The Democratic Watchman.

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Miscellaneous.

The Murderer's Ordeal.

A CALIFORNIA STORY.

I was fond of the science of physiogomy. From my youth up, I was noted for my proclivity for reading the character of a man from his face; and I finally became such an adept in the art, that I occasionally guess the very thoughts of the individual whose countenance I was studying.

Soon after the gold fever broke out, I went to California, and there I must confess, among what else there was to interest me, I had a grand opportunity for exercising my skill upon all sorts of faces seen under all sorts of circumstances, from the highest triumph of success to the deepest despair of failure. I first tried my luck at digging gold myself, but soon tired of that and believing I could make money faster, and with less labor, I opened a kind of a grocery and provision store, and went regulary into the business of trade, buying most of my articles at Sacramento, getting them hauled to my quarters, and disposing of them at a fair advance, to the miners and others.

My store as I dignified my place of trade consisted of a rude skeleton of poles, with a sufficiency of cheap muslin drawn over them and pinned down to the earth, and was stocked only with the most saleable articles, of which flour, pork, and whiskey found the most ready market, especially whiskey. In the dry seasonit is very dusty, and every one seemed to be dry with a thirst which mere water could not quench. If a man was successful, he wanted whiskey to bring his body up to the the altitude of his spirits; if unsuccessful, he wanted whiskey to bring his spirits up to the altitude of his body; if it chanced to be a little cool, he wanted whiskey to warm him; if it was very hot, he wanted whiskey to cool him; he needed whiskey in the morning to make him bright and active; he needed whiskey at the night to rest him and make him sleep well; he wanted it when he bought, and when he sold, when he won and when he lost, when he stood up and when he sat down; in short, whiskey was the great regulator of human feelings—the genuine *elixir vitae*—and consequently, I did an immense business in whiskey.

Now this, though somewhat irrevelan', brings me to my story.

My store being headquarters of that locality for whiskey and provisions, I was brought in contact with nearly every specimen of the *genus homo* that ventured in that region; and such ano ther conglomeration of white, black and red—such another mixture of gentlemen, laborers, mountaineers, gamblers, thieves and assasins—it would be hard to find outside the limits of California. Of course I had a chance to study all sorts of faces to my heart's content, but having, as I have said become an adept in the art, an ordinary countenance or a man governed by ordinary passions, whether gentle or brutish, did not interest me. I wanted to get hold of what is termed a character—or one whose external would give no indication of his internal to any but a connoiseur—or one that would really puzzle you to tell what to think of him.

Among the many, such an one I at length found. At first I did not notice him—did not think of him. At a causual glance there was nothing to distinguish him from the herd. He came in quietly, unobtrusively, purchased a quantity of flour, pork and tea, paid for the same in gold dust, and went out about his business. He repeated his visits at different intervals, perhaps some half a dozen of times, before he attracted my attention to any thing peculiar in his appearence and then I should have been at a loss to know what I saw more in him at last than at first.

He was apparently about twenty five years of age, of medium height and a slender figure, of a dark complexion; regular features, with dark strait hair, dark eyes, and a beard that covered the lower part of his face—in all of which there was nothing remarkable—nothing striking. He was quiet—not talkative—had nothing to say except about the business he came on—got what he wanted when I was disengaged, paid for what he got like a gentleman, and generally retired with an ordinary "Good day," or some similar civility. And yet as I have said, he began to attract my attention at last, and I began to wonder why. Was it because he was so quiet, reserved and gentlemanly, and did not purchase whiskey like the rest, and occasionally get excited and boisterous? At all events, he had begun to interest me in some way; and the very fact, perhaps; that I could not tell how or why, led me into closer scrutiny, a deeper study of the man.

After this I prolonged his visits as long as I could without causing him to suspect I did so intentionally. The things he had wanted I generally had some trouble in getting, and filling up the interval by remarks about the weather, the country, the success of some, the failure of others—in a word, anything I could think of to induce conversation, watching him furtively all the while He answered easily and readily, and yet with that peculiar kind of reserve that was not suggestive of tending toward familiarity. His replies however evinced a man of mind and education and I began to give him credit for being a thinker—perhaps a practical and selfish dreamer, if I may use a paradoxical term that best expresses my idea.

