

My JOHN C. HENRY. I wandered through Virginia, Tom, And sat beneath a tree, And all the scenes of former years...

A simple board is all, friend Tom, That marks their place of rest, Whilst vines of myrtle kindly deck The clove upon each breast...

How sad a sight to see, friend Tom, Those mounds with grass o'ergrown, And know they're heaped on your father's tomb...

But ah! alas! vain, friend Tom, Are all those wishes now, The lasting trace of sorrow's seen On many a youthful brow...

A few short years ago, friend Tom, I left this world to care, And from our graves who is there, Tom, To shed affection's tear?

But when our time has come, dear Tom, And death has laid his hand, I hope they'll lay me near some friend Of twenty years ago.

BELLEFOUNTE, PA. MISGENE HEIRESS. BY A. HINES, AUTHOR.

Simon Brown, esq., resides on B street, Boston, in the same house with the rest of his family, except his departed wife and daughter, Rebecca, an only female daughter.

Simon Brown is also a denizen in a fashionable war-church, which situation he obtained on account of having done much service for his country in this war as an army contractor.

It was a democrat when the war first broke out, but a number of Boston patriots surrounded him one Sunday evening in his own room, and offered him a job of making several millions of coats and trousers for soldiers, at an immense profit, he would only "come over."

So Simon, seeing the thousands more of his kind. Several hundred, like him, like him, is one of the "patriots" of the country, and consequently believes the noble nigger to be a pure white man, and only black on account of his color.

Simon was also "born of poor but respectable parents," and whether his father was a "weaver" or not, we don't know, but he must have been something, or else Simon wouldn't have been born.

However, whether Simon had a father or not, he was considered the most patriotic patriot in all Boston: He was likewise charitable, like others of his kind, as any one could see, for he gave every poor woman he could get to work at the price, 10 cents a piece for each army garment, which only cleared for himself the "small sum" of \$5 on each soldier-coat.

Simon was also a miscegenator; that is he thought "yellow" the most beautiful color for white children hereafter. He often said that the Irish and Dutch should not associate with the negro. He therefore was in the habit of keeping the blessed contrabands in his house for a week at a time; and sometimes he would treat noble African-Americans with some private whisky, which he always kept on hand for medicinal purposes only, as he belonged to a temperance society, and chewed brown paper when he went out to keep down the smell of liquor.

CHAPTER II. Descon Brown had only one child, and she was an only daughter—10 years old, 12 hands high, and black hair. Her form was mouldy in the strictest sense of the word, and she had a gait as faultless as that of the Greek Slave. Her name it was Rebecca.

She was called after her mother in the Bible, which accounts for her being of that name. CHAPTER III. Rebecca, like her parent father, had got to be a great Union man also; and she had sympathy for the down-trod African race, such that she could pick out, in the dark, an animal of that class from an assemblage of Germans and Irish, just by his peculiar shrill-like odor, which she had learned to scent with a precision equal to a dog. And several were the noble contrabands that she would in this way bring to her father's house.

CHAPTER IV. Old Mrs. Brown stood fast to her ancient Democratic faith, and hence she would look "nary a drop for no such black, dirty, stinking niggers," as she often expressed herself; therefore old Brown and the lovely Rebecca had to do all the cooking for the negroes.

(NOTE.—Old Mrs. Brown was a "sound syster.") CHAPTER V. Old Brown had already made piles of greenbacks, and often would he take them from the drawer and proudly shake them under the beautiful nostrils of his darling Rebecca, saying: "These are for you, my killing, as thy wedding portion, one of those bright days."

"All mine," gasped Rebecca. "All mine," spoke the father, as he carelessly put the pile back into its hiding-place.

CHAPTER VI. "O'ay mornin' rix in the east," and so did old Brown; but neither of them got up for some time to see Rebecca get out of her downy bed of goose-feathers, dress, pack up, slide, sphyx-like, down the stairs, go to the drawer, and gently put the bundle of greenbacks into her carpet-bag, and silently "git," with as reluctant a contraband as ever miscegenated to the morning train.

"Pshaw!—A big nigger had stayed a week at old Brown's as his guest, sometimes asleep, and sometimes talking to the girl, Rebecca, who likewise talked to the nigger slave." The old woman caught her in the wood-house several times, and begged her accordingly. But still Rebecca loved, and still Rebecca loved.

The Democratic Watchman.

"STATI RIGHTS AND FEDERAL UNION." Vol. 10. BELLEFONTE, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 14, 1865. No. 14.

THE NIGGER LOVED, and they both loved. So they miscegenated and eloped unbeknownst to both parent and mother while they both were snoring their regular night's snore.

Old Brown was also opposed to Rebecca marryin' a nigger, although he thought a plenty of them apparently. Old Mrs. Brown viz that morning before old Brown, she riz, "as it were," by instinct. She smell something in her sleep, she awoke. She called for Rebecca, but no Rebecca's voice could be seen. She ran to the chamber of her daughter, but nary Rebecca was there. She had flown the fly of love.

CHAPTER VIII. The 8 o'clock train for Canada came along. Old Brown was the first man on board. The loco' tooted its tutehad was off. Old Brown, so a minute. He would not see it any longer; so he riz and went forth to the conductor. He sez: "Mr. Conductor, couldn't you let her slide a little faster? I'm in pursuit of an unfortunate daughter who has eloped."

Conductor—"She's slidin' now as fast as she ever slid." Still the old man walked to and fro on the car, for he was restless and fothy. CHAPTER IX. The train which brought Deacon Brown had arrived at the bridge of Niagara. He was there likewise. But where was Rebecca? She had crossed the bridge and was gone—alas, gone forevermore.

(NOTE.—The reader should here stop and feel bad.) About a short year after that eventful morning, (which was but a few weeks ago,) as Deacon Brown was emerging from his front hall door, he saw a basket setting in his door. It had something in it, and as he raised it up he seen something equal. He hurried with the basket to his wife, who hadn't got through sighing for her lost daughter Rebecca. She raised the cover, and exclaimed: "Lord bless me, if it ain't a baby! and a nigger one, too, at that!"

"Some scoundrel of a nigger has been playing me a nice trick, indeed," said old Brown, at the highest pitch of mad. "And here is a note, as I live, addressed to you," said the old woman, anxious for it open and hastily perused its contents, for she had an instinct what was up, to wit: CANADA EAST, &c.

"Dear Father: Accompanying this note you will find your only grandchild. According to your teaching, I eloped with and married an African. You know the one. He lived with me but a fortnight, taking with him the money you said was mine on my wedding-day. My shame prevented me from returning home. I am now living with a white gentleman, but he would not own my child; so I thought I would send it to you, as you will want an heir for your property. I have named it Misgene Heiress. I will never return.

"Hoping that mother is in heaven, I am your lost daughter, REBECCA." Upon looking at his grandchild, old Brown spasmed. The old woman, who had grit, said it served him right; he had no business to bring niggers about the house where there was a young and innocent girl; guessed he had enough of nigger now; and thinking of the fate of the lost daughter, she swooned a swoon also, leaving the infant Misgene Heiress to squeal out its squeal.

The author, being near at hand, rushed in and applied his patent "Life-Saver" to the throat of the unfortunate old man, which restored him to life in a very few minutes; but as soon as he'd see the baby he'd re-spasm, and cry out "nigger! nigger! nigger!" It was a slight case of "nigger on the brain."

The old woman swooned for keeps, leaving the old man to nurse his own yaller grand-baby; which concludes this sad and solemn story. [Signed] A. HINES.

THE "DEATH WATCH." The "death watch" (Anobumstridium) is a very common inmate of our house. Among those who are unacquainted with the habits of insects, there is a common superstition that the strange ticking sound often heard in old houses is a sign of approaching death. The noise, however, is caused by a small beetle which during its boring operations, rubs its neck and thorax (chest) together by which means it (to some persons) terrible omen is produced—a fact which, if more generally known, would save a world of needless anxiety and uneasiness. In the larva state these insects do great injury to our furniture and the wood work of old houses which they gnaw continually. When captured, this beetle feigns death, and with the strongest pertinacity, proffering, it is said, certain death upon a slow fire rather to betray the least sign of vitality. The "death watch" on account of its retired habits minutely and dark color is very seldom seen, and as there are often several individuals working at the same time at their operations the sound seems to proceed simultaneously from opposite directions thus adding to the superstitious terror where by some persons, it is regarded. The greatest evil however to be dreaded from it is the injury it does through its operations in the wood work of our houses. It is not larger than a good sized flea.

Did the man who tought the sea and afterwards planted his feet upon his native soil, ever harvest the crops?

A. T. STEWART.

The New York correspondent of the Post writes: "The papers are very busy with A. T. Stewart's income—a matter known only to himself. He is the sole master of all that is bought and sold. He knows every article that comes in or goes out of the store. No bundle leaves without a check. He selected a shawl for his wife one day, and neglecting to check it, it could not leave the building. No merchant in New York works so many hours, or gives such undivided attention to his business. His rooms are in his downtown store. He comes down partly, takes his dinner about five o'clock, returns, and remains at his work till late at night. He finds his pleasure in business. He is as difficult to approach as the Grand Lama. Go to the store and you will be met at the door by a courteous gentleman, once an affluent merchant, who kept his own establishment. To your question if Mr. Stewart is in, a response comes, "What is your business?" "I want to see Mr. Stewart." You can't see him unless I know your business." It is private, you say—"Mr. Stewart has no private business. I must know what you want, sir." If your statement is satisfactory you are allowed to pass up stairs. Here you are met by another band of portly gentlemen, once a judge of one of our courts—now the confidential business agent and companion of Mr. Stewart, to whom he devotes all his time. He subjects you to a series of cross questions as rigorous as though you were on a stand at court. He keeps you for Stewart if he can. If he can't, when your turn comes he ushers you into a little box, 10 by 20, where sits the autocrat of the New York merchants. He receives you with a blank countenance and a cold eye. His voice is suppressed, his face inanimate, his air impatient. You hurry through your business, and need a strong temptation to run the gauntlet again.

HEADING OFF A LAWYER. Rufus Choate, in an important marine assault—battery-at-sea case, had Dick Barton, chief mate of the clipper ship Challenge on the stand, and badgered him so for about an hour that at last Dick got his salt water head, and hauled by the wind to bring the keen Boston lawyer under his batteries.

At the beginning of his testimony Dick had said that the night was "dark as the devil, and raining like seven bells." Suddenly Mr. Choate asked him—"Was there a moon that night?" "Yes, sir." "Ah, yes! A moon—" "Yes, a full moon." "Did you see it?" "Not a mite."

"Then how do you know there was a moon?" "Nautical almanac said so, and I'll believe that sooner'n any lawyer in this hall." "What was the principal luminary that night, sir?" "Binnacle lamp aboard the Challenge." "Ah, you are growing sharp, Mr. Barton."

"What in blazes have you been grinding me this hour for—to make me dull?" "Be civil, sir. And now tell me what latitude and longitude you crossed the Equator?" "Sho! you are joking."

"No, sir! I am in earnest, and I desire you to answer me." "I shant."

"Ah, you refuse me, do you?" "Yes—I can't." "Indeed! you are, chief mate of a clipper-ship, and unable to answer so simple a question?" "Yes—it is the simplest question I ever had asked. Why, I thought every fool of a lawyer knew there ain't no latitude on the Equator!" "That shot floored Rufus Choate!"

A great sensation was created at the Opera House, last evening, by the appearance of two persons in the parquette, who were, by common consent, recognized as the very incarnation, par excellence, of staidy and petroleum. The lady's head dress was all abed with gold and precious stones. The diamonds alone are estimated at \$10,000 while the other valuables on her person, could not be worth much less than \$20,000 more. Her male companion, likewise, was a spectacle for gents and men; his magnificent white satin vest had a small row of buttons, and in every button was a sparkling diamond. Cravat and wristbands were likewise set off with gems of the richest and rarest description. No body seemed to know who they were. They sat so near the orchestra that the Big Fiddle and the Little Fiddle were at times quite distracted. Harmony was lost in amazement. Their majesties, as if to attract all the mere attention, left the Academy at the end of the fourth act taking care to make almost the entire circuit of the parquette before shaking its dust from the soles of their feet.—N. Y. Letter.

The legislature of New York having proposed to remove the capital from Albany, the Monticello Watchman says nearly every town in that State is a candidate for the honor, and adds: "Monticello don't want it. There is plenty of scallwags and lunatics here now."

As a four-horse team, loaded with powder, was passing through Wilburham village, Massachusetts, recently, the powder went off, instantly killing the co-driver and his team, and making a complete wreck of the wagon.

VAST ARMIES AND THEIR MOVEMENTS.

There have been vast armies and grand movements in ancient times. Here is a record of some of them: Sennacherib, the Bible tells us, lost in a single night 185,000 by the destroying angel. The city of Thebes had a hundred gates, and could send out of each gate 10,000 fighting men and 200 chariots; in all, 1,000,000 men, and 2,000 chariots.

The army of Terah, king of Ethiopia, consisted of 1,000,000 men, and 200 chariots of war. Sesostris, king of Egypt, led against his enemies 600,000 men, 24,000 cavalry, and 27 scythe-armed chariots; 1491 before Christ.

Hamular went from Carthage, and landed near Palermo. He had a fleet of 2,000 galleys and 3,000 vessels, and a land force of 300,000 men. At the battle in which he was defeated, 150,000 were slain.

Ninus, the Assyrian king, about 2,200 years before Christ, led against the Babylonians an army of 1,700,000 foot, 1,700,000 horses and 16,000 chariots armed with scythes. Sennarams employed 2,000,000 men in building Babylon. She took 100,000 prisoners at the Indus and sank 1,000 boats.

A short time after the taking of Babylon, the forces of Cyrus consisted of 600,000 foot, 120,000 horses, and 2,000 chariots armed with scythes. "Army of Cambyzes, 50,000 strong, was buried in the desert sands of Africa by a south wind."

When Xerxes arrived at Thermopylae, his land and sea forces amounted to 2,611,100, exclusive of servants, eunuchs, women, sailors, etc., in all numbering 5,282,220. So say Herodotus, Plutarch, and Isocrates. The arms of Artaxerxes before the battle of Caxuca amounted to about 1,200,000. Ten thousand horses and 100,000 feet fell on the fatal field of Issus.

When Jerusalem was taken by Titus, 1,100,000 perished in various ways. The army of Tamerlane is said to have amounted to 1,600,000, and that of his antagonist, Bajazet, to 1,400,000.—Zion's Herald.

THE END OF THE WAR, THE BEGINNING OF DEMOCRATIC ASCENDENCY.

Some of the short-sighted opponents of the Democratic party imagine that its existence depends upon the success of the Southern revolution. They forget that it was the inauguration of that revolution which carried in the hands of their own party the power which it had obtained by the votes of a majority of the people of the Union. They forget that when the Southern states seceded, twenty-two Democratic Senators were taken out of the U. S. Senate, and some sixty Democratic members out of the lower house of Congress. They forget that owing to these facts, they have been able to hood-wink a sufficient number of fools in the North into the belief that the Democratic party is responsible for the Southern revolution, to enable them to carry elections in half a dozen doubtful states. They forget that the war has given them engines all powerful for the crushing of their political opponents—a moneyed aristocracy, a system of civil espionage, a vast army subject to their dictation, and unlimited means for corrupting the people. Their three hundred thousand office holders, each one, on an average, able to control a half dozen votes, were alone capable of giving them the two millions, one hundred thousand votes cast for Lincoln. Thus it will be seen, the revolution in the South, has enabled them to hold power, whilst, per contra, it has prevented the Democracy from attaining it. Hence, it is plain that the sooner the war ends, the better for the Democratic party. For just so soon as the immense patronage attendant upon its prosecution and the appliance of force for the use of which the Southern revolution has given the Administration a plausible excuse, shall have fallen from the hands of the abolition party, just so soon will that party sink beneath the scorn and hatred of an outraged and well nigh ruined people. Mark our words, the end of the war, as the beginning of Democratic ascendancy. May the God of nations grant that that end shall soon come!—Bellevue Gazette.

Some people hope that Lincoln's life will be spared now, in order that the country may be saved from the disgrace of an "incoherent" Vice President. But is there not a slight chance of improvement in case that Providence should will it otherwise? Lincoln, it is true, is reported to be a sober man, but it is none the less true, that if he is always sober, he is always wrong; so Johnson sober is Johnson wrong; so Johnson drunk might perchance, so Johnson right. As proof of this, in his "incoherent" speech in the Senate he talked about the "Constitution." He certainly never would have thought of talking of that document if he had been sober. There is not a word about it in Lincoln's inaugural! Not a word! It is evident therefore, that a drunken Abolitionist is more likely to be right than a sober one.—Ex.

WANTED TO STAY.—A young Russian shot himself in the streets of Paris a few days since, because his family wanted him to return home. Sooner than leave Paris he killed himself.

The Empress Eugenia wore seventy-eight lace skirts all at once, recently.

MILITARY OUTRAGE.

Provost Marshal Gen. Hinks committed, yesterday, an outrage upon public morals which deserves and needs to be rebuked from every good citizen, and to which it is justly obnoxious. While we make every allowance for the exuberance of feeling resulting from the intelligence of the glorious triumph of our arms, we cannot excuse Gen. Hinks, who occupies a high and responsible military position under the Government, for his conduct on this occasion.

A slight degree of intoxication, exhilaration, or whatever other term we might choose to designate it by, might be overlooked. But when the Provost Marshal not only imbibes to such excess as to attract the attention of the whole city to his mad freaks, such as riding on horseback into and out of the drinking room of one of the first-class hotels, and when interfered with by police officers in the discharge of their duty, ordered out a squad of sixteen soldiers, under command of a lieutenant, to arrest those officers, and actually does arrest them, it is impossible, in the discharge of our duty, as a sentinel on the watch tower of liberty, to overlook the offense. Gen. Hinks, the Provost Marshal of this State, yesterday outraged public decency and morals in the manner alleged.

He rode on horseback into the Jones' House and out again, and when remonstrated with by police officers, ordered out a military squad to arrest them. They were arrested, confined in a room, and an apology demanded of them for attempting to restrain this redoubtable military chieftain from indulging in the excess he was committing.—Harrisburg Union.

SPRITUALISM EXPOSED.—The Portlanders claim that they have outwitted the "spirits" connected with a certain Dr. J. H. Randall, who has been giving manifestations in their city, through a "boy medium." Master Henry B. Allen, one of the principal manifestations at every "séance" was the pulling of the hair of some person who sat beside the boy, who put his hands all the while upon the person in such manner that he was assured it was the spirits and not the boy who pulled his hair. This went on many evenings, till some one blocked his hair well with lampblack and took the position beside the boy for the spiritual manifestation of hair pulling. The hair was pulled as usual; but it was found immediately afterwards that everything on which the boy medium had laid his hand was smooched with lampblack. At this "spiritual revelation" the "séance" broke up abruptly—and the Doctor refunded to the audience the money received for "paste boards," notvise remarking that the boy had played the trick upon him as well as upon others.

Barnum has delivered a lecture on "The Art of Money-Getting." The funds in printing the lecture to send it to the soldiers. Of what use could a lecture on the art of money getting be to soldiers. If it were on the art of getting their honest dues from the government it might be of some service to the poor fellows. Or if it is designed to be up to the moral standard of the Abolition war, it ought to be entitled "The art of stealing spoons and negroes." But that is a lecture that should be delivered by Ben Butler, and not by Barnum. We never heard Barnum accused of such baseness.—Old Guard.

What is now called "the government" to this country is a sight to behold. The President an obscure jockey of rail splitter. The Vice President an ignorant, insolent, drunken sot. The Chief Justice, a man who is neither a lawyer nor a Christian. Congress, a cabal of rascals, thieves, and butchers. Negroes the favored guests in the parlor of the White House. White men more degraded than negroes, in all the chief seats of office. Mas! poor country!—Old Guard.

A PROLIFIC MOTHER.—Mrs. Andrew Allison, residing in Beaver county, three miles from Hocktown, last week gave birth to four healthy children. Some twenty months ago Mrs. Allison gave birth to three daughters, whom she named Cora, Dora, and Nora. These seven children, born within a period of two years, were, at last accounts, doing well, as was also their mother.

GEORGE W. KENDALL, formerly of the New Orleans Piracy, has been heard from. He is on his face in Texas, raising sheep and outfit and shouting wild turkey, waiting for peace, troubled somewhat by the Indians, and "waxing on threescore years."

A SINGLE COPY of a late Memphis paper contains accounts of fifteen murders, robberies, and incendiary fires in that city, all having occurred in one day. Memphis, under abolition rule, is a nice (!) city to live in.

A MAN by the name of Wells has been inaugurated governor of the State of Louisiana—the government of which is now carried in the breeches pocket of General Butler.

A number of war clergyman have been petitioning for a recognition of God in the Constitution. These bloody-minded persons had better begin by recognizing God in their pulpits.

The New Jersey Senate rejected the constitutional amendment for the abolition of slavery by a vote of twelve to seven.

CHAINS AND SLAVERY.

Do not in slavery. The abolitionists of a "strong government" religiously believe in the efficiency of a large national debt. It enables them to keep the masses at work for the benefit of the few—that is to transfer the contents of the poor man's pockets into their own. No more ingenious plan could have been devised by the Puritanical pack which now governs this country, for the enslavement of the people, than this fastidious by this infernal war. An opportunity for this purpose has been sought, and is now being embraced, under the specious pretense of freeing negroes.

This monstrous war, clearly undertaken for the enslavement of the "poor white trash," will end by entangling upon us a debt whose colossal proportions make us shudder when we contemplate the misery, the poverty, the rags, the chains and dungeons, that will naturally follow in its train, should we be naturally issued by the thousands of millions. We shall yet supply the world with them, be the demand what it may, and every bond is a link in the iron chain that binds us. Bonds and slavery—synonymous terms, twin companions—how ghastly the words glide from the lips! Talk ceaseless boundless resources, our ability to pay, and such stuff. England has boundless resources too—the spin never sets upon her possessions, they say—but does that pay her boundless debt? Does that mitigate her burlesque of her over-taxed and down-trodden masses? This country—everything in it—is being mortgaged, under the shallow pretense of philanthropy, for the benefit of a shoddy New England aristocracy.

Bonds and mortgages are being given on our bodies and souls. The bonds and the cotton have been going to Europe so freely of late, that the contraband trade has been reversed, and gold, in the absence of demand for shipment, and in view of large Treasury disbursements—\$17,000,000, in May next, and \$9,000,000 in July, following—has declined with a degree of rapidity quite appalling to holders of every description of property.

But this is not the sole cause of the decline in gold. It is well known that the Secretary of the Treasury has been raising \$200,000,000 by the sale of 7, 80 bonds as they are familiarly called. A great portion of the vast sum of money thus obtained, has we suspect, been held, instead of being immediately distributed by creditors. Hence, we have all been brought to the brink of the precipice, as it were, by the sudden and unexpected reduction of the currency. We see with amazement the wanton amplification of several thousand millions of value, and, in common with others, await the result with painful anxiety. Verily, "riches do take unto themselves wings and fly away." Some infatuated persons seem to imagine that specie may even fall to par, without affecting United States bonds. We, think however, the laws of political economy, will hardly be suspended for the accommodation of these bonds, or those who may happen to hold them, and we understand the Secretary of the Treasury takes the same view of the matter, and has, it is said, invested \$3,000,000 in them, for the purpose of arresting the decline which commenced last week when \$20's suddenly fell from 108 1/2 to 100 and 10 1/2 to 89 1/2. A merchant or banker in distress, will hardly stop to consider whether it is dignified or not, to save his house from failure, by the sale of any property he may happen to hold for temporary investments. The National bank has been based on these bonds; which has occurred since our last issue, has been mainly caused by the immense amount of bonds, sold by Secretary of the Treasury. Unless there should be a further issue of paper-money, there is reason to believe the Treasury, which will prove to be a mere shaver, in comparison with the storm, we shall witness before the expiration of the year. All the property in the country, will be reduced in value to make room for the \$600,000,000 of currency to be issued forthwith, as soon as circumstances will permit. In the summer of 1861, under a specie basis, and when our debt was merely nominal, the bonds of 1861, sold as low as 83, having fallen from 124. We can easily imagine what they would bring in a panic when \$3,000,000,000 of them shall have been issued. Forge your chains and tight your fetters, liberty sleeps now, and the long dreary night of despotism is fast setting in.—Freeman's Journal.

Small-Pox in New York. The New York Observer, a religious journal, contains the following extract from the testimony of Dr. Stephen Smith before the joint-committees of the New York Senate and Assembly on the Health Bill. It is certainly a startling picture: "Small-pox is the very type of preventable diseases. We have a safe and sure preventive in thorough vaccination. And yet this loathsome disease is at this moment an epidemic in New York. In two days, time, the inspectors found 414 cases, and in two weeks upward of 1,200; and it was estimated that about one half were discovered. In many of the large tenement houses, eight and ten cases were found at the same time. They found it under every conceivable condition tending to promote its communicability. It was in the street cars, in the steps in the backs, on the ferry boats, in junk shops, in cigar stores, in candy shops, in the families of tailors and restaurateurs, who were making clothing for wholesale stores; in public and private charities, &c., &c. I hold in my hand a list of cases of small-pox found existing under circumstances which show how wide-spread is the disease." Scolding of a fatal case was told to a very high one; one fatal room where thirty and thirty persons were said; case on a ferry boat where small-pox was attending her and sitting on the table to her husband who had small-pox; that was making signs and symptoms were seen from her skin; a case of small-pox was making signs; what think they now of Andy Johnson as a successor to Lincoln, should the latter unfