from custom \$102,816,152.99; from lands, \$588,833.29; from direct taxes, \$475,648.96; from internal revenue, \$109,741,184.10; from miscellaneous sources, \$17,411,448.10; and from loans applied to actual disbursements, including for

sachusets 169,523 175,187  
mer balance, \$623,443,929.13.

erally in a condition of prosperity and rapid growth. Idaho and Montana, by reason of their great distance and the interruption of communication with them by Indian hostilities, have been only partially organized, but it is understood that these difficulties are about to disappear, which will permit their governments, like those of other territories, to go into immediate operation as intimately connected with, and promotive of, the material growth of the country.

### THE DEPARTMENT OF WAR.

The report of the Secretary of War, and the accompanying documents, will detail the campaigns of the armies in the field, since the date of the last annual message, and also the operations of the several administrative bureaus of the War Department during the last year. It will also specify the means deemed essential for the National defense, and to keep up and supply the requisite military force.

### THE DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVY.

The report of the Secretary of the Navy presents a comprehensive and satisfactory exhibition of the affairs of that Department and of the Naval service. It is a subject of congratulation and laudable pride to your countrymen, that a navy of such vast proportions has been organized in so brief a period, and conducted with so much efficiency and success. The general exhibit of the Navy, including vessels under construction, on the 1st of December, 1864, shows a total of 671 vessels, carrying 4,610 guns, and 510,398 tons, being an actual increase during the year, over and above all losses by shipwrecks and battles, of 83 vessels, 167 guns, and 4,247 tons.

The public debt on the 1st day of July last, as appears by the books of the Treasury, amounted to one billion seven hundred and forty thousand million six hundred and ninety thousand four hundred and eighty-nine dollars and forty-nine cents. Probably, should the war continue for another year, that amount may be increased by not far from five hundred millions. Held, as it is, for the most part by our own people, it has become a substantial branch of national though private property. For obvious reasons, the more nearly this property can be distributed among all the people the better. To favor such general distribution, greater inducements might perhaps with good effect and without injury, be presented to persons of limited means. With this view I suggest whether it might not be both expedient and competent for Congress to provide that a

United amount of some future issue of public securities might be held by any bona fide purchaser, exempt from taxation and seizure of debt, under such restrictions and limitations as might be necessary to guard against abuse of so important a privilege. This would enable prudent persons to set aside a small annuity against a possible day of want. Privileges like these would render the possession of such securities to the amount limited, most desirable to every person of small means who might be able to save enough for the purpose. The great advantage of citizens being creditors, as well as debtors, with relation to the public debt, is obvious. Men readily perceive they cannot be much oppressed by a debt which they owe to themselves.

The public debt on the 1st day of July last, although somewhat exceeding the estimate of the Secretary of the Treasury, made at Congress at the commencement of the last session, falls short of the estimate of that officer made in the previous December as to its probable amount at the beginning of this year, by the sum of \$3,995,079,33. This fact exhibits the satisfactory condition and conduct of the operations of the Treasury.

### THE POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT.

Your attention is invited to the report of the Post-master General for a detailed account of the operations and financial condition of the Post Office Department. The postal receipts for the year ending June 30, 1864, amounted to \$12,438,253.78, and the expenditures to \$2,644,786.20. The excess of expenditures over receipts being \$306,652.42.

The views presented by the Post Master General on the subject of special grants by the Government in aid of the establishment of new lines of ocean mail steamships, and the policy he recommends for the development of increased commercial intercourse between adjacent and neighboring counties, should receive the careful consideration of Congress.

### THE NEW STATE OF NEVADA.

It is of noteworthy interest that the steady expansion of population, improvement, and governmental institutions, over the new and unoccupied portions of our country, have scarcely been checked, much less impeded and destroyed, by our great civil war, which at first glance would seem to have absorbed almost the entire energies of the nation. The organization and admission of the State of Nevada has been completed in conformity with law, and thus our excellent system is firmly established in the mountains, which once seemed a barren and uninhabitable waste between the Atlantic States and those which my invalid pensioners 22,767, and of navy invalid pensioners 712.

Of widows, orphans and mothers, 12,198 have been placed on the army pension-roll, and 248 on the navy roll. The present num-

ber cannot be satisfactorily conducted unless the Government can exercise a restraining power over the bank note circulation of the country.

### THE DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.

I ask the attention of Congress to the valuable information and important recommendation relating to public lands, Indian Affairs, the Pacific Railroad and mineral discoveries, contained in the report of the Secretary of the Interior, which is herewith transmitted, and which embraces the subject of the patents, pensions and other topics of public interest pertaining to his Department.

The quantity of public lands disposed of, during the five quarters ending on the 18th of September last, was 4,221,342 acres, of which 1,538,614 acres were entered under the Homestead law. The remainder was located with military land warrants, agricultural scrip certified to States for railroads, and sold for cash. The cash received from sales and taxation was \$1,019,446. The income from sales, during the fiscal year ending June 30th, was \$67,820,721 against \$13,607,735 received during the preceding year. The aggregate of acres surveyed has been equal to the quantity disposed of, and there has been open to settlement about one hundred and forty-three millions of acres of surveyed land.

### THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.

The great enterprise of connecting the Atlantic with the Pacific States has been entered upon with a vigor that gives assurance of success notwithstanding the high price of labor and materials. The route of the main line of the road has been definitely located for one hundred miles westward from the initial point at Omaha City, Nebraska, and a preliminary location of the Pacific Railroad of California has been made from Sacramento eastward to the great bend of the Mery river in Nevada.

### THE NEW MINING REGIONS.

Numerous discoveries of gold, silver, etc., in Nevada mines have been added to the many heretofore known, and the country occupied by the Sierra Nevada, the Rocky Mountains and the subordinate ranges, now teems with enterprising labor which is richly remunerative. It is believed the products of the mines of precious metals in that region, have, during the year, reached, if not exceeded \$100,000,000 in value.

### INDIAN AFFAIRS.

It was recommended in my last annual message that our Indian system be remodeled. Congress, at its last session, acting upon my recommendation, did provide for reorganizing the system in California, and the management of the Indians there will be attended with reasonable success. Much yet remains to be done to provide for the proper government of the Indians in other parts of the country, and to render it secure to the advancing settlers, and to provide for the welfare of the Indians. The Secretary reiterates his recommendations, and to them the attention of Congress is invited.

### THE PENSION BUREAU.

The liberal provisions for the invalid soldiers and sailors of the Republic, and for the widows, orphans and mothers of dependents of those who have fallen in battle, or died of disease contracted or wounds received in the service of their country, have been diligently administered. There have been added to the pension-roll, during the year ending on the 30th of June last, the names of 16,770 invalid soldiers, and of 271 disabled seamen, making the present number of army invalid pensioners 22,767, and of navy invalid pensioners 712.

Of widows, orphans and mothers, 12,198 have been placed on the army pension-roll, and 248 on the navy roll. The present num-

### OUR TERRITORIES.

The territories of the United States are gen-

per of army pensioners of this class is 25,433, and on the navy roll, 793.

At the beginning of the year the number of revolutionary pensioners was 1,430. Only twelve of them were soldiers, of whom seven have since died. The remainder are those who under the law receive pensions on account of relationship to revolutionary soldiers.

During the year ending 30th of June, 1864, \$4,504,616.92 have been paid to pensioners of all classes.

#### THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

I recommend to your continued patronage the benevolent institutions of the District of Columbia, which have been established and fostered by Congress, and respectfully refer you for information concerning them, and in relation to the Washington aqueduct, the Capitol, and other matters of local interest, to the report of the Secretary.

#### THE BUREAU OF AGRICULTURE.

The Agricultural Department, under the supervision of its present energetic and faithful head, is rapidly commanding itself to the great and vital interests it was created to advance. It is peculiarly the people's department, in which they feel more directly concerned than in any other. I commend it to the continued attention and fostering care of Congress.

#### THE NATIONAL STRUGGLE.

The war continues. Since the last annual message, all the important lines and positions then occupied by our forces have been maintained, and our armies have steadily advanced, thus liberating the regions left in the rear, so that Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee and parts of other States, have again produced reasonably fair crops.

The most remarkable feature in the military operations of the year is Gen. Sherman's attempted march of 300 miles directly through the insurgent regions. It tends to show a great increase of our strength, that our General-in-Chief should feel able to confront and hold in check every active force of the enemy, and yet to detach a well appointed and large army to move on such an expedition. The result not yet being known, conjecture in regard to it is not here indulged.

Important movements have also occurred during the year to the effect of moulding Southern society for durability in the Union. Although short of complete success, it is much in the right direction that 12,000 citizens, in each of the States of Arkansas and Louisiana, have organized loyal State governments with free Constitution and are struggling to maintain and administer them. The movement in the same direction, more extensive though less definite, in Missouri, Kentucky and Tennessee, should not be overlooked.

#### FREE MARYLAND.

But Maryland presents the example of genius of rebellion will no more claim Maryland. Like another foul spirit being driven out, it may seek to tear her, but it will move her no more.

#### AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION.

At the last session of Congress a proposed amendment of the Constitution, abolishing Slavery throughout the United States, passed the Senate, but failed for lack of the requisite two-thirds vote in the House of Representatives. Although the present is the same Congress, and nearly the same members, without questioning the wisdom or patriotism of those who stood in opposition, I venture to recommend the reconsideration and the passage of the measure at the present session. Of course the abstract question is not changed, but an intervening election shows almost certainly that the next Congress will pass the measure, if this does not. Hence, this is only a question of time as to when the proposed amendment will go to the States for their action, and as it is to go at all events, may we not agree that the sooner the better?

It is not claimed that the election has imposed a duty on members to change their views or their votes, any further than, as an

additional element to be considered, their judgment may be affected by it. It is the voice of the people, now for the first time heard upon it. In a great National crisis like ours, unanimity among those wishing a common end, is desirable, almost indispensable, and yet no approach to such unanimity is attainable unless some deference shall be paid to the will of the majority, simply because it is the will of the majority.

In this case, the common end is the maintenance of the Union, and among the means to secure that end, such will, through the election, is most clearly declared in favor of such constitutional amendment. The most reliable indication of public purpose in this country is derived through our popular elections. Judging by the recent canvass and its results, the purpose of the loyal States to maintain the integrity of the Union was never more firm, or more nearly unanimous than now. The extraordinary calmness and good order with which the millions of voters met and mingled at the polls, give strong assurance of this. Not only those who supported the Union ticket so called, but a large portion of the other party, may fairly be claimed to entertain and to be actuated by the same purpose. It is an unanswerable argument to this effect that no candidate for any office whatever, high or low, has ventured to seek votes on the avowal that he was for giving up the Union. There have been much impugning of motives, and much heated controversy as to the proper means and best modes of advancing the Union cause; but in the distinct issue of Union or no Union, the politicians have shown their instinctive knowledge that there is no diversity among the people. In affording the people the fair opportunity of showing, one to another and to the world, this firmness and unanimity of purpose, the election has been of vast value to the National cause.

The election has exhibited another fact not less valuable to be known, the fact that we do not approach exhaustion in the most important branch of the national resources, that of living men. While it is melancholy to reflect that the war has filled so many graves, and caused mourning to so many hearts, it is some relief to know, that, compared with the survivors, the fallen have been so few.

A great majority of the men who composed them are still living. The same is true of the naval service. The election returns prove this; so many voters could not else be found. The States regularly holding elections, both now and four years ago, to wit: California, Connecticut, Delaware, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Virginia, Vermont, West Virginia and Wisconsin, cast 3,892,011 votes now against 3,870,222 cast then, showing an aggregate now of 3,398,211, to which is to be added 33,762 cast now in the new states of Kansas, and Nevada, which did not vote in 1860, thus swelling the aggregate to 4,075,772, and the net increase during the three years and a half of war to 145,751. A table is appended showing particulars. To this again, should be added the number of soldiers in the field from Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Delaware, Indiana, Illinois and California, who by the laws of those States could not vote away from their homes, and which number cannot be less than 90,000. Nor yet is this all. The number in organized territories is triple now what it was four years ago, while thousands of white and black join us as the national arms press back the insurgent lines. So much is shown affirmatively and negatively by the election. It is not material to inquire how the increase has been produced, or to show that it would have been greater but for the war, which is probably true. The important fact remains demonstrated that we have more men now than we had when the war began; that we are not exhausted nor in process of exhaustion; that we are gaining strength, and may, if need

be, maintain the contest indefinitely. Thus, as to men, material resources are now more complete and abundant than ever.

The national resources then are inexhausted, and as we believe inexhaustible.—The public purpose to re-establish and maintain the national authority, is unchanged, and as we believe unchanged. The manner of continuing the effort remains to choose. On careful consideration of all the evidence accessible, it seems to me that no attempt at negotiation with the insurgent leader could result in any good. He would accept of nothing short of the severance of the Union. His declarations to that effect are explicit and oft repeated. He does not attempt to deceive us. He affords us no excuse to deceive ourselves; we cannot voluntarily do it. Between him and us the issue is distinct, simple and inflexible. It is an issue which can only be tried by war and decided by victory. If we yield we are beaten; if the southern people fail him, he is beaten; either way it would be the victory and defeat following war. What is true, however, of him who heads the insurgent cause is not necessarily true of those who follow. Although he cannot re-accept the Union, they can; some of them, we know, already desire peace and Union. The number of such may increase. They can at any moment have peace simply by laying down their arms and submitting to the national authority under the Constitution. After so much the Government could not, if it would, maintain war against them. The loyal people would not sustain or allow it. If questions should remain we would adjust them by the pacific means of legislation, conference, courts and votes. Operating only in constitutional and lawful channels, some certain and other possible questions, are and would be beyond the executive power to adjust; as, for instance, the admission of members of Congress and money. The Executive power itself would be greatly diminished by the cessation of actual war. Pardons and remissions of forfeiture, however, would still be within Executive control. In what spirit and temper this control would be exercised can be fairly judged by the past.

A year ago general pardon and amnesty upon specified terms were offered to all except certain designated classes, and it was at the same time made known that the excepted classes were still within contemplation of special clemency. During the year many availed themselves of the general provision and many more would, only that the signs of bad faith in some led to such precautionary measures as rendered the practical process less easy and certain. During the same time, also, special pardons have been granted to individual of excepted classes, and no voluntary application has been denied. Thus, practically, the door has been for a full year open to all except such as were not in condition to make free choice, that is such as were in custody or under constraint. It is still so open to all, but the time may come, probably will come, when public duty shall demand that it be closed and that in lieu more vigorous measures than heretofore shall be adopted.

In presenting the abandonment of armed resistance to the National authority on the part of the insurgents as the only indispensable condition to ending the war on the part of the government, I retract nothing heretofore said as to slavery. I repeat the declaration made a year ago, that while I remain in my position, I shall not attempt to retract or modify the emancipation proclamation, nor shall I return to slavery any person who is free by the terms of that proclamation, or by any of the acts of Congress. If the people should, by whatever mode or means make it an executive duty to re-enslave such persons, another and not I, must be the instrument to perform it.

In stating a single condition of peace, I mean simply to say that the war will cease on the part of the Government, whenever it shall cease on the part of those who begin it.

[Signed]

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Table.

	1860.	1864.
Kentucky	156,216	91,800
Maine	97,918	115,141
Arkansas	92,502	72,708

sachusets	160,533	175,487
higan	154,747	162,413
nesota	34,799	42,524
souri	165,538	90,000
w Hampshire	69,953	69,111
w Jersey	121,125	128,680
w York	675,156	730,764
iio	442,441	470,745
regon	14,410	14,410
ennsylvania	476,442	572,697
ode Island	19,931	22,187
ermont	42,844	55,811
est Virginia	46,195	33,874
osconsin	152,180	148,513
Total	3,870,222	3,982,011
Nas	17,284	
ada	16,528	
All Total	33,762	

#### Scathing Letter from President Lincoln.

#### He Replies to the Albany Vandighammers.

#### Defense of the Policy of "Arbitrary Arrests."

#### Traitors to be Squelched Constitutionally.

Albany, May 19, 1863.

To His Excellency, the President of the United States:

The undersigned, officers of a public meeting held at the city of Albany on the 16th day of May inst., herewith transmit to your Excellency a copy of the resolutions adopted at the said meeting, and respectfully request your earnest consideration of them. They deem it proper on their personal responsibility, to state that the meeting was one of the most respectable as to numbers and character, and one of the most earnest in support of the Union, ever held in this city.

to ours, with great regard,  
ERASTUS CORNING, President.  
ELI PERRY, Vice President.  
PETER GANESVOORT, Vice President.  
PETER MONTEATH, Vice President.  
SAM'L W. GIBBS, Vice President.  
JOHN NIBACK, Vice President.  
H. W. McCLELLAN, Vice President.  
LEMUEL W. ROGERS, Vice President.  
WILLIAM SEYMOUR, Vice President.  
JEREMIAH OSBORN, Vice President.  
WM. S. PADDOCK, Vice President.  
J. B. SANDERS, Vice President.  
EDWARD MULCHALY, Vice President.  
D. V. N. RADCLIFFE, Vice President.  
WILLIAM A. RICE, Secretary.  
R. W. PACKHAM, Jr., Secretary.  
M. A. NOLAN, Secretary.  
JOHN B. NELSON, Secretary.  
C. W. WEEKS, Secretary.

Resolutions Adopted at the Meeting held in Albany, N. Y., on the 16th of May, 1863.

Resolved, That the Democrats of New York point to their uniform course of action during the two years of civil war, through which we have passed, to the purity which they have evinced in filling up the ranks of the army, to their contributions and sacrifices, as the evidence of their patriotism and devotion to the cause of our imperilled country.

In the history of civil wars has a government been sustained with such ample resources of means and men as the people have voluntarily placed in the hands of this administration.

Resolved, That as Democrats, we are determined to maintain this patriotic attitude, and, despite of adverse and dis-

heartening circumstances, to devote all our energies to sustain the cause of the Union, to secure peace through victory, and to bring back the restoration of all the states under the safeguards of the constitution.

Resolved, That while we will not consent to be misapprehended upon these points, we are determined not to be misunderstood in regard to others not less essential. We demand that the administration shall be true to the constitution; shall recognize and maintain the rights of the states and the liberties of the citizen:

shall everywhere, outside of the lines of insurrection, exert all its powers

to maintain the supremacy of the civil over military law.

Resolved, That, in view of these principles, we renounce the recent assumption of a military commander to seize and try a citizen of Ohio, Clement L. Vallandigham, for no other reason than words addressed to a public meeting, in criticism of the course of the administration and in condemnation of the military orders of that general.

Resolved, That this assumption of power by a military tribunal, if successfully asserted, not only abrogates the right of the people to assemble and discuss the affairs of the government, the liberty of speech and of the press, the right of trial by jury, the law of evidence, and the privileges of habeas corpus, but it strikes a fatal blow at the supremacy of law, and the authority of the state and Federal constitutions.

Resolved, That the Constitution of the United States—the supreme law of the land, has defined the crime of treason against the United States to consist "only in levying war against them, or adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort," and has provided that "no person shall be convicted of treason, unless on the testimony of two witnesses to the same overt act, or on confession in open court." And it further provides that "no person shall be held to answer for a capital or otherwise infamous crime, unless on a presentment or indictment of a grand jury, except in cases arising in the land and naval forces, or in the militia when in actual service in time of war or public danger;" and further, that "in all prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right of a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury of the state and district wherein the crime was committed."

Resolved, That these safeguards of the rights of the citizen against the pretensions of arbitrary power were intended more especially for his protection in times of civil commotion. They were secured substantially to the English people, after years of protracted civil war, and were adopted into our Constitution at the close of the revolution. They have stood the test of twenty-six years of trial under our republican system, under circumstances which show that, while they constitute the foundation of all free government, they are the elements of the only stability of the republic.

Resolved, That, in adopting the language of Daniel Webster, we declare, "It is the ancient and undoubted prerogative of this people to canvass public measures and the merits of public men." It is a "home bred right," a fireside privilege. It has been enjoyed in every house, cottage and cabin in the nation. It is as undoubted as the right of breathing the air or walking on the earth. Belonging to

private life as a right, it belongs to public life as a duty, and it is the last duty which those whose representatives we are, shall find us to abandon. Aiming at all times to be courteous and temperate in its use, except when the right itself is questioned, we shall place ourselves on the extreme boundary of our own right and bid defiance to any arm that would move us from the ground. "This high constitutional privilege we shall defend and exercise in all places—in time of peace, in time of war, and at all times. Living, we shall assert it; and should we leave no other inheritance to our children, by the blessing of God we will leave them the inheritance of free principle and the example of a manly, independent and constitutional defence of them."

Resolved, That in the election of Gov. Seymour, the people of this State by an emphatic majority, declared their condemnation of the system of arbitrary arrests and their determination to stand by the Constitution. That the revival of this lawless system can have but one result: to divide and distract the North, and destroy its confidence in the purposes of the administration. That we deprecate it as an element of confusion at home, of weakness to our armies in the field, and as calculated to lower the estimate of American character and magnify the apparent peril of our cause abroad.

And that, regarding the blow struck at a citizen of Ohio as aimed at the rights of every citizen of the North, we denounce it as against the spirit of our laws and Constitution, and most earnestly call upon the President of the United States to reverse the action of the military tribunal which has passed a "cruel and unusual punishment" upon the party arrested, prohibited in terms by the Constitution, and to restore him to the liberty of which he has been deprived.

Resolved, That the Presidents, Vice Presidents and Secretary of this meeting be requested to transmit a copy of these resolutions to His Excellency, the President of the United States, with the assurance of this meeting of their hearty and earnest desire to support the government in every constitutional and lawful measure to suppress the existing rebellion.

MR. LINCOLN'S REPLY.

Executive Mansion, Washington, June 12, 1863.

Hon. Erastus Corning and others:

GENTLEMEN:—Your letter of May 19, enclosing the resolutions of a public meeting held at Albany, New York, on the 16th of the same month, was received several days ago.

The resolutions, as I understand them, are resolvable into two propositions—first, the expression of a purpose to sustain the cause of the Union, to secure peace through victory, and to support the administration in every constitutional and lawful measure to suppress the rebellion; and secondly, a declaration of censure upon the administration for supposed unconstitutional action, such as the making of military arrests. And, from the two propositions, a third is deduced, which is that the gentlemen composing the meeting are resolved on doing their part to maintain our common government and country, despite the folly or wickedness, as they may conceive, of any administration. This position is eminently patriotic, and as such, I thank the meeting, and congratulate the nation for it. My own purpose is the same; so that the meeting

ber of army pensioners of this class, and myself have a common object, and can have no difference, except in the choice of means and measures for effecting that object.

And here I ought to close this paper, and would close it, if there were no apprehension that more injurious consequences than any merely personal to myself might follow the censures systematically cast upon me for doing what, in my view of duty, I could not forbear. The resolutions promise to support me in every constitutional and lawful measure to suppress the rebellion; and I have not knowingly employed, nor shall knowingly employ, any other. But the meeting, by their resolutions, assert and argue that certain military arrests, and proceedings following them, for which I am ultimately responsible, are unconstitutional. I think they are not. The resolutions quote from the Constitution the definition of treason, and also the limiting safeguards and guarantees therein provided for the citizen on trial for treason, and on his being held to answer for capital or otherwise infamous crimes, and, in criminal prosecutions, his right to a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury. They proceed to resolve "that these safeguards of the rights of the citizen against the pretensions of arbitrary power were intended more especially for his protection in times of civil commotion." And, apparently to demonstrate the proposition, the resolutions proceed: "They were secured substantially to the English people after years of protracted civil war, and were adopted into our Constitution at the close of the revolution." Would not the demonstration have been better, if it could have been truly said that these safeguards had been adopted and applied during the civil wars and during our revolution, instead of after the one and at the close of the other? I, too, am devotedly for them after civil war, and before civil war, and at all times, "except when, in cases of rebellion or invasion, the public safety may require" their suspension.—The resolutions proceed to tell us that these safeguards "have stood the test of seventy-six years of trial, under our republican system, under circumstances which show that while they constitute the foundation of all free government, they are the elements of the enduring stability of the republic." No one denies that they have so stood the test up to the beginning of the present rebellion, if we except a certain occurrence at New Orleans; nor does any one question that they will stand the same test much longer after the rebellion closes. But these provisions of the Constitution have no application to the case we have in hand, because the arrests complained of were not made for treason—that is, not for the treason defined in the Constitution, and upon the conviction of which the punishment is death—nor yet were they made to hold persons to answer for any capital or otherwise infamous crimes; nor were the proceedings following in any constitutional or legal sense, "criminal prosecutions." The arrests were made on totally different grounds, and the proceedings following accorded with the grounds of the arrests. Let us consider the real case with which we are dealing, and apply to it the parts of the Constitution plainly made for such cases.

Prior to my installation here it had been inculcated that any State had a lawful right to secede from the national Uni-

clear, flagrant, and gigantic case of rebellion; and the provision of the Constitution that "the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus shall not be suspended, unless when, in cases of rebellion or invasion, the public safety may require it," is the provision which specially applies to our present case. This provision plainly attests the understanding of those who made the Constitution, that ordinary courts of justice are inadequate to "cases of rebellion"—attests their purpose that, in such cases, men may be held in custody whom the courts, acting on ordinary rules, would discharge. Habeas corpus does not discharge men who are proved to be guilty of defined crime; and its suspension is allowed by the Constitution on purpose that men may be arrested and held who cannot be proved to be guilty of defined crime, "when, in cases of rebellion or invasion, the public safety may require it." This is precisely our present case—a case of rebellion, wherein the public safety does require the suspension. Indeed, arrests by process of courts, and arrests in cases of rebellion, do not proceed altogether upon the same basis. The former is directed at the small percentage of ordinary and continuous perpetration of crime, while the latter is directed at sudden and extensive uprisings against the government, which, at most, will succeed or fail in no great length of time. In the latter case, arrests are made, not so much for what has been done, as for what probably would be done. The latter is more for the preventive and less for the vindictive than the former. In such cases the purposes of men are much more easily understood than in cases of ordinary crime. The man who stands by and says nothing when the peril of his government is discussed, cannot be misunderstood. If not hindered, he is sure to help the enemy; much more, if he talks ambiguously—talks for his country with "butts" and "ifs" and "ands." Of how little value the constitutional provisions I have quoted will be rendered, if arrests shall never be made until defined crimes shall be committed may be illustrated by a few noble examples. Gen. John C. Breckinridge, General Robert E. Lee, General Joseph E. Johnston, General John B. Magruder, General William B. Preston, General Simon B. Buckner, and Commodore Franklin Buchanan, now occupying the very highest places in the rebel war service, were all within the power of the government since the rebellion began, and were nearly as well known to be traitors then as now. Unquestionably if we had seized and held them, the insurgent cause would be much weaker. Every one of them if arrested, would have been discharged on habeas corpus were the writ allowed to operate. In view of these and similar cases, I think the time is not unlikely to come when I shall be blamed for having made too few arrests rather than too many.

By the third resolution the meeting indicate their opinion that military arrests may be constitutional in localities where rebellion actually exists, but that such arrests are unconstitutional in localities where rebellion or insurrection does not actually exist. They insist that such arrests shall not be made "outside of the lines of necessary military occupation, and the scenes of insurrection." Inasmuch, however, as the Constitution itself makes no such distinction, I am unable to believe that there is any such constitu-

tional distinction. I concede that the mass of arrests complained of can be constitutional only when, in cases of rebellion or invasion, the public safety may require them; and I insist that in such cases they are constitutional wherever the public safety does require them; as well as places to which they may prevent the rebellion extending as in those where it may be already prevailing; as well where they may restrain mischievous interference with the raising and supplying of armies to suppress the rebellion, as where the rebellion may actually be; as well where they may restrain the enticing men out of the army, as where they would prevent mutiny in the army; equally constitutional at all places where they will conduce to the public safety, as against the dangers of rebellion or invasion. It is asserted, in substance, that M. Vallandigham was, by a military commander, seized and tried "for no other reason than words addressed at a public meeting, in criticism of the course of the military orders of the general." Now, if there be no mistake about this; if his assertion is the truth and the whole truth; if there was no other reason for the arrest, then I concede that the arrest was wrong. But the arrest, as I understand, was made for a very different reason.

Mr. Vallandigham avows his hostility to the war on the part of the Union; and his arrest was made because he was laboring, with some effect, to prevent the raising of troops; to encourage desertions from the army; and to leave the rebellion without an adequate military force to suppress it. He was not arrested because he was damaging the political prospects of the administration, or the personal interests of the commanding general; but because he was damaging the army, upon the existence and vigor of which the life of the nation depends. He was arraigned upon the military, and this gave the military constitutional jurisdiction to lay hands upon him. If Mr. Vallandigham was not damaging the military power of the country, then his arrest was made on mistake of fact, which I would be glad to correct on reasonable satisfactory evidence.

I understand the meeting, whose resolutions I am considering, to be in favor of suppressing the rebellion by military force—by armies. Long experience has shown that armies cannot be sustained unless desertions shall be punished by the severe penalty of death. The case requires, and the law and the constitution sanction this punishment. Must I shoot a simple-minded soldier boy who deserts, while I must not touch a hair of a wily agitator who induces him to desert? This is none the less injurious when effected by getting a father, or brother, or friend, into a public meeting, and there working upon his feelings until he is persuaded to write the soldier boy that he is fighting in a bad cause or a wicked administration of a contemptible government, too weak to arrest and punish him if he shall desert. I think that in such a case to silent the agitator and save the boy is not only constitutional, but withal a great mercy.

If I be wrong on this question of constitutional power, my error lies in believing that certain proceedings are constitutional, when in cases of rebellion or invasion, the public safety requires them, which would not be constitutional when, in absence of rebellion or invasion, the public safety does not require them; in other words, that the constitution is not, in its application, in all respects the same, in cases of rebellion or invasion involving the public safety, as it is in cases of profound peace and public security.

The constitution itself makes the distinction: no more can be persuaded that the government constitutionally take no strong measures of rebellion, because it can be no more than a resemblance to Booth. He was, of course, liberated.

It is not good medicine

for a sick man, because it can be shown to not be good food for a well one. Nor am I able to appreciate the danger apprehended by the meeting that the American People will, by means of military arrest during the rebellion, lose the right of public discussion, the liberty of speech and the press, the law of evidence, trial by jury, and habeas corpus, throughout the indefinite peaceful future, which I trust lies before them, any more than I am able to believe that a man could contract so strong an appetite for emetics during temporary illness as to persist feeding upon them during the remainder of his healthful life.

In giving the resolutions that careful consideration which you request of me, I cannot overlook the fact that the meeting speaks as "democrats." Nor can I, with full respect for their known intelligence, and the fairly presumed deliberation with which they prepared their resolutions, be permitted to suppose that this occurred by accident, or in any way other than that they preferred to designate themselves "democrats" rather than "American citizens." In this time of national peril I would have preferred to meet you upon a levee one step higher than any party platform; because I am sure that, from such more elevated position, we could do better battle for the country we all love than we possibly can from those lower ones where, from the force of habit, the prejudices of the past, and selfish hopes of the future, we are sure to expend much of our ingenuity and strength in finding fault with, and aiming blows at each other. But, since you have denied me this, I will yet be thankful, for the country's sake, that not all democrats have done so. He on whose discretionary judgment Mr. Vallandigham was arrested and tried as a democrat, having no old party affinity with me; and the judge who rejected the constitutional view expressed in these resolutions, by refusing to discharge Mr. Vallandigham on habeas corpus is a democrat of better days than these, having received his judicial mantle at the hands of President Jackson. And still more, of all those democrats who are nobly exposing their lives and shedding their blood on the battle field, I have learned that many approve the course taken with Mr. Vallandigham, while I have not heard of a single one condemning it. I cannot assert that there are none such. And the name of President Jackson recalls an instance of pertinent history. After the battle of New Orleans, and while the fact that the treaty of peace had been concluded was well known in the city, but before official knowledge of it had arrived, General Jackson still maintained martial or military law. Now, that it could be said the war was over, the clamor against martial law, which had existed from the first, grew more furious.

Among other things a Mr. Louaillier published a denunciatory newspaper article. Gen. Jackson arrested him. A lawyer by the name of Morel procured the United States Judge Hall to order a writ of habeas corpus to relieve Mr. Louaillier. General Jackson arrested both the lawyer and the judge. A Mr. Hollander ventured to say of some part of the matter that "it was a dirty trick." Gen. Jackson arrested him. When the officer undertook to serve the writ of habeas corpus, Gen. Jackson took it from him, and sent him away with a copy. Holding the judge in custody a few days, the General sent him beyond the limits of his encampment, and set him at liberty, with an order to remain till the ratification of peace should be regularly announced, or until the British should have left the Southern coast. A day or two elapsed, the ratification of the treaty of peace was regularly announced, and the Judge and others were fully liberated. A few days more, and the Judge called Gen. Jackson into court, and fined him a thousand dollars for having arrested him and the others named. The General paid the fine, and there the matter rested for nearly thirty years, when Congress refunded principal and interest.

The late Senator Douglas, then in the House of Representatives, took a leading part in the debate, in which the constitutional question was much discussed. I am not prepared to say whom the journals would show to have voted for the measure.

It may be remarked: First, that we had the same Constitution then as now; secondly, that we then had a case of invasion, and now we have a case of rebellion; and, thirdly, that the permanent right of the people to public discussion, the liberty of speech and of the press, the trial by jury, the law of evidence, and the habeas corpus, suffered no detriment whatever by that conduct of Gen. Jackson, or its subsequent approval by the American Con-

And yet let me say, that in my own discretion I do not know whether I would have ordered the arrest or Mr. Vallandigham. While I cannot shift the responsibility from myself, I hold that, as general rule, the commander in the field is the better judge of the necessity to practice a general directory and a revisory power in the matter.

One of the resolutions expressed the opinion of the meeting that arbitrary arrests will have the effect to divide and distract those who should be united in suppressing the rebellion, and I am specifically called on to discharge Mr. Vallandigham. I regard this as, at least, a fair appeal to me on the expediency of exercising a constitutional power which I think exists. In response to such appeal I have to say, it gave me pain when I learned that Mr. Vallandigham had been arrested—that is, I was pained that there should have seemed to be a necessity for arresting him—and that it will afford me a great pleasure to discharge him as soon as I can, by any means I believe the public safety will not suffer by it. I further say, that as the war progresses, it appears to me, opinion and action, which were in great confusion at first, take shape and fall into more regular channels so that the necessity for strong dealing with them decreases. I have every desire that it should cease altogether, and far from the least is my regard for the opinions and wishes of those who, like the meeting at Albany, declare their purpose to sustain the government in every constitutional and lawful measure to suppress the rebellion. Still I must continue to do as much as may seem to be required by public safety.

A. LINCOLN.

What a Woman Says of the Inaugural.  
Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, so widely known as an authoress, in a letter to the New York Independent, speaks in the following terms of the President and his inaugural address:

Yet what a wonderful change has been wrought! Though everybody says it, I cannot help repeating, what a wonderful change! If you would measure the progress, read Abraham Lincoln's first inaugural and his last. How concise and significant, how full of wisdom and moral power is that last brief address to the people! I have found a great deal of fault with President Lincoln, but I must say, he has continually grown upon my respect and confidence. He is evidently a sensible, an honest, and a kind-hearted man. I regard it as one of the best auguries for the American people that they had the good sense to stand by him at this important crisis. It was the triumph of free schools.

How impressive is that portion of the President's inaugural, where he says that every drop of blood drawn by the lash has been repaid by drops drawn by the sword. During the progress of war, I have often been struck with the fact that the same measure we have meted out has been measured unto us. The poor slaves had their children shot down, whipped to death, and torn from them to die afar off, and we heard of it with languid indifference, or had no execrations to bestow, except upon those who told of such deeds. They died by slow starvation, and we heeded it not. They were torn by blood-hounds, and we could not believe that Southern gentlemen could train ferocious brutes for such a purpose. And lo! we learn it all now, in the terrible school of experience. Slavery tears our children from us, to die far away from us; she starves them to skeletons; she tracks their flight with fierce bloodhounds. And, to complete the lesson, the poor, abused negro, whom we have helped to abuse, hides them, and feeds them, and guides them to their friends. It seems to me that never, in human history, was the Divine Hand so plainly visible.

A great sensation was created at Liverpool on the afternoon of May 2d, on the receipt of a telegram from Queenstown, announcing that Wilkes Booth had arrived there on the Elsinburg and was captured. It afterwards turned out that the man arrested was a passenger named O'Neil, who bears a resemblance to Booth. He was, of course, liberated.

Washington, July 7.

The four conspirators, Harrold, Atzerott, Payne and Mrs. Surratt were hung in this city to-day at 2 o'clock.

Executive Mansion,

July 5th, 1865.

The foregoing sentences in the cases of David G. Harrold, George A. Atzerott, Lewis Payne and Mary E. Surratt, are approved, and it is ordered that the sentences in the cases of David E. Harrold, G. A. Atzerott, Lewis Payne and Mary E. Surratt be carried into execution by the proper military authorities under the direction of the Secretary of War, on the 7th day of July, 1865, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 2 o'clock p. m.

[Signed.] ANDREW JOHNSON, Pres.

Now, therefore, you are hereby commanded to cause the sentences of David E. Harrold, G. A. Atzerott, Lewis Payne and Mary E. Surratt to be duly executed in accordance with the President's order.

By command of the President of the United States. E. D. TOWNSEND,

Assistant Adjutant-General.

The remaining cases of O'Laughlin, Spangler, Arnold and Mudd, the findings and sentences are as follows:

5th. Michael O'Laughlin. The finding of the specification guilty, except the words thereof, as follows:

And, in the further prosecution of the conspiracy aforesaid and its murderous, treasonable purposes aforesaid on the night of the 13th and 14th of April, 1865, at Washington city, and within the military department and lines aforesaid, the said M. O'Laughlin did then and there lie in wait for Ulysses S. Grant, then Lieutenant-General and Commander of the Armies of the United States, with intent then and there to kill and murder the said Ulysses S. Grant, of said words not guilty, and except combining, confederating and conspiring with Edward Spangler, of this not guilty. Of the charge guilty, except combining, confederating and conspiring with Edward Spangler, of this not guilty.

The commission sentence Michael O'Laughlin to be imprisoned at hard labor for life.

6th. Edwin Spangler—Finding of the specification not guilty, except as to the words the said Edwin Spangler on said 14th day of April 1865, at about the same hour of that day as aforesaid within said military department, and the military lines aforesaid, did aid and abet him, meaning John Wilkes Booth, in making his escape after the said Abraham Lincoln had been murdered in the manner aforesaid; and of these words guilty. Of the charge not guilty, but guilty of having feloniously and traitorously aided and abetted John Wilkes Booth in making his escape after having killed and murdered Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States; he, the said Edward Spangler, at the time of aiding and abetting as aforesaid, well knowing that the said Abraham Lincoln, President as aforesaid, had been murdered by the said John Wilkes Booth, as aforesaid.

The Commission sentence Spangler to be confined at hard labor for six years.

7th. Samuel Arnold. Of the specifications guilty, except the combining, confederating and conspiring with Edward Spangler. Of this not guilty. Of the charge guilty, except the combining, confederating and conspiring with Edward Spangler. Of this not guilty. The Commission sentenced him to imprisonment at hard labor for life.

8th. Samuel A. Mudd. Of the specification, guilty, except combining, confederating and conspiring. Of this not guilty, and excepting, receiving, entertaining, harboring and concealing said Lewis Payne, John W. Surratt, Michael O'Laughlin, Geo. A. Atzerott, Mary E. Surratt and Samuel Arnold, of this not guilty. Of the charge guilty, except the combining, confederating and conspiring with the said Edward Spangler; of this not guilty.

The trial of those persons and their four accomplices, who have gone to the penitentiary, disclosed the foulest conspiracy that ever blackened the annals of any country.

The President's order in these cases is as follows:

It is further ordered that the prisoners, Surratt, Arnold, Samuel A. Mudd, Edwin Spangler, and Michael O'Laughlin be confined at hard labor in the Penitentiary at Albany, N. Y., during the period designated in their respective sentences.

Harrold displayed considerable fortitude, and only asked for an interview with his family.

Mrs. Surratt was collected, and asked for Fathers Walter and Wygatt, to attend her last moments.

Ex-Gov. Vance was released from the Old Capitol to-day, to return home, subject to the President's order.

Secretary Stanton has so far recovered from his illness as to call on the President to-day.

The Post's Washington special dispatch has the following:

Counsel and friends of Mrs. Surratt are making efforts to obtain a reprieve for her. It is thought they will not succeed.

Saturday Evening, July 8, 1865.

#### Execution of the Assassins.

Harold, Atzerott, Payne and Mrs. Surratt have paid the penalty of their great crimes. They were executed in the yard of the Old Capitol Prison, in the City of Washington, yesterday, at 2 o'clock P. M.

In their wicked ambition to become famous in the eyes of the rebel leaders, they have made their names forever infamous. They undertook the foul work of destroying the Heads of the Government in the hope of paralyzing for a while, the powers of the Government, then crushing to the earth the rebel forces, and being detected and convicted, have been condignly punished for it on the scaffold. And the punishment was inflicted with a promptitude which demonstrated and vindicated our National authority. The proceeding is heartily approved by all loyal people.

It was feared by some that Mrs. Surratt, the guiltiest of the party, might be reprieved on account of her sex. Sex has been too long a screen for the foulest crimes.

Although good women are very good, and generally better than good men, bad women are very bad, and are generally worse than bad men.

There have been a great number of very depraved, but very artful women of the

Surratt stamp living in Washington City during the war, engaged in all manner of

conspiracies against the Government and its officers, and it was high time that they should be taught that such as they, can and will be punished for crime.

It is to be hoped that the summary execution of this Queen Bee

of thier hive will be a special warning to them.

We are entirely certain that the loyal women of the country will feel as we do upon this subject.

These executions were necessary to make

wicked women, as well as wicked men un-

derstand that although our National Gov-

ernment is merciful to political offenders, it will

assert its terrible authority against assassins

and murderers. Henceforth, it will be under-

stood that conspirators against the lives of

the Head of our Government and his Cab-

inet advisers, if detected and convicted will

be punished with summary death.

Henceforth, it will be understood that National

attributes of mercy are subordinate to the

idea of proper National authority.

The trial of those persons and their four

accomplices, who have gone to the peni-

tentiary, disclosed the foulest conspiracy that

ever blackened the annals of any country.

It was a conspiracy, not only against the lives of the President and Vice President of the United States, the leading members of his Cabinet and Lieutenant General Grant, but against the lives of the people generally of the District of Columbia, and the principal cities of the North.

As if specially instigated by the Prince of Darkness, it comprehended the assassination of the parties named, the burning of Northern cities and the introduction of the small pox and yellow fever into Washington, Philadelphia, New York and Boston, where it was expected to destroy whole communities indiscriminately. It comprehended the idea of desolating by the foulest and vilest means the Northern States, whose inhabitants were then struggling to uphold the National authority. How many other parties were implicated, does not fully appear; but that Thompson, Sanders, Cleary, Tucker, Surratt and Blackburn were, there can be no doubt. It is reasonably certain, moreover, that Benjamin and other members of the rebel Government had at least, a guilty knowledge of the fact that assassinations were contemplated in furtherance of the rebel cause.

With the view to ascertain precisely how far the members of the pretended Richmond Government were implicated, the Judge Advocate General deemed it to be his duty to produce all the testimony on the general subject at his command. Although the bearing of some of it is remote, we have read none which is entirely irrelevant. All of it together tended to show the *animus* of the parties, the compass of their design, and their various plans for its execution. And although the means employed to destroy the President, the Secretary and Assistant Secretary of State were the pistol and knife, it is evident that all the means of death and desolation above referred to, were included in one general plan. It was one murderous conspiracy, directed to one general end.

The argument of Judge Bingham was convincing that Jefferson Davis approved the plot, if he did not directly instigate it. His language in North Carolina upon receipt of a telegram from Breckenridge, of the killing of President Lincoln and the infliction of what he termed mortal wounds upon Secretary Seward: "If it were to be done, it were well that it were done quickly. If the beast Johnson had been killed the business would have been finished," importuned approbation enough to implicate him, had he been personally in Washington at the time, in the crime. But the Court, acting circumspectly within the rigid rules of law, made no finding as against him.

The moral effect of the prompt execution of Harrold, Atzerott, Payne and Mrs. Surratt, will be very salutary. While it will vindicate the National authority in the eyes of the world, it will tend to protect the lives of the present officers of the Government by admonishing the rest of the conspirators to make the distance wide between themselves and the United States. The firmness of President Johnson in resisting appeals for pardon, and brushing away all impediments to prevent their prompt execution, will not fail to exalt him in the estimation of all loyal people.

The trial of those persons and their four accomplices, who have gone to the penitentiary, disclosed the foulest conspiracy that ever blackened the annals of any country.

#### Mary E. Surratt an Amazon.

Mary E. Surratt was a South American woman, who was brought to the United States when a child. She kept a resort for rebels and persons engaged in blockade running.—She was not only a rebel spy of the most dangerous type, but she has been in conspiracies of one sort or another all her life.—She has long borne the reputation of a very dangerous as well as a very bad woman. She wielded a wonderful power over dissolute young men.

#### Report of Atzerott's Confession.

Baltimore, July 9.

The American has received a report of the confession of Atzerott, by one who has known him since his arrival in this country. The facts which are set forth below were given to the author a short time before his death:

Geo. Andrew Atzerott was born in Prussia in 1835 and came to this country with his friends in 1844. He arrived at Baltimore, in which place he resided about one year, when with his parents he removed to Westmonday, Va. His father farmed and carried on the blacksmithing business. Atzerott was hired as an apprentice to the coach making trade there, where he learned the painting branch. In 1856 he went to Washington and there worked at his trade. In 1857 he joined his brother in the coach making business at Port Tobacco. This continued four years, when the firm was dissolved. After this he carried on painting at Port Tobacco, until last fall, when he went with John Surratt and a man named Hurline. Surratt induced him to join in the conspiracy to abduct the President. Atzerott's knowledge of men and the country in the vicinity of Port Tobacco and the counties bordering on the Potomac, which gave to the conspirators a valuable assistant. He was well acquainted with Harold, who was also engaged in the conspiracy. Surratt went several times to Port Tobacco, and often sent for Atzerott to come to Washington, where he was known to many in Port Tobacco and looked on as a very weak minded man, in fact as regarded as a silly fellow. Surratt introduced Atzerott, who feasted him and furnished him with horses, the horses being held in the name of Surratt, who was a principal in the absence of Booth.

The first meeting of all the conspirators was at a saloon in Pennsylvania avenue, called Tetter's. At this meeting O'Laugh-

, Arnold, Booth, Surratt, Harold and Atzerott were present. Harold left with the buggy with the carbines

of T. B. The plan was to seize the coach

of the President. Surratt was to jump on

the box, as he was considered the best dri-

ver, and make for T. B., by way of long

fields, to the Potomac river in the vi-

cinity of Norgurey creek, where they had

a boat waiting, with men to carry over

the party. The boat was capable of car-

rying fifteen men, and was a large flat bot-

tom boat, painted lead color, which had

been bought for the purpose, by Booth,

on two men named Bronner and Smoot.

Booth failed, the President not com-

ing as he desired.

Booth went next morning to Wash-

ington, and that it would be owned by him. Booth went north, Arnold and O'Laughlin to Baltimore, Payne (or Wood) left for New York. A man named Howell was at about this time arrested. This alarmed Surratt and he left with Mrs. S., the latter for the North. This was about the first of April.

The next plan was to visit the theatre the night the President was to be there.

It was arranged that Surratt and Booth were to go to the box. Arnold, O'Laughlin and Payne were to act some important part in getting him out. Harrold and Atzerott were to have charge of the horses. An actor was to be secured to put out the gas; Booth said the best assistant was an actor. In this plan buggies and horses were to be used; a rope was to be stretched across the road to impede the cavalry in the pursuit; the route was the same as before except they were to cross the eastern branch; the whole affair failed and Booth said "It is all up," and spoke of going to Richmond, and opening a theatre and promised Atzerott employment in it; Atzerott was waiting for Booth to arrange the going to Richmond, when the affair was renewed again. He had taken a room at the Kirkwood House; Harrold called on him and left his hat and coat in the room, and told him Booth wished to see him at the Herndon House, to which place he repaired in company with Harrold. This was about 6 P. M.; we here met Booth and Payne; Booth told Atzerott he must kill Johnson; Atzerott demurred, when Booth replied, "Harrold has more courage, he will do it. Go get your horses; what will become of you anyhow." Atzerott and Harrold went down 9th street together; Atzerott said to Harrold, "we must not disturb Mr. Johnson; Harrold laughed and wanted the key of the room; it was refused by Atzerott who expressed himself as fearful that harm would be done Mr. Johnson; Harrold left to go to see Booth, and went to the Oysters Bay; Harrold came after him and said Booth wanted to see him; Atzerott did not return to the Kirkwood House that night. Booth told Atzerott that Surratt was in the city. Atzerott did not see Booth after leaving him at the Herndon House, and he roamed about the streets nearly all night, and first heard of the murder about 10<sup>th</sup> o'clock, while passing up the avenue. The cavalry were rushing by at the time in pursuit. He threw away his knife that night, and parted with his pistol the next day in Georgetown.

Atzerott had nothing to say at the former meeting; knew nothing about the rope found with Spangler. He believed Spangler innocent as far as he knew. Booth when applied to for money would remark that he had money in New York and would get some.

At one time last spring, or the latter part of winter, Mrs. Surratt and Maj. Barrow, formerly of the rebel army, left Washington together. They got horses from Howard. They stopped at Surrattville. The others went to the Potomac. Maj. Barrow returned. Did not think Barrow had any thing to do with the conspiracy.

One of Booth's plans to obtain an entrance to the Secretary of State's house, was an invention which, if successful, would have involved others in foul acts. He had made the acquaintance of a woman of strong Southern feelings living not far from the Secretary's house, who was to make the acquaintance of a servant, who was to be introduced to Booth, and

by this means he was to learn something of the location of the rooms, &c.

Booth was well acquainted with Mudd and had had letters of introduction to him. Booth told Atzerott about two weeks before the murder that he had sent provisions and liquors to Dr. Mudd's for the supply of the party on the way to Richmond with the President.

Michael O'Laughlin has made no confession so far as is publicly known, but he has confessed to the original conspiracy. He denied any knowledge of the murder of the President, or the attempt on Mr. Seward's life.

There is no doubt that he knew much of the whole affair although an alibi was tried to be made out. There is no doubt in the minds of those who knew all the circumstances about O'Laughlin that he did visit Stanton's house, as charged in the testimony before the commission.

#### Mr. Everett's Historic Parallels.

Edward Everett, in his great speech at the dedication of the Gettysburg Cemetery, illustrated his reasoning on the American war by these striking historic parallels:

"That gracious Providence which overrules all things for the best, from seeming evil still educating good, has so constituted our natures that the violent excitement of the passions in one direction is generally followed by a reaction in an opposite direction, and the sooner for the violence. If it were not so, if anger produced abiding anger, if hatred caused undying hatred, if injuries inflicted and retaliated of necessity led to new retaliations, with forever accumulating compound interest of revenge, then the world, thousands of years ago, would have been turned into an earthly hell, and the nations of the earth would have been resolved into clans of furies and demons, each forever warring with his neighbor. But it is not so,—all history teaches a different lesson. The wars of the roses in England lasted an entire generation, from the battle of St. Albans in 1455 to that of Bosworth's Fields in 1485. Speaking of the former, Hume says: 'This was the first blood spilt in that fatal quarrel, which was not finished in less than a course of thirty years; which was signalized by twelve pitched battles; which opened a scene of extraordinary fierceness and cruelty; is computed to have cost the lives of eighty princes of the blood, and almost entirely annihilated the ancient nobility of England. The strong attachments which at that time men of the same kindred bore to each other, and the vindictive spirit which was considered a point of honor, rendered the great families implacable in their resentments, and widened every moment the breach between the parties.' Such was the state of things in England under which an entire generation grew up; but when Henry VII, in whom the titles of the two houses were united, went up to London after the battle of Bosworth's Field to mount the throne, he was everywhere received with joyous acclamations 'as one ordained and sent from heaven to put an end to the dissensions which had so long afflicted the country.'

"The great rebellion in England of the seventeenth century, after long and angry premonitions, may be said to have begun with the falling of the Long Parliament in 1640, and to have ended with the re-

turn of Charles II. in 1660—twenty years of discord, conflict and civil war; of confiscation, plunder, havoc; a proud, hereditary peerage trampled in the dust; a national church overturned, its clergy beggared, its most eminent prelate put to death; a military despotism established on the ruins of a monarchy which had subsisted seven hundred years, and the legitimate sovereign brought to the block; the great families which adhered to the king proscribed, impoverished, ruined; prisoners of war sold to slavery in the West Indies—in a word, everything that can embitter and madden contending factions. Such was the state of things for twenty years, and yet, by no gentle transition, but suddenly and when the restoration of affairs appeared most hopeless, the son of the beheaded monarch was brought back to his blood stained throne, with such ‘inexpressible and universal joy,’ as led the merry monarch to exclaim ‘he doubted it had been his own fault he had been absent so long, for he saw nobody who did not protest he had ever wished for his return.’ ‘In this wonderful manner,’ says Clarendon, ‘and with this incredible expedition, did God put an end to a rebellion that had raged near twenty years, and had been carried on with all the circumstances of murder, devastation and parricide, that fire and sword, in the hands of the most wicked men in the world [it is a royalist that is speaking] could be instruments of, almost to the desolation of two kingdoms, and the exceeding defacing and deforming of the third. By these remarkable steps did the merciful hand of God, in this short space of time, not only bind up and heal all those wounds, but even made the scar as undiscernable, as, in respect to the deepness, was possible, which was a glorious addition to the deliverance.’

‘In Germany, the wars of the Reformation and of Charles V. in the sixteenth century, the thirty years of war in the seventeenth century, the seven years war in the eighteenth century, not to speak of other less celebrated contests, entailed upon that country all the miseries of intestine strife for more than three centuries. At the close of the last named war ‘An officer,’ says Archenholz, ‘rode through seven villages in Hesse and found but one human being.’ More than three hundred principalities, comprehended in the Empire, fermented with the fierce passions of proud and petty states; at the commencement of this period the castles of robber counts frowned upon every hill-top; a dreadful secret tribunal froze the hearts of men with terror throughout the land; religious hatred mingled its bitter poison in the seething cauldron of provincial animosity, but of all these deadly enemies between the States of Germany scarcely the memory remains. There is no country in the world, in which the sentiment of national brotherhood is stronger.

‘In Italy, on the breaking up of the Roman Empire, society might be said to be resolved into its original elements, into hostile atoms, whose only movement was that of mutual repulsion. Ruthless barbarians had destroyed the old organizations and covered the land with a merciless feudalism. As the new civilization grew up, under the wing of the Church, the noble families and the walled towns fell madly into conflict with each other; the secular feud of Pope and Emperor scourged the land; province against province; city against city; street against

street waged remorseless war against each other, from father to son, till Dante was able to fill his imaginary hell with the real demons of Italian history. So ferocious had the factions become that the great poet-exile himself—the glory of his native city and of his native language was by a decree of the municipality ordered to be burned alive, if found in the city of Florence. But these deadly feuds and hatreds yielded to political influences, as the hostile cities were grouped into States under stable governments; the lingering traditions of the ancient animosities gradually died away, and now Tuscan and Lombard, Sardinian and Neapolitan, as if to shame the degenerate sons of America, are joining in one cry for a united Italy.’

‘In France, not to go back to the civil wars of the league in the sixteenth century, and of the Fronde in the seventeenth not to speak of the dreadful scenes throughout the kingdom which followed the revocation of the edict of Nantes, we have, in the great revolution which commenced at the close of the last century, seen the bloodhounds of civil strife let loose as rarely before in the history of the world. The reign of terror established at Paris stretched its bloody Briarean arms to every city and village in the land, and if the most deadly feuds which ever divided a people had a power to cause permanent alienation and hatred, this surely was the occasion. But far otherwise the fact. In seven years from the fall of Robespierre the strong arm of the youthful conqueror brought order out of the chaos of crime and woe; Jacobins, whose hands were scarcely cleansed from the best blood of France, met the returning emigrants, whose estates they had confiscated and whose kindred they had dragged to the guillotine in the imperial a<sup>t</sup>e chambers; and when, after another turn of the wheel of fortune, Louis XVIII. was restored to his throne, he took the regicide Fouche, who had voted for his brother’s death, to his cabinet and confidence.’

#### The President Elect.

INDIANAPOLIS, Feb. 11.

The firing of 34 guns announced the approaching train bearing the President elect and party. The President was received and welcomed by Gov. Morton and escorted by a procession larger than ever before witnessed here. It was composed of both Houses of the Legislature, the public officers, the municipal authorities, military and firemen. On reaching the Bates house, the procession halted and Mr. Lincoln was escorted to the balcony, when he said:

He came here to thank them for the support given by Indiana to a just and true cause, much abused now with temper and hot blood.

Let us not misunderstand their meaning, nor the meaning of those who use them. Let us get their meaning from men who deprecate the things which they would represent by their use. What is the meaning of their words? Would marching an army into South Carolina with hostile intentions be an invasion? I think it would, and it would be coercion also, if South Carolinians were forced to submit; but if the United States should merely hold and retake its own forts, collect duties or withhold their mails where they were habitually violated; would any or all of those things be invasion or coercion?

Do professed Union lovers, resolved to

resist secession, understand such things, then, on the part of the United States, to be coercion or invasion? If they do, their idea of preservation is exceedingly thin and airy. In their view, the Union as a family relation would seem to be no regular marriage, but a sort of free love arrangement, to be maintained by personal attraction.

In what consists the special sacredness of a State? I speak not of the position assigned to a State in the Union by the Constitution; for that, by the bond, we all recognize; that position, however, a State cannot carry out. If a State and county possess an equal amount of Territory and inhabitants, in what, as a matter of principle, is the State better than the county? Would an exchange of names be an exchange of rights upon principle?

By what rightful principle may a state, being not more than one fiftieth part of the nation in soil and population, break up the Nation, and then coerce a larger division than itself? What mysterious right to play the tyrant is conferred on a district of country by its people merely calling it a State?

Mr. Lincoln in conclusion said he was not asserting anything, but asking questions for them to consider and decide in their own light what was right and what was wrong.

Gov. Morton being loudly called for, he spoke in congratulatory tones to the multitude which was now immense.

In the evening at 7 o’clock the members of the Legislature welcomed Mr. Lincoln, who held a reception at the Bates House.

He leaves to-morrow for Cincinnati.

#### AUBURN, N. Y.

Saturday Evening, Nov. 28, 1863.

See reading matter on first page.

#### Calling for Negro Soldiers.

The abolition papers have set up a concerted howl at Gov. Seymour, because he will not enlist negro soldiers into our volunteer regiments, or organize them into separate regiments! But the Administration at Washington refuse to organize new white regiments, and insist that the conscripts and volunteers shall be furnished to the old regiments now in the field.—[Atlas and Argus.]

The Copperhead press is in the habit of applying the epithet of “Abolition” to every newspaper in the country that sustains the Government and opposes the Rebellion. The Union journals in this State have criticised the course of Gov. SEYMOUR in refusing to allow negro regiments to be raised for service in the field, and at once the Copperhead press ring the epithet of Abolition against them, as if that were a full answer to the whole question in controversy.

Will the Argus please meet the argument upon its merits? Will it please inform the People, as the chief organ of Gov. SEYMOUR, why he so persistently refuses to grant any authority for the recruiting of colored regiments in this State? Is it because he wishes to embarrass the Government by withholding men, or is it because he has so profound a regard for the negro that he is unwilling

that they should endanger their lives in the service of their country? Is his love for colored men so deep seated that in choosing between them and white men, he gives a decided preference to the former? If men are to be shot down in defense of the Government, Gov. SEYMOUR has virtually declared that the whites instead of the blacks shall be the ones to suffer. He will not even let the negro bear any portion of the burdens of the war or be subjected to any of its dangers.

One or the other horn of the dilemma the Argus must take. It must either admit that Gov. SEYMOUR is acting the part of a disloyal man in refusing to let the colored men of New York take their places by the side of those from Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Ohio, and other States, in the service of the Government, or it must confess that he has a higher regard for the black man than he has for the white man, and is therefore conscientiously opposed to subjecting him to any of the dangers of active military life. Will the Argus define the exact position of Gov. SEYMOUR on this question?

#### Work and Play.

Let it here be remarked that recreation can be fully enjoyed only by the man who has some earnest occupation. The end of the work is to enjoy leisure; but to enjoy leisure you must have gone thro’ work. Playtime must come after school-time, otherwise it loses its savor. Play, after all, is a relative thing; it is not a thing which has an absolute existence. There is no such thing as play, except to the worker. It comes out by contrast.—Put white upon white, and you can hardly see it; put white upon black, and how plain it is! Light your lamp in the sunshine, and it is nothing; you must have darkness round it to make its presence felt. And besides this, a great part of the enjoyment of recreation consists in the feeling that we have earned it by previous hard work. One goes out for the afternoon walk with a light heart when one has done a good task since breakfast. It is one thing for a dwelling idler to set off to the Continent or to the Highlands, just because he is sick of everything around him; and quite another thing when a hard wrought man, who is of some use in his life, sets off as gay as a lark, with the pleasant feeling that he has brought some worthy work to an end, on the self-same tour. And then a busy man finds a relish to simple recreation; while a man who has nothing to do finds all things wearisome, and thinks that life is “used”; it takes something quite out of the way to tickle that indurated palate; you might as well prick the hide of a hippopotamus with a needle as to excite the interest of that base being by any amusement which is not highly spiced with the cayenne of vice. And that certainly has a powerful effect. It was a glass of water the wicked old Frenchwoman was a drinking when she said: “Oh! that this were a sin, to give it a relish!”—[A Country Parson’s Recreations.]

Mr. McLeod, an English writer, puts the following language in the mouths of those who visit the rumseller’s den :

There’s my money—give me drink!—There’s my clothing and food—give me drink! There’s the clothing, food and fire of my wife and children—give me drink! There’s the education of the family and the peace of the house—give me drink! There’s the rent I have robbed from my landlord, fees I have robbed from my schoolmaster, and innumerable articles I have robbed from the shopkeeper—give me drink! Pour me out drink, for yet more I will pay for it!

There’s my health of body and peace of mind; there’s my character as a man, and my profession as a Christian, I give up all—give me a drink! More yet I have to give? There’s my heavenly inheritance and the eternal friendship of the redeemed, there, there, is all hope of salvation! I give up my Savior! I give up my God! I resign all that is great, good and glorious in the universe, I resign forever, that I may be drunk!

For the Daily Advertiser.  
TRIBUTE TO M. C. H.  
BY ALICE.

Around that consecrated tomb—  
Cease, wintry winds, your weeping!—  
For she within its silent gloom  
Is calmly—sweetly,—sleeping.

Sigh gently—o'er the lovely head  
That found a lonely pillow,  
Afar from all its kindred dead—  
Beside Cayuga's pillow!

Caressingly—unsullied snow—  
Spread thy white robe above her!  
For pure the heart that rests below—  
And dearly, did we love her.

Haste, tuneful spring! from southern bower!—  
To trill thy sweetest numbers—  
And shed thy fairest, brightest flowers  
Above her peaceful slumbers!

She came—our Pastor's fair, young Bride;—  
All, cordial welcome, bade her;  
Alas! those greetings scarce had died,  
Ere with the dead we laid her.

She, like a radiant sunbeam came—  
So gentle, and caressing—  
Few, ever breathed her cherished name  
But with a silent blessing.

We might have deemed, those graces rare  
That God to her had given,  
Angel wings would early bear  
Back, to their native Heaven,

She went, with meekly folded hands  
Across the mystic river—  
Nor will she, o'er its icy sands  
Return again, forever.

Oh not for thee! thou spirit blest!—  
Are shed our tears of sorrow;  
For thou hast reached the land of rest,  
Where reigns one glorious morrow!

No not for thee!—thou sainted one!—  
Though joy with thee departed—  
But for thy helpless infant son—  
And him, the lonely hearted.

Sleep! on the blue lake's breezy shore,  
Where sunset lingers brightly—  
Where sounding waves, forever pour  
Their solemn anthem, nightly.

Rose Nook, Feb. 8th.

#### Washington’s Watch.

“Sentinel,” in his last letter to the N. Y. Courier and Enquirer, says:

I saw this morning the watch of George Washington, in the possession and ownership of William Curtis Noyes. It has found an appreciative custodian—one who is not a stranger to the law of exactness which ruled the life of the illustrious man whose name makes this relic so valuable. Its quiet beat is yet calmly whispering the passage of that river of life on which we are all floating. It marked the hour of battle—of peace of a Constitution. I heard it with sweet tone strike the hours of the present time. Has it outlived the Constitution?

THE DETECTIVES OUTWITTED.—The reputation that Rann Haskins possessed for shrewdness and cunning has been considerably enhanced since his recent masterly escape from the Auburn Prison. It is well known that this accomplished rogue, assisted by potential but unknown influences, succeeded in walking free and clear from the prison, clothed in genteel raiment, with the neatest beaver, the finest kids and the glossiest of patent leather boots. Immediately after his escape the most rigid measures were taken to secure his arrest; the most acute and keen scented detectives were sent out in pursuit; but all attempts to catch the rogue proved failures. A few nights ago it was rumored that Haskins, emboldened by his prolonged escape, intended to visit a ball at a “tavern” in one of the small towns in Onondaga county, in the vicinity of his former home. Two well known detectives, who knew Haskins personally, determined to attend the ball, and dressing up in their best, disguised as gay cavaliers, they made their appearance at the tavern just as the fiddle had made its preliminary scrapes and the fair couples had commenced agitating the “lightfantastic toe.” To purchase tickets and “sail in” were but the work of a moment, and soon the gallant detectives were enjoying the delights of the dance, while at the same time their most vigilant glances were directed about the room for the escaped Haskins. During the third or fourth quadrille the leading detective sought and obtained an introduction to a modest appearing lady, who had for the most part, sat quietly in the shadow of the room, attended assiduously by a polite and attentive gallant. Her quiet demeanor, her graceful figure, neat and tasteful dress, her beautifully flowing curls, had won upon the detective, and, much to his companion’s annoyance, he succeeded in monopolizing her company through two or three quadrilles, waltz, contra-dance and several polkas. When the landlord somewhat officiously announced that the “refreshments were in readiness,” the successful detective gallantly crooked his elbow, his fair lady accepted his invitation and accompanied him to the table, where it was his delight to crowd upon her notice all the delicacies the table afforded; she swam in soup, she was barricaded with frosted and sugared cakes, and frozen with surrounding cream. A few dances after the supper, a good deal of small talk between the two, and the lady announced her intention of leaving. The lady excused herself from the obsequious detective and after an absence of a few minutes appeared, with furs and hood ready for departure. The detective, greatly regretting her early departure, accompanied her to the sleigh, tucked the robes closely about her, bid her good bye and returned to the ball room in pursuit of Haskins. The detectives returned to Syracuse, and reported to one or two of the prison officers, who were anxiously awaiting the sequel of the visit, that they were satisfied that Haskins was not in the country. It has subsequently been ascertained, beyond a doubt, that the fair lady who so completely won upon the affections of the enamored detective, was no other than Rann Haskins, the escaped convict.

50 100  
73 506  
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## Lincoln at Pittsburg.

PITTSBURG, Feb. 16.

Mr. Lincoln delivered his speech this morning. Vouiferous cheering followed the introduction of Mr. Lincoln to the people. He advanced to the balcony of the Monongahela House and said:

Mayor Wilson and citizens of Pennsylvania.—I most cordially thank His Honor, Mayor Wilson and the citizens of Pittsburg generally, for their flattering reception. I am the more grateful because I know it is not given to me alone, but to the cause I represent, which clearly proves to me their good will, and that sincerity is at the bottom of it. [Enthusiastic applause.] And here I may remark that in every short address I have made to the people in every crowd thro' which I have passed of late, some allusion has been made to the present distracted condition of the country. It is natural to expect that I should say something upon the subject, but to touch upon it at all, would involve an elaborate discussion of a great many questions and circumstances requiring more time than I can at present command and would, perhaps, unnecessarily commit me upon motives which have not yet fully developed themselves. [Immense cheering and cries of "good" "that's right."]

The condition of the country is an extraordinary one, and fills the mind of every patriot with anxiety. It is my intention to give this subject all the consideration I possibly can before especially defining in regard to it, so that when I do speak, it may be as nearly right as possible.

[Loud and continued applause.] When I do speak I hope I may say nothing contrary to the spirit of the Constitution, or to the integrity of the Union, or which will prove iminal to the liberties of the people, or to the peace of the whole country.

## Address of Wendell Phillips.

BOSTON, Jan. 20.

Wendell Phillips addressed the 28th Congressional Society in Masonic Hall this p. m., on the state of the crisis. He declared himself to be a Disunion man, and was glad to see South Carolina and

other Southern States had practically initiated a disunion movement. He hoped that all the Slave States would leave the Union, and not stand upon the order of their going, but go at once. He denounced the compromise spirit evinced by Seward and Charles Francis Adams, with much severity; and there was much stamping of feet and hissing—but no outbreak.

Mr. P. was escorted home by a few politicians, and a great crowd rushing about him. The audience in the Hall was composed mainly of those attending service there.

## Will be a Long Time Waiting.

"The people who buy Mr. Lincoln as a fool will be a long time waiting for a profitable return on their investment."—[N. Y. Herald.

The Herald is coming to understand what the masses have understood a great while, that President Lincoln is as sagacious as he is just. It is true that he appointed some men to office who failed in their duties: but out of the great number of his appointees, there are few of them indeed. His leading Naval, Military, Plenipotentiaries and Administrative officers are very strong men, the New York Express to the contrary notwithstanding.

THE PRESS IN 1661 AND 1861.—The Caledonian Mercury celebrates its 200th anniversary by giving a fac simile reprint of its first number, the Mercurious Caledonius. Our cotemporary says :

"This day, 200 years ago, appeared in this city, as an organ of local opinion and a disseminator of Foreign Intelligence, the humble little sheet that accompanies our present number. It is our tiny original—the infant of a 'span long' now grown to our present ample dimensions—the first newspaper written, edited and printed in Scotland—the father, in a word, of the existing press of our country. This much is certain, that it made its appearance during a period of great political and religious excitement—a period when small quartos were travelling in dozens, under all imaginable names, across the Border. Between 1640 and 1700, we have been able to find no fewer than forty bearing what seems to have been then the favorite newspaper title of Mercenarius, or Mercury, united to some other term descriptive of principle.

## Clippings From Prentiss.

We don't know what may be considered the *forte* of the South Carolina Secessionists, but it evidently isn't Fort Sumter.

Washington retired to private life after having saved his country. Yancey retires after having done all in his power to destroy his country.

Prof. Wise, the once famous balloonist, is selling apples and candy at the corners of the streets in Memphis.—That's getting down out of the clouds.

The secession organs say that the non-seceding States must and shall acknowledge the independence of the Cotton States. Ah! is there then to be "coercion" in the case?

Louisiana seized the contents of the United States Mint, and seceded from the Union; and Floyd and Thompson the contents of the United States Treasury, and seceded from the Cabinet.

Mr. Yancey, disappointed in all his personal aspirations, has retired, gloomy and morose, to private life. How long before he will be agitating for the disruption of the Southern Government?

The Southern Government is not a Government of the people. The people have had little or no voice in it. It is an affair of leaders, managers, usurpers.—Those who live under it are "subjects."

The Seceding States are still under the protection of the Union and its Stars and Stripes, so at present they may with impunity fume, and bully Queen Victoria and Louis Napoleon, as much as they choose.

Mrs. Hartung has been confined in the Albany jail three years, but still retains her good spirits, and hopes yet to breathe the pure, fresh air of freedom.—Her mother, who lives four miles out of the city, visits her weekly. The visitors who were so numerous during the first year or so of her confinement, have diminished to a few earnest and well-wishing friends. Mrs. Hartung is a beautiful needle worker, and keeps herself constantly engaged in this business. She works for a number of ladies, who no doubt remunerate her liberally for her labor. We should not be surprised if Mary Hartung

had realized quite a sum of money in this way.

## Little or Nothings.

Big heads often belong to big foo  
Always look up—God looks down.  
The brave never know it.  
Sorrows are the shadows of past joys.  
Many climb up only to fall down.  
Misery reaps the harvest of vice.  
A little money will move a great man.  
Fixed stars shine with a steady lustre.  
When you despair of good beware of evil.

A pea is as big as a mountain to a blind man.

A near lantern is better than a distant star.

While the sun shines candles are despised.

When clams gape, crows shut their mouths.

Wherever a fire has been you will find ashes.

Those who do right generally suffer wrong.

Those who shun society are either very strong or very weak.

He who plays with his fingers for a living, will often find them all thumbs.

The brightest dreams awaken to the darkest realities.

Low as the grave is, you cannot climb high enough to see beyond it.

Hope may bud under clouds, but it blows only in sunshine.

Some men may judge of others by fearing of themselves.

Cover a fool with gold and he will pass current.

God often lets us stumble, to put us on our guard against a fall.

When you cannot see both ends, the middle is uncertain.

A bad mistake often turns out better than a good intention.

One often meets dead men in their walks—ghosts of their former selves.

When we think of good, angels are silent; when we do it, they rejoice.

After you lose your head you will not care what becomes of your body.

Thunder threatens, but never strikes; the bolt comes from a silent source.

You must tell some men a great deal to learn them a little.

Fortune may find a pot, but your own industry must make it boil.

Quarrel with dead men and you won't get hurt.

He who falls twice on the same spot is weak in his head as well as his heels.

PREDICTIONS FOR 1861.—The year 1861 will be a very eventful one—to every maiden who gets married. Throughout the whole course of the year, whenever the moon wanes the nights will grow dark. Whoever is in love this year will think his mistress an angel. Whoever gets married will find out whether it be true. He that loses his hair this year will go bald. He that loses his wife will become a widower. If a young lady should happen to blush she will look red in the face; if she dreams of a young man three nights in succession, it will be a sign of something; if she dreams of him four times, or have the toothache, it is ten to one that she is a long time out of her head.

At 7 1-2 o'clock precisely Hon. George Rathbun ascended the platform and took his position

## Thoughts on a Sermon.

AUBURN, Monday Eve, Jan. 21, 1861.

MR. EDITOR:—Last evening I listened to a sermon from Rev. Mr. Wood of Geneva, at the 2d Presbyterian Church, from Revelations 21st, "And there was no more sea." The discourse was excellent in matter, style, and manner of delivery; that is, it so appeared to me. The whole discourse impressed me strongly, and high ground for the continuance of the present while "pondering it" after I had reached my constitution; yet he was willing that the constitution should be amended, providing it could be so amended without helping forward the cause of slavery more than the present instrument. He alluded to the insults heaped upon the American paper? In so doing you will oblige a friend; flag, to the seizure of our forts, arsenals and mints by traitors of the south, and as he proceeded arose to high strains of patriotic eloquence and fire, in which the stirring speaker is celebrated. He closed by requesting the audience to show their favor by refraining from applauding the speaker by stamping with their feet. This request was strictly complied with throughout the entire address. The Glee Club gave the Star Spangled Banner in a capital manner, which was well received.

The speaker of the evening, Mr. Ives, was then introduced amid tremendous applause. When it had subsided he proceeded to deliver the most eloquent and impressive speech of his life. Mr. Ives possesses all the essential elements of a most effective speaker; small in person, active, vivacious, a pleasant cheerful countenance, a voice musical, distinct and clear as a bell, now sounding defiance with the full tones of a bugle, now melted into pathetic tenderness, sweeping across the human heart, moving it to its deepest emotions. It is a voice that few, very few, of our public speakers possess. With but one exception, that of Henry Clay, we have never heard a speaker who could, with so little effort throw his voice over a multitude and cause it to be heard with the most perfect distinctness by any number of people. Mr. Ives possesses, also, a remarkable flow of chaste and apt language, and he never fails in giving point to his ideas in just the right word. He is quick in repartee, and when occasion requires, cutting in sarcasm. In his speech last evening, the most telling points were those in which his peculiar gift in this direction was called into action, and the hearer almost heard the lash as it flew across the backs of the seceders, bringing the blood at every stroke. Mr. Ives dealt more in argument last evening than is usual for him, and we were surprised at his powers in this direction. His address was a model of close and connected reasoning, relieved at times by flashes of wit and humor that convulsed his audience. Mr. Ives relates an anecdote in the most inimitable manner; Beecher, in this respect, is certainly not his superior. Who could have surpassed him in the grace with which that allusion to the woman possessed with devils was brought to the notice of the hearers, and which brought down an applause continuing for several moments, subsiding only to be renewed again?

As to the speech itself, we shall not attempt a report of it; you might as well report chain lightning. He took high ground against all compromise with sin, was in favor of maintaining our constitution as it is, and in preserving our territories free from the encroachments of slavery. How these sentiments were received by his audience, their abundant and enthusiastic cheering fully testified. His speech occupied just two hours in its delivery, and not a person in the densely crowded hall seemed to be in the least weary during its continuance. The speaker concluded his powerful address nearly as follows:

But I hope and expect a glorious future for our

country. She is yet in the youth and vigor of her days, and bears in her bosom the elements of great promise. And wherever the star-gemmed banner sweeps the free air of heaven, there shall her influence yet be felt, and the fame of her doings create a flame and arouse a spirit which rives cannot quench nor armed multitudes subdue. The beacon of light to both hemispheres, her light will yet blaze on every island, sea and mountain on the globe, until myriads, guided by its mellow radiance, shall proclaim universal emancipation from chains and slavery; and man, of whatever climate, color or tongue, shall stand up in the dignity of his manhood, and resume his place in the great scale of being!

At the conclusion of this eloquent peroration, the orator was again greeted with tumultuous applause, which told how deeply his manly speech had effected his audience, and how the words of freedom and hope met with earnest and ready response from the popular heart.

There were hundreds unable to hear Mr. Ives on this occasion. The speech will justify many repetitions. If the orator will consent, we would suggest that he be requested to repeat at the same place, that those who were crowded from the hall may have an opportunity of hearing the lost manly and eloquent popular speech elicited in the present crisis.

The Advertiser and Union of last night again write in bitter denunciation of those gentlemen who interfered the other night to suppress abolition-treason, sedition and mischief. The blatant organs of Republicanism denounce those gentlemen as enemies of free speech.—[Democrat.

When Miss Anthony endeavored to speak, she was greeted with hisses, and insulting and contemptible remarks. Rev. Wm. Hosmer, as pure and good a citizen as we have in Auburn, was told to "dry up," to "go home and soak his feet." Joseph M. Morris, as free hearted and liberal a man as we have in our city, and a member of the Democratic party, who was first selected as chairman of the Mob Convention, was told by this very mob to "dry up, you beef eater; go home to England!"

Mrs. Stanton, one of the most brilliant and highly educated women in this country, was shouted at and told to "go along old gall; go home old woman!" A rotten egg was thrown at one of the anti-slavery speakers. Women were wantonly driven from the Hall by the outrageous bellowings of the mobocrats. And these men the Democrat calls "the gentlemen who interfered the other night." Gentlemen! A true gentleman is always tenacious of the rights of others; protects the weak; offers insults to no man; and woman ever finds in his strong arm a ready shield, and in his noble manhood full protection. It is reserved for a Democratic organ to denounce mobocrats as gentlemen!

For the Daily Advertiser.  
"Mother, Must I Die To-day?"  
[Dying words of EDDIE HOW.

And must I die to-day, mother,  
So young, and yet to-day?  
Must I, too, go away mother,  
And you and sister stay?

Oh I would rather die, mother,  
Since father passed away,  
By him I want to lie, mother,—  
But must I die to-day?

My heart was filled with bitter grief,—  
So sad I could not play,  
I know my life can be but brief;  
But must I die to-day?

Three weeks ago we wept beside  
A lifeless form of clay;  
But three short weeks since father died!  
And must I die to-day?

Oh mother, bowed beneath the rod,  
How precious now to pray!  
For He, thy loving, chastening God  
Thy sorrow feels to-day.

## Tell Your Wife.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Tell my wife," said Aaron Little, speaking aloud, yet to himself, in a half amused, half troubled way. "Tell my wife, indeed. Much good that will do. What does she know about business and money matters, and the tricks of trade? No, no; there's no hope there."

And Aaron Little sat musing, with a perplexed countenance. He held a newspaper in his hand, and his eyes had just been lingering over a paragraph in which the writer suggested to business men in trouble, the propriety of consulting their wives.

"Talk to them about your affairs," it said. "Let them understand exactly

your condition. Tell them of your difficulties, of your embarrassments, and of your plans for extricating yourselves from the entanglements in which you are involved. My word for it. They will help you in nine cases out of ten. Women have quick perceptions. They reach conclusions by a nearer way than reasoning, and get at the solution of a difficult question long before your slow moving thoughts are brought near enough for acute observation. Tell your wives, then, men in trouble, all about your affairs. Keep nothing back. The better they understand the matter the clearer will be their perceptions."

"All a very fine theory," said Aaron Little, tossing the newspaper from him and leaning back in his chair. "But it won't do in my case. Tell Betsy! Yes, I'd like to see myself doing it. A man must be hard pushed, indeed, when he goes home to consult his wife on business affairs."

And so Aaron Little dismissed the subject. He was in considerable doubt and perplexity of mind. Things had not gone well with him for a year past. Dull business and bad debts had left his affairs in rather an unpromising condition.

He could not see his way in the future. Taking trade for the past six months he could not imagine how, with the resources at command, his maturing payments could be made.

"I must get more capital," he said to himself. "That is plain. And with

more capital, must come in a partner.—

I don't like partnership. It is so difficult for two men to work together harmoniously. Then you may get entangled with

a rogue. It is a risky business. But I see no other way out of this trouble.—

My own capital is too light for the business I am doing, and as a measure of safety, more must be brought in. Lawrence

is anxious to join me, and says that he can command ten thousand dollars. I don't like him in all respects; he's a little too fond of pleasure. But I want his money more than his aid in business.—

He might remain a silent partner if he chose. I'll call and see him this very night and have a talk with him on the subject. If he can bring in ten thousand dollars I think that will settle the matter."

With this conclusion in his mind, Mr. Little returned home after closing the store for the day. Tea being over, he made preparations for going out, with the intention of calling on Mr. Lawrence. As he reached his hand for his great coat a voice seemed to say to him,

"Tell your wife. Talk to her about it. But he rejected the thought instantly,

and commenced drawing on his coat.

"Where are you going, Aaron?" asked Mrs. Little, coming forth from the dining room.

"Out, for a little while," he replied. "I'll be back in an hour or so."

"Out where?"

"Tell her, Aaron. Tell her all about it," said the voice, speaking in his mind.

"Nonsense! She don't understand anything about business. She can't help me," he answered firmly.

"Tell your wife!" The words were in his mind, and would keep repeating themselves.

"Can't you say where you're going—Aaron? Why do you make a mystery of it?"

"Oh, it's only a matter of business.—I'm going to see Mr. Lawrence."

"Edward Lawrence?"

"Yes."

"Tell your wife!" The words seemed almost as if uttered aloud in his ears.

"What are you going to see him about?"

"Tell her."

Mr. Little stood irresolute. What good would telling her do?

"What's the matter, Aaron? You've been dumb for some time past. Nothing going wrong with you I hope?" And his wife laid her hand upon his arm and leaned towards him in a kind way.

"Nothing very wrong," he answered, in an evasive manner. "Business has been dull this season."

"Has it? I'm sorry. Why didn't you tell me?"

"What good would that have done?"

"It might have done a great deal of good. When a man's business is dull his wife should look to the household expenses; but if she knows nothing about it, she may go on in a way that is really extravagant under the circumstances. I think men ought always to tell their wives when anything is going wrong."

"You do?"

"Certainly I do. What better reason do you want than I have given? If she knows that the income is reduced, as a prudent wife, she will endeavor to reduce the expenses. Hadn't you better take off your coat, and sit down and talk with me a little, before you go to see Mr. Lawrence?"

Mr. Little permitted his wife to draw off his overcoat, which she took into the passage and replaced on his hat rack.—Then returning into the parlor she said,

"Now Aaron, talk to me as freely as you choose. Don't keep anything back. Whatever the trouble is, let me know it to the full extent."

"Oh, there's no very great trouble yet. I am only afraid of trouble. I only see it coming, and wish to keep out of its way, Betsy."

"That's wise and prudent," said his wife. "Now tell me why you are going to see Mr. Lawrence."

Mr. Little let his eyes fall to the floor and sat for some moments in silence.—Then looking up, he said:

"The truth is, Betsy, I must have more capital in my business. There will be no getting on without it. Now, Mr. Lawrence can command, or at least says he can command, ten thousand dollars. I think he would like to join me. He has said as much two or three times."

"And you were going to see him on that business?"

"I was."

"Don't do it," said Mrs. Little, very

"Why not?" asked Aaron.

"Because he isn't the man for you—not if he had twenty thousand dollars."

"Because is no reason," replied Aaron Little.

"The extravagance of his wife is," was answered, firmly.

"What do you know about her?"

"Only what I have seen. I've called upon her two or three times, and have noticed the style in which her house is furnished. It is arrayed in palace attire, compared with ours. And as for dress, it would take the interest of a little fortune to pay her milliner's and mantua-maker's bills. No Aaron; Mr. Lawrence is not your man, depend on it.—He'd use up the ten thousand dollars in less than two years."

"Well, Betsey, that's pretty plain talk," said Mr. Little, taking a long breath. "I am rather afraid after what you say, that Mr. Lawrence is not my man. But what am I to do?" and his voice fell into a troubled tone. "I must have more capital, or—" Mr. Little paused.

"Or what?" His wife looked at him steadily, and without any sign of weak anxiety.

"Or I may become a bankrupt."

"I'm sorry to hear you say that, Aaron;" and her voice trembled perceptibly. "But I'm glad you've told me. The new parlor carpet I shall not order."

"Oh, as to that, the amount it will cost can make no great difference," said Mr. Little. "The parlor does look shabby; and I know you've set your heart on a new carpet."

"Indeed, and it will make a difference then," replied the little woman in her decided way. "The last feather breaks the camel's back. Aaron Little shall never fail because of his wife's extravagance. I wouldn't have a new carpet now if it were offered to me at half price."

"You are a brave, true woman, Betsey," said Aaron, kissing his wife, in the glow of a new born feeling of admiration.

"I hope that I shall ever be a true, brave wife," returned Mrs. Little; "willing always to help my husband, either in saving or in earning, as the case may be. But let us talk more about your affairs; let me see the trouble nearer. Must you have ten thousand dollars positively right away?"

"Oh, no, no; it's not so bad as that. I was only looking ahead, and seeking to provide the means for approaching payments. I don't want a partner so far as the business itself is concerned. I don't like partnerships, they are almost always accompanied with annoyance or danger. It was the money I was after—not the man."

"The money would come dearly at the price of the man. At least that is my opinion. But I am glad to hear you say, Aaron, that you are in no immediate danger. May not the storm be weathered by reefing sail, as the old seamen say?"

"By reducing expenses?"

"Yes."

Mr. Little shook his head.

"Don't say no too quickly," replied his wife. "Let us go over the whole matter at home and at the store. Suppose two or three thousand dollars were saved in the year. What difference would that make?"

"Oh, if that were possible, which it is not, it would make a vast difference in the long run, but would hardly meet the difficulties that are approaching."

"Suppose you had a thousand dollars

within the next two months beyond what your business will give.

"That would make all safe for the two months. But where is the thousand dollars to come from, Betsey?"

"Desperate disease require desperate remedies," replied the brave little woman in a resolute way. "I am not afraid of the red flag."

"But what do you mean by the red flag?"

"Let us sell off our furniture at auction and put the money in your business. It won't bring less than a thousand dollars, and it may bring two thousand. My piano alone is worth three hundred and fifty. We can board a year or two; and when you get all right again return to housekeeping."

"We won't try that yet, Betsey," said Mr. Little.

"But something must be done. This disease is threatening and my first prescription will arrest its violence. I have something more to propose; it comes into my mind this instant, after breaking up, we will go home to mother's. You know she never wanted us to leave there. It won't cost us much over half what it does now, taking rent into account. We will pay sister Annie something to take care of little Eddie and Lizzie through the day and I will go into your store as chief clerk."

"Betsey, you're crazy."

"Not a bit of it, Aaron, but a sensible woman, as you will find before you are a year older, if you'll let me have my way. I don't like that Hobson, and never did you know. I don't believe he's a fair man. Let me take his place, and you will make a clear saving of fifteen hundred dollars a year, and may be, as much amore."

"I can't think of it, Betsey. Let us wait while."

"You must think of it, and we won't wait awhile," replied the resolute wife. "What is right to be done is best done quickly. Is there not safety in my plan?"

"Yes, I think there is, but—

"Then let us adopt it at once and throw all buts overboard, or," and she looked at him a little mischievously, "perhaps you would rather talk with Mr. Lawrence first."

"Hang Mr. Lawrence," ejaculated Aaron Little.

"Very well: there being no help in Mr. Lawrence, we will go to work to help ourselves. Self-help, I've heard it said, is always the best help, and most to be depended upon. We may know ourselves and trust ourselves, and that is a great deal more than we can say about other people.—When shall we have the sale?"

"Not so fast, Betsey, not so fast. I havn't agreed to the sale yet. That would be sure to make a certain loss. Furniture sold at auction never realizes above half its cost."

"It would be a certain gain, Aaron, if it saved you from bankruptcy, with which, as I understand it, you are threatened."

"I think," said Aaron, "we may get on without that. I like the idea of your coming into my store and taking Hobson's place. All the money from retail sales passes through his hands, and he has it in his power, if not honest, to rob me seriously. I've not felt altogether easily tell. I've seen nothing wrong—  
if you take his place, fifteen hundred stars will be saved certainly."

"But if I have the house to keep," Mrs. Little answered to this, "how can I help you at the store? The first thing in order is to get the house off of my hands."

"Don't you think that Anna could be induced to come and live with us for a few months until we try the new experiment?"

"But the money, Aaron; the money this furniture would bring! That's what I'm looking after. You want the money now."

"Very true."

"Then let us hang out the red flag.—Half way measures may only ruin everything. I know that mother will not let Anna leave home, so it's no use to think of it. The red flag, Aaron, the red flag! Depend upon it, that's the first right thing to be done. A thousand or fifteen hundred dollars in hand will make you feel like another person, give you courage, confidence and energy."

"You may be right, Betsey; but I can't bear the thought of running out that red flag of which you talk so lightly."

"Shall I say coward? Are you afraid to do what common prudence tells you to be right?"

"I was afraid, Betsey; but am no longer faint-hearted. With such a brave little wife as you stand by my side, I need not fear the world!"

In a week from that day the red flag was hung out. When the auctioneer made up his accounts he had in hand a little over eighteen hundred dollars, for which a check was filled out to the order of Aaron Little. It came into his hands just at the right moment, and made him feel, to use his own words, "as easy as an old shoe."

One week later, Mrs. Betsey Little took the place of Mr. Hobson, as chief manager and cash receiver in her husband's store. There were some few signs of rebellion among the clerks and shop girls at the beginning; but as Mrs. Betsey had a quick steady eye, and a self-reliant manner she caused her presence to be felt, and soon made everything subservient to her will. It was a remarkable fact, that, at the close of the week of her administration of affairs, the cash receipts were over a hundred and fifty dollars in excess of the receipts of any week within the previous three months.

"Have we done any more business than usual this week?" she asked of one clerk and another: and the uniform answer was "no."

"Then," said the lady to herself, "there's been foul play here. No wonder my husband was in trouble."

At the end of the next week, the sales came up to the same average, and at the end of the third week were two hundred dollars better than before. Mrs. Little undertook to manage the retail department. Whether there had been foul play or not, Aaron Little could never determine; but he was in no doubt as to what was the use of giving him more!

"O, pshaw! what's five cents? Can't be chasing pennies round my pocket, and the poor little haggled imp really deserved something!"

How easy it is to blind poor old mother Conscience, when Laziness puts on the cap and spectacles of Philanthropy! Mr. Spendpenny really felt like a hero as he splashed along on his way to the rail road depot.

"There, confound it! I've forgotten the baby's medicine, and to-morrow is Sunday.

Mr. Spendpenny plucked out his watch—there were just nine minutes to spare before the leaving of the train, and he rushed frantically for a drug store—

"A paper of catnip—quick, if you please!"

"Only five cents, sir," said the clerk.

Mr. Spendpenny fumbled impatiently in his pocket—the only coin there was a solitary copper. A five dollar note lay neatly folded in his portemonne—he threw it down in despair. Never was a clerk so leisurely and methodical in making change, and when he laid the bills and silver on the counter. Mr. Spend-

and of course business increased and grew more profitable under the improved system. By the end of the year, to use his own words he was "all right." Not so with a neighbor of his, who, to get more capital, had taken Mr. Lawrence as a partner. Instead of bringing in ten thousand dollars, that "capitalist" was only able to put down three thousand; and before the end of the year he had drawn out six or seven thousand, and had given notes of the firm for as much more in payment of old obligations. A failure of the house followed as an inevitable result.

When the fact of the failure and the cause which led to it, became known to Mr. Little he remarked with a shrug:

"I'm sorry for B——. But he should have told his wife."

"Of what?" asked the person to whom he addressed the remark.

"Of his want of more capital, and in intention to make a partner of Lawrence."

"What good would that have done?"

"It might have saved him from ruin as it did me."

"You are mysterious, Little."

"Am I? Well, in plain words: A year ago I was hard up for money in my business, and thought of taking in Lawrence. I told my wife about it. She said, 'Don't do it.' And I didn't; for her 'Don't do it' was followed by other suggestions as to his wife's extravagance that opened my eyes a little. I told her at the same time of my embarrassments, and she set her bright little head to work, and showed me the way to work out of them. Before this I always had a poor opinion of woman's wit in matters of business; but now I say to every man in trouble:

"Tell your wife!"

penny caught them up without counting, and darted in a bee line out of the store.

The huge iron horse, with throat of iron and lungs of fire, was standing in the depot, ready for a start, when Mr. Spendpenny rushed, panting, up to the ticket office.

"A doubtful bill, sir," said the agent, pushing back the proffered money.

"It must be good!" ejaculated Mr. Spendpenny, bursting in a cold perspiration, "I just took it down in street?"

"Can't help that, sir; we don't consider it safe to take notes on that bank."

The obstinate agent turned coolly away and Mr. Spendpenny nervously ransacked his pockets to see if he could make out the requisite amount. It was all there, except—only five cents!

While he was looking round the depot to discover some friend in need to advance the provokingly paltry sum, the quiver of motion ran through the engine, a column of white smoke shot upward from its ebon throat, and with an eldritch screech the train began to move!

"There it goes!" gasped the aghast Spendpenny; "the last through train until Monday, and here I am, snug and fast, over Sunday! And old Aunt Becky is to be taken there to-night, and she'll be mortally offended if I'm not there to meet her, and she will alter her will in Jim's favor—and the baby can't have its catnip tea—and those important papers that I want for Monday's court are safe and sound, under lock and key, in the country! Confound it all! Was ever a poor wretch so unlucky? And all for lack of—only five cents!"

Saturday night in the gloomiest purlieus of the great swarming Babel of a City! The orange twilight had faded out, the yellow lamps were twinkling in the uncurtained panes, and the bedridden old mother, propped on her pillows, was working away in the dim, flickering lustre of one candle at the slow manufacture of tiny paper windmills. The daughter, a girl of twenty, was kneeling before the grate putting on a few coals with a parsimonious care that showed how low the stock of coal was.

"So they pay you less for those caps, Mary," croaked the old woman. "It does seem as if we should starve. And Mrs. Ridley is coming for her rent to-night.—How shall we ever pay it?"

"We'll try," said the daughter, cheerfully, "I had quite a sum left after I got the corn-meal and molasses, and—"

"Rent ready?" sounded the harsh voice of the landlady, as the door slowly swung open, and her portly figure, arrayed in greasy silk, presented itself. "Come look—sharp! I've made up my mind not to have no more shirking and putting off—poor folks must live, and them that don't pay must clear out!"

"I think we can accommodate you, Mrs. Ridley," said the girl, but the trembling fingers which vainly strove to unloose the knots of a worn green purse, evinced no remarkable degree of confidence.

The landlady put on a pair of spectacles to scrutinize the coins offered her, and held them up to the candle with a hawk-eyed keenness of scrutiny.

"Two—four—six—it comes five cents short. How's this?" and she turned suddenly and sharply upon the girl.

"It is all we have in the world, Mrs. Ridley," said Mary with the firmness of despair.

"Now look here!" exclaimed the woman, wrathfully, "I'm not going to let myself be fleeced this way. I know just what this means—I've had the same trick tried on me before! Either hand over every red cent, or take yourselves off in less than half an hour!"

"It is only five cents, Mrs. Ridley, and—"

"I don't care—it's my lawful money, and you're just as much stealing as if—"

At this moment, while the virago's face was purple with rage, and her voice pitched almost to scream, the door was opened once more, and a mud spattered little object crept in, holding a stumpy broom.

"See, Mary see! Three pennies, and a whole silver five-cent piece!"

Mary caught the coin from the child's hand, and laid it silently in Mrs. Ridley's fat palm. No Kobinoor jewel could have been more welcome to her at this instant. Mrs. Ridley withdrew, muttering apologetically, and Mary drew a deep sigh of relief.

"You are a dear little messenger, Bessey," she said: "I am sure Providence sent to us that half dime!"

Only five cents! How much good the tiny coin can do—and how much trouble can be made by the lack of only five cents.

#### For the Auburn Daily Advertiser. Song of the Robin.

This eve I heard a Robin sing—  
Perched high on leafless spray;  
A song she sang of stormy March  
The twenty-seventh day.

She sang not loud and joyful notes—  
Notes only half way glad,  
Her hopes and fears she faintly sang—  
A song that seemed half sad.

Why came ye, little troubled one,  
While drifted snows lie deep,  
And out the cold and yellow turf  
No early flower dare peep?

Your little doubting heart, I ween,  
Will soon be strong with hope,  
That field and wood will soon be green,  
And flowers their bright eyes ope.

Left ye the Summer never done,  
Where fields are always green,  
And ripening rich, in southern sun,  
The fruits are ever seen?

Where oranges, mid orange flowers,  
In golden glory shine,  
And Alabama's emerald bowers  
Seem Eden all divine?

Knew ye that, there, delicious fruits  
Had changed their sweets to gall?  
That men were changed to savage brutes,  
A worse than Adam's fall?

Fled ye from scenes of beauty there,  
To snows and wintry weather  
Because ye scorned the rebel flock,  
Unlike in every feather?

Fret to the Union, boldly sing!  
Sing loud a song of hope!  
The south shall never have a king,  
And Jeff. shall have a rope!

Soon fields and woods grow emerald green,  
And northern flowers bright;  
Our cloudless skies will soon be seen,  
And Union b'less our sight.

Then, little robin, sing no more  
A tearful song, half sad;  
Disunion and the winter o'er,  
Our song will be all glad!

The cold Spring days will soon be gone—  
The cursed rebellion done—  
Our Union flag in sunshine float,  
The north and south but one.

Sing, Robin, sing in joyful mood,  
The coming summer day,  
When right shall be the twin of might,  
One name—one flag—one sway!

#### Anything Over To-Day.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Jenkins was an honest, simple minded man, little up to the ways of the world. Being without capital and having a salary as a clerk in a mercantile house, only sufficient for the support of himself and those dependent on him, no thought of going into business entered his mind. Clerk he was and a clerk he expected to remain. One after another of his felo-

quill drivers had broken through the ceremonial and arisen to the station and dignity of merchants, but he was still at the desk and anticipated no such change for himself.

One day a young man named Tompkins, who had started out in life two or three years before, said to him—

"Jenkins, my old friend, why don't you go into business. You are wasting the best years of your existence."

Jenkins shrugged his shoulders and half sighed the word

"Capital."

"You don't need any capital," replied Tompkins.

Jenkins elevated his eyebrows with a look of wonder.

"Credit is capital," said Tompkins.

"Oh, but where's the credit to come from?"

"There are plenty of men who will sell you goods. I've never found any difficulty. I started without a hundred dollars, and am now doing business to the amount of fifty thousand dollars a year."

"So much?"

"Yes, every dollar of it, and if my good luck goes on, I'll do seventy thousand dollars' worth next year."

"And your only capital was your credit."

"I had not a dollar in cash."

"Possible."

"It's truth."

"And you bought on four and six months?"

"Yes."

"But a stock of goods can't be turned in six months. That's admitted on all sides."

"A good deal can be turned if a man pushes his business."

"Suppose sixteen thousand out of twenty are turned—and that's a liberal calculation—how are the four thousand to be made up?"

"You must borrow."

"Borrow?"

"Yes."

"It is easy enough to say 'borrow,' but who is to lend?"

"Everybody lends. You are short today, and your neighbor is over—he lends you. To-morrow, he is short and you are over; and you lend him. Hundreds of thousands of dollars circulate in this way."

"But suppose my neighbor isn't over when I happen to be short?" said Jenkins.

"Go to another neighbor. Somebody will be over. I have never found any difficulty."

"All that's too temporary, and a little too risky for me. The borrowed amount must go on increasing until the sum becomes unmanageable."

"By that time," replied Tompkins, "your credit will be so well established that you can get an accommodation in bank. Money, in business, you know, is always worth its interest."

"Yes, I am aware of that."

"Borrowed capital is, therefore, just as good as if it were your own, for all business purposes."

Jenkins assented to this, although he didn't exactly feel that it was true.

"Can this be readily done?" he enquired.

"Certainly," was the confident answer. "I can do it."

"I'm afraid I couldn't," said Jenkins.

"Why not?"

"Oh, I don't know; but that is my impression."

"Nonsense; you can do it as well as any one else. You're too timid. Nothing venture, nothing gain. Here you are, wearing out your life on a salary of a thousand dollars, when you might just as well be making two or three thousand.—Use your abilities for your own benefit, not for the good of others, to be turned out to die, like an old horse, when you get old."

A few interviews like this with Tompkins, who manifested a warm interest for his old friend, finally overcame all objections in the mind of Jenkins; and he became possessed of go-into-business-and-get-rich spirit. Credit was capital.—That was an admitted axiom. And, with capital, any fool could make money.—That was its twin brother. Jenkins found less difficulty in obtaining goods on six months' credit than he had anticipated. He had a quiet, thoughtful air about him; and his old employers gave him credit for being a man of the most honest purposes, and a good knowledge of business.

During the first six months, Jenkins was able to discount many of his own notes. This made his credit a No. 1 with many of the wholesale men from whom he bought, and they congratulated him that he was getting on so well; but, at the expiration of the six months, when about six or seven thousand dollars fell due in the course of a couple of weeks, Jenkins found his vessel passing from a smooth sea into troubled waters.

"Anything over to day, Jenkins?" or "Will you have anything over to-morrow?" had been sounded in his ears half a dozen times daily for the last three or four months. And he had made temporary loans of small sums again and again to his neighbors. Tompkins had been a liberal borrower. He was on the street daily. It was now Jenkins' turn to ask a reciprocation of favors, which had, thus far, been all on one side.

"Yes, often."

"He'll help you. Call on him."

"Anything over to-day?" asked Jenkins meekly, of Jones, whom he found at his desk, looking particularly dismal.

"No, not a red cent," sharply returned Jones, frowning as he spoke, and glancing involuntarily towards a rack of bank notices.

He has been meditating for half an hour before Jenkins came in, with these full in view; which fact will account for his unamiable temper.

Jenkins turned away without speaking and went back to his own store. He had never had just such feelings as now oppressed him. A thousand dollars were to be paid in bank before three o'clock, and he had thus far, nothing towards meeting the obligation. Moreover, three thousand dollars additional fell due in the course of a week, all of which must be met or he would fail in business. "Fail?" How the word as it formed itself in his thoughts, made him tremble inwardly.

"Where is the money to come from?" he sighed as he seated himself in his store. For ten minutes he remained inactive; then suddenly rising he murmured,

"But this won't do. It must come from somewhere. I will try Wilkins. He has had favors of me."

To Wilkins' store he repaired.

"Anything over to-day?" he asked, betraying in his voice and countenance the extremity of his need.

"Well—I don't know," replied Wilkins thoughtfully and deliberately. "Let me see."

And opening his firecloset he took out a large pocket book and commenced examining its contents.

"How much do you want?" he at last inquired.

"Three or four hundred dollars."

"Is it to go to bank?"

"Yes."

If uncurrent money would answer, I might help you some."

"How near is it?"

"Virginia."

"Two per cent discount."

"Yes, but you can have it for two weeks if it is any accommodation."

"How much have you?"

"\$850."

"Hold on to it if you please, for an hour or two, and if I can't make up what I want, I will accept your offer."

"Very well, it is at your service. I would do better for you if I could, but I just let Tompkins have all my current funds."

Half a dozen more applications were made during the next hour, and all poor Jenkins could raise was two hundred dollars, which must be returned the next day by twelve o'clock. This sum with three hundred and fifty dollars uncurrent money, on which he would have to lose seven dollars in discount left him short four hundred and fifty dollars.

It was one o'clock, and he had already gone the entire round—so far as those who had on former occasions, taken the liberty to borrow of him were concerned.

As a money hunter, he must now extend his walks further. He must go to those who had never come to him.

There was, only a few doors from Mr. Jenkins, a retail dealer in the same business, who had been one of his old employer's best customers. As a clerk, Jenkins had frequently sold his goods, and waited upon him for the settlement of many bills.

Peters—that was the man's name—had always been very polite to Jenkins, both before and since his entrance into business; and Jenkins, in consequence, liked Peters, and thought him very much of a gentleman. In his extremity—one o'clock having arrived, and there being yet four hundred and fifty dollars to make up—he determined to try Peters. At first thought he shrank from doing so; but necessity spurred him to the act.

As Jenkins placed his foot within the store of Peters, his heart almost failed him; but it was too late now to turn back, so he advanced. Peters was standing at a desk in the back part of the store, busily engaged in making certain calculations on a slip of paper. Two or three parcels of bank notes were lying before him, and near these were several bank notices. The fact was, Peters himself, was short; and whenever that was the case, he, being of a nervous temperament, was never very amiable. He had just discovered a little error in his calculations, which showed him even worse off by several hundred dollars, when a faltering voice near him pronounced his name.

He turned quickly, and, as his sharp eyes and knit brows were encountered by Jenkins, the latter seemed also to shrink into himself as he instinctively took off his hat.

"Mr. Jenkins," said Peters, and relaxing a muscle.

"Mr. Peters, how are you?"

"So, so."

Still the brows were unbent.

"Anything over to-day?" faltered Jenkins.

"No!"

That "No" must have been heard to form a certain idea of the emphatic force with which it was uttered. Poor Jenkins staggered back a pace or two, and then hastily retired.

"The tenth time I've had to say that in the last hour," muttered Peters, savagely, as he turned to the desk.

This last experience in borrowing from those who were "over," settled the matter with Jenkins. It would have been about as easy to have forced him up in a cannon's mouth as to have induced him to make another application of the kind.

"I'd better fail and be done with it," said he to himself, as he went back with hurried strides to his store; but the idea of failing became more and more terrible to him the nearer the view he took.

"I must prevent it, if I can." This, which was thought rather than uttered, marked the reaction on his mind.

"But how, how, how?" And he paced the floor backwards and forwards half a dozen times.

"Yes, yes, I'll do that. It's a straw; but I'll catch at it." And, so saying, he started forth again. This time he went to the store of his old employers, an asked an interview with the senior member of the firm, a kind hearted, liberal man.

"Mr. B——," said Jenkins, as soon as they were alone, speaking frankly and without embarrassment, "I've committed a great blunder."

"In what?"

"In going into business."

"How so?"

"I hadn't a dollar of capital."

"I thought you had saved something."

"No; I went into business on the sole basis of credit."

"That was a blunder."

"So I have discovered; but, unfortunately when it is too late to retrieve my error."

"You can't pay your notes, I presume."

"Not out of my current business. I must borrow."

"A poor dependence, Jenkins."

"So I have found, this day, to my grief and disappointment. I have been trying for nearly five hours to get a thousand dollars, but nobody has anything to spare; so I must let my paper lie over and make a failure of it."

"That won't do, Jenkins," said Mr B——.

"I'd rather fail twenty times than keep up a half dead and alive business existence by 'shutting it.' No, no, that won't suit me, no how. One day's experience is enough. How people stand it who run about, daily, from nine o'clock, until half past two, to get money to meet their notes, is more than I can tell. It would kill me in a month. I'd rather fail at once and be done with it. Failure might come at last."

"Well, what do you want to say to me on the subject?" asked B——.

"Simply," replied Jenkins, "to call my store yours, and me your clerk for a few months, until the business can be settled up—you in the meantime paying the notes that fall due, in order to keep all concerned free from the loss that inevitably follows a failure in business. There's enough to make you perfectly safe."

"You are certain of that."

"O yes; I made very fair profits, and lived frugally. You can furnish goods from your own store to keep up the stock, while I'm selling off what is now on hand. In this way, you will be able

to more than pay the expenses of the store and bring all out safely in the end."

"I must have a little time to think about this Jenkins," said B——, "I wish you had mentioned the subject a week or two ago, so that I could have looked into the affair before your extremity came. You want a thousand dollars to day?"

"Yes."

B—— sat and thought for some three or four minutes.

"You must have it, I suppose," said he at length. "I don't like these failures in business. Their reaction upon trade is bad. I'll give you a check for a thousand dollars to day. Pay your notes, and then go to work and get up a statement of your exact condition. If it all looks right, perhaps—but no matter what. Do as I wish, and let me see you to-morrow."

A heavy weight was suddenly rolled from the feelings of Jenkins. He felt as light as a feather as he went back to the store, holding tightly in his hand a check for one thousand dollars.

On the next day, after a long interview with Mr. B——, who had always felt a friendly interest in Jenkins, it was decided to continue the business—B—— to be a silent partner and furnish a certain amount of capital. This settled the fortunes of the young man. He is still in business and doing well. While Tompkins and dozens of others like him are in the street, daily, from nine till half past two, as eager money-hunters, you will find him at his counter attending to customers, or at the auctions ready to secure any good bargains that may happen to offer. And you will, moreover, find him a prosperous merchant, while Tompkins and eight out of ten of such able "financiers," are driven under, and the ripples on the surface of trade that marked the place of their disaster no longer to be seen.

To start in business with only credit for a capital, is to lean upon a broken reed. Thousand have learned this to their sorrow.

#### Terrible Inundations in Holland.

A communication appears in the London News, that several provinces of Holland are threatened with inundations, arising from the giving way of the dykes under long continued beating of the waves. The lives and property of thousands are said to be in imminent peril.

In Guilderland the distress and damage have assumed a fearful aspect. The people had battled with all their might against the destroying waves, and had become utterly exhausted. In many places they had abandoned their abodes, and in others were huddled together by hundreds in temporary sheds, where disease was ravaging them to a fearful extent.

The Government and private benevolence had rendered assistance, but these were utterly inadequate to meet the distress already existing; and a strong appeal was made to the people of England to assist in relieving their Dutch neighbors in their calamity.

DEATH OF AN AUBURNIAN.—We regret to announce the death of Mrs. Angeline A. Sabin, wife of A. A. Sabin, formerly of this city, in Rochester, on the 20th inst. Mrs. Sabin was well known in this city, and much beloved by a large circle of friends. Her remains were brought to this city to-day and interred at the Fort Hill Cemetery.

"T G

## REPUBLICAN MEETING.

### Make Ready for the Contest!

The Republicans of Auburn will meet at the Court House on Saturday evening, June 2d, at 8 o'clock, to organize a Republican Club for the campaign.

The great principles at issue in this campaign should animate deeply every Lover of his country. Let us remember that "Eternal Vigilance is the price of Liberty."

Our standard bearers, ABRAHAM LINCOLN and HANNIBAL HAMLIN, are thorough Republicans deeply imbued with the great principles of the Republican Party.

Let us not be last then, of the rising Hosts of Freedom, to ratify their nomination, and to take early measures to secure their certain triumph at the polls in November.

B B Snow, J Hickey, J Hickey,  
M Kinsella, E S Field, E S Field,  
J Canton, E P Senter, E P Senter,  
W P Robinson, A E Warriner, A E Warriner,  
T J Kennedy, W E Hewson, W E Hewson,  
C J Curlett, H Carpenter, H Carpenter,  
S Lockwood, E C Carpenter, E C Carpenter,  
L W Clements, M Evans, jr., M Evans, jr.,  
H Walker, M G Devoe, M G Devoe,  
J Q Bunniston, G Miller, G Miller,  
A Miller, J Brown, J Brown,  
B A Tuttle, H S Banks, H S Banks,  
C P Wood, D V Middesworth, D V Middesworth,  
H D Smith, P A Thompson, P A Thompson,  
A B Elliott, C S Underwood, C S Underwood,  
M McGraw, K Vail, K Vail,  
J Hickson, E Murray, E Murray,  
W Allen, T M Pomeroy, T M Pomeroy,  
T McGraw, D P Greeno, D P Greeno,  
D D Buck, U B Judd, U B Judd,  
L S Upham, Ira Hopkins, Ira Hopkins,  
S Barry, W N Foster, W N Foster,  
G D Hewson, G S Marshal, G S Marshal,  
A B Hamblin, E P Hoskins, E P Hoskins,  
G Smith, R Dyer, R Dyer,  
C C Wilber, O S Conck, O S Conck,  
Geo M Kinney, H White, H White,  
G R Mino, C T Ferris, C T Ferris,  
A Fries, R S Hawkins, R S Hawkins,  
H Woodruff, J Dummett, J Dummett,  
A Alexander, W E Huggett, W E Huggett,  
S D Hurlbut, W B Lynch, W B Lynch,  
J N Starin, E P Willard, E P Willard,  
J Lawrence, H Willard, H Willard,  
W Yates, S T Harris, jr., S T Harris, jr.,  
J S Lanchart, L D Lynch, L D Lynch,  
B B Willey, J Patty, J Patty,  
J Haldey, W Gregory, W Gregory,  
I Beech, G Tiffany, G Tiffany,  
C A Baker, A J Babcox, A J Babcox,  
J Rude, G Humphreys, G Humphreys,  
C Whitney, J S Clary, J S Clary,  
J E Leonard, H T Cook, H T Cook,  
H L Swift, D W Boynton, D W Boynton,  
James Pinckney, W C Barber, W C Barber,  
J Osborn, W Van Arsdale, W Van Arsdale,  
J M Gale, H Macomber, H Macomber,  
L H Baldwin, A Warner, A Warner,  
D W Barnes, R Peat, R Peat,  
J Matthews, T Kirkpatrick, T Kirkpatrick,  
T Burns, E Northrop, E Northrop,  
E G Storke, B F Hall, B F Hall,  
F Eckert, S L Bradley, S L Bradley,  
F Hoag, C Carpenter, C Carpenter,  
W Hart, J R Cox, J R Cox,

A H King, E H Avery, E H Avery,  
Heany, M Silsby, M Silsby,  
H Burdick, E D Woodruff, E D Woodruff,  
Gavigan, E B DeRiemer, E B DeRiemer,  
V H Foster, E N Morgan, E N Morgan,  
Welty, J Post, J Post,  
Briggs, J Polson, J Polson,  
H Schenck, A M Clark, A M Clark,  
N Sittser, G I Post, G I Post,  
S Brown, J S Bradburn, J S Bradburn,  
C Woodruff, C Wooley, C Wooley,  
S Gray, J S Fowler, J S Fowler,  
T Payne, C A Warden, C A Warden,  
D Mahoney, E H Cobb, E H Cobb,  
T Fowler, L D Dennison, L D Dennison,  
L Olmsted, C W Cherry, C W Cherry,  
Jack, J Maillet, J Maillet,  
Hurd, J Sherman, J Sherman,  
C Van Laer, C W Upham, C W Upham,  
W Reed, H H Lester, H H Lester,  
Pierce, S C Lester, S C Lester,  
L Knight, O F Knapp, O F Knapp,  
H Jenkins, C S Trowbridge, C S Trowbridge,  
W Johnson, Z M Mason, Z M Mason,  
V Kehoe, A V M Suydam, A V M Suydam,  
A Suydam, E Hutchinson, E Hutchinson,  
White, C E Barber, C E Barber,  
W Nye, D C Barrett, D C Barrett,  
L Ford, H W Morse, H W Morse,  
W Elliott, D T Lynch, D T Lynch,  
Jenkins, E B Lansing, E B Lansing,  
Goodrich, P Swift, P Swift,  
Wilcox, M Mullen, M Mullen,  
Mullen, W E Dale, W E Dale,  
Powers, J O Barber, J O Barber,  
Seymour, W H Meaker, W H Meaker,  
B Noble, A J Knight, A J Knight,  
C Dunn, J Van Derheyden, J Van Derheyden,  
T Byron, G Van Derheyden, G Van Derheyden,  
Purdy, N W Choate, N W Choate,  
Swift, J Gernand, J Gernand,  
Van Derheyden, D J Chadwick, D J Chadwick,  
D Stone, L Matson, L Matson,  
Lewis, H Crandall, H Crandall,  
C Dwight, D Wetherby, D Wetherby,  
V Lamey, J Mahen, J Mahen,  
I A Yates, J Scarebon, J Scarebon,  
S A Brady, S R Snyder, S R Snyder,  
S Morgan, G McBride, G McBride,  
Roberts, L White, L White,  
G Perkins, N Chapin, N Chapin,  
J C Lawton, C P Burgess, C P Burgess,  
W Giffin, G E Barber, G E Barber,  
E D Bunker, E H Townsend, E H Townsend,  
S Sheldon, C Carlin, C Carlin,  
A Hutchins, G Rathbun, G Rathbun,  
Davis, A L Cone, A L Cone,  
L Bates, G E Ashby, G E Ashby,  
White, J V Bowen, J V Bowen,  
Deckér, R P Stow, R P Stow,  
Coates, W F Gibbs, W F Gibbs,  
IV Palmer, B A Nelson, B A Nelson,  
W Baker, T Douglas, T Douglas,  
J J Webster, W G Keyes, W G Keyes,  
A H Douglas, J B Dill, J B Dill,  
Schenck, J L Barker, J L Barker,  
J Gaile, C P Fitch, C P Fitch,  
Crocker, C L Bodley, C L Bodley,  
D Otis, P Quick, P Quick,  
V A Kirby, J Matthew, J Matthew,  
Naylor, R Jenkins, R Jenkins,  
D Gillam, W Hoolihan, W Hoolihan,  
Hewson, E E Marvine, E E Marvine,  
J Becker, J Olmsted, J Olmsted,  
Walter Gray, Jr., C Bemis, C Bemis,  
Atler Sheldon, A McCrea, A McCrea,  
Robinson, A C Taber, A C Taber,  
Defendorf, J Neyhart, J Neyhart,  
J W Sanford, Wm Gardner, Wm Gardner,  
Orent, C D Hibbard, C D Hibbard,  
Westlake, Albert Ney, Albert Ney,  
Lewis, C Y Morris, C Y Morris,

Tos. Strath, E G Knight, E G Knight,  
Michael Loveland, Matthew Sittser, Matthew Sittser,  
James Parks, H J Sartwell, H J Sartwell,  
H Walden, J D Smith, J D Smith,  
Wm J Moses, James R Baldwin, James R Baldwin,  
A Shimer, E B Cobb, E B Cobb,  
Lewis Wooding, Jacob R How, Jacob R How,  
J A Keyes, E B Buck, E B Buck,  
C G Briggs, F G Day, F G Day,  
D Woodworth, Emery Osborn, Emery Osborn,  
W Hollister, L V Keyes, L V Keyes,  
Samuel Lyon, James Camp, James Camp,  
J L Doty, C P Williams, C P Williams,  
Thos M How, John Underwood, John Underwood,  
William B Woodin, H C Young, H C Young,  
J A Lock, J A Bennett, J A Bennett,  
T McDonald, E B Ives, E B Ives,  
S Y Groot, Thos Deuchar, Thos Deuchar,  
Geo W Peck, D C Goodrich, D C Goodrich,  
S C Groot, H J Brown, H J Brown,  
TS Bennett, J Elliott, J Elliott,  
J Garlinghouse, J Garlinghouse.

FEAR OF HEENAN.—The N. Y. Evening Post gives the following extract from a private London letter; "Poor Heenan has been trying a thousand ways to force Sayers into a fight, or else give up the belt. But Sayers will do neither. It is the general opinion here that in another fight Heenan would whip him to death in less than half an hour. Sayers and his friends know this, and they would rather face Beelzebub in the ring than Heenan. But with an indescribable meanness they refuse to surrender the belt, which they know they have lost. Johnny Bull was never more amazed than by the result of this battle, and he don't know what to do about it."

The Atlas and Argus says a private letter received in Albany states that Sayers, in a confidential conversation with a friend, admitted that Heenan was too heavy and too strong for him, and expressed satisfaction that he had come out of the ring alive. The writer adds, "it is the serious belief of many who saw the fight, that had not the blow by which Sayers' arm was so terribly injured, been warded off by him, but fallen full on his head, it would have put a fatal end to the fight."

#### Letter from Gen. Scott.

Lieutenant General Scott sent the following to the Committee having charge of the recent celebration in New York:

"NEW YORK, March 3.

"Hon. C. P. Daly, Chairman, &c:

"Dear Sir: I regret, on account of debility, I cannot take part in the grand celebration of to-morrow, as I sincerely rejoice in our victories over rebels, which, with others impending, cannot fail soon to bring back into the Union, on terms of perfect equality in rights and duties, the outstanding states. Reciprocal respect and admiration have already, by the dint of hard fighting, been established between the gallant veterans of the opposing armies, and this noble sentiment gives the hope that it may conquer the miserable hatred so general between non-combatants—secessionists and Unionists. This, indeed, would be the great conquest of the day. I remain, with high respect, yours truly,

WINFIELD SCOTT."

#### The State Prisoners at Fort Monroe.

The Fortress Monroe correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer says:

Jeff Davis has fully recovered his health. He has not yet been returned to his first diet, the army ration. His food is prescribed by Dr. Craven, and is such as will conduce most to his health. Since the tone of his physical health has been restored, he, too, has taken to puffing the Indian weed—he brought with him into the fortress. The bowl is wrought in the semblance of a turbaned head *a la Zouave*.

As not a word is allowed to be said to Davis, he speaks very little. No one is allowed to see him. Occasionally a highly imaginative or positively mendacious individual, passing through here, gives out that he has seen Jeff Davis. These statements are utterly false; no one whatever, excepting only the guard and Gen. Miles, have looked upon the "fallen Lucifer" since his incarceration. Cabinet officers have visited the fort since Jeff's imprisonment there, but not even to them was accorded the privilege of looking upon him. Passes to enter the fort can only be obtained by persons well known here, and these must have most urgent business.

John Mitchel is treated very much in the style of the more important rebels. He subsists on government army rations, is closely guarded, and is not allowed the wherewithal to manufacture treasonable newspaper articles; nor is he furnished with any papers or any reading matter, save the Bible or any prayer-book he may desire. John while away the weary hours of his prison life with smoking. He brought a pipe with him and is allowed tobacco. No conversation is permitted with him, nor does he court any. Thus far he has shown himself rather taciturn than otherwise.

Clay smokes with philosophic indifference. He occasionally addresses a pleasant remark to his guards. As a prisoner he has given very little trouble. From the beginning he has subsisted on the army ration. He eats but little, smokes a great deal, and has evidently made up his mind that neither fretting nor grumbling will help his case, and the best course to be pursued is to take things easily and quietly.

Kingsley gives his evidence on life's happiest period. He thus declares: "There is no pleasure that I have experienced like a child's midsummer holiday—the time, I mean, when two or three of us used to go away up the brook, and take our dinners with us, and come home at night tired, dirty, happy, scratched beyond recognition, with a great nose-gay, three little trout, one shoe—the other having been used for a boat, till it had gone down with all hands, out of sounding. How poor our Darby days, our Greenwich dinners, our evening parties, where there are plenty of nice girls, after that! Depend upon it, a man never experiences such pleasure or grief after fourteen as he does before, unless, in some cases, in his first love-making, when the sensation is new to him."

Manager Hess, of Grover's Theatre, Washington, proposes that the theatrical managers throughout the United States give the entire receipts each of one night's entertainment towards the grand national monument to the memory of President Lincoln. Mr. Hess offers the entire receipts of Grover's Theatre to the fund, upon any night to be decided upon. A good idea.

The Late Mrs. Seward.

For the Daily Advertiser.

For the Soldiers.

Of Mrs. Secretary Seward, the Washington correspondent of the Springfield Republican writes: "I remember hearing Dr. Bailey say that, in his opinion, Mrs. Seward was not only one of the loveliest of women, but also that she possessed a keen, discriminating judgment of political subjects. Before Charles Sumner delivered his celebrated South Carolina speech, (the one that provoked the murderous attack of Brooks,) he read it or parts of it, to Mrs. Seward. She urged him to modify certain paragraphs, not because she did not believe the truth warranted them, but for the sake of peace. She thought that the language might honestly be interpreted as offensive. Mrs. Seward was from the first a warm-hearted anti-slavery woman, and it is pleasant to know that she lived to see slavery overthrown."

Mrs. Seward coincided fully in the views of her distinguished husband that nothing is gained to humanity by personalities of any kind. It was the cause to be argued and vindicated, not the persons in the adverse interest to be denounced which, in her estimation was to work out the desired results. Mr. Sumner's invective against Judge Butler violated this rule; and if she expressed to him any opinion whatever, she doubtless advised him to modify his language.

#### Seward and Grant.

Thank God! General Grant, you are alive!"—[Seward.]

When Lieutenant General Grant returned to Washington from New Jersey, recently, he hastened to the mansion of Secretary Seward, who upon recognizing him, uttered the above words. Perceiving his wounds, the General's nerves gave way and he wept like a child. While the General could bear the horrid sights and death scenes of the battle field without flinching, he could not see the ghastly wounds on Governor Seward's face without breaking down entirely. The idea that so good a man as Governor Seward should be hacked to pieces by an assassin, seemed to overpower him.

#### on Receiving the L. L. D.

Last December the dignity of L. L. D. was conferred on President Lincoln by Princeton College. His letter acknowledging the compliment has just been published. It is as follows:

Executive Mansion Washington, }  
December 27, 1864. }

MY DEAR SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the reception of your note of the 20th December, conveying the announcement that the Trustees of the College of New Jersey had conferred upon me the Degree of Doctor of Laws.

The assurance conveyed by this high compliment, that the course of the Government which I represent has received the approval of a body of gentlemen of such character and intelligence, in this time of public trial, is very grateful to me.

Thoughtful men must feel that the fate of civilization upon this continent is involved in the issue of our contest. Among the most gratifying proofs of this conviction is the hearty devotion everywhere exhibited by our schools and colleges to the National cause.

I am most thankful if my labors have seemed to conduce to the preservation of these institutions, under which alone we can expect good government, and in its train sound learning, and the progress of the liberal arts. I am, sir, very truly your obedient servant,

A. LINCOLN.

Dr. JOHN MACLEAN.

#### Death of Rev. S. S. Goss.

A Sunday or two ago an appeal was made to the Universalist Sabbath School of this city for a collection and some comfort bags for the soldiers in the hospitals. The children and teachers gladly and generously responded; a fine collection was taken, and a hundred comfort bags were made, stuffed with nice varieties, and sent away to the brave boys who are suffering for us. Each bag contained a letter to a soldier, and paper, stamp, envelope, etc., for an answer. Among many better epistles was the following:

#### TO A SUFFERING SOLDIER.

Dear Soldier away on the border,  
My heart keeps a marching to you,  
And often it gives me the order  
To send you my love, warm and true!

I'm a boy yet, of less than twelve summers,  
And they say I am small of my age;  
But I'm big as some fifers and drummers,  
And to drum I should like to engage.

If I could not do that to you Jiking,  
I might do something else quite as well;  
And I want to be with you, and striking  
A foe that still dares to rebel.

I dream of the roar and the ratt'!  
Of arms in the war for the free;  
I dream that I see you in battle,  
So gallantly bleeding for me!

I dream of the vict'ries you gather  
From fields that give many a grave,  
And I thank the all-merciful Father  
For you, and the Country you save.

I dream of the glory full-blazing  
That crowns thy marvelous deeds,  
And the courage and patience amazing,  
Of many a hero that bleeds.

I dream that I see you now lying  
In hospital throbbing with pain,  
And oft for your sweet mother sighing,  
And tears from my eyes fall like rain.

Dear Union boy, nobly enduring  
All perils and pangs for our sake,  
You need not this letter assuring  
Your heart that our love is awake!

God bless you, O brave Union brother,  
And comfort your anguish and pain;  
And God bless your father and mother,  
And grant you may meet them again!

And think how I long to attend you,  
And let you my loving hand see!  
While this little off'r'g I send you,  
And say, 'tis from Fred Harvey \*\*\* X.

FRESH AIR.—The exciting and stimulating properties of pure oxygen are well known, and every one has felt the invigorating influence of fresh air, yet no practical application has been made of these beneficial properties of a substance so cheap and universal. When the body is weak, the brain is fatigued, and the whole system in a state of lassitude, just go into the open air, take a few vigorous inspirations and respirations, and the effect will be instantly perceived. The individual trying the experiment will feel invigorated and stimulated, the blood will course with freshness the lungs will work with increased activity, the whole frame will feel revivified, and Nature's stimulant will be found the best.

He cannot be said to have left his professional calling, for he was ever ready for every good work of piety, or philanthropy. He frequently was called upon for occasional services, here and in neighboring towns, which he always rendered with cheerfulness and great acceptance. He was a true and faithful man in all his relations of life, and has, we doubt not, gone to a blessed reward.

The funeral services will be held in the Second Presbyterian church of this city next Sabbath afternoon, commencing a o'clock.

Garrit Smith was lately asked to send autograph letter to the Chicago Fair. I has sent ten of the hairs that once adorn the head of Thomas Clarkson, the English abolitionist, remarking that Clarkson's hair were worth more than his (Smith's) brain given in another column.

The remains will arrive in this city on the noon train Saturday.

#### The Hour of Triumph.

Hope of the nations, awake from thy sadness!  
Awake! for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;  
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness;  
Arise! for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them  
And scattered their legions was mightier far;  
They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued  
them;

Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

Hope of the nations, the Power that hath saved thee,  
Exalted with the harp and the timbrel should be;  
Shout! for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee;  
The oppressor is vanquished, the bondman is free.

From Hall's Journal of Health.

#### Duration of Life.

The average duration of life of man in civilized society is about thirty-three and a third years. This is called a generation, making three in a century. But there are certain localities and certain communities of people where this average is considerably extended. The mountaineer lives longer than the lowlander; the farmer than the artisan; the traveler than the sedentary; the temperate than the self-indulgent; the just than the dishonest. "The wicked shall not live out his days," is the announcement of Divinity.

The philosophy of this is found in the fact, that the moral character has a strong power over the physical; and more controlling than is generally imagined. The true man conducts himself in the light of Bible precepts; is temperate in all things; is "slow to anger;" and on his grave is written; "He went about doing good." In these three things are the great elements of human health; the restraint of the appetites; the control of the passions; and that highest type of physical exercise, "going about doing good." It is said of the eminent Quaker philanthropist, Joseph John Gurney, that the labor and pains he took to go and see personally the objects of his contemplated charities, so that none of them should be unworthily bestowed, was of itself almost the labor of one man, and he attended to his immense banking business besides; in fact he did too much, and died at sixty.

The average length of human life, of all countries, at this age of the world, is about twenty-eight years. One quarter of all who die do not reach the age of seven; one-half die before reaching seventeen; and yet the average of life of "Friends," in Great Britain and Ireland, in 1860, was nearly fifty-six years, just double the average life of other people. Surely this is a strong inducement for all to practice for themselves, and to inculcate it upon their children, day by day, that simplicity of habit, that quietness of demeanor, that restraint of temper, that control of the appetites and propensities, and that orderly, systematic, and even mode of life, which "Friends" discipline inculcates, and which are demonstrably the means of so largely increasing the average of human existence.

Reasoning from the analogy of the animal creation, mankind should live nearly an hundred years; that law seeming to be, that life should be five times the length of the period of growth; at least, the general observation is, that the longer persons are growing, the longer they live—other things being equal.—Naturalists say:

A dog	grows	for 2 years,	and lives	8.
An ox	"	4 "	"	16.
A horse	"	5 "	"	25.
A camel	"	8 "	"	40.
Man	"	20	"	should live 100.

But the sad fact is, that only one man for every thousand reaches one hundred years. Still it is encouraging to know, that the science of life, as revealed by the investigations of the physiologist and the teachings of educated medical men, is steadily extending the period of human existence.

The distinguished historian, Macaulay, states that, in 1685, one person in twenty died each year; in 1850, out of forty persons, only one died. Dupin says that from 1776 to 1843 the duration of life in France increased fifty-two days annually, for in 1781 the mortality was one in twenty-nine; in 1843, one in forty. The rich men in France live forty-two years on an average; the poor

of Agent KIRKPATRICK Instead of a fall-

only thirty. Those who are "well-to-do-in-the-world" live about eleven years longer than those who have to work from day to day for a living. Remunerative labor and the diffusion of the knowledge of the laws of life among the masses, with temperance and thrift, are the great means of adding to human health and life; but the more important ingredient—happiness—is only to be found in daily loving, obeying and serving Him, who giveth us all things richly to enjoy."

An iron passenger car has been used with success upon the Chicago and St. Louis Railroad. It is 6,000 pounds lighter than those of wood of the same size.

Over \$40,000,000 of the 7-30's were sold last week.

All but four of the forts around Washington are to be placed on a peace footing.

They have commenced reimbursing the drafted men in New York who furnished substitutes.

One of the draft associations in New York has appropriated its funds to an orphan asylum.

The story that several barrels of Richmond specie had been captured on the Rappahannock was a wicked hoax.

The Navy Department has ordered the Mississippi squadron reduced to 25 vessels. Don't let it take effect till Jeff. is caught.

The London Owl must be a pleasant paper to be connected with. Its publication has been suspended for a fortnight, because the editors have gone out of town during the holidays.

The paying telling of the Commercial Bank at Philadelphia has absconded, leaving a large deficit in his accounts—not less, it is estimated, than \$200,000.

Within ten years more than one hundred thousand persons have emigrated to Kansas, and more than one hundred and fifty thousand to Minnesota.

Out of eight thousand rank and file, prisoners of war, confined last week in Fort Delaware, but three men declined to renew their allegiance to the United States.

Beef cattle, for which the holders expected to get 17 cents a pound at Brighton, Mass., have sold this week at 14 cents. We can stand a good deal heavier decline in beef without weeping.

It is now said that the fellow in Libby Prison, supposed to be Dick Turner, is not that scamp indeed, but that the real wretch has been arrested while following in the track of Jeff. Davis, and is now on his way to Libby Prison.

Details of colored troops with entrenching tools are employed in burying the Union dead who have lain exposed on the battle-fields around Richmond for a year past. Several hundred skeletons were interred near Cold Harbor.

Lift to the hills thy tearful eyes,  
Thence cometh help in rich supplies;  
Thou'ret safe within the guardian care  
Of One who'll save from every snare  
Thy weary feet. His watchful eye  
Will guide thy wanderings lovingly;  
Then ever trust in God above,  
And he will guide thee, all in love.

Hast dreamed of joy, of pleasure here?  
Hast yearned for fame, and dreamed 'twas near  
Copake station, by being struck by lightning.  
Hast fondly hoped that earthly love  
Could bring the rest for which thou'st strove?

O dream no more! but struggle on,  
Bear well the cross, then wear the crown;  
And ever trust in God above,

order of the Confederate officials. It done by the mob for the sake of plunder.

President Johnson will occupy the late residence of Gen. Halleck, on Georgetown Heights, during the summer months.

It is said that the Hon. George S. Hilliard is about to assume the editorial chair of the Boston Courier. He is a fine writer.

It is reported that when Congressman Harris, now on trial at Washington, heard of the assassination of President Lincoln, he threw up his hands and cried: "Thank God! this is the happiest day of my life."

Hon. Judge Cooke, of Steuben County, has just returned from Hilton Head, bringing with him some dozen of bright little colored boys, whom he intends to send to school and have trained to habits of industry and business. This is practical philanthropy.

Secretary Seward has had an ingenious contrivance adjusted to his fractured jaw by a New York dentist, which holds the several portions in place, and in three or four months the fracture will probably become knitted together. He is recovering the use of his right arm, and his bodily health is good.

A STRANGE COINCIDENCE.—The steamer Australasian, which carried to England the news of the fall of Richmond, arrived off Crookhaven at half past eleven o'clock on the night of April 14th, and thus, by a singular coincidence, the people of Europe in general received the news of the fall of the rebel capital at the same hour that this country was thrown into consternation by the announcement of the assassination of President Lincoln.

TRUST IN GOD.

Trust thou in God! and if thy life  
Is dark with many a scene of strife,  
If roses fade and sunlight dies,  
If bright corrupt and storms arise,  
If cherished forms grow pale and cold,  
And lie within the churchyard mould,  
O put thy trust in God above,  
And he will guide thee, all in love.

Art weary with this toilsome life,  
Which seems with disappointment rife?  
And doth temptation's wily power  
Beguile thee in an evil hour?  
And seemeth all thy strength too weak  
To bear thy load, with patience meek?  
Then put thy trust in God above,  
And he will guide thee, all in love.

Trust thou in God! though all around  
Is gathering darkness, deep, profound,  
Lone heart, faint not! thou hast a friend  
Who never scorns to condescend

To bless the lowliest child of care.  
Lift thou to him an earnest prayer,  
So put thy trust in God above  
And he will guide thee, all in love.

Lift to the hills thy tearful eyes,  
Thence cometh help in rich supplies;  
Thou'ret safe within the guardian care  
Of One who'll save from every snare  
Thy weary feet. His watchful eye  
Will guide thy wanderings lovingly;  
Then ever trust in God above,  
And he will guide thee, all in love.

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Hast yearned for fame, and dreamed 'twas near  
Copake station, by being struck by lightning.  
Hast fondly hoped that earthly love  
Could bring the rest for which thou'st strove?

O dream no more! but struggle on,  
Bear well the cross, then wear the crown;  
And ever trust in God above,

### Gen. Grant and the Ladies.

Many anecdotes are related of Gen. Grant's reception at the Chicago Fair. Surrounded by a lot of bewitching girls at one time, a lady said to him, "Gen. Grant, these girls are dying to kiss you, but they don't dare to do it." "Well," said the gallant General, "if they want to kiss me, why don't they? Nobody has offered to since I have been here." Instantly about a hundred fairies pounced upon him. He attempted a retreat, but in vain; he essayed to break through the rosy ranks, without success. Then, for the first time, he confessed himself vanquished, and calmly awaited the event. Never was such a man subjected to such an ordeal. On came the maidens by squads, in file, or singly; they hit him on the forehead; pelted him on the nose, smacked him on the cheek, chin or neck. There must be dozens of kisses lying around loose, hidden in the General's whiskers. During this terrible ordeal, the hero of a hundred battle-fields blushed till his face became almost purple.

It has been the subject of frequent remark that several of our most successful Generals make very few speeches and very brief ones. —[Providence Journal.]

And it has been a subject of equally frequent remark, that most of our talking Generals make poor fighters. Take, for instance, Butler, the most voluminous talker in the service, who can't fight at all.—[Eve. Journal.]

Sergeant O'Reilly said "we very seldom find all the 'illegitimate' accomplishments of the human character in one man at twelve dollars a month." It is impossible for Gen. Butler to learn wisdom from General Grant until he becomes conscious that he does not know everything himself. He sent for two historians to dub him the "Hero of Fort Fisher," but they come home with another story.

### A Cry For Women.

The great lack of women in the new mining territories of the far West—nearly the entire population of Nevada and Colorado being of the male sex—is attracting attention. Houses and cities, silver and gold, are not worth much without the society and help of women. Neither wives of servants, it is said, can be had, though both have unequalled opportunities. The Rocky Mountain News, June 14th, declares that women will find in that country the "Utopia of their dreams." Husbands can be had at leisure and those wishing to engage in household employment can quickly acquire a fortune. In the populous territory of Colorado we are told that "there is scarce one woman where six could and would be profitably employed if they could be obtained. Wages here for common household duties are from thirty to fifty dollars per month, including board.—This makes wages at the present rate of boarding, from eighty to one hundred dollars per month."

These wages are payable in gold, and the Rocky Mountain editor thinks that "were the population something near evenly divided in relation to sex, many of those who have no fixed residence, but are always coming and going, would contract matrimonial alliances, and make Colorado their permanent homes. We want more women to give permanency to society, and thus do away with that everlasting, never-failing salutation of, 'when are you going to the States?'"

The young men who came to this country to develop its resources and make their fortunes are composed of the best energy and enterprise of the United States; and if corresponding numbers of the opposite sex, of equal ability, could be induced to emigrate from those sections where there is al-

ready a surplus of female population, an advantage would accrue to all parties, and Colorado would secure a permanency of settlement that is much needed. We have a beautiful country, healthy climate, and wealth untold."

Gov. Andrew, of Massachusetts, who has just given such a sad picture of the great redundancy of the female population in the old Bay State, should look to these facts and appeals.

For the Daily Advertiser.  
Rev. Mr. Fowler's Thanksgiving Sermon.

The Rev. Mr. Fowler, of the Central Church, preached the customary Thanksgiving sermon to the united congregations of the three Presbyterian churches of this city, from the text—"I will make a man more precious than fine gold."—Isaiah, 13: 12.

Mr. Fowler first spoke of the "accumulating value of man." He reminded his hearers that in the creation, man was made last, and hence, was the most important of all God's creations.

In the beginning of that part which pertained to national affairs, he said: "History teaches us that all the energies of Providence are directed to this one end—the restoration of humanity to the love, and purity, and companionship of Eden." The labyrinth of events is threaded by one line which leads on to Paradise. This gigantic war, an era of the world, is restoring man to his original value—is making him "purer than fine gold." Among the causes of thanksgiving he enumerated, the permanently increased value of labor; the growing comfort of the people; enlarged benevolence of the land; a more extended dispensation of the gospel; elevation of southern whites; emancipation of southern blacks; and lastly, for such a character at the head of the nation as Abraham Lincoln.

Mr. Fowler drew a powerful description of the character of Brother Jonathan as typified in Abraham Lincoln—a specimen of pen-painting the equal of which in American literature, does not now occur to us. He first draws an analogy between the relations of the Prophet Samuel to his age and the relation of Abraham Lincoln to ours, and then proceeds with a description of his character, which is certainly worthy of being printed in full.

"The progress of the President illustrates the progress of the people. The explanation for his every act is this: He represents a controlling majority. If he be slow it is because the people are slow. If he has done a foolish act, it is the stupidity of the people which impelled him to it. His wisdom consists in carrying out the good sense of the nation. His growth in political knowledge, his steady movement towards emancipation are but the growth and movement of the national mind. Indeed, in character and culture he is a fair representative of an average American. His awkward speech and yet more awkward silence, his uncouth manners, his grammar self-taught and partly

forgotten, his style miscellaneous, concrete from the best authors, like a reading book, and yet oftentimes of Saxon force and classic purity; his humor an argument, and his logic a joke, both unseemly at times and always irresistible; his questions answers, and his answers questions; his guesses prophecies, and the fulfillment ever beyond his promise; honest yet shrewd, simple yet reticent; heavy and yet energetic, never despairing and never saugine; never sacrificing a good servant once trusted, never deserting a good principle once adopted; not afraid of new ideas, not despising old ones; improving opportunities to confess mistakes, ready to learn, getting at facts, doing nothing when he knows not what to do; hesitating at nothing when he sees the right; lacking the recognized qualifications of a party leader and yet leading his party as no other man can; sustaining his political enemies in Missouri to their defeat, sustaining his political friends in Maryland to their victory; conservative in his sympathies and radical in his acts; Socratic in his style and Baconian in his method; his religion consisting in truthfulness, temperance, asking good people to pray for him, and publicly acknowledging in events the hand of God, he stands before you as the type of 'Brother Jonathan,' a not perfect man and yet more precious than pure gold."

Want of time will not allow me to notice some of the other important points. It would be interesting to bring before the public some grave questions of political economy and science which were ably discussed.

He closed that part which referred to national affairs with an appeal to his fellow christians to support the hand of God in the progress of events.

### In the beauty of the lillies

It was born across the sea,  
With a glory in His bosom  
That transfigures you and me.  
As he died to make men holy,  
Let us die to make men free,  
While God is marching on.

### One of Floyd's Performances.

It will be remembered that Floyd, during his unimpeded career of larceny and treason, found a number of the heaviest guns belonging to the United States which could not be readily shipped to the South, nor put into any other position where they would be unlikely to do that section injury, and sold them as old iron. A Paterson firm bought a number of them for twenty dollars per ton. Upon coming to inspect them they were found worth, as unmanufactured iron alone, three times the price paid for them.—Their hardness was such that it was found impossible to break them up for the furnace by the ordinary means, and a few of them were finally wrenched to pieces in a lathe. The remainder were repurchased for Government yesterday by a commission from the War Department, and found to be sound in every particular.

# The Daily Advertiser

GEORGE W. PECK, Editor.

AUBURN, N. Y.,

Saturday Evening, June 2.

"Our Banner to the Breeze!"



REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

FOR PRESIDENT,  
ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

OF ILLINOIS.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,  
HANNIBAL HAMLIN,

OF MAINE.

The Slave Trade Opened in a New Way.

The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Press, learns that the Government has received information that the fishermen off the coast of Florida and South Carolina are in the habit of going over to Cuba, on the pretence of disposing of their fish, and returning with two or three native Africans; bought there at a low figure, which they dispose of, at a great advance, to parties who meet them on the coast, purchase the negroes, and take them into the interior. This gross and notorious violation of law has been going on for some time, and it remains to be seen whether any steps will be taken to arrest it.

From every indication from that quarter, it is evident that since the passage of the Nebraska bill, the South have made up their mind to re-open the African slave trade. They perceive that they cannot receive the full benefit of the bill, without the full consummation of the original scheme.

The Nebraska bill contained the following logical sequences:

The constitutionality of slavery.

The Dred Scott Decision.

The unconstitutionality of the abolition of slavery, either in Territories or States, or by any power under the Constitution.

Protection of slavery on the high seas.  
The re-opening of the African Slave Trade.

Three of these have been secured to the South, and they are now contending for the fourth and fifth with a fair prospect of success.

Auburn Prison Earnings.

The net earnings of the Auburn Prison on over ordinary expenses for the month of May show a still more favorable state of things under the excellent management of Agent KIRKPATRICK. Instead of a fall-

ing off from the earnings of previous months there has been a steady increase. The figures now foot up over two thousand dollars for the month of May.—The following is the statement:

Contract earnings.	\$7,789.73
Miscellaneous do.	27.73

Total	\$8,067.46
Expenses for ordinary support	5,846.83

Earnings over ordinary expenses	2,220.63
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### The Meeting this Evening.

The Republican meeting at the Court House this evening to organize a Republican Club for the campaign of 1860 should be fully attended. Let the Republicans of Auburn turn out in large numbers and fill the Court House to overflowing. The Hon. GEORGE RATHBUN is announced to address the meeting.—Other speakers will also be in attendance. A good demonstration is anticipated.

### Republicans of Springport.

The Republicans of Springport are wide awake for the campaign. They have already held a large and enthusiastic Ratification meeting, and to-night they are to get together for the purpose of organizing a Republican Club. The Hon. T. M. POMEROY and the Hon. W. B. WOODIN, of this city are to address the meeting to-night, together with other speakers living in the town. "NATE" SIMONS says Springport will give a larger Republican majority in November next than ever before.

Mr. Eli Thayer, the squatter sovereignty Republican member of Congress from the Worcester, Mass., District, and the Oregon colleague of Mr. Greeley in the Chicago Convention, seems to be losing favor with his constituents. The Worcester Spy, in publishing one of his squatter sovereignty speeches, says the feelings of his constituents have been in a great degree alienated by the fact that on nearly every political issue which has been raised, his votes have been against them, in violation not only of trust, but of specific personal pledges. It has also contributed to the great unanimity of opinion, that Mr. Thayer has found it convenient on so many occasions, to ridicule the anti-slavery sentiment which prevails nowhere so honestly, as in the District which he represents.

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GENERAL SCOTT'S PROPERTY RESPECTED IN BURGLARS AND PICKPOCKETS.—Gen. Scott's gold medal chanced to be temporarily in the City Bank of New York, for safe keeping, when two thieves, in a night's work, took from that institution \$260,000. The medal was lying in a trunk of gold. All the coin was stolen, but the medal, though taken out of its case (marked with the owner's name) to gratify curiosity, was left. A few years later, when the robbers had served out their sentences in the State prison, or been pardoned by the Executive, Scott was in a steamer on the Hudson robbed of his purse by pickpockets who did not know him. The principal of the bank robbery, hearing of the loss (\$140), bestirred himself among the fraternity, threatened to cause the whole body to be sent to the State prison if the money was not returned, and added: "When in the City Bank I saw the medal, but was not such a villain as to rob a gallant soldier." In a day or two the money was returned by Hays, the high constable, with that report received by a third party. To show that he did not himself pocket the money, Hays was required to produce Scott's written receipt for its return, which was given.—[Scott's Memoirs.]

One of Henry Ward Beecher's lady admirers says he has the front face of a lion and the profile of a sheep, which may be complimentary or not.

Mrs. P. N. Rust, relic of the well known Hotel keeper, Philo N. Rust, died at the Syracuse House, Syracuse, on Monday. She was about 60 years of age.

A lady who had read of the extensive manufacture of odometers, to tell how far a carriage had been run, said she wished some Connecticut genius would invent an instrument to tell how far husbands had been in the evening when they "just stepped down to the post-office," or "went out to attend a caucus."

### Pictures In The Coals.

Sitting by my pleasant firelight,  
In the dark and dull December,  
Making pictures in the ashes  
Of a slowly dying ember—  
Lo! from out the ashes rising,  
Touched as by the sunset gleams,  
Is the village of my childhood  
That I ever see in dreams.

There, between the rows of maple,  
Is the broad and grass-grown street;  
There behind the shadowing branches,  
Stand the houses, plain and neat.  
There, beneath vine covered porches,  
Are forms that never more will come,  
For those hearts have ceased their beating,  
And those lips are cold and dumb.

But upon the sunny hill-side,  
Where the village church does stand,  
The shadow of the spire is pointing  
As the finger of a guiding hand—  
Wandering ever in the grave-yard  
From morning red till set of sun,  
Pointing where we too, shall slumber  
When our little life is done.

Yonder is the dim blue mountain;  
There, upon the plain below,  
Stands the farm house with its windows  
Blazing in the sunset glow.  
A mist now rising from the valley  
Shuts the blue stream from my sight,  
But I know upon its surface  
Floats the water-lilies white.

Yonder are the clover meadows,  
Where the twinkling air is seen;  
There my happy little schoolmates,  
Playing on the village green!  
Forever children—still I love them—  
Tears are filling fast my eyes—  
The burning ember now has fallen;  
My village in the ashes lies.

O, in vain we're striving ever  
After things beyond our reach,  
Little heeding all the lessons  
Life's most simple things may teach;  
Simple joys may bring our souls—  
Even fading, dying embers—  
Even pictures in the coals.—[Home Journal]

# DISASTROUS FIRE.

## Total Destruction of Barnum's American Museum.

### Nine Other Buildings Burned to the Ground.

LOSS ESTIMATED AT \$1,000,000.

### A History of the Museum and Brief Sketch of its Curiosities.

### Scenes Exciting, Serious, and Comic at the Fire.

### The Police Prompt and Vigilant--The Firemen Earnest and Active.

### GREAT EXCITEMENT IN THE CITY,

### Thirty Thousand People in the Streets—Pickpockets in the Crowd—Accidents and Incidents.

The fire which yesterday destroyed BARNUM'S American Museum, while greatly injuring and materially impoverishing its enterprising and public-spirited proprietor, did a damage to this and the adjacent communities which neither time nor money can replace. Granting the innumerable sensations with which the intelligent public were disgusted and the innocent public delighted, and the ever patent humbug with which the adroit manager coddled and cajoled a credulous people, the Museum still deserved an honorable place in the front rank of the rare and curious collections of the world.

Beside it, there was none in this country worthy of the name. Boston and Philadelphia, Baltimore, New-Orleans, and some one of the western cities have buildings called "museum," but their features are rather the theatrical attractions than the curiosities on their shelves. A better geological cabinet than the one which Mr. BARNUM had, by patient and consecutive exertion gathered, we have never seen; so far as the peculiarities of this continent are concerned, a faithful and singularly detailed representation was made, while from every quarter of the earth his agents had sent or brought material interesting to the amateur and most valuable to the cultured man of science. Collectors in the interest of colleges, men monomaniacally inclined in specialties dreaded the competition of the museum at auction or private sales, for wherever and whenever money could secure the curious or the rare, there and then they were certain of defeat. We believe we are correct in stating that no public institution in the country pretended even to rival the geological collection of the museum either in extent or value.

The conchological and ornithological departments were likewise extended in range, infinite in variety, and full of interest. Those of our citizens who thronged the Lecture-room of the Museum, to the neglect of the well-filled shelves in the many rooms, knew nothing of the capacities of the place for instruction and genuine edification. Birds of rarest plumage, fish of most exquisite tint, animals peculiar to every section, minerals characteristic of every region, and peculiarities of all portions of the earth, costly, beautiful, curious and strange, were crowded on the dusty shelves of room after room, where they attracted the earnest attention and studious regard of the scholar and the connoisseur.

All this has gone. Almost in the twinkling of an eye, the dirty, ill-shaped structure, filled with specimens so full of suggestion and of merit, passed from our gaze, and its like cannot soon be seen again. Considering that for many years the Museum has been a landmark of the city; has afforded us in childhood fullest vision of the wonderful and miraculous; has opened to us the secrets of the earth, and revealed to us the mysteries of the past; has preserved intact relics of days and ages long since gone, and carefully saved from the ravages of time and the gnawing tooth of decay the garments

and utensils of men of note long since mouldered, and afforded men of learning and of science opportunities for investigation and research, which their limited means and cramped resources relentlessly removed them, we deem it but right to the public, but meagre justice to the hard-earned success of Mr. BARNUM, that we place on record a

#### CATALOGUE OF THE CONTENTS

of the building when at noon of yesterday the fierce tooth of fire pierced and destroyed it. In the basement was an immense tank, used at times for the accommodation of whales or hippopotami, around which stood huge cages for the tenement of wild beasts. Machinery, gas-works and water butts filled the rest of the room, above which was the ground floor, on which the visitor first entered from the street. Here were the several offices of the ticket-sellers and sub-cashier; in the rear being a series of round holes, looking through which, one could be taken into the very heart of Kings' palaces, or sail on the Venetian canals, or fight with the grand army of the Emperor, or share with him his icy drive from Moscow, or stand with bloody feet upon the frozen plains of New-Jersey in company with the patriots of the Revolution, or, if he preferred it, embark homeward-bound with the tarnal red-coats when the game was up.

Passing up stairs, broad and easy of ascent, the

#### SECOND FLOOR

was reached. Gazing placidly down upon the coming visitor, stood the largest elephant that the civilization of the nineteenth century has yet known. A refreshment stand enticed us to the mammoth barrel-organ, whose volumes of harmony greatly pleased the youngsters, and mystified many who were older. A fortuneteller, who knew much less than she pretended to tell, occupied a little room just beyond, and a one-armed, one-legged soldier from the Army of the Potowmac offered his scales at the low price of whatever you pleased to give him. In the centre of the room was an immense tank, full twenty-five feet in diameter, whose spacious area could be filled with Croton from the regular pipes, or with dirty salt water from the North River, through ducts, laid at great expense by Mr. BARNUM for the purpose. In this tank were "two whales, imported, at a cost of \$7,000, from the coast of Labrador," whose sportive plunges and animated contests of affection afforded constant amusement to hundreds of spectators, and a pregnant contrast to the fearful death by roasting which they so soon thereafter met.

Across the further end of the room was a narrow platform on which sat a wonderful and fearfully made fat girl, (adipose legend does not recall her beat,) she was verily a big thing, but not on ice. She has for a long time been a perspiration attraction to young men and maidens from the country and we are pleased to learn that she is alive and well, although terribly tried by the heat. The lightning calculator and the phrenologist also occupied this platform, at one end of which was placed a large arm chair for the Nova Scotian Giantess Miss SWAN, an exceedingly tall and graceful specimen of longitude, whose movements in and about the place were such as would be noticeable in an eight-foot pair of dividers. ZERUBBY, a beautiful Circassian girl, with a head of hair frizzled by nature as no barbarous iron could do it, generally stood at the side of the lengthy curiosity, and shared with her the admiration of the crowd. In an adjoining room were the glass-works, beautiful and ingenious specimens of human handiwork and genius. A steam-engine working, made entirely of glass, was on exhibition there, and deservedly attracted a great deal of attention. But of all the atrocities in the Museum, perhaps the waxen figures of our nineteenth century notables were the greatest. There was NAPOLEON, with a squint-eye; VICTORIA, with a wry neck; TOM THUMB and wife, with a baby; KENNEDY, the hotel burner, in his "own clothes;" JEFF. DAVIS, in petticoats; and the Siamese Twins, in unisonic, ligaturistic existence. On the other side of the room, in a glass case, were Christ and his Disciples, and a collection of moving figures representing a dying chief, with a rattling, wheezing breast, surrounded by a host of weeping, head-moving sympathizers.

Mr. BARNUM'S private office was on this floor, as were those of Mr. HURN, the assistant manager, the cashier and clerks. Leading from the large hall of this floor, on the north side, was a long room, mainly devoted to

#### THE AQUARIUM

We have seen the aquarial collection in London, which is stupid; the second collection in Kensington Gardens, which is worse; in Paris, which is simply ridiculous; and in Dublin, which is the best of them; but, altogether, they do not begin to equal that which yesterday fell in the grand crash. There were at least forty large cases, neatly constructed of marble, iron and glass, in which fish from every ocean, river and lake were kept. These were not only interesting to the ordinary observer but to the curious in this specialty; and, from the little stickleback's nest to the chameleons' tints of the angel fish, we were never tired of study-

ing the peculiarities and admiring the beauties of these wonderful creatures of the Omnipotent. An electric eel, six feet long, divided the attention of the juveniles with an alligator, who ate ducks and yearned for babies. Turtles, too, of infinite variety, stretched their mud-acquainted heads far up above their tortoise shells, and doubtless wondered if it would never rain again.

Ranged around the walls were several hundred poor pictures, but good portraits of eminent men of former generations. Entirely valueless as mere works of art, they possessed a merit peculiarly their own in the eyes of school teachers and historians. They were nearly all originals, and from the pencil of that eccentric but worthy man, REMBRANDT PEALE. They embraced portraits of Generals, Admirals, Governors, Pirates, and other noted people, and were so concisely and conspicuously labeled that no casual glance, though a fool, could mistake the one for the other. There was also on this floor a large frame inclosing several scores of colonial coins, interesting to us all. The "learned seal" Ned, occupied a conspicuous position on this floor. He was greatly admired, and is, we believe, the only living relic from the great collection. He could eat more small fishes in a short space of time than any seal we ever saw. Unlike the scriptural seals of which we read, he was never closed, but was invariably open, ready for a fish or a cracker. His performances on the hand-organ were, doubtless, painful to him, but to the flippant crowd they were amusing and pleasant. At the side of his home, where he found combined the conveniences of a bath and the comforts of a sand-bank, was one of the best arranged cases of birds in the country. The labor involved in its preparation was immense, and its pecuniary value very great. Various contortionist glasses depended from the walls. Some made one's face broad and puffy, others lank and ghostly, some red and mercurial, others pale and uncomfortable. On the

#### THIRD FLOOR

was the entrance to the parquet of the famous Lecture-Room. This Lecture-Room was one of the greatest cards ever played by the shrewd and subtle BARNUM. Moral people all over the country exist who won't go to the theatre. We have rarely met a person, moral or immoral, who had never been to BARNUM'S Lecture-room, and we never met one who objected to going. A large and well-appointed theatre was this place—nothing more, and nothing less. Plays and players were there, actors and actresses, dancers and pantomimists, scenery and footlights, music and paint. Everything that any other theatre had, had this. The plays presented were generally well selected, fairly put on the stage, and well given. The place was always full, two regular performances being given daily, and on holidays and extra occasions every hour had its display. Some notable productions have been made on that stage, prominent among which were "The Drunkard," with Mr. C. W. CLARKE as Middleton, and "Uncle Tom's Cabin," with the HOWARD family in the principal roles, little CORDELIA doing the gentle Eva. The machinery, stage-rooms, appointments, dressing-rooms, &c., were likewise on this floor. The famous drop curtain, with its *sui generis* advertisements, was a feature of the theatre, and caused many a hearty laugh, while quite likely it afforded much valuable information. The audience in the parquet was generally composed of country people and those who are fond of such, while the boxes above were occupied by the more flash and dressy people, who swarm at every place where money is to be made from the foolish and inexperienced. Scattered through them all were scores and hundreds of ordinary citizens, who visited the place for the sake of their children, or to revive the memories of their youth and warm the cockles of their hearts by a glance at the things which amused them in their youth.

On this floor was the

#### FAMOUS PETRIFICATION

representing a horse, about whose body wound a boa constrictor who was striking at the arm of the rider. The vital energy of the pose was remarkable, and the spirit of the group singularly effective. It was doubtful in the minds of many, for reasons needless to enumerate here, whether or no the group was not manufactured by the cunning hand of a stone-cutter, but we know of an eminent geologist and naturalist who was so impressed with its genuineness that he begged permission of Mr. BARNUM to copy it and send the sketch to Berlin. Around the walls were cases of butterflies, of various insects, of curious cuttings in wood and carvings in ivory, of Chinese balls and American whistles made of pig tails, of puzzles for young people and curiosities for older ones, of spears and clubs from the islands of the sea, of sharks' teeth and whales' jaws, skeletons of snakes, of monkeys and of reptiles, scraps of cloth from coats of Revolutionary heroes, shirts taken from the dead bodies of notably soldiers, continental currency and American paper money, buttons from the vest of a dying Wolfe, a shirt pierced by the murdering bullet of a Ledge, Relics of the Revolution which money cannot rep-

are gone forever. Valuable mementoes of Washington, Putnam, Greene, Marion, Andre, Cornwallis, Howe, Burr, Clinton, Jefferson, Adams, and other eminent men which should have been carefully stored in a fire-proof vault, yesterday smouldered in the heat which tried the fat of a Labrador whale, and stirred the snakes from the forests of South America.

Who can forget, be he man or boy, the startling effect produced upon him when first he came upon

#### THE THREE MEN OF EGYPT

whose blackened skulls and grinning, ghastly faces stuck offensively out from the top of the funeral wrappings? These dead men, or women, as the case may have been—dead any reasonable number of thousands of years—whose gay and festive lives were spent perhaps in the halls of a royal Pharaoh, or who, perchance, did their best to make bricks without straw, in the days of the fat and lean kine; about whose necks the fond caressings of love were hung, or, perchance, the noose of infamy; at whose death bitter tears of regret were shed; whose bodies were wrapped and swaddled in cloth, and dipped in tar, and stuffed with preservatives and laid away securely for the great day of days; and whose spirits have since roamed the paths of an eternal world, knowing the secrets of the Infinite. We can imagine the tender regard with which the sensitive spirits observed the mournings of their mundane relatives, and the satisfaction with which they noticed the good places selected for their long sleep. We can likewise see in our mind's eye the awful indignation experienced when the vandal hand of intrusive Yankees pulled from the dust-covered shelves the entombed mummie remains, and rudely tore off the covering from the face, playfully pulled the lock or two of hair on the top of the cracking skull, and finally shipped them off to BARNUM. With what agony of soul these spirits, of just men made perfect, or perchance of wicked and unhappily located sinners, have watched the exposure of the feeble and scarred ankles; how they have groaned, as old ladies have said,

"Oh, law," and young boys have expressed a desire to furnish them with spit-ball eyes, and how they have often wondered whether they would be able at the day of universal resurrection to find their friends in Egypt at a moment's notice. Poor perturbed spirits; perhaps they had settled all these points and were resting secure in the promise of some ethereal express company, only to be rudely awakened from their ease by the startling cry of "fire!" They are gone, and though they may have walked with Moses, or danced with Miriam, or feasted with Pharaoh, or supped with the earliest descendants of persecuted Ham, they are no longer preserved but powdered mummies, and the sacred dust of Egypt now mingle with the dirt of Broadway and the cinder of BARNUM's. The inhabitants of the oldest country in the world is crushed by the heated falling bricks of the curiosity shop of the earth's latest infant.

Monkeys in all imaginable attitudes, stuffed and waxed and furnished with curiously wrought glass eyes, sacred white cows filled with hay, monstrous turtles varnished and stuffed, snakes of enormous length, and camels with humps, zebras with the traditional three hundred and sixty-five stripes, lions with shaggy manes, and tigers with beautiful skins, all sorts and kinds of African, Asiatic, European and American animals—these stuffed and nicely-arranged preserved the cases around the walls, while little birds with pretty plumage, and others with long bills, and others again with crests and fanlike tails, each occupies its place.

The next

#### THE FOURTH FLOOR

was just as full of curiosities as either of the others, a comely lady sewed perpetually at one of the latest made machines; a lay figure, dressed in a full suit of evolutionary costume, stared visitors out of countenance; a pair of scales afforded opportunity for gallantry, and some thirty large cases were filled with numismatics and geological specimens generally. There was also there a very large collection of Indian curiosities—bows, arrows, stone-heads, poisoned shafts, &c., besides one of the twenty clubs with which Capt. COOK was possibly killed. On the floor above was

#### THE HAPPY FAMILY

a collection of "sassy" monkeys, subdued dogs, meek cats, fat cats, plump pigeons, sleepy owls, prickly porcupines, gay guinea pigs, crowing cocks, hungry hounds, big monkeys, little monkeys, monkeys of every degree of tail, old, grave, gray monkeys, young, really, mischievous monkeys, middle-aged, scheming monkeys, and a great many miserable, mangy monkeys. These animals and other creatures may have been happy, but they didn't smell nicely; they doubtless lived respectable, but their antics were not pleasant to look at, and, to tell the truth, they frequently fought fiercely, and were badly beaten for it, however, they are gone; all burned to death, roasted whole, with stuffing *au naturel*, and in view of their inimitable end we may well say, "Peace to the bones."

In a corner of the room was a pretty little kangaroo,

but he too has gone, he can go round no more. A case of curious shoes and fancy patterns and fashions known since the sandals worn at the table of she-wbread to the round-toed absurdities of 1855, stood near the door, and was of great interest. Besides these there were sundry iron cubes supposed to have fallen in Massachusetts during a hail storm, several pairs of handcuffs used on the slaver *Echo*, pistols and knives of celebrated murderers, and a

#### CASE OF SNAKES

Huge boa constrictors, thirty feet long and proportionately thick, very fond of rabbits and sheep, lay upon the floor of the cage. Smaller, but equally unpleasant snakes, hung about the perches, and a whole family of little fellows swarmed and wiggled about the warm stove-pipe in the centre. These could not have been saved in any way; their mortal coils were heated quickly, their cages burned and their way before them; but it is probably a correct supposition that the hot breath of flame suffocated them before they could reach the ground and join the other reptiles on the lower tier.

Out of this vast collection nothing of value was saved. A few stuffed birds are in the hands of fellows who fancied them, but we hear of nothing else. The wax figures ran down on to the lower floor, but of course their fat was all in the fire, and they but added to the fury of the flames. All is gone and nothing saved.

#### ORIGIN OF THE FIRE

The fire originated in a defective furnace in the cellar under Groo's restaurant, beneath the office of the Museum, at No. 8 Ann-street, and was first discovered by an employee of the Museum, at precisely thirty-five minutes past noon. The alarm was instantly given to the police and firemen and to the inmates of the Museum, of which latter, happily, there were few. An hour earlier an alarm of fire might have produced a panic among the audience in the lecture-room, and many lives might have been lost. As it was, however, the

#### SCENE WITHIN THE MUSEUM,

from the moment of the discovery down to the time when, at about 1 o'clock, the last venturesome fireman was driven from his ladder, was one of painful interest; for scarcely had the alarm been sounded in the street when the flames from the furnace below belched into the lower halls of the great edifice, and rendered it manifest that the conflagration, so far as the Museum was concerned, had passed human control. Then there was flying to and fro among the attaches of the theatrical department, who vainly strove to save their wardrobe and other valuables; the straggling countrymen who had wandered among the microcosm of curiosities rushed hither and thither, seeking egress from the building; presently the police filed in, to guard property and save life, and at length the firemen came clambering up the walls, and howling into the lecture-room, dashed their axes through the floors, and swinging their trumpets, as if to menace the multitude; and to the three or four spectators who preserved sufficient coolness to take sober note of the spectacle, it seemed wonderful that there was not enormous loss of life.

This scene of terror was not without its COMIC INCIDENTS,

which we here give in the language of one of the few enterprising reporters who ventured into the fiery furnace and came forth unscathed. Mr. W. B. HARRISON, the extemporaneous and comic singer, had some very funny adventures in his attempts at escape. He reports that while in his dressing-room he heard considerable noise in Broadway, and thinking it to be merely a firemen's diversion, he went up stairs to look out of the window. When he reached the stage the auditorium was filled with a dense mass of smoke, but he was informed that the fire was in the engine-room, and that it would probably soon be out. Going back for his wardrobe, Mr. HARRISON found great difficulty in reaching his room, so dense was the smoke beneath the stage. At length, succeeding in securing his character wigs and a cash-box, (with something over \$100 in it,) he determined upon leaving the building. On reaching the main saloon, where the wax figures stood, he found great confusion existing. A man was endeavoring to save a Swiss antemurale landscape, while others tried to get out various other articles, including the wax figures, which they sought to take through the billiard-room; but the proprietor of that institution entered a protest against the crowd of rescuers making a thoroughfare of his premises for the passage of curiosities, as he did not comprehend the extent of the fire at that time. Foiled in thus escaping with their respective burdens, the crowd rushed for the front windows, and speedily emptied their arms of the grim reaper articles, throwing them indiscriminately into the street. Mr. HARRISON says that one man had JEFF. DAVIS' effigy in his arms and fought vigorously to preserve the worthless thing, as though it were a gem of rare value. On reaching the balcony the man, perceiving that either the inanimate Jeff or himself must go by the board, hurled the score-

crow to the iconoclasts in the street. As Jeff made his perilous descent, his petticoats again played him false, and as the wind blew them about, the imposture of the figure was exposed. The flight of dummy Jeff was the cause of great merriment among the multitude, who saluted the queer-looking thing with cheers and uncontrollable laughter.

The figure was instantly seized, and bundled off to a lamp-post in Fulton-street, near St. Paul's Church-yard, and there formally hanged, the actors in this mock-tragedy shouting the threadbare refrain, commencing the "sour apple" tree.

The whales were, of course, burned alive. At an early stage of the conflagration, the large panes of glass in the great "whale tank" were broken to allow the heavy mass of water to flow upon the floor of the main saloon, and the Leviathan natives of Labrador, when last seen, were floundering in mortal agony, to the inexpressible delight of the unfeeling boys, who demanded a share of the blubber.

The large cage, in which were confined the anacondas, pythons, and other gigantic specimens of the ophidian tribe, was capsized, and the tenants thereof were suffered to wander whether their fancy led. Naturally enough, they took advantage of their new-found liberty, and soon were traveling down stairs, to the infinite astonishment and alarm of the multitude.

The "Man-Eater" also suffered a cruel death amid the burning pile. This representative of the saurian species remained passive and quiescent during the progress of the fire, as far as witnessed by mortal eye. True to his taciturn habits, the alligator failed to make the slightest attempt at escape.

While the fire was at its height, a grotesquely-shaped substance sprang from the roof of the building, and landed in Vesey-street. That's the kangaroo, shouted the multitude, and a rush was made for the place where the object alighted. But it was not the kangaroo; it was a pair of leggings formerly worn by Big Thunder, an aboriginal Indian, during his sojourn at the Museum. The crowd felt much disappointed at finding no kangaroo, and a general exclamation of "sold" was uttered by the spectators.

The firemen, in their endeavor to save the property, exhibited a *penchant* for curiosities. One fireman was seen emerging from the building with a stuffed owl in his hands. Another fastened on one of the wax figures, and it is said that Mr. and Mrs. Tom Thumb and baby are among the things that were. Also that several other curiosities have been saved, and will doubtless be restored to Mr. BARNUM. The fat woman and the giant and giantess made their way out without difficulty, but hastened to conceal themselves from public exhibition, in their hotel.

At 1:30 o'clock a cry burst from the concourse which stood in the square at Fulton and Vesey streets, that a woman was being saved from the fire. Curiosity was on tip toe to discover the lady, and behold the operation by which she was saved from a

several of them badly cut with glass or bruised by the tremendous crash. Not a few men made their way over the eight-foot iron fence into St. Paul's Church-yard, while many hundreds sped down the street nearly to the river before they dared to look behind them. The loss of hats, canes, coats and watches, the rolling in the mud and reckless trampling over each other, would have been most ludicrous but for the perilous danger. When all was over, the inventory of smashed hats and bare heads was enough to raise a laugh even from KNOX, whose fine hat-store was in imminent danger of the fate which afterward befel it.

#### PROGRESS OF THE CONFLAGRATION.

At 1 o'clock the Museum was a mass of fire, and the flames had burst into the adjoining buildings in Fulton-street, Broadway and Ann-street, while the roofs and walls of the buildings in the neighborhood and the eastern front of St. Paul's were menaced, and it seemed as though the entire block through to Nassau-street must be consumed. But the firemen, who had now arrived in force, poured Croton upon the buildings in the centre of the block, and upon the roofs opposite; and one engine company stood in the scorching heat at the head of Vesey-street, and flooding the eastern front of St. Paul's, saved the venerable pile from ruin.

From the Museum the flames first crept through the adjoining houses and into the upper story of KNOX's hat-store, No. 212 Broadway. Tell-tale smoke playing about the heavy cornice first notified the spectators in the street below that this building was doomed. In a few minutes the flames flashed out of the upper story windows on Fulton-street, and then belched forth from those on Broadway.

The heat had now become intense and unendurable. The crowd that thronged Park-row, Broadway and the Park were compelled to fall back. The throng that stood in Ann-street were driven half way to Nassau. The buildings on Park-row gave signs of yielding to the heat when the firemen began to play upon them, and for a long time were successful in preventing them from taking fire. The steam from the heated buildings and the dense smoke darkened the air.

The roof of the Museum had now fallen, and the interior of the building was like the crater of a volcano. A stream of heated air issued from the top, and was borne eastward by the breeze directly over the block, carrying with it light articles, pieces of burning wood, shingles, &c. One man on Ann-street, not far from Nassau, was struck on the head by a shingle and knocked down. Others were in much danger by the pieces of burning material falling on their heads and clothing. This served to clear the street, so that the firemen were left masters of the situation.

On Broadway—Nos. 212, 214, 216, 218, 220 and 222. On Ann-street—Nos. 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16. On Fulton-street—Nos. 147, 149, 151, 153 and 155.

#### THE FLAMES EXTENDING.

The shock caused by the fall of the Museum front seemed to give a fresh impetus to the flames here, which belched forth streaming almost across Fulton-street, and endangering the opposite buildings on the south side. Thence the fire crept east to adjoining houses on the north side of Fulton-street, leaving for a while the lower stories of the Knox building comparatively intact.

The fire, which had now extended through the rear, into the shops and warehouses on Fulton and Ann streets, burst forth in the upper stories of several buildings, and raged with ungovernable fury, and the huge sparks—many of them as large as a man's hand—which were borne on the breeze over the rooftops and lodged far down through the commercial districts of which the Post-office is the centre, threatened to extend the disaster indefinitely. But the occupants of buildings whereon these firebrands fell poured Croton on their roofs, and little damage was caused by the sparks beyond the burning of a number of signs and awnings in Fulton and Nassau streets.

#### CLOSING OF SHOPS.

The panic among the merchants, shop-keepers, and saloon keepers on Fulton-street, extended from Broadway to Gold-street, and in several instances for several doors below toward Pearl-street. The excitement and the alarm manifested by the occupants of premises on Fulton-street, was scarcely less than that manifested by the many persons who own or transact business on Ann-street between Broadway and Nassau. Business was out of the question; for the streets everywhere were choked, the stages had been driven far out of their accustomed routes of travel, the cars came no further down than Church-street and Vesey on the west and to Park-row on the east side, and those tradesmen who were not busy packing up to be ready for any event, closed their doors and went to the scene of destruction.

#### THE FIRE CHECKED.

Onward through the devoted block sped the volumes of fire until after 2 o'clock, when the firemen succeeded in partially checking the flames as they dashed against the solid walls of the sixth building from Broadway, and nothing remained to be done but to save surrounding property. At 3 o'clock the fire was wholly under, and the following-numbered buildings had been totally destroyed, the walls of only three being left standing:

On Broadway—Nos. 212, 214, 216, 218, 220 and 222. On Ann-street—Nos. 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16. On Fulton-street—Nos. 147, 149, 151, 153 and 155.

#### INCIDENTS.

There were several minor panics during the fire. The sound of an explosion was heard about 1:30 o'clock, and immediately at least a thousand people scampered out of the way. A great number of men fell down, and at least a hundred hats were lost. Boys were even going around with half a dozen hats on their heads, and more hapless men were hatless.

At 1:45 o'clock the Broadway front of the Museum fell in three different sections, one after the other. The first to fall was the part parallel with Broadway, which went over in one mass, falling flat on the pavement of the street, and then—and not till then—breaking up into innumerable fragments.

Another section was left in the shape of an elongated triangle, and not unlike the steeple of a church. In a few moments this sank slowly down, the point still remaining upright and in position until the whole section disappeared. It did not appear to fall, but apparently sunk into the earth. This was exactly analogous to the fall or sinking of the spire of Chichester Cathedral in England a few years ago.

The section of the front wall facing on Park-row, and at a slight deviation from the parallel of Broadway, still remained, and all eyes were turned in its direction. It was a very large, high portion, reaching to the uppermost story. About five minutes later this great facade careened gracefully over and slowly fell—not in among the burning ruins—but out on Broadway. It fell as a trap-door on a hinge and remained intact until it was smashed upon the pavement, sending up a frightful spray of bricks and mortar, and a vast cloud of smoke. This finished the old Museum.

ARRIVAL OF THE METROPOLITAN POLICE.

At about 1 o'clock Capt. MORRIS DE CAMP, of the Second Precinct, on learning that the Museum would probably be destroyed, telephoned to Inspector CARPENTER. The latter officer immediately repaired to the scene, and ascertaining the magnitude of the conflagration, telephoned to the Eighth, Tenth, Twenty-eighth, Thirteenth and Fifteenth Precincts for platoons of men. The telegram was promptly obeyed, and the men were on the ground at 2 o'clock. Inspector CARPENTER took position on the southeast corner of Nassau and Fulton streets, and directed the movements of the police. The latter occupied the triangle formed by John, Nassau and Beekman streets and Broadway, and they soon thrust back the populace, thus giving the firemen full scope.

OFFICER KINNEY, of the Twenty-sixth Precinct, arrested ROBERT and JAMES H. WALSH, brothers, for stealing a gold watch from the pocket of JOHN W. SHERMAN, living at No. 196 Fulton-avenue, Brooklyn, while the latter was looking at the conflagration. The watch was recovered, and the prisoners were detained by Capt. DRAKE, of the

#### PERSONS THROWN OUT OF EMPLOYMENT.

We learn from Mr. TIFFANY, the Treasurer of the Museum, that over a hundred persons were employed about the establishment, including those on exhibition. Mr. BARNUM has been thinking for some time of removing his establishment further up town, above Canal-street.

#### LOSS OF CURIOSITIES.

He will now, doubtless, do this, though many years will be required to get together another such rare collection as has now been suddenly swept away. This vast accumulation, upon which Mr. BARNUM has expended more than \$1,000,000, cannot be replaced except at a vast outlay, hardly short of \$300,000, and this sum may be said to represent Mr. BARNUM's loss.

#### ASSISTANCE OF FIREMEN.

Assistance was sent for from the upper districts, and at about 2 o'clock several powerful steamers arrived at the conflagration, and were set to work on the burning premises, in addition to the steamers already employed. This aided the firemen materially to obtain control of the flames.

The Brooklyn Fire Department sent over several powerful steamers, and these were made serviceable.

Hoboken, also, sent over two fire engines and these hose carriages, namely, Hoboken Engine No. 1, under Mr. Foreman OSENDORF; Excelsior Engine No. 2, under Mr. Foreman JOHN KENNEDY; and Oceanus Hose No. 1, Washington Hose No. 1, and Excelsior Hose No. 1. These companies, who were stationed at the Barclay-street dock, rendered service for which they have the thanks of New-York.

#### WINDUST'S SAVED.

MR. EDWARD P. BARREY, of No. 11 Park-row, and MR. GASKELL, a clerk in the Post-office, are entitled to

the credit of saving the old Windust corner. For over two hours, they unremittingly poured water upon the roofs adjoining the building, and in the discharge of their labor both were quite severely burned about the neck and face. At times the heat and flames were almost unbearable, but they never flinched from their post. Both of them are quite young men, and are deserving of much credit for the manner in which they conducted themselves.

#### THE SUFFERERS AND THE LOSSES.

We cannot undertake thus early to publish an accurate list of the losers, losses, and insurances, as in the confusion attending a fire of such magnitude, involving upward of a round million, many men are unable to collect their senses and make their figures with commercial precision. Mr. BARNUM's loss may be set down in round numbers at \$300,000. He has \$62,000 insurance on stock, in sums of \$2,500 each in several city offices.

Mr. WILLIAM B. ASTOR, owned the Museum building, and had \$28,000 insurance thereon, in sums of \$2,500 each in various city offices.

Mr. C. K. KNOX, whose stock was valued at \$80,000, had only \$30,000 insurance, in city offices, and the building in which he transacted business, on the north-east corner of Broadway and Fulton-street, was owned by the LORILLARD heirs and insured for \$20,000 in city offices.

Messrs. P. L. ROGERS' Sons, at No. 214 Broadway, dealers in clothing, valued their stock at \$50,000. The bulk of it has been saved. They are insured as follows:

Atlantic, of Brooklyn.	\$2,500	Montauk.	\$1,500
Bowery.	2,500	Morris.	2,000
Hempstead.	2,500	New-Amsterdam.	2,500
Home of New-Haven.	2,500	New-England.	3,000
Indemnity.	2,500	Phoenix.	2,500
Lenox.	3,500	Yonkers, of New-York.	2,000
Manhattan.	6,000		

FRENCH & WHEAT, printers, No. 18 Ann-street; insured for \$15,000. Damaged by water.

DICK & FITZGERALD, No. 18 Ann-street, publishers; insured for \$30,000. Damaged by water.

JOHN T. BYRNE, tailor, No. 16 Ann-street; stock destroyed.

C. BELLMAN, wood engraver, No. 16 Ann-street; stock destroyed.

MR. ANDERHUE, manufacturer of pocket-books, No. 16 Ann-street; stock destroyed.

MR. FORBES, engraver, No. 16 Ann-street; stock destroyed.

JOHN ROSS, dealer in liquors and segars, No. 16 Ann-street; stock destroyed.

J. JEANDREUS, dealer in cigars, No. 16 Ann-street; stock destroyed.

JONES & KENWOOD, dealers in boots and shoes; partly insured; J. KENNEDY, locksmith; S. SHAFER & Co.; partly insured; WILLIAM C. ROBERTSON, lithographer, insured; THOMAS BARTOW, printer, in insured; G. SWIFT, bookbinder, insured; B. BEARMAN, insured—all of Nos. 10 and 12 Ann-street, destroyed.

NO. 8 ANN-STREET—GROOT'S restaurant; MR. GLOVER, dealer in trusses; loss total; insurance unknown.

NOS. 2 AND 4 ANN-STREET—MR. NOLAN, dealer in liquors; MR. MARSH, dealer in trusses; losses and insurances unknown.

NO. 220 BROADWAY—MR. SUBRING, dealer in cigars; loss and insurance unknown.

NO. 216 BROADWAY—GEORGE W. WHITE, hatter; and insurance unknown.

NO. 216 BROADWAY—VAN NAME'S restaurant \$10,000.

NO. 214 BROADWAY—C. HYNES, restauranteur; insurance unknown; also, REEVES' billiard saloon, on second story; loss \$10,000.

NO. 212 BROADWAY—BRANCH'S restaurant; loss \$10,000; also, a gaming saloon above KNOX's hat store.

NO. 155 FULTON-STREET—WILLET & SHIDMORE, gentlemen's furnishing goods; HOME, optician; losses and insurances unknown.

B. H. HORN, manufacturer of opera glasses; the American Artisan office, and BROWN, COMBS & CO., solicitors of patents, occupied the upper floors of No. 212 Broadway.

NO. 147 FULTON-STREET—AUSTIN & MAGILL, dealers in blank books.

NO. 147 FULTON-STREET was occupied as follows: HARVEY & FUND, dealers in blank books; SLATER & RUY, printers; S. BRADFORD, printer; JAMES B. THOMPSON, tailor; P. HAMILTON, tailor; STEPHENS & EALE, stationers.

NO. 153 FULTON-STREET was occupied by THOMAS H. BRAISTED, manufacturer of Gaylord's patent hose and engine couplings.

NO. 151 FULTON-STREET was occupied on the first floor by METZINGER'S liquor-store, and W. RICHARDSON, dealer in spectacles, on the second floor.

NO. 149 FULTON-STREET, occupied on the first floor by EASTWOOD'S billiard factory, which extended through to ANN-STREET, and BROSNAN & DUANE, liquor-dealers, and on the second floor by J. WRIGHT, hair-cutter, and J. D. PHILLIPS, tailor.

Between 12 and 1 o'clock this morning the flames burst forth anew in ANN-STREET, but there seemed no danger of an extensive spread of the fire when the Times went to press.

Mr. BARNUM constantly labored to keep his museum up to the times, adding daily to the collections of curiosities, and varying and increasing the other attractions; and his efforts were rewarded by a constantly increasing popularity. People knew that there was a good deal of humbug about the place; but this they good

naturally accepted and laughed at, while the intrinsic value of the museum, as a whole, was generally acknowledged. There was no other place in the city where an equal amount of rational amusement could be obtained at a price which was within the reach of the poorest, and its destruction has occasioned almost universal regret.

#### HISTORY OF THE MUSEUM.

Probably no building in New-York was better known, inside and out, to our citizens than the ill-looking ungainly, rambling structure on the corner of Broadway and Ann-streets, known as the American Museum, where for more than twenty years Mr. BARNUM has furnished the public with a wonderful variety of amusements. The contents of the building, and the arrangement of the various departments, are elsewhere fully described. Here he has exhibited all the remarkable curiosities which money and enterprise could procure, or ingenuity invent. A model of Niagara Falls operated by a steam-engine; the Feejee mermaid, made up of the head and body of a monkey and the tail of a fish; the diorama of the removal of the remains of NAPOLEON I. from St. Helena to Paris; the Happy Family, the "What Is It?" the Lightning Calculator, the hippopotamus, whales, alligators, baby shows, dog shows, prize poultry, and ten thousand other objects of curiosity, formed at various times the objects of popular attraction, and achieved for Mr. BARNUM a success which probably exceeded even his most sanguine expectations.

The American Museum was a product of slow and gradual growth. Mr. BARNUM commenced his varied and extensive career as a showman in 1835, when he exhibited JOYCE HETH, the reputed nurse of Gen. WASHINGTON. It was slender and precarious capital; but even at the beginning of his career, Mr. BARNUM showed himself a master of his profession. He advertised far and wide, in city and country papers, and people flocked from all quarters to have a glimpse of the hemely old black woman. The fortunate showman soon made enough out of this speculation to organize a traveling show. But his ambition reached to greater heights. He had long cherished the design of establishing in New-York a museum which should be worthy of a metropolis, grow with its growth, and become, in time, one of its chief ornaments, and unique among places of popular resort.

The sale of Scudder's Museum in 1841 gave the enterprising showman the opportunity he had looked for. He bought the collection, made it popular, drew people into it in crowds, and paid for it within a year. About the same time he succeeded in securing the contents of Peale's Museum. The two collections combined formed the nucleus of the American Museum, to which he has added new features year by year, up to the very day of its destruction by fire. With all his enterprise and good fortune, Mr. BARNUM was obliged to struggle hard against adverse circumstances and the disadvantages entailed by poverty. As an instance of this, it may be stated that the negotiations for renting the Museum were at one time in danger of failing through, from the inability of the energetic young showman to offer the owner of the premises the necessary sureties and references. In this emergency, he applied to Mr. MOSES Y. BEACH, who was at that time proprietor of the Sun, and that gentleman went security for him, and thus enabled him to establish his business on a secure basis.

From this time onward, Mr. BARNUM's life as a showman was one of unbroken and unprecedented success. The ill-advised speculation in the Connecticut clock manufactory cost him a colossal fortune, which he succeeded in retrieving at his old profession. The halls of his museum were always crowded, from the hour of opening to the hour of closing, by throngs not always select, but always curious and interested. The collections of animals, living or stuffed; of curiosities from far-off and strange countries, from ages older than the flood, were the special delight of inquisitive youths. The "Lecture-room" was one of its most attractive features. Here the "moral drama" was daily exhibited, to the great edification of a certain class whose tender consciences shrunk from the contaminations of a regular theatre, and whose lamentations over its destruction will be sincere and deep. Here Tom Thumb began his eventful public career, and here Miss LAVINIA WARREN, now his wife, Miss MINNIE WARREN and Commodore NUTT, made their first appearance before the world.

Until his engagement with JENNY LIND gave him a European notoriety, Mr. BARNUM's fame was confined to the United States. That episode in his career, taken in connection with a tour through Europe with Tom Thumb, made his name familiar on both sides of the Atlantic as the Prince of Showmen, and added greatly to the prestige of his museum. The Swedish Nightingale honored the place with her presence—not as a performer, but as a spectator—and the Prince of Wales did not think it beneath him to submit the curiously crowded halls to the favor of his royal inspection. He pronounced the Museum a "big thing," and doubtless enjoyed his stroll there vastly better than the tour of the institutions.

Mr. BARNUM constantly labored to keep his museum up to the times, adding daily to the collections of curiosities, and varying and increasing the other attractions; and his efforts were rewarded by a constantly increasing popularity. People knew that there was a good deal of humbug about the place; but this they good

friends of Mrs. Surratt and Harold to have a reprieve granted in their cases, though the President is also

urged to commute the sentence of death in Mrs. Surratt's case. A strong religious influence seems

to be urging this, which is strengthened by the rumor that four members of the commission have signed a petition to the President favoring the commutation of Mrs. Surratt's sentence. The impression seems to be to-night that as the brevity of time before the execution was duly considered yesterday by the President, that he cannot be prevailed upon either to grant a reprieve or commute sentence in any of the cases. General Hartranft is busy to-night making arrangements for the execution. A scaffold is being erected on which all four of the condemned will be hung at once. The place of execution is the small prison yard, which is surrounded by a wall twenty-five feet high. No one will be admitted except on the pass of General Hancock, and this privilege is limited to a few official witnesses and members of the press. There will be no opportunity for any outside crowd to catch a glimpse of the execution, as guards will allow no one unprovided with a pass to come near the prison walls. No more will be admitted inside the wall than can find convenient standing room. The time for the execution is named from 10 to 2 o'clock, but it is understood that it will take place about 1 o'clock to-morrow afternoon.

#### Account of the Execution.

It was a long and dusty avenue, along which rambled soldiers in bluish white coats, cattle with their tongues out, straying from the herd, and a few negroes making for their cabins, which dotted the fiery and vacant lots of the suburbs. At the foot of this avenue, where a lukewarm river holds between its dividing arms a dreary edifice of brick, the way was filled with collected cabs and elbowing people, abutting against a circle of sentinels who kept the arsenal gate. The low, flat, dusty white fields to the far left were also lined with patrols and soldiers lying on the ground in squads beside their stacked muskets. Within these a second blue and monotonous line extended. The drive from the arsenal gate to the arsenal's high and steel-spiked wall was beset by companies of exacting sabermen, and all the river bank to the right was edged with blue and bayonets. This exhibition of war was the prelude to a very ghastly but very popular episode—an execution. Three men and a woman were to be led out in shackles and hung to a beam. They had conspired to take life, they had thrilled the world with the partial consummation of their plot, they were to reach the last eminence of assassins, on this parched and oppressive noon, by swinging in pinioned arms and muffled faces in the presence of a thousand people.

#### A QUESTION OF PASSES.

The bayonets at the gate were lifted as I produced my pass. It was the last permission granted, in giving it away the General seemed relieved for he had been sorely troubled by applications. Every body who had visited Washington to seek for an office, sought to see this expiation also. The officer at the gate looked at my pass suspiciously. "I don't believe that all these papers have been genuine," he said. Is an execution, then, so great a warning to evil-doers, that men will commit forgery to see it?

#### THE PLACE OF DEATH.

I entered a large grassy yard, surrounded by an exceedingly high wall. On the top of this wall, soldiers, with muskets in their hands, were thickly planted. The yard below was broken by irregular buildings of brick. I climbed by a flight of rickety outside stairs to the central building, where many officers were seated at the windows, and looked awhile at the strange scene in the grassy plaza. On the left the long, barred impregnable penitentiary rose. The shady spots beneath it were occupied by fiddling spectators. Soldiers were filling their canteens at the pump. A face or two looked down from the barred jail. There were many umbrellas hoisted on the ground to shelter civilians beneath them. Squads of officers and citizens lay along the narrow shadow of the walls. The north side of the yard was enclosed on three sides by columns of soldiers drawn up in regular order, the side next to the penitentiary being short to admit of ingress from the prisoner's door; but the opposite column reached entirely up to the north wall.

#### THE GALLows.

Within this inclosed area a structure to be inhabited by neither the living nor the dead was fast approaching completion. It stood gaunt, lofty, long. Saws and hammers made dolorous music on it. Men, in their shirt-sleeves, were measuring it and directing its construction in a business way. Now and then some one would ascend its airy stair to test its firmness; others crawled beneath to wed its slim supports, or carry away the falling debris.

Toward this skeleton's edifice all looked with a

strange nervousness. It was the thought and speculation of the gravest and the gayest.

#### It was the gallows.

A beam reached, horizontally, in the air, twenty feet from the ground; four awkward ropes, at irregular intervals, dangled from it, each noosed at the end. It was upheld by three props, one in the center and one at each end. These props came all the way to the ground where they were morticed in heavy bars. Midway of them a floor was laid, twenty by twelve feet, held in its position on the farther side by shorter props, of which there were many, and reached by fifteen creaking steps, rated on either side. But this floor had no supports on the side nearest the eye, except two temporary rods, at the foot of which two inclined beams pointed menacingly, held in poise by ropes from the gallows floor.

And this floor was presently discovered to be a cheat, a trap, a pitfall.

Two hinges only held it to its firmer half. These were to give way at the fatal moment, and leave the shallow and unreliable air for the bound and smothering to tread upon.

The traps were two, sustained by two different props.

The nooses were on each side of the central support.

Was this all?

Not all.

Close by the foot of the gallows four wooden boxes were piled upon each other at the edge of four newly-excavated pits, the fresh earth of which was already dried and brittle in the burning noon.

Here were to be interred the broken carcasses when the gallows had let go its throttle. They were so placed that as the victims should emerge from the gaol door they would be seen near the stair directly in the line of march.

And not far from these, in some pit beneath the prison where they had been so long and so forebodingly, the body of John Wilkes Booth, sealed up in the brick floor, had long been moldering. If the dead can hear, he had listened many a time to the rattie of their manacles upon the stairs, to the mutterings of the trial and the buzz of the garrulous spectators; to the meaning, or the gibing, or the praying in the boited cells where those whom kindred fate had given a little lease upon life lay waiting for the terrible pronouncement.

#### WAITING FOR DEATH.

It was a long waiting, and the roof of a high house outside the walls was seen to be densely packed with people. Others kept arriving. Moment by moment soldiers were wondering when the swinging would begin and officers arguing that the four folks "deserved it, damn them!" Gentlemen of experience were telling over the number of such expiations they had witnessed. Analytic people were comparing the various modes of shooting, garroting, and guillotining. Cigars were sending up spirals of soothing smoke. There was a good deal of covert fear that a reprieve might be granted. Inquiries were many and ingenuous for whisky, and one or two were so deeply expectant that they fell asleep.

How much those four dying, hoping, cringing, dreaming, felons were grudged their little gasp of life! It was to be a scene, not a postponement or prolongation. "Who was to be the executioner?" Why had not the renowned and artistic Isaacs been sent from New-York?" "Would they probably die game, or grow weak-kneed in the last extremity?" Ah! the gallows' workmen have completed job! Now their we should have it."

#### THE PLACE OF DEATH.

Still there was a delay. The sun poked into the new-made graves and made blistering hot the gallows floor. The old pump made its familiar music to the cool plash of blessed water. The grass withered in the fervid heat. The bronzed faces of the soldiers ran lumps of sweat. The site upon the jail walls looked down into the wide yard yawningly. No wind stammered the two battle standards condemned to unfold their trophies upon this coming profanation, not yet arrived. Why? The extent of grace has almost been attained. The sentence gave them only till 2 o'clock! Why are they so dilatory in being hanged?

#### ENTER THE DYING.

Suddenly the wicket opens, the troops spring to their feet, and stand at order arms, the flags go up, the low orders from company to company, the spectators huddle a little nearer to the scaffold, and the writers for the press produce their pencils and note books.

#### MRS. SURRETT.

First came a woman pinioned. A middle-aged woman, dressed in black, bonneted and veiled, walking between two bare-headed priests.

One of these held against his breast a crucifix of jet, and in the folds of his blue-fringed sash he carried an open breviary, while both of them intone the service for the dead.

Four soldiers, with muskets at shoulder, followed, and a captain led the way to the gallows.

#### ABZERODT.

The second party escorted a small and trembling

German, whose head had a long white cap upon it, rendering more filthy his dull complexion, and upon whose feet the chains clanked as he slowly advanced, preceded by two officers, flanked by a Lutheran clergyman and followed, as his predecessor, by an armed squad.

#### HAROLD.

The third, preacher and party, clustered about a shabby boy, whose limbs tottered as he progressed.

#### PAYNE.

The fourth, walked in the shadow of a straight high statue, whose tawny hair and large blue eyes were suggestive of the barbarian striding in his conqueror's triumph, than the assassin going to the gallows.

All these captives, priests, guards, and officers, nearly twenty in all, climbed slowly and solemnly the narrow steps; and upon four arm chairs, stretching across the stage in the rear of the traps, the condemned were seated with their spiritual attendants behind them.

The oldings and warrants were immediately read to the prisoners by General Hartranft in a quiet and respectful tone, an aid holding an umbrella over him meantime. These having been already published, and being besides very uninteresting to any body but the prisoners, were paid little heed to, all the spectators interesting themselves in the prisoners.

There was a fortuitous delicacy in this distribution, the woman being placed farthest from the social and physical dirtiness of Abzerdot, and nearest the unblanched and manly physiognomy of Payne.

#### APPEARANCE OF THE CONDEMNED WOMAN.

She was not so pale that the clearness of her complexion could not be seen, and the brightness of the sun made her vail quite transparent. Her eyes were seen to be of a soft gray; her brown hair lay smoothly upon a full, square forehead; the contour of her face was comely, but her teeth had the imperfection of those of most southern women, being few and irregular. Until the lips were opened she did not reveal them. Her figure was not quite full enough to be denominatd buxom, yet had all the promise of venerable old age, had nature been permitted its due course. She was of the medium height, and modest—as what woman would not be under such searching survey? At first she was very feeble, and leaned her head upon alternate sides of her armchair in nervous spasms; but now and then, when a sort of a yell just issued from her lips, the priest placed before her the crucifix to lift her fearful spirit. All the while the good fathers Wigett and Waiter murmured their low, tender cadences, and now and then the woman's face lost its deadly fear, and took a bold, cognizable survey of the spectators. She wore a robe of dark woolen, no colors, and common shades of black listing. Her general expression was that of acute suffering, vanishing at times as if by the conjuration of her pride, and again returning in a paroxysm as she looked at the dreadful rope dangling before her. This woman, to whom the priests have made their industrious moan, holding up the effigy of Christ when their own appeals became of no avail, perched there in the lofty air, counting her breaths, counting the twinklings of light, counting the final wrestles of her breaking heart, had been the belle of her section, and many good men had courted her hand. She had led a pleasant life, and children had been born to her—who shared her powerful ambition and the invincibility of her will. If the charge of her guilt were proven, she was the Lady Macbeth of the west.

But women know nothing of consequences. She alone of all her sex stands now in this tarried and ghastly perspective, and in immediate association with three creatures in whose company it was no fame to die. It was a little crying boy, a greasy unkept riveller, and a confessed desperado. Her base and fugitive son, to know the infamy of his cowardice and die of his shame, should have seen his mother writhing in her seat upon the throne his wickedness established for her.

#### THE ASSASSIN OF SECRETARY SEWARD.

Payne, the strangest criminal in our history, was alone, dignified and self-possessed. He wore a closely-fitting knit shirt, a sailor's straw hat tied with a ribbon, and dark pantaloons, but no shoes. His collar, cut very low, showed the tremendous muscularity of his neck, and the breadth of his breast was more conspicuous by the manner in which the pinioned arms thrust it forward. His height, his vigor, his glare made him the strong central figure of this interelemental tableau. He said no word; his eyes were red, as with the pentagonal weeping of a courageous man, and the smooth hardness of his skin seemed like a polished muscle. He did not look abroad inquisitively, nor within intuitively. He had no accusation, no despair, no dreamers. He was only looking at death as for one long expected, and not a tremor nor a shock stirred his long stately limbs; whilst, his blue eyes was milder than when I saw him last, and some bitterness, or stolidness, or obstinate pride had been exercised, perhaps by the candor of

confession. Now and then he looked half-pityingly at the woman, and only once moved his lips, as if in supplication. Few who looked at him, forgetful of his crime, did not respect him. He seemed to feel that no man were more than his peer, and one of his last commands was a word of regret to Mr. Seward.

I have a doubt that this man is entirely a member of our nervous race. I believe that a fiber of the aboriginal runs through his tough sinews. At times he looked entirely an Indian. His hair is tufted, and will not lie smooth. His cheek bones are large and high set. There is a tint in his complexion. Perhaps the Seminole blood of his swampy state left a trace of its combative nature there.

Payne was a preacher's son, and not the worse graduate of his class. His real name is Lewis Thornton Powell.

He died without taking the hand of any living friend.

Even the scoundrel Abzerdot was not so poor. I felt a pity for his physical rather than his vital or spiritual peril. It seemed a profligation to break the iron column of his neck, and give to the worm his better chest.

But I remember that he would have slain a sick old man.

#### BOOTH'S COMPANION.

The third condemned, although whitewashed, had far more grit than I anticipated; he was inquisitive and dippant-faced, and looked at the noose dauntless before him, and the people gathered below, and the haggard face of Abzerdot, as if entranced and incapable of abstraction.

Harold would have enjoyed this execution vastly as a spectator. He was, I think, capable of a greater degree of depravity than any of his accomplices. Abzerdot might have made a sneak thief, Booth a forger, but Harold was not far from a professional pickpocket. He was keen-eyed, insolent, idle, and, by a small experience in Houston street, would have been qualified for a first class "knuck." He had not, like the rest, any political suggestion for the murder of the heads of the nation; and upon the gallows, in his dirty felt hat, soiled cloth coat, light pantaloons and stockings, he seemed unworthy of his manacles.

Harold stood well beneath the drop, still whimpering at the lips, but tall, and short, and boyish.

Abzerdot, in his groveling attitude, while they tied him, he began to indulge in his old vice of gambling. He evidently wished to make his finale more effective than his previous cowardly role, and perhaps was strengthening his fortune with a speech, as we sometimes do of dark nights with a whistle.

#### ABZERODT'S SPEECH.

"Gentlemen," he said, with a sort of choke and gasp, "take ware." He evidently meant "beware," or "take care," and confounded them.

#### THE INTENDED ASSASSIN OF VICE-PRESIDENT JOHNSON.

Abzerdot was my ideal of a man about to be hung—a caricature of Wallack's rendering of the last hours of Fagan, the Jew; a sort of sick man, quite gaunt and smitten, with his head thrown forward, muttering to the air, and a pallidness transparent through his dirt as he jabbered prayers and pleads confusely, and looked in a complaining sort of way at the noose, as if not quite certain that it might not have designs upon him.

He wore a greyish coat, black vest, light pantaloons and slippers, and a white affair on his head, perhaps a handkerchief.

His spiritual adviser stood behind him, evidently disgusted with him.

Abzerdot lost his life through too much gabbing. He could have had serious designs upon nothing greater than a chicken, but talked assassination with the silent and absolute Booth, until entrapped into conspiracy and the gallows, much against his calculation. This man was visited by his master and a poor, ignorant woman with whom he cohabited. He was the picture of despair, and died ridiculous, whistling up his courage.

#### THE DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

These were the dramatis personae, no more to be sketched, no more to be cross-examined, no more to be shacked, soon to be cold in their coffins.

They were, altogether, a motley and miserable set. Ravalliac might have looked well swinging in chains; Charlotte Corday is said to have died like an actress; Beale hung not without dignity, but these people, aspiring to overturn a nation, bore the appearance of a troupe of ignorant folks, expiating the blood-shed of a brawl.

#### THE SIGNAL.

An instant this continued, while an officer on the plot before, motioned back the assistants, and then with a forward thrust of his hand, signaled the executioners.

#### THIRD!

The great beams were darted against the props simultaneously. The two traps fell with a slam. The four bodies dropped like a single thing, outside the jet crowded remnant of the gallows floor, and swayed and turned, to and fro, here and there, forward and backward, and with many a helpless spasm, while the spectators took a little rush forward, and the ropes were taut as the struggling pulses of the dying.

Mrs. Surratt's neck was broken immediately. Her short woman's figure, with the skirts looped closely about, merely dangled by the vibration of her swift descent, and with the knot holding true under the ear, her head swayed sideways, and her pinioned arms seemed content with their confinement.

Payne died a horrible death, the knot slipped to the back of his neck, and bent his head forward on his breast, so that he strangled as he drew his deep chest almost to his chin, and the knees contracted

gave his thanks to the officers and guards for kindness rendered him. He hoped that he had died in charity with all men and at peace with God. Dr. Olds concluded with a feeling prayer for the prisoners.

Rev. Dr. Butler then made a similar return of thanks on behalf of George A. Abzerdot for kindness received from his guards and attendants, and concluded with an earnest invocation in behalf of the criminal, saying that the blood of Jesus cleanses from all sin, and asking that God Almighty might have mercy upon this man.

The solemnity of this portion of the scene may be imagined, the several clergymen speaking in order the dying testament of their clients, and making the last hours fresh with the soft harmonies of their benedictions.

The two holy fathers having received Mrs. Surratt's confession, after the custom of their creed, observed silence. In this, as in other respects, Mrs. Surratt's last hours were entirely modest and womanly.

ADJUSTING THE PARAPHERNALIA OF DEATH.

The stage was still filled with people; the crisis of the occasion had come; the chairs were all withdrawn, and the condemned stood upon their feet.

The process of tying the limbs began.

It was with a snarl, almost a blush, that I saw an officer gather the ropes tightly three times about the robes of Mrs. Surratt, and bind her ankles with cords. She half-fainted, and sank backward upon the attendants, her limbs yielding to the extremity of her terror, but uttering no cry, only a kind of sick groaning, like one in the weakness of fever, when a wry medicine must be taken.

Payne, with his feet firmly laced together, stood straight as one of the scaffold beans, and braced himself up so stoutly that this doubtless prevented the breaking of his neck.

Harold stood well beneath the drop, still whimpering at the lips, but tall, and short, and boyish.

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He evidently wished to make his finale more effective than his previous cowardly role, and perhaps was strengthening his fortune with a speech, as we sometimes do of dark nights with a whistle.

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legitimate subject for the caricaturist than the man-milliners of this era? In this light, the subject is simply absurd; but it involves a public wrong also, when millions of untilled acres are needing those many hands, and thousands of unemployed women are perishing, body and soul, for want of that very work.

This was bad enough before the war began, in view of the great excess of women over men in all these Eastern States; but as the war proceeds, and the young men are giving their lives to the country, the evil is being aggravated every day. What shall be done? Shall this vast excess—tens of thousands in New England, tens of thousands, doubtless, in our own State—still struggle for a precarious existence, through unrequited toil—too often ending as drabs the lives which they began as defrauded drudges? We may as well face this problem now, for while the nation is busy with other questions it will be more likely to get a clear comprehension of this one. Shall the next generation of young women—the excess still greater—be the prey of sharks and as dependent on evil chances as this one is; be taught early the necessity of marrying *somebody*, as their only means of living, even if the marriage be only legalized prostitution? These questions challenge our thought, and for every hour of sluggish delay of their adjustment, we shall suffer from the decay of that private virtue and social order upon which our national life is built.

#### WOMAN'S RIGHTS AND DANGERS.

#### A Report of a Recent Lecture by Miss Anna E. Dickinson on Labor for Women.

Miss Anna E. Dickinson lectured on Tuesday evening, at Henry Ward Beecher's church, Brooklyn, on the subject of Labor. The church was filled with a large and appreciative audience. The lecture was a noble, earnest, and eloquent plea in behalf of labor for women. Henry Ward Beecher introduced the speaker at 8 o'clock. Women, he said, had now become a power in the land, and power had no sex. He spoke briefly too, of the extending sphere of woman's influence.

#### THE SOCIAL EVIL.

There are thousands and tens of thousands of young girls to-day whose honor is resting by a needle's point, and hanging by a single thread, and year by year they are crushed down until perchance the honor slips from the needle's point, and the tiny thread, breaking strand by strand, gives way at last, and drops these women into infamy and shame. Miss Dickinson referred to some of the prices paid now to sewing-girls. These women meet this question of the death of the body and the death of the soul with starvation, destitution, and despair, driving them on, and so, falling into this life, are, perchance, driven into it, saying the body at the expense of the soul. Society sweeps on, no matter how hard these women strive to be better—no matter how they may long—no matter how they may stretch up eager hands out of this gulf of degradation and despair—society, sweeping on, tears loose the clinging hands, and presses them down, down, down! eternally down! into this frightful living, breathing, enduring death!

#### MERCY TO THE FALLEN WOMAN, OR JUSTICE TO HER BETRAYER.

I do not ask you to be kind to these women; it is no more than justice of which the world stands in need. All that I ask you is, you, madame, you who perchance swept aside your spotless garments lest even in touching this poor woman they would be soiled and hurt—all that I ask of you, madame, is that you do not turn away from this girl, may be with a heart torn and wrung and quivering; and so turning away from her open wide your door and welcome into your parlor, placed by the side of your young and innocent daughter, the man who, perchance, has betrayed her; taking his hand and clasping it close, not seeing upon it the stain of a murdered and lost soul, not seeing between you and him the ghost of a spirit driven down through untold depths through life, and all of the eternity yet to come. I ask you simply that the same law shall hold good for one as it does for the other. But what I want to ask of you is, that you save other women from going into this life. Out of the cruel and terrible necessities of this war there are hundreds of thousand of women flung upon their own resources for their own support. It is absolutely necessary that these women have more work and better pay, if you would save your sidewalks from being crowded with young girls, who to-day are spotless and pure and innocent, mother, as the young girls sitting at your side.

#### INEQUALITY IN PRICES.

A man is paid twice or three times as much as a woman for his labor. Take the schools of Philadelphia, for instance. The male principal of the male grammar school receives \$1,600 per year, and the female principal of the female grammar school, passing the same examination, receives \$800 per year. But it is said that the man has others to support and the woman has not. That is not true. The man may be single, with no one to support, and he still receives the same \$1,600. The woman

may be single, or she may have a father, mother, or children, or even a husband—for such things happen—to support, and she still receives only \$800. Miss Dickinson referred to an incident in her own history, when she was teaching school in Western Pennsylvania. She was applied for to teach in a neighboring place, and everything was satisfactory until they told her that they had been paying \$28 per month for a male teacher, and proposed now to pay her \$16 per month. She scouted the offer. That winter she went home, doing nothing, with others depending upon her, to some extent, for support; and she had not enough money to spare to buy a two-shilling handkerchief; but she would have swept at the street-crossing rather than have taken that school at a less price than a man would have received for precisely the same work.

#### WORK FOR WOMEN.

The speaker referred to the availability of girls instead of young men as clerks for stores, and especially in dry goods stores, where the men know nothing about the goods they are dealing in, and the women do. Still, it is true, women do not receive the same education for their work as men do. The woman purchasing treats the young lady clerk with rudeness and insolence, where she would treat a young man with respect, and so the young lady clerk returns the rudeness and insolence. One-half the girls get married now-a-days for a home. If they were able to support themselves, then a young man and woman would get married because they loved each other, and couldn't help it. This matter rests in woman's own hands. Never yet did a woman determine to do anything than she did it. Never did she make any rule of society than that it would become a law. You women of wealth say that this is disagreeable, but do you know that your influence in this matter is omnipotent? It may be, you say, a matter of no moment to you; but it may be the life or death, honor or shame, to thousands and tens of thousands of other women to-day, and who knows, it may be such to your child to-morrow. Women will often oppose this work; possibly they will oppose more hatefully and persistently than men. Men, too, will oppose, young men who are not young men at all, but merely vegetables—forked radishes; and other men with old prejudices, and other men, of whom we may pray that their sons may not be brutes like their fathers, and their daughters slaves like their mothers. But there are men and women with noble, generous hearts, who will aid in this work, and by and by, through the force of its own power, it will mould the usages of society to its own convenience.

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#### A STORY OF A GIRL'S LIFE.

Will you let me tell you a little story to illustrate the whole matter? Some time ago, I was going home one night, just as the shades were closing round; it commenced to rain, and I saw walking before me a beautifully dressed woman unsheltered. I went up to her and said: "Madame, will you have part of my umbrella; will you walk with me up the street?" She, looking at me and shaking her head slowly, said, "I don't think you know what you are saying." "Oh, yes," I responded, "I say will you walk up the street with me under my umbrella?" She said again, "I don't think you know what you are saying. You don't know who I am." Still I said, "that makes no difference; I don't care whether you know me or not; shall we go up the street together?" "No," she said, "I don't think you would care to have anybody who knows you meet you walking up the street with such a woman as me;" and I turned, looking into her face as the gaslight struck across it, saw there the traces of a life that always leaves its traces, knowing that the young and beautiful woman standing beside me was one upon whom society had branded "outcast" and "abandoned," and I said, "No matter, we will go on together." And as we walked I said to her, "What could have brought you to such a life; you are young, you are pretty, you look well; what could have brought you to such a life?" She told me there her story; and I, questioning thereafter, found that the story was strictly true. She was a daughter of a clergyman in West Pennsylvania, who had died, leaving his widow and herself penniless and unprovided for. The girl tried to find something to do. It was the common story repeated. She tried to stand behind the counter, but they preferred young men; she tried to keep school, but there was only one in the village, and that had its teacher; she tried to sew, but could not find the work there to support herself and mother by it; and so they found their way to the great busy, bustling city in pursuit of work. She tried to keep school there, but could not obtain an appointment. She tried to get into a store, but was told that she must first serve six months as an apprentice, without pay. She was not so completely learned in her accomplishments as to teach them. She was driven to the shop-shop, making her miserable pittance by sewing. One Saturday she took her work to her employer and asked for her pay. He looked at it, and tearing it apart and flinging it back to her told her to do it over again. She carried it back, and the next week bringing it home received no pay, but was told to carry it back again; and so, for five weeks she received no money. She had sold or pawned everything she had for bread, that she could live and have a little fire, beside which she might work, and she stood before her employer with clasped hands and tears trickling over her face begging for the money she had rightfully earned, and it was still withheld from her, and then this man said to her, "You are beautiful and young, you need not labor for such a price as this; you might get plenty of money if you would."

She did, mother, what your daughter would have done—she left the store indignant and outraged, and wandered up and down that city hour after hour, and went up one street and down another, into store after store, pleading for work, and some kindly-hearted people said to her, "We would give you work if we could, but we have five hundred such applications every day;" or, perchance, they would ask from her a certificate from her last employer, and she had none to show; others turned away carelessly, and others insulted and outraged her as her old employer had done; and so, she said, at ten o'clock that Saturday night she found herself standing, without work, without money, in front of her old store. There she stood, in the night, and the storm, and the cold; there she stood, the gloom gathering about her, the wind driving the rain in gusts into her face and through her torn garments. Oh! she said, do not think I hesitated then. She looked up this long street, dark with the night and tempest, up narrow alleys and passageways, up winding flights of stairs, into a little garret-room, all poor and empty, into the fire-place—no fire there—not a stick of wood—not a cent to buy any with; into the little corner cupboard, all bare and empty, not even a crust of bread, not a cent to buy any with. Ah! she said, don't think I hesitated then! Don't think so meanly of me as that. But looking into this little room, poor, starved, wretched, miserable; looking round it into one corner, there she said, I saw my poor, poor mother, dying of hunger and cold. Oh, what marvel, what marvel that she fell! And so she had gone on lower and lower, step by step. I said, "you must stop this life; you shall go with me; maybe I can find something for you to do—nay, I will find something for you to do. You shall stand an honored and respectable woman once more." "No, no," she said, "don't try it; you need not talk to me so; I have tried it again and again, and am always discovered and driven back. You need not try to help me."

There is no hope, there is no help for such a woman as I," and then turning and looking at me, oh, men, oh, women, careless and indifferent, oh, that you could have seen the girl's face, and could have heard her say, "You are so young, you are handsomely dressed, maybe you have wealth, maybe you have position, maybe influence, oh—I beg you, I pray you, to use them all to save other young girls. They are coming into this life, living it as I live it, suffering it as I suffer it, dying in it as I shall some day die." And so I promised her, and to keep that promise I came and put the matter before you to-night. The speaker said: that's a story had an ending. Once Christmas eve, not long ago, in one of our elegant streets, in front of a beautiful dwelling, blazing with light from garnet basement, stood this girl

"With amazement."

Houses by night.

and as the officer that sees, I afterward said looking in at those beautiful windows into this elegant room. There stood the young girl who had been her employer, with a young girl resting her hand in his, promising to love and honor him for life; and it is said that up and down, up and down, up and down, in the light and cold, wandered this poor waif, this miserable outcast, still; and when the morning sun rose and streamed up the street, there she rested, dead and at peace. And the day thereafter, this girl, daughter of a clergyman, gently and tenderly reared with a brother who loved her, this poor girl was carried out and buried in the potter's field, with her miserably abandoned women following her, her only mourners.

Oh, poor, tried, wronged, outraged soul, must thou have found the justice of God more infinitely tender than the mercies of men! And so, I ask you, father and mother, with daughters at home; I ask you, young man, with generous heart, loving a sister; I ask you, young girl, remembering the thousands of other young girls, whose innocence and purity and womanhood are as dear to them as yours to you; I ask you all, simply and only, to carry a lesson home with you to night, to think of it as it deserves—not carelessly, not indifferently, but with the weight of these lost souls pressing upon me, I make this last plea, I put this last query, I offer this last prayer in their behalf, putting it to you, and I ask you to decide, as it should be decided, for them, for yourselves, for the world, with the dear Lord looking down and waiting for what answer you will give, what will you do for these, His poor lost little ones?

The lecture was listened to with intense interest, and during its delivery many of the audience shed tears.

#### Fred. Douglass in Jersey City.

Our fellow-citizen, Fred. Douglass, is doing good service as a missionary to the benighted natives of Maryland, Delaware and Jersey. We hope, however, that he will see the justice of advocating the extension of franchise only to those blacks who can read and write, and the confinement of white men to the same standard. The Jersey City Times gives the following abstract of an address at Hoboken, on Saturday evening last:

"A large audience assembled at Odd Fellow's Hall on Saturday evening, to listen to an address by Frederick Douglass. Mr. Douglass, who was introduced by Alderman Charles Webley, announced his theme as Equality before the Law. The speaker said he was a slave, a victim to bondage, and without pretensions to culture; one who was held as property, and a slave plantation was not a good place for the study or oratory or rhetoric. There never was a time of deeper interest in our history, or a period when more momentous issues were involved. Wonderful changes have taken place in the public mind during the last four years. Old prejudices, mischievous and hurtful to the race to which the speaker belongs, have been swept away by the war. The work of an age has literally been compressed into a single day. Events interlacing and overlapping each other crowd upon us so that we can hardly see their true importance. But a little time ago, the North was ready to fall down in the dust before slavery, ready to concede all things to prevent civil war. Now, by the logic of events, liberty is in the ascendant, and slavery on its knees. The war began in the interest of liberty and slavery on both sides. Now it is waged for liberty, and against slavery on both sides. So determined were we that the South should love the North that we declared if the slaves should rise in insurrection, the bayonets should be turned from the breasts of traitors against the slaves. Even General Butler showed his

at Baltimore, and McClellan promised to put down a slave insurrection with an iron hand: the only iron thing he displayed in the war. Abraham Lincoln wants him, and Davis wants him, crying like Caesar, "Help, negro, or we perish." The colored man has been the Lazarus of the

#### The Deadly Malignity of Treason Exemplified.

There is one conspicuous fact exhibited by this Rebellion which is conclusive as to the manliness and honor of which the People of the South claim to be the exclusive possessors. And that fact is the deadly and malignant hatred exhibited by the Rebel leaders toward the public men of the North who had ever been, up to the breaking out of the Rebellion, the intrepid and self-sacrificing champions of the South. Through good and through evil report—amid all vicissitudes of fortune, and when confronted with the prospect of political ostracism in their respective States, the men to whom we have referred, risked all in the advocacy of the alleged constitutional rights of the South. Upon every principle which obtains among men animated by the least spark of gratitude or honor, the South should have remained faithful to their life long and devoted friends, by remaining faithful to the Union. Such old Democrats as Gen. BUTLER and DANIEL S. DICKINSON are prominent examples of the truth of which we have been speaking. Before the war commenced, these men were in the thickest of every fight in defence of the South. But they never meant to aid in destroying the Government in their devotion to their Southern friends. Accordingly when the first gun was fired at Fort Sumter they enrolled themselves in the great Union host, and have rendered their names immortal whatever may be the future history of the country, for their indomitable efforts in defence of a common Union and Government. And here came the division line. The leading rebels issued their battle cry against their ancient friends and allies. The generous services of a quarter of a century were forgotten. War to the knife was proclaimed against every man who remained loyal to the old flag. No men in the Union ranks are the objects of such unmitigated and savage hatred. In the case of BUTLER copious supplies of Rebel filth were hurled upon him. A price was set upon his head, and almost uncounted gold was offered for his assassination. Never was there such a grievous task-master as Slavery. It is as inexorable as the grave, and unless it can have perpetual domination in this Government it will drench the noblest country in the world in blood.

SMITH met two editors who had been at "outs," on the street, walking arm in arm. "Hello," said he, "the lion and the lamb lie down together, do they?"

"O, yes," said editor No. 1, "Jones, here, did the lion and I did the lambing,"

and of course we came down together."

Respectfully yours,

A. H.

Perhaps few persons are aware how much a habit of thought creates a power of thought.

### Gov. Fenton's New York Speech.

Gov. Fenton was recently serenaded at his quarters at the Astor House and addressed by Gen. Sickels; and in reply to which he made the following neat and impressive speech:

GENTLEMEN OF THE VETERAN UNION CLUB AND FELLOW-CITIZENS OF NEW YORK: I am grateful to Gen. Sickels for the generous and complimentary manner in which he has introduced me to you to-night, and I am also grateful to the gentlemen who called upon me and informed me that it was not expected that I would make a speech. I am satisfied, as you are, that our joy over the result of the 8th of November may be attested by our continued self-sacrifice, earnest devotion and fidelity to the cause of our common country. [Great applause.] It is, however, an honor to be called to say even a word for the success of the cause of civil liberty and free Government, and I thank you for the part you have performed in the great victory, which gives increased assurance of the stability of our free institutions and early peace. Fellow-citizens, this is not a triumph of one party over another; nor is it even a success of individuals, who, by accident or the wisdom of conventions, were placed before the people for their suffrages. [Applause.] It is rather a triumph of the great principles of man's right to self-government. [Great cheering.] It is the victory of the democracy over an aristocracy that would erect a despotism upon the ruins of liberty. It is the triumph of those principles for which our ancestors pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor to establish, and which we have been called upon simply to maintain. [Great applause.]

When I first visited Congress, as a Representative from the Thirty-first District of this State, and during the period intervening up to the breaking out of the Rebellion, I saw the intention upon the part of the representatives of Southern ideas to inflame and prejudice the Southern mind, as to the opinions and purposes of the people of the North. Finally, the Rebellion came upon us; and I thought then, fellow-citizens, that it was the duty of the united people of the North, and throughout all the loyal portions of the Republic, to stand up in defense of our Government and our nationality.

But, unfortunately, we were divided. A party in the country, wishing to carry out during a period of civil commotion and strife some of the purposes of former partisan warfare, arrayed itself in seeming hostility to the Government. Thus we entered the great Presidential struggle of 1864. And the issues presented to the people of this country were, whether they would maintain the Government in all its integrity—whether the old Constitution, the old liberties, the old Government which our fathers had handed down to us should be preserved in all their purity and their power; whether the advantages we had gained over the rebels in arms should be surrendered, thus acknowledging to the world that we were unequal to the contest, and rendering ourselves the laughing-stock and derision of mankind. [Great applause.] In this mighty issue, the State of New-York, with her vast population, her important interest—felt a deep conviction and earnest solicitude. In this mighty issue the city of New-York, this emporium of commerce, the mart of trade and center of finance, this city of ten thousand artisans and mechanics, and one hundred thousand laborers, whose highest welfare and prosperity are best promoted by the unity and stability of the Republic, also had a deep and abiding interest; and with your counsel and co-operation, and with the counsel and co-operation of the loyal people throughout the States (which I hope embraces the large mass of all the citizens,) I intend that New-York hereafter shall occupy no hesitating or equivocal position. [Enthusiastic applause.] But, fellow-citizens, while we celebrate the victory on the 8th day of November, the Republic is not yet saved. We have important duties as citizens of the

Government yet to perform, in restoring former quiet and peace; and may I not hope that all will unite in a common purpose to allay the passions, the prejudices and the excitements engendered by the late political contest, and that we may forget even that we were Republicans or Democrats, remembering only that we are American citizens, proud of our country, and determined to maintain and perpetuate its honor and its glory. Fellow-citizens, you will thereby best support the National and the State Governments; and, in this way, you will best strengthen the army of the brave and heroic Lieut.-Gen. Grant, who has led our Union armies forth to battle and to victory. [Three cheers for Gen. Grant, and immense applause.]

### A Story of General Sherman.

The Baltimore Clipper tells the following story.

A distinguished official who was lately at the headquarters of General Sherman, gives us the following anecdote of the latter, in the necessity under which he lay of sitting in judgment on a certain class of men in Atlanta, when that place was evacuated by the citizens. Writing us, our friend says:

"Let me give you a little incident which took place in my presence at Sherman's headquarters, Atlanta.

"You will remember that an order was promulgated directing all civilians to leave Atlanta (North or South) within 'twelve days.' The day of its issue a gentleman entered Sherman's office and inquired for the General. The latter answered in this way, very promptly, 'I am General Sherman.' The colloquy was nearly as follows:

"Citizen—General, I am a northern man, from the State of Connecticut; have been living at Atlanta for nearly seven years; have accumulated considerable property here, and as I see that you have ordered all citizens to leave within twelve days, I came to see if you would make an exception in my case. I fear, if I leave, my property will be destroyed."

"General Sherman—'What kind of property do you own sir? Perhaps I will make an exception in your case, sir.'

"Citizen—I own a block of stores, three dwellings, a plantation two miles out of town, and a foundry?"

"General Sherman—'Foundry, eh! what have you been doing with your foundry?'

"Citizen—'Have been making castings.'

"General Sherman—'What kind of castings? Shot and shell, and all that kind of things?'

"Citizens—'Yes, I have made some shot and shell.'

"General Sherman—'You have been making shot and shell to destroy your country, have you, and you still claim favor on account of being a northern man! Yes, sir, I will make an exception in your case; you shall go South to-morrow morning at sunrise. Adjutant, see that this order is carried out. Orderly, show this man the door.'

"Citizen—'But, General, can't I go North?'

"General Sherman—'No sir. Too many of your class are there already, sir.'

"Scanning the above who does not once more recognize the great military leader as eminently 'the right man in the right place' in dealing with the more subtle aspects of the rebellion?"

Prentice gets off the following:

If a man has two wives they will probably both be untrue to him. They will be nothing better to him than a pair of slippers.

Where in France are there the most babies? At Brest.

A hen by day is at night a rooster.

The rebels in Canada propose to open a Southern bazaar in Montreal.

### AUBURN N. Y.;

Friday Evening, Nov. 25, 1864.

### Death of Capt. Peter G. Fosdick.

Another of our oldest and most respectable citizens has gone to his final rest. Capt. Peter G. Fosdick, of this city, died yesterday at his residence on York Street, in the seventy-third year of his age.

Capt. Fosdick was born at Nantucket, in May, 1792, and, like most of the boys of that locality, was bred to sea-faring. After serving in various subordinate capacities upon whaling ships sailing from that port, he went into the merchant service. He afterwards commanded merchant vessels from the port of New York to Liverpool and the East Indies.

Precisely when he retired from that occupation we do not know; but we are informed that he removed to this city about six and thirty years ago. He was a man of more than ordinary intelligence and firmness; and habitually brought into play, in his intercourse with his fellow citizens, those traits which pre-eminently distinguish energetic and successful commanders of Merchant vessels.

He was honest, frank and straight forward in his conversation and dealings as if thoroughly conscious of his own high integrity.

During his residence here, he has held at different times, various offices of trust and responsibility. For several years subsequent to 1840 he was one of the Inspectors of the State Prison located in this city. Afterward for many years he was a member of the Board of County Superintendents of the poor. He shared generously in the burdens of our local offices, and always performed his official duties with excellent judgment and with great accuracy and punctuality. He was faithful to every trust.

In politics he acted with and supported the measures of the whig party during its existence and those of the Republican and Union parties afterwards. He belonged to the Universalist Church in this city, was a firm believer in its doctrines, and, until his health failed, a constant attendant upon its services. He was a devoted husband to the wife who survives him, and a kind and affectionate father. He was esteemed by all our people as a good man.

The time of his funeral will be announced to-morrow.

We tender our sympathies to his widow, daughters and other surviving relatives.

Chicago congratulates itself on being the fourth city in the Union in progress and population.

A young lady named Malinda Caryt, died lately in Pittsburg, from the effects of a compound of chloroform and ether.

Statistics are valuable. A recent report of the English Registrar General shows that more women than men were married in England in 1861.

An Irishman, bound over to keep the peace against all her Majesty's subjects, exclaimed "Then Heaven help the first foreigner meet."

A few days ago, all the conductors on the Northwestern Virginia Railroad were arrested on the charge of stealing money collected on their trains.

MISSING.—Herman Macomber, of Sand Beach, disappeared on Tuesday night, and has not since been heard from. He had been at home until a quarter past nine in the evening, at which time he went out of the house, saying that he would return immediately. There were no indications of an unusual character in his actions, and it is feared that he has either been foully dealt with by parties unknown, or wandered off in a fit of derangement. Being a man of the most temperate habits and universally respected as a good citizen, the mystery of his disappearance is the most unaccountable.

He was dressed in a suit of sheep-s-gray clothing, a light-colored soft hat; is of a thick-set build, and weighs about 210 pounds; about 45 years of age, light complexion, light hair and whiskers. Any information of him will be rewarded upon application at this office.

DISAPPEARANCE OF MR. HERMAN MACOMBER.—Mr. Macomber left his residence in the town of Fleming about nine o'clock, on Tuesday evening, March 22d, since when nothing has been heard of him.

The citizens of Auburn and the adjoining towns are requested to meet at the Western Exchange, Monday morning, at nine o'clock, for the purpose of making search for Mr. Macomber.

Christopher Morgan,	Wm. Hill,
C. C. Dennis,	J. N. Starin,
Jno. B. Richardson,	H. S. Dunning,
Norman Parker,	N. Turner,
A. A. Sabin,	Jno. S. Brown,
D. W. Simpson,	Horace T. Cook,
Isaac Snyder,	C. N. Sittser,
John H. Whittlesey,	C. G. Briggs,
Geo. Humphreys,	Thos. Douglas,
Henry L. Babcock,	Chas. A. Lee,
John Clayton,	H. J. Brown,
Wm. B. Woodin,	Richard Steel,
S. S. Goss,	L. D. Leach,
Geo. W. Cray,	S. Lockwood,
Josiah Fiero,	D. O. V. Baker,
H. L. Knight,	and others.

### Inspector General.

Col. JOHN S. CLARK, of Auburn, N. Y. is mentioned for the position of Inspector General, on Gov. FENTON's staff. Col. CLARK went into service in the spring of 1861, as Colonel of the Cayuga Regiment. He shortly after went upon the staff of Gen. BANKS with whom he has been ever since. He was severely wounded last winter in one of the engagements in Louisiana, from which he has scarcely yet recovered. While in Louisiana he had entire supervision of the new system of black labor in which department he evinced great capacity, and carried the system through to complete success.

We trust Gov. FENTON will be able to confer the appointment upon him. His services have entitled him to every consideration, and his capacity and experience are a sure guaranty for the people of an efficient discharge of the duties of the office.—[Elmira Adv.]

Col. John S. Clark is, in many respects, one of the most remarkable men in the service. His strong, intuitive ideas of what the enemy is contemplating, as well as actually doing, first attracted the attention and received the commendation of Lieut. Gen. Scott and afterwards of Major Genl's Pope and Banks. In the service in the Shenandoah Valley and in Louisiana Gen. Banks freely states that Col. Clark fairly won a star and has so recommended him to the Government. He will make Gov. FENTON a good Inspector General. He is faithful to the cause and a thoroughly executive man.

Negro minstrels in New York get from \$20 to \$30 per week, and the best singers get something handsome besides by singing at the fashionable churches on Sundays.

At the close of the Revolutionary war Frederick the Great sent a magnificent sword to Gen. Washington inscribed with the words "FROM THE OLDEST GENERAL LIVING, TO THE YOUNGEST." He has been invited to read a paper on was esteemed not only a very great compliment to Washington himself, but also to the American people.

A lunatic in Paris has been defacing a public statue, on the Place de la Concorde, by volume of his own memoirs to Gen. Grant cutting off its nose, arms and feet. He gave the same language: "From the oldest General living to the greatest General in the world, WINFIELD SCOTT." The old General intended the inscription to be in the words of Frederick the Great, and to be fifty-one feet in length, six in breadth, and long to them.

This, to Gen. Grant, who is a pupil of great admirer of the old Hero who never lost a battle, was a compliment worth a lifetime to deserve. It transferred his mantle with all its renown, completely to Gen. Grant. As in the case of the compliment to Frederick to Washington the people having made a Lieutenant General worth to be the successor of Winfield Scott. Such things are pleasant in a National History.

TRUE ART IN WAR.—Col. Peard, "Gambald's Englishman," says of rifle shooting in battle: "Mind, if ever you go into shooting, use your rifle in a scientific manner. Recollect always not to kill your man but to wound him; then it takes two men to carry him off, and those two men never by any chance come back the same day. With a double-barrelled rifle, therefore, you may get rid of six men at every discharge."

### Mediation.

The New York Times' Washington special of yesterday says: "We have the very best reason for stating that the report in the World of Saturday, of a pretended interview between M. Theillard and Secretary Seward, in which the former offered the services of Napoleon as peace mediator, is a fiction made out of whole cloth. The canard hardly requires contradiction, for the gross ignorance of official persons displayed in the story of itself sufficiently discredits it. The writer calls M. Theillard the French Minister at Washington, whereas that gentleman, formerly Secretary of Legation to M. Mercier, has not been in Washington for upward of a year. It need hardly be said that the present Charge, in the absence of the full Minister, is M. Geroffroy, and I can state personally that he did not see Secretary Seward, subsequent to his return from Auburn, until the day after the date in which the story was published in the World. When he did see the Secretary, no allusion whatever was made to the subject of mediation. It may be mentioned that the new representative of the Court of France, Count Chateaurenard, whose arrival is looked for daily, was especially selected by the emperor on account of qualities which it was deemed would make him peculiarly acceptable to this Government."

The fact is noted that every Episcopalian Clergyman in Charleston, Sunday before last, omitted the usual prayer for the President of the United States!

It is said that John B. Gough receives \$250 for each of his temperance lectures, and that he has already accumulated \$300.

A new article has just been added to the Russian code of Censorship, in virtue of which editors of all newspapers and periodicals will be compelled to insert gratis the reception of the Prince of Wales.

The Minister Harris writes that the government account of the Japanese Embassy of their reception by the Government and citizens of the United States had reached Yedo, occasioning great delight to the officials there.

## MARRIED.

On the 10th inst., by Rev. C. H. Platt, at St. Peter's Church, S. Y. Groot, Esq., to Miss JOSEPHINE L. FLEETWOOD, all of this city.

In South Lansing, N. Y., Oct. 9th, by Rev. J. H. Harter, of this city, Mr. J. W. WYCKOFF to Miss MARION B. TOWNLEY, both of South Lansing.

## ARRIED.

In this city, at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. Henry Fowler, Mr. E. B. ROLLINS, of New York, and Miss M. ADDIE D., oldest daughter of C. Roche, Esq., all of this city.

## MARRIED.

In this city, Oct. 2d, by Rev. D. K. Lee, Mr. HENRY G. HUNTOON, of Oriskany, to Miss JOSEPHINE M. HYATT, of Auburn.

## MARRIED.

In this city, Wednesday evening, Oct. 30th, by Rev. Dr. Hawley, Rev. WILLIAM HART to MARY Y. SELOVER, daughter of the late Isaac Selover, Esq., all of this city.

## MARRIED.

KEYES—COTTLE.—At Ottawa, Ill., on Wednesday, Oct. 5th, at the residence of Jas. W. Fay, Esq., by the Rev. Thomas N. Benedict, Mr. Wm. R. Keyes, of Pontiac, Mich., to Miss Cornelia M., daughter of the late Capt. S. Cottle. No Cards.

## MARRIED.

BECKER—SANFORD.—In this city, April 5th, at the residence of D. Wetherby, Esq., D. Edgar Becker, to Marietta Sanford, daughter of Orrin Sanford of Cold Water, Mich.

DAVIDS—WRIGHT.—In this city, April 6th, by Rev. Day K. Lee, Mr. William Davids of Union Springs, to Miss Myra A. Wright of Auburn.

## MARRIED.

KEYES—COBB.—In Homer, at the residence of the bride's sister, Dec. 3d, by the Rev. G. H. Brigham, Jason A. Keyes to Henrietta G., daughter of E. B. Cobb, Esq.

## MARRIED.

HOLIDAY—PERRY.—In St. Peter's Church, this morning, by Rev. P. P. Bishop, March 23d, at the residence of G. H. Doud, Maj. A. A. SABIN, of this city, to Miss A. J. WHEATON, of Fleming.

## MARRIED.

COSSUM—VORHIS.—Wednesday morning, the 15th inst., by Professor E. A. Huntington, at the house of the bride's father, Mr. Frederic Coosum to Miss Catharine E. Vorhis, both of this city.

## The Execution of a Deserter.

The mails bring a lengthy account of the first military execution of the war, on Friday last. The main facts have already been given in our special dispatches from Washington, but the *Advertiser* adds more additional items of interest:

"There was an unusual stillness prevailing all the morning in the camps throughout the whole division. The importance of the ceremony about to be performed had evidently been deeply impressed on the mind of every soldier. Orders for the formation of the line had been read in every regiment, and every man was busy preparing to attend the execution.

"Johnson remained in the Chaplain's tent until the hour arrived for him to take his place, the most conspicuous one of any in the mournful funeral procession. The spot chosen for the impressive scene was a spacious field near the Fairfax Seminary, a short distance from the camp ground of the division. The troops fell into line, forming three sides of a square, in the order designated in the programme, precisely at three o'clock P. M.

"In the meantime the funeral procession was formed at the quarters of Capt. Boyd, Provost Marshal of the Alexandria division, near the headquarters of Gen. Franklin. Shortly after three o'clock it reached the fatal field.

"The Provost Marshal, mounted and wearing a crimson scarf across his breast, led the mournful cortège. He was immediately followed by the buglers of the regiment, four abreast, dismounted. Then came the twelve men—one from each company in the regiment, selected by ballot—who constituted the firing party. The arms—Sharp's breech-loading rifles—had been previously loaded under the direction of the Marshal. One was loaded with a blank cartridge, according to the usual custom, so that neither of the men could positively state that the shot from his rifle killed the unfortunate man. The coffin, which was of pine wood stained, and without any inscription, came next, in a one-horse wagon, immediately behind followed the unfortunate man, in an open wagon. About five feet six inches in height, with light hair and whiskers, his eyebrows joining each other, Johnson presented a most forlorn spectacle. He was dressed in cavalry uniform, with the regulation overcoat and black gloves. He was supported by Father McAtee, who was in constant conversation with him, while Father Willett rode behind on horseback. The rear was brought up by company C of the Lincoln Cavalry, forming the escort.

"The paper hangings of the East Room a rich crimson, garnet and gold, and were manufactured expressly for this room. They of precisely the same design as the hanging Louis Napoleon's reception room in the Triplex. The whole room now presents a magnificent appearance than it has ever done, a rivals in appearance, perhaps, any similar apartment in the world.

"The Green Room has a carpet of the same design and quality as that of the East Room. The curtains and paper here have also been newed.

"The Blue Room has also been newly papered and carpeted, and new coverings put on the furniture. The windows have been new curtained with brocatelle and lace. Next comes the Crimson Room, which is Mrs. Lincoln's principal reception room. This has been entirely new furnished. The furniture covering is magnificent French brocade satin, crimson, maroon and white.

"Arriving on the ground at half-past 3 o'clock, the musicians and the escort took a position a little to the left, while the criminal descended from the wagon. The coffin was placed on the ground, and he took his place beside it. The firing party marched up within six paces of the prisoner, who stood between the clergymen.

"The final order for the execution was then read by the Provost Marshal. It concludes as follows:

"The foregoing proceedings of the court martial have been carefully examined by the Major-General commanding. The case is marked by every circumstance of aggravation. The accused is shown to have entertained for some time, without any cause, the intention to desert. Nay, if it is to be believed, he enlisted with that intention. He left his camp on the 4th of December, 1861, passed our lines, and meeting with a small body of United States forces, whom he mistook for rebels, proceeded to give them all the information in his power, among which was a statement intended to facilitate an attack on an outlying picket belonging to the national army.

"For simple desertion the penalty is death; for desertion coupled with such treachery there can be no mercy.

"The proceedings, findings, and sentence of the court martial are confirmed, and private Wm. H. Johnson, company D, First Regiment New York Volunteer Cavalry, will accordingly be shot to death with musketry, on Friday, the 13th of December, 1861, at such hour and place as the division commander may designate.

"GEO. B. McCLELLAN,  
Major General Commanding United States Army."

## Improvements at the White House.

The Presidential mansion has just undergone complete improvements by Messrs. Caryl & & Philadelphia. The house has been faithfully throughout, carpeted, curtained, and the upper rooms supplied with new furniture. As comparatively few visitors probably take a look through the White House copy description of the "new fixins" respondent of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, "The carpet for the East Room is a very rich minister, woven in one entire piece—it reflects. It was made and designed expressly for this apartment. The pattern consists of medallions, so arranged as to form one grand allusion of the whole room, and presents a magnificent appearance. The design is M. Thury's, and displays a taste of the most refined character. The entire ground-work is composed of bouquets and wreaths of flowers in pieces.

"The curtains are of rich crimson satin, with gold fringe and tassels.

"The lace curtains were designed and manufactured expressly for this room. They are three yards long and two yards wide, and are finest needle-work ever brought to this country. These splendid hangings are mounted with sufficient gilt cornices of national design, setting a shield and the United States' arms—the design and manufacture both being C. S.

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"The window curtains, carpet, and paper hangings are all in keeping with the elegant furniture of the apartment. In this room is also a grand action piano, from Philadelphia. The hall and stairways have all been newly carpeted and decorated. The President's private dining room has also been newly furnished with green silk brocatelle. The diplomatic dining room has also received similar attention in the matter of refurnishing, etc.

"The guest room, in which Prince Albert Edward was domiciled on his late visit to this country, has been fitted up in the richest possible style. The curtains are of royal purple satin, trimmed with rich gold bullion fringe and tassels. The carpet is a heavy Wilton. The furniture is of the richest carved rosewood. The paper hangings correspond with the balance of the room, giving the whole a regal appearance. The President's room has also been entirely refurnished, as also the Private Secretary's, Mr. Nicolay, and that of the Assistant Private Secretary, Mr. Hay.

"The sleeping rooms and the various other apartments have also been refurnished in appropriate style; while altogether the whole of the superb improvements reflect the highest credit upon the firm to whom was intrusted the furnishing of the mansion. Mrs. Lincoln has expressed herself in the highest terms gratified with the change the house has undergone, and every person who visits the White House must cordially agree with me."

"GEO. B. McCLELLAN,  
Major General Commanding United States Army."

## DIED.

In this city, on the 18th inst., Mrs. LYDIA REYNOLDS, aged 74 years 7 days. Obituary and funeral notice hereafter.

The funeral of Mrs. Reynolds will take place at her late residence on Van Anden street, at 10 o'clock, A. M., Wednesday.

In this city, on Jan. 22 HENRY REYNOLDS, formerly of Auburn, N. Y., aged 76 years and 6 months.

The friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, at the residence of his son-in-law, A. Dwight, No. 48 South Desplaines street, on Friday, at 10 o'clock forenoon.

Rutland (Vt.) and Syracuse and Auburn (N. Y.) papers please copy.

## MARRIED.

VAN DUSEN—WILBER.—In this city, March 11th, by Rev. P. P. Bishop, Mr. George A. Van Dusen, of Nunda, Livingston Co., N. Y., to Miss Ella M. Wilber, of this city. (No cards)

MOSIER—HOLLEY.—At the Western Exchange, at 10 o'clock P. M. of the 11th inst., by H. C. Witherill, Esq., Mr. Nelson Mosier, of Jack's Reefs, aged 18 years, to Miss Eliza Holley, of Elbridge, aged 14 years.

HAZEN—HALL.—On the 31st ultimo, at St. Peter's Church, in Auburn, by the Rector, the Reverend John Brainard, John Hazen, of Ithaca, to Emile, daughter of the Hon. Benjamin F. Hall, of this city.

## MARRIED.

Dec. 18th, at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. Mr. Bowen, Mr. STEPHEN H. LOVELAND, of Auburn, to Miss ANNA HOUGHTALING, daughter of John H. Houghtaling, Esq., of Troop.

## MARRIED.

In Philadelphia, Pa., on the 17th inst., by the Rev. Dr. Barnes, E. KELLOGG BEACH, Esq., to Miss EMILY BURKE, daughter of Nathan Burt, Esq., all of this city.

## MARRIAGES.

GILMORE—LUSK.—At Baldwinsville, February 22d, by Rev. S. R. Dimmock, Mr. Francis H. Gilmore, to Miss Frances J. Lusk, All of Syracuse.

## MARRIED.

In this city, Dec. 26th, by Rev. Day K. Lee, ALVIN WALLACE, Esq., of Auburn, to Miss ANNA BARRETT, of Owasco.

## MARRIED.

In this city, May 29th, by the Rev. P. P. Bishop, Mr. DAVID H. MASON and Mrs. ELIZA P. GILBERT, daughter of E. B. Cobb, Esq.

## DIED.

KELLOGG.—Suddenly, in Genoa, on Monday evening, the 26th inst., Nodajah Kellogg, in the 64th year of his age.

BABCOCK.—Lieut. Horace B. Babcock died at the residence of his father, Gen. Jesse Babcock, in the city of Auburn, N. Y., on the 17th of June, 1865, aged 23 years and 6 months.

He has been in the service of his country more than three years, and his early death was the consequence of the faithful, and patriotic, discharge of his duties. In September, 1861, he enlisted in the 75th Reg't, N. Y. V., was elected Sergeant by his company, and was with that Regiment at Fort Pickens, and Pensacola, and during the first Red River expedition under Gen. Banks, up to the time of taking Port Hudson in 1863. At this latter place, on the 14th of January, year just named, he was wounded in the arm, and was obliged to retire from the field of action. He then obtained a furlough, and went to his home, where he remained till again able to do service. At this time he received a commission as Lieutenant, and was attached to the 9th Artillery, then in Virginia, and where he served faithfully, and with honor, until compelled by declining health to resign his position and go home to die.

In all his service, and in all the hardships, and exposures, and fatigues, incident to a soldier's life, Lieut. Babcock was patient, and dutiful; and he always seemed to appreciate the great and sublime principles for which our people were contending.

He left his camp on the 4th of December, 1861, passed our lines, and meeting with a small body of United States forces, whom he mistook for rebels, proceeded to give them all the information in his power, among which was a statement intended to facilitate an attack on an outlying picket belonging to the national army.

The subject of this notice leaves a Father and Mother—who tenderly watched over him during his last illness, and whose bleeding hearts yet throb with patriotic satisfaction, with the sacrifice which they have laid upon the Nation's Altar. He leaves also, two Brothers, who mourn his early departure sincerely and deeply. May God bless them all; and ever have them in his early care and keeping.

H. B.

## MARRIED.

VAN LIEW—MOSHER.—At the residence of the bride's father, at Ledyard, on the 29th inst., by Rev. Frank Gilbert, Mr. John Van Liew, Commissary of Co. E, 9th N. Y. Artillery, and Miss Mary E. Mosher.

## DIED.

ABBEY.—In this city, March 29th, Carrie Ruth, only daughter of Benjamin and Jane Abbey.

Funeral to be held at the house, No. 83 Mechanic-st., on Tuesday afternoon, at 3 o'clock.

"She is not dead—the child of our affection,

But gone unto that school,

Where she no longer needs our poor protection,

And Christ himself doth rule."

SMITH.—In Fleming, N. Y., March 24th, of consumption, Harriet, daughter of Samuel H. and Mary Smith, in the 24th year of her age.

The deceased was a person of excellent virtues, and was much beloved for her gentle manners and kindly heart. Her sufferings were long and great, but she was at her own dear home, where every kindness and attention of father and mother, brothers and sisters were tenderly given her, and she had a hope and trust that overcame death and made her eager to go to the land of rest.

Clara, her infant daughter, died of the same disease, Dec. 27th, 1862, aged but a few months.

## DIED.

CARPENTER.—In this city at 12 M. March 19th, Mrs. Sevira Carpenter, wife of William H. Carpenter, U. S. Consul to Foo Chow, China, aged 35 years 6 months.

## DIED.

PAZIUS.—In this city, March 25th, Mrs. Margaret Pazius, aged 55 years.

Funeral Sabbath afternoon, at 3 o'clock, from the First Presbyterian Church.

## DIED.

WEBSTER.—At Savannah, (Ga.) June 23, 1865, George Webster, aged 15 years. He was the only son of N. J. Webster, of Scipio, and was a member of the Masonic fraternity.

At Indiana Hospital, Patent Office, Washington, D. C., of typhoid fever, Arthur WHITE, of Auburn, New York, and son of Elisia White of Sennett, formerly Auburn, New York.

Though he died not on the battle field, his whole character proves that had he lived to face the enemy, he would have proven himself no less a brave soldier, than he has always shown himself a dutiful one. This is inserted by his company commander, who is happy to bear witness to the soldier-like qualities of the deceased.

Jannay 4 h. 1865. Joephene, eldest daughter of Avery and Adah Jane Babbett, aged 30 years passed away suddenly to the same disease that had taken her mother.

April 25th, Avry Eugene, only son of those parents aged 23, is laid up in his bed at the instance of the same old doctor, that had borne across the river mother and daughter.

and now July 4th, witnesses the passing across the stream of death the only remaining child of the once happy group. Joephene, aged 18 years, by the same inexorable conqueror who had triumphed in the re-birth of her mother, sister and brother.

thus in the short space of thirteen months and three days, have passed away a whole household, save the desolate lonely husband and father, who died over the grave of his son, for whom he has lived and whom he loves with a mother and a father's love, and with an acute and distinguishing remembrance of the past, seeing that there he goes down into those graves much of his life and of his life a pine storm—his very condition and attitude is in itself an appeal, never more happily

**DIED.**

In this city, on Tuesday, Nov. 26th, of consumption, MARY A. JENKINS, daughter of R. JENKINS, in the 45th year of her age.  
The friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend her funeral, from the residence of her parents, corner north and Van Anden streets, on Thursday, the 28th inst., at 2 o'clock P.M.

**DIED.**

LEN.—On the 13th of December, 1863, of consumption, Edward Allen, Jr., of Aurelius, aged 55 years. In his death the family have lost a kind father and an affectionate husband.

**DIED.**

DUNHAM.—On Monday, Feb. 20th, 1865, at St. Louis, Mo., Dr. Sylvanus Dunham, formerly of this city.

**DIED.**

IVISON.—In the city of New York, on Wednesday night, the 14th inst., Sarah B. Ivison, wife of Henry Ivison, aged 55 years. The remains will be buried in Auburn.

**DIED.**

In Chicago, Jan. 22d, Mr. HENRY REYNOLDS, an old resident of Auburn, aged 77 years.

**DIED.**

BRIGGS.—In this city, on the morning of the 15th inst., Mary King, aged six years and eight months; also Martha Gertrude, aged four years and eight months, only children of Charles G. Briggs.

**DUNNING.**

Auburn, Oct. 2d, 1864, Mrs. Clarissa Dunning, aged 58 years. Funeral Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock, from her residence, 72 North-street.

**DIED.**

On Saturday A. M., March 22d, WILLARD A., son of Cyrus and Dianthe A. Munsell, aged 4 years and 4 days. Funeral from the residence of his parents, at 22 South Fulton, on Tuesday, at 10 A. M. Friends of the family are invited to attend.

At the residence of her husband at Oaks Corners, Ontario co., on Thursday March 20th, CORNELIA, wife of Dr. Joseph Perkins, aged 32 years 6 months and 11 days.

ELIZA J. HAND, wife of Edwin C. Hand, Esq., bridgehampton, Suffolk county, L. I., died Nov. 1861.

She was born in the town of Hunter, Green county in October, 1839, and removed with her parents to Stockbridge, in Madison county, in the year 1847. As soon as she could talk, a pious mother taught her to pray, and from that time to her death, it is believed, she never retired to rest without first committing herself to the care of her heavenly Father. During her last sickness, she said, "when I was a little child my mother led me to Church and taught me to be Christian." At the time to which she referred, she was a member of the Sabbath school, in which she afterward became a faithful and devoted teacher. She was always to be seen in her place on the Sabbath instructing the little children who had been committed to her care, in the great truths of Christianity. She became more than usually interested in the subject of religion, in the year 1858, under the preaching of Rev. Erastus Williams, and in the spring of the same year, united with the M. E. Church in Stockbridge. Mr. Williams became so strongly attached to the youthful convert, who manifested so much zeal in endeavoring to induce others to embrace Christianity, that soon after, when he was prostrated upon the bed of death, he said, that "in heaven he had a fold in which he intended to gather his flock, and he had selected Eliza to lead thither the little lambs." From the time when she united with the Church, her devotion to the cause of Christ and her faith in his religion, have been uniform and unchanging. She never neglected an opportunity to do good—always spoke a kind cheering word to the friendless and unfortunate. For her the grave had no terrors; she looked forward to it as a lovely and coveted spot. Two days before her last illness, she appeared in usual health, and walking with her husband, they gathered a few drooping wild flowers, and some tinted leaves of autumn. She had often spoken of her fondness for that season, that she should like to die while the leaves were falling. As they were slowly returning from that last pleasant walk, it occurred to mind by the leaves which were falling around them, he repeated those lines she always recited with pleasure:

Leaves have their time to fall,  
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,  
The stars to set—but all,  
All seasons are thine own, oh death!"

The few days which followed, previous to her death, she endured her sufferings with fortitude and courage. Those who were admitted to her chamber, long remember the fervency of her prayers, and impression made upon their minds by her words, never to be effaced, as she caught a glance, and left the bright world to which she was hastening. The last feeble lipsings which fell from her lips, a prayer to that Savior whom she had trusted so well, and loved so well.

The chamber where she died, was privileged beyond the common walks of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven."

Stockbridge, Nov. 15, 1861.

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**DIED.**

MISS MARY ANN JENKINS.—The death of this estimable woman has been already announced. A more extended notice will not be deemed inappropriate by those who knew her worth. Miss Jenkins possessed a vigorous and well cultivated intellect, and great goodness of heart. Every enterprise which contemplated the relief of the suffering—the reformation of the erring and the improvement of the young, secured from her an intelligent and zealous support. The Family—the Sabbath school—the Benevolent Society and the Church, have suffered an irreparable loss in her death. Several years since she embraced the religion of Jesus. In the hour of affliction and death, she witnessed its power and lessened. A few weeks previous to her departure, she said to her Pastor, "Death has no terrors for me." At a later period she observed to a friend with evident delight, "Jesus is very precious." Just before the final struggle, she remarked, "I am tired, I am going home,"

the

Advertizer and Union

AUBURN N. Y.

Saturday Evening, Jan. 5, 1867.

**Trial of Citizens by Military Commission.**

One of the most important rights secured by the Constitution of the United States to the citizen for the protection of his person, his property, and his life, is exemption, in civil life, from being held to answer for a capital or otherwise infamous crime without a presentment and indictment by a Grand Jury. A similar one is the right to a speedy trial by Jury when prosecuted for crime.

In harmony with these immensely important provisions of the Constitution, the Supreme Court of the United States have recently decided in the case of Milligan, of Indiana, a criminal deserving punishment, that a person not in the service of the United States in either army or navy, can not be constitutionally tried by a Military Commission, but shall according to the guarantees of the Constitution "enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury of the State and District wherein the crime shall have been committed."

The exemption in civil life is found in the 6th Article of the Amendments of the Constitution, and is in the words following:

"No person shall be held to answer for a capital or otherwise infamous crime unless on a presentment or indictment of a grand jury, except in cases arising in the land or naval forces, or in the militia, when in actual service, in time of war or public danger."

Was Mrs. Surratt in the "militia," or the "land or naval forces?" If not, the Constitution commanded—She shall not be held except on presentment or indictment of a grand jury. There was no presentment—no indictment—nothing but an arbitrary military arrest—no trial by jury as the Constitution commands, but a trial by an unconstitutional Military Commission that had no more validity than Andrew Johnson's "policy." As the Rochester Daily Union and Advertiser says:

"Trial of civilians by Military Commission is nothing more nor less than trial by Andrew Johnson. He is presenter, prosecutor, judge, jury and executioner—all in one, as the appointment and authority of each flow from him."

Andrew Johnson tried the assassins of Abraham Lincoln, and strangled them on the gallows in the place of the Constitution. The trial and condemnation, and the hanging, should have been by a civil court.

**Democrats of Illinois Trying to Lasso Gen. Grant.**

Some of the wise Democracy of Illinois, remembering how successful they were in the capture of President Johnson, have come to the conclusion that they can, just as easily, bind Gen. Grant in their pleasant silken bands. When lassoed they will apply the gyves, well lubricated with Copperhead oil to prevent irritation and abrasion of the skin where the fetters touch. President Johnson made his pile by being captured. So did the captors make their pile, and pile number one, when piled on number two, are nearly large enough to be seen without a magnifier.

Samson was a strong man, and he delighted to dally with the beauties of that enticing coquet, Mrs. Delilah, the friend of the Philistines—the Democracy of her people.—While, with one hand, she fondled the beard on his chin, with the other she bound him and sheathed off his strength.

Gen. Grant is a strong man, and knowing where his strength lies, he will not hazard his locks in the lap of the harlot. The nomination was made on the 4th to place him there. SHE CAN'T BIND HIM. There will be no chance to cry, "The Philistines be upon thee."

210  
212  
2100  
2135  
176

Jan. 22d, at the residence of  
Mr. HENRY REYNOLDS,  
Auburn, N. Y., papers please

**DIED.**

LLIN.—On the 13th of Decem-  
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Auburn, N. Y., papers please

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The remains will be buried in Auburn.

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ELIZA J. HAND, wife of Eliza  
Bridgehampton, Suffolk co.,  
1861.

She was born in the town  
in October, 1839, and re-  
lived in Stockbridge, in Madison  
County, New York. As soon as she could  
to pray, and from that time  
she never retired herself to the car-  
riage, her last sickness  
mother led her to the church  
Christian." She  
was a member of the church  
afterward. She was a  
daughter of the Rev. Dr. C. L. Munsel,  
Stockbridge, in Madison  
County, New York. As soon as she could  
to pray, and from that time  
she never retired herself to the car-  
riage, her last sickness  
mother led her to the church  
Christian."

Auburn March 22d

22d

While this order was being read Johnson stood  
with his hat on, his head a little inclined to the  
left, and his eyes fixed in a steady gaze on the  
ground. Near the close of the reading one of his  
spiritual attendants whispered something in his  
ear. Johnson had expressed a desire to say a few  
final words before he should leave this world and  
appear before his Maker. He was conducted close  
to the firing party, and, in an almost inaudible  
voice, spoke as follows:

"Boys—I ask forgiveness from Almighty God  
and from my fellow-men for what I have done. I  
did not know what I was doing. May God forgive  
me, and may the Almighty keep all of you from  
all such sin."

"He was then placed beside the coffin again.  
The troops were witnessing the whole of these  
proceedings with the intensest interest. Then  
the Marshal and the Chaplains began to prepare  
the culprit for his death. He was too weak to  
stand. He sat down on the foot of the coffin.  
Captain Boyd then bandaged his eyes with a  
white handkerchief. A few minutes of painful  
suspense intervened while the Catholic clergymen  
were having their final interview with the un-  
fortunate man. All being ready, the Marshal  
waved his handkerchief as the signal, and the  
ring party discharged the volley. Johnson did  
not move, remaining in a sitting position for  
several seconds after the rifles were discharged.  
Then he quivered a little, and fell over beside his  
coffin. He was still alive, however, and the four  
reserves were called to complete the work. It  
was found that two of the firing party, Germans,  
had not discharged their pieces, and they were  
immediately put in irons. Johnson was shot  
several times in the heart by the first reserves.  
Each of the four shots fired by the second reserves took  
effect in his head, and he died instantly. One  
penetrated his brain, another his left cheek, while  
two entered the brain just above the left eyebrow.  
He died at precisely a quarter to four o'clock.

"The troops then all marched round, and each  
man looked on the bloody corpse of his late com-  
rade who had proved a traitor to his country."

J. B. Palmer

J. B. Palmer

P. T. H.