One day, I scarcely know how I touched upon the general superstitions of mankind, and to my surprise, I saw at last he was interested. His eye changed expression, and brightened, and emitted a strange and peculiar gleam; and my attention being thus directed to his eye, I now bethought I had never seen one like it—one capable of being so apparently open down to the soul while concealing so much. It was off its guard now—the door was really open to the soul of the man—and I looked in at the door of that opening and saw that the soul of that man was a dark one. A nameless fear came over me—A strange thrill passed through me like an electric shot—I felt an electric shudder of dread.—No wonder I had not been able to read him before; the man had been wearing an impenetrable mask.

I now had the key of the mystery, and to him, and I used it. He was interested in superstition—was superstitious himself.—Why? Good men may be superstitious—bad men always are, because they carry a hell of wild fancies within them. Thus it was with this man, as I could see by his eye, and I made his fancies work upon him. I told him stories of sorcery, witchcraft and magic—of ghosts, hob goblins and devils—till he became pale with fear, breathed with compressed lips, and trembled in spite of his great nerve and skill.

If good men, as I have said, are sometimes superstitious, why, you ask, did I think this man superstitious also? First, I answer, because I had accidentally thrown him off his guard and read his soul; and secondly because he was not naturally nervous and credulous. Fear could only arise from the self convicted knowledge of a past wicked deed. The man was even then a criminal.

But let me hasten along to the *denoument*.

It chanced that no other person was present when this conversation occurred about the superstitious fancies of men, and so soon as we were interrupted by the entrance of another customer, my dark visitor left somewhat abruptly. After that he did not come as often as he did before, and never renewed the conversation that had so agitated him, and never, in fact, entered into any other that he could possibly avoid. I kept my thoughts to myself, but made some casual inquiries about him, and learned that he had been so fortunate as to secure a capital "lead," from which his partner, another young man, was taking out gold in quantities that promised to enrich them both, and that both had the good will and esteem of all who knew them.

One dark night, about three or four weeks after this, I was startled with cries of

"Murder! murder! help! help!"

I jumped up, seized my revolver, and darted out into the open air. The cries and screams still continued, coming from a bend of the river about a hundred rods below.—In a minute I was joining five others, all well armed, and together we ran as hard as we could to the place from whence the alarm proceeded. When we arrived there, at least thirty men were collected in and around the tent of the dark man I have been describing, and he himself it was that had given the alarm. His partner and companion had been robbed and he himself had been slightly cut across the face and gashed on the left arm, and he was all excitement, lamenting his dearest friend, and vowing vengeance against the assassin. It was sometime before we could get at the particulars, and then we learned that both had been sleeping side by side, when an unknown robber had crawled under the lighted canvass, stabbed one to the heart, and taken a large bag of gold from under his head. With this he was escaping, when the present narrator awoke and seized him, and received the wounds which had compelled him to relinquish his hold. Lights were brought, and there, sure enough, was the bloody confirmation of all that had been related.

I shall make no attempt to portray the intense excitement, the wild rage and consternation which this daring murder occasioned. Every man felt that if the assassin escaped without his just punishment, there would no longer be security for anyone in our hitherto quiet and peaceful valley, and solemn oaths were taken to hand the wretch if found, upon the nearest tree.

A large reward was offered for his detection and every gambler that had ever been seen about there was more or less suspected, and I believe that, had any man been arrested on the following day, he would have been hung first and tried afterwards. I said less than any, for I had my own suspicions, and I contrived my plot in secret, and made a confident of no one.

The murdered young man was as decently buried as surrounding circumstances would permit, and his companion, my superstitious friend, grew more moody with grief, refused to work his "lead" any more, and proposed selling off his rock and tools, and quitting the country altogether. I think he would have at once, only that I told him that it would not look well to leave without an effort to discover the murderer, as some people might be malicious enough to say that he knew something of the matter, and so get into trouble. He turned very pale and declared that he would stay a year if he thought by that means he could discover the assassin of his dear, dear friend.

On the second afternoon following the tragedy, almost every individual in the vicinity, the friend of the murdered man among the rest, assembled at my store, at my particular request. I had told them I had something to communicate respecting the foul deed, and I though it not unlikely I should give them some clue to the assassin.

When all had collected, and arranged themselves, as I had directed, in semi-circle before my door—eager, expectant, excited—I came forward holding in my hand an egg. Then I made them a short speech on the superstitions of mankind, which I contended their origin in mysterious facts revealed from the other world by God's good providence for the protection of the innocent and the punishment of the guilty, and among other things I mentioned how the ghosts of their victims would haunt the murderers, compelling them to reveal their crimes—how land and sea had been known to give up their awful secrets—and how it had been asserted that if the guilty wretch should place his hands upon the body of the man he had secretly slain, the wounds would bleed afresh. "And now, gentlemen," I continued, "I hold in my hand as sure a test as any I have named. This simple egg, so fair to the view, contains the murderer's secret. Let him but take it in his hands and the frail shell will crumble to pieces and show to all that it is filled with the blood of his victim. You will excuse me gentlemen for putting you all to the test.—We do not know each other's secrets—the murderer of the young man we buried yesterday may be among us; but only the *guilty* need *fear* the trial, the *innocent* will surely pass the ordeal unharmed."

As I said this, I fixed my face upon the dark visitor, my suspected man. I never saw a more wretched and ghastly countenance, nor a greater struggle in any living being to keep a calm and unmoved exterior

The egg began its round. Some took it gravely, some lightly, some turned slightly pale, and some laughed outright. But on it went, and came nearer to the man for whom it intended. I could see that he was trembling—that his very limbs were getting white.

"It is your turn now!" I said at length in a cold, stern tone.

"Mine!" he answered, with a ghastly attempt to smile. "Why—why—should I—I take it? Poor Wilson was my—my—friend!"

"Let him prove so now!" I said. "All eyes are upon you. Take the ordeal sent by Heaven, and prove your innocence—*if you can!*"

He glanced hurriedly around. All eyes were indeed upon him, and with looks of awakened suspicion. He made one desperate effort to be calm—then seized the fatal egg with trembling hands.

The next moment it was crushed to atoms and his hands were wet and stained as with human gore.

A wild yell burst from the crowd.

A despairing shriek came from the lips of the guilty wretch; and falling rather than sinking down upon his knees, he cried out—

"God of mercy, forgive me? I did kill him! I did kill him! for his gold! his gold! Oh, cursed gold! Oh, cursed gold! Oh, God of Heaven forgive me!"

"And how many before him I demanded.

"Three! three! Oh God of mercy, forgive me!"

There was another wild yell, or rather howl of fury—a rush, like wolves on their prey—and the poor wretch was seized, almost torn limb from limb, and dragged furiously away.

In less than ten minutes from his confession he was dangling from a neighboring tree swinging by his neck.

So died the murderer whose name I have suppressed, because he had respectable friends who are still living.

I will only add that believing him guilty I had previously prepared the egg, putting red coloring matter in it, expecting to see him crush it through his superstitious fear of a supernatural discovery. They promised me the reward for the detection of the murderer—but this I declined. Justice was all that I had sought and this I had obtained

☞In the battle at Pittsburg Landing, young Martin Beem, of Alton, Illinois, scarce eighteen years old, was a Sergeant in the Thirteenth Missouri, having entered the regiment as a private. On that Fatal Sunday the color bearer was shot down at his side he caught up the flag and carried it through the day, and slept that night with its folds around him. The next morning his captain appointed him a Second Lieutenant *pro tem pore*. The first volley killed the First Lieutenant and Martin took his place. Soon after the Lieutenant Colonel fell and the Captain of Martin's company acted as Major, leaving this young hero to carry the company through the battle, which he did most gallantly, and escaped unharmed.—Young Beem was in a printing office when the war broke out, he went to St. Louis and enlisted among the three months' volunteers. At the expiration of that service he enlisted for the war. We may hear more from him ere the war is over.

☞An eminent physician has discovered that the nightmare in nine cases out of ten is produced by owing a bill for a newspaper.

Select Poetry.

A Legend of the Juniata.

BY "GAY."

The pale, waning moon from her silver-like throne
Cast her light on a river, dark, silent and lone;
But the crystal-like river rolled murm'ring along,
Never checked by the rays—never ceasing its song.

On its shore a are huge masses of dark mossy rocks,
Some broken in fragments—some pebbles—some blocks,
Others piled as with care, near the pure, limpid stream,
Done by Nature—that magic, how strange! like a dream.

All along the green brink, on the high banks around,
Stand trees whose red leaves have long covered the ground:
From the tall pine and maple the gum seems to shrink,
And the sycamore stretching his arms o'er the brink.

But see! on the shore, to the right of the stream,
Where the moon's glittering rays seem to sparkle and gleam,
On a rock, 'neath that cliff that towers so high,
As if striving, (but vainly) to touch the blue sky.

Yes, there on a rock, that by nature adorned
With long mossy hangings, like velvet are formed,
Sits one who, tho' silent, a look would betray,
A lonely, brave spirit,—his thoughts far away.

I now see him plainly, tho' the night's long since past,
And the shadows of age o'er my vision are cast;
Yet still thro' its dimness that chief I behold.
So mournful, so silent, now long pale and cold.

On his brow, oh, how noble! a head-dress he wore
That sat like a crown 'neath the plumes that he bore;
Around his broad shoulders, across his deep breast,
Were hung bow and quiver, the arms he loved best.

'Round a form that Dame Nature but seldom bestows,
Was a white Wampum belt that bold form to enclose.
And his feet were encased in the skins of the deer
Bound round with quills or the porcupine's spear.

He rises, he speaks, and with outstretching arm,
He points to the moon—he has broken the charm.
Now he sobs, oh, what anguish! that dark flashing eye
Reminds me of lightning when thunder's close by.

"I came from the West where the Prairie grass waves,
To the land of my fathers—the noble and brave,
Who once were so many—their warriors so bold,
Their daughters so fair and their wisdom untold.

The white man now plants his corn o'er their bones,
On the soil hallowed dear by the Indian's moans.
The Great Spirit willed it—hard, hard is my fate;
But if mine is so hard—white man, thine is great,

I'm the last of my race, all our warriors have passed
To the land of the spirits, the happy and blessed,
Where the flowers of youth and beauty ne'er fade,
'Neath the sun in the West where these fair Isles are laid.

E'er the pale moon leaves her place in the sky,
Shall the dark Juniata hear Okoona's last sigh!"
Then grasping his weapons he plunged in the stream,
And the brave and his race all had passed like a dream.

'Twas said by old hunters—believing the tale—
That on beautiful nights when the moon's waning pale,
The ghost of the Warrior oft roamed o.er the spot
Where his red fathers dwelt, which in life he had sought.

Douglas' Opinion of Senator Sumner.

If there was any man that the late lamented Senator Douglas regarded with abhorrence, it was Senator Sumner of Massachusetts. Here is a portrait that he drew of him in 1854. Addressing himself to him he said:

"Is there anything in the means by which he got here to give him a superiority over other gentlemen who came by ordinary means? Is there anything in the fact that he came here with a deliberate avowal that he never would obey one clause of the Constitution of the United States, and yet put his hand upon the Holy Bible, in the presence of this body, and appealed to the Almighty God to witness that he would be faithful to the Constitution, with a pledge of perjury on his soul by violating both that oath and the Constitution? He came here with a pledge to perjure himself as a condition of eligibility to the place. Has he a right to arraign us because we feel it to be our duty to be faithful to that Constitution which he he disavows, to that oath which he assumes and then repudiates? The Senate have not forgotten the debate on the Fugitive Slave Law, when that Senator said, in reply to a question whether he was in favor of carrying into effect that clause of the Constitution in regard to the rendition of fugitive slaves?

"Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?" A dog, to be true to the Constitution of your country? A dog unless you are a traitor? That was his position; and still he comes here and arraigns us for crime, and talks about audacity?—Did mortal man ever witness such audacity in an avowed criminal?"

☞A story of an enterprising news-boy is told by a Detroit paper. He took the telegraphic heading of the News of the Tennessee battle, and at his own expense, had them telegraphed to Port Huron and the various places along the railroad route. On the receipt of such news everybody was stirred up and eager to get the full particulars. As the evening train arrived at the various stations he found crowds anxiously awaiting him, and everybody calling for the papers. At Port Huron a meeting was in progress at the church, and the choir was singing as the whistle sounded the approach of the train. The meeting at once broke up and the congregation dispersed to read the news, and in a few moments every paper had been disposed of.

A Negro Falstaff.

A Western correspondent of one of the Mississippi gun-boats, gives the following account of a spicy conversation with a philosophical darkey:

"I noticed upon the hurricane deck today an elderly darkey wtth a very philisophical and retrospective cast of countenance, squatted upon his bundle, toasting his shins against the chimney, and apparently plunged into a state of profound meditation.—Finding upon inquiry that he belonged to the Ninth Illinois, one of the most gallantly behaved and heavily-losing regiments at Fort Donelson battle, and part of which was aboard, began to interrupt him upon the subject. His philosophy was so much in the Fallstaffian vein that I will give his views in his own words as near as my memory serves me:

"Were you in the fight?"

"Had a little taste of it, sa."

"Stood your ground, did you?"

"No sa. I run."

"Run at the first fire, did you?"

"Yes, sa, and would hab run soona, hab I no'd it war cumin."

"Why, that wasn't very creditable to your courage."

"Dat isn't in my line, sa—cookin's my perfeshin."

"Well, but have you no regard for your reputation."

"Reputation's nuffin to me by de side ob life."

"Do you consider your life worth more than other people's?"

"It's worth more to me, sa."

"Then you must value it very highly?"

"Yes, sa, I does—more dan all dis world, more dan a million ob dollars, sa, for what would dat be worth to a man wid de bref out of him? Self-preserbashun am de fust law wid me."

"But why should you act upon a different rule from other men?"

"Because different men sets different value upon dar lives—mine is not in de market."

"But if you lost it, you have the satisfaction of knowing that you died for your country."

"What satisfaction would dat be to me me when the power of feeling was gone?"

"Then patriotism and honor are worth nothing to you?"

"Nuffin whatever, sa—I regard dem as among de vanities."

"If our soldiers were like you, traitors might have broken up the government without out resistance."

"Yes sa, dar would have been no help for it. I wouldn't put my life in de scale 'ginst any gobernment dat ever existed, for no gobernment could replace the loss to me."

"Do you think any of your company would have missed you, if you had been killed?"

"May by not, sa—a dead white man ain't much to dese sojers, let alone a dead nigga—but I'd miss myself, and dat was de jint wid me."

It is safe to say that the dusky corpse of that African will never darken the field of carnage.

THE TAX BILL.—Since the report of the tax bill, published some time since, was given to the public, several new amendments have been made to it as follows:

For kissing a pretty girl, $1.00.

For kissing a homely one, $2,00—the extra amount being added probably as a punishment for man's folly.

For ladies kissing one another, *Ten dollars*. The tax is placed at this rate in order to break up the custom altogether, it being regarded by our M C.'s as a piece of inexcusable absurdity.

For every flirtation, 10 cents.

Every young man who has more than one 'girl' is taxed $5.00.

For courting in the kitchen, 25 cents.

Courting in the sitting room, 50 cents.

Courting in the parlor, $1 00.

Courting in a romantic place, $5,00 and 50 cents for each offence thereafter.

Seeing a lady home from church, 25 cents for each offence.

Seeing her home from the dime society, 5 cents—the proceeds to be appropripated to the relief of disabled army chaplains.

From a lady who paints, 50 cents.

For wearing low necked dresses $1.00.

For each curl in a lady,s head above ten, 5 cents.

For every unfair device for entrapping young men into the sin of matrimony, $5, 00.

For wearing hoops larger than ten feet in circumference, 8 cents for each hoop.

Old bach's over thirty are taxed $10,00.

Over forty, $20.

Over fifty, $50, and sentenced to banishment in Utah.

Each pretty lady is to be taxed from 25 cts. to $25 dollars, she to fix the estimate of her own beauty. It is thought that a very large amount will be realized from this provision.

Each boy baby' 50 cents.

Each girl baby' 10 cents.

Families having more than eight babies are not to be taxed.

☞The higher you rise, the wider is your horizon; so the more you know, the more you will see to be known.

☞To make a girl love you, coax her to love somebody else.

About Pockets.

Pockets are a marked feature of civilized life. Their history is the history of humanity, and a catalogue of their successive contents would furnish a condensed biography. There were no pockets in the fig-leaf of Eden; our first parents had no need to hoard or appropriate, for the trees and herbage of the garden offered them freely all their simple wealth. There were no pockets in Adam's first blouse of skins, for as yet he had no knife wherewith to cut tobacco, and was innocently ignorant of the potency of the marvelous weed. But when life grew hard and human interests conflicting, then the pocket became a developed institution, a receptacle for the means of daily solace, amenity and convenience. It is a social, not selfish institution. It contains supplies, not hoards. The treasures of a miser are buried in a vault; while the subsidies of the pocket are appropriately known as change. From its warmest corner comes the penny for the street sweeper, the toys for the fireside, and the weekly gratuities for charities of every kindly name.

But the most characteristic deposits are not in money. Children prefer the concrete to the abstract, the end to the means.—While the little man wears the dress of his sister, his pockets like hers, are filled with cakes and candies. But very soon he seeks a wider range of activities, and the sweetmeats, not yet ignored, dispute possession inch by inch, with jews-harps, fish-hooks, tops, kites, kite strings and knives. If he is mechanical, the knife gains a companion in an ivory rule; if studious, in pencils and paper.

Then comes the belligerent period, when the country boy makes investments in powder and shot, and the young citizen is an amateur in pistols and percussion caps.—And as war alternates with peace, the tomahawk with the calumet, so about this period, if at all, is developed a preference for cigars and 'fine cut,' but these are noxious weeds that are liable to choke out all healthful growth. Just as rats leave a sinking ship, when these fragrant treasures find their way to the pocket, indignant moths leave the young men's wardrobe in disgust. It will be well if the odor does not serve to expel more desirable visitants than these.—Then follows the youth's latest pocket companion, the watch, pointing with its golden finger the silent moral of the time.

For the girl, her early sugar plums give place to the cheap luxury of paper dolls, soon followed by that familiar implement, a thimble. Hard upon this comes the scribbling stage, when the pocket finds room for pencil and paper, for notes of many pages duly crossed, and filled with the fancies and follies, the friendships and fashions of sixteen. It is but a slight change from these romantic missives to those of a warmer hue, the billet doux of boyish admirers to be followed we trust by the firm lines that bear the frank avowal of a manly love. Yet these last will not long remain in the pocket; these are too precious guests for such familiar treatment, and shall retire to some inner sanctuary, set apart for the holiest of all.—

With love comes sorrow, with sorrow religion; so when our crowned woman has hidden away her heart's treasures, hallowed by kisses if not by tears, amid a shower of fallen rose-leaves, perhaps prophetic of their fate, she receives a new friend, a pocket Bible in their place. Consecrated to labor, love and duty, the pocket thus meets the whole round of human needs.—*Springfield Republican.*

THE CONTRIBUTION BOX IN CALIFORNIA.—Those who go around with the contribution boxes in California churches, plead and argue the case at the pews as they go along. In one instance the following dialogue occured:

Parson L. extended the box to Bill, and he slowly shook his head. "Come William, give us something," said the parson.

"Can't do it," replied Bill.

"Why not? Is not the cause a good one?"

"Yes but I am not able to give anything."

"Poh! I know better; you must give a better reason than that."

"Well I owe too much money—I must be just before I am generous you know."

"But William you owe God a larger debt than anybody else."

"That's true parson; but then he ain't pushing me like the balance of my creditors!"

GOOD LUCK.—Some young men talk about luck. Good luck is to get up at six o'clock in the morning; good luck, if you had a shilling a week, is to live upon eleven pence and save a penny; good luck is to trouble your heads with your own business, and let your neighbors alone; good luck is to fulfill the commandments, and do unto other people as we wish them to do unto us. They must not only plod but persevere. Pence must be taken care of because they are the seeds of guineas. To get on in the world, they must take care of home, sweep their own doorways clean, try and help other people, avoid temtations, and have faith in truth and God.—*De Witt's Lecture.*

☞You need not tell all the truth unless to those who have a right to know it all.—But let all you tell be the truth.

Interesting Statements of Jeff. Davis' Coachman.

WASHINGTON, MAY 5.

The following statement has reached Washington. It is contained in a letter dated yesterday on the Rappahannock:

A colored man came in to-day from the other side of the river and reported himself as Jeff, Davis' coachman. From an examination of him this appears to be the truth.—He repeats scraps of conversation which he overheard whilst driving Mr. and Mrs. Davis in the carriage, and between Mr. Davis and those who came to see him. Mr. Davis and Gen. J. E. Johnston had some heated discussions about the latter's retreat from Manassas. Davis disapproving of the measure. He had ordered a stand to be made at Gordonsville, which Johnston declined to do, and offered to resign. He was even indisposed to go to Yorktown. Mrs. Davis said she thought this was very bad in him to be unwilling to go and help Gen. Magruder. The coachman overheard the conversation between Gen. Johnston and Davis' wife, the former saying that if he had not left Manassas when he did Gen. McClellan would have come out against him and cut him to pieces.

Mrs. Davis read an article from the Richmond *Examiner* to her husband, saying that it was a part of the Yankee plans that Generals Banks and M'Dowell were to form a junction in Louisiana or Caroline county and move down on Richmond. Davis remarked that he thought it was so, but his generals would take care of them.

The coachman overheard a conversation between Davis and Dr. Gwin, formerly United States Senator from California. Davis said that he had sent General J. R. Anderson from North Carolina to resist the march of the Federals from Fredericksburg, and to delay them long enough for him to see the probable result of the contest before Yorktown, so that if it was likely to be unsuccessful he would have time to extricate his army from the peninsula and get them into Richmond and out of Virginia, otherwise they would all be caught.

The coachman represents that Mrs. Davis said the confederacy was about played out: that if New Orleans was really taken she had no longer an interest in the matter, as all she had was there, and that it was a great pity they had ever attempted to hold Virginia and the other non cotton growing States. She also said to Mrs. D. R. Jones, daughter of Colonel Jas. Taylor, U. S. Commissary General of Subsistence, who was very anxious to get to Washington, where she had one of her children, not to give herself any trouble, but stay where she was, and when the Yankees came to Richmond she could go. He says Mr. and Mrs. Davis have all the books, clothing and pictures packed up ready to move off; that there is much outspoken Union feeling in Richmond; that, having been a waiter in the hotel, he knows all the Union men in the place, and that the Yankees are looked for with much pleasure—more by the whites than even the colored people.

Confederate money is not taken when it can be avoided. Mrs. Davis herself was refused when she offered a ten dollar Confederate note for a purchase.

Many of the Richmond people wish the Union troops to come, as they are half starved. The Bank and Government property are all packed up to be removed to Danville, near the North Carolina line.

Gen. Johnston did not think the rebels would succeed at Yorktown. The coachman overheard an officer say that if they failed at Yorktown and New Orleans they would leave Virginia.

PROPOSED TESTIMONIAL TO THE GALLANT LIEUT. WORDEN.—Hon. Edward Everett has written an appeal to his countrymen in behalf of Lieutenant Worden the brave and gallant Commander of the Monitor, during her fearful encounter with the Merrjmac, on the Ninth of March last. After setting forth in fit and effective terms the services of Lieut. W., on the memorable occasion, and paying a just and eloquent tribute to his courage, devotion and patriotism, Mr. Everett closes as follows:

"Under these circumstances, it is respectfully submitted to the public, whether Lieut. Worden ought not to receive some solid mark of their appreciation and gratitude.—Complimentary swords and snuff boxes, however gratifying to a deserving officer will not support a family, or supply the loss of eye-sight and bodily strength. A few personal friends of the gallant young man, taking the above facts into consideration, and being of opinion that some generous and substantial acknowledgment is due to one who has so freely risked his life in the cause of his country, and in so doing rendered a service absolutely inappreciable, whether we consider the material interests or the national honor at stake, have determined to make appeal, with that object in view, to the community.

"At their request, having been kept informed of Lieut. Worden's condition by frequent private communications from those whose great privilege it has been to assist in his care and minister to his comfort since his arrival at Washington, I have taken the liberty, of course without any privity on his part, direct or indirect, to bring the subject in this way before the public, and I respectfully invite the sympathy and co-operation of my fellow citizens in all parts of the country.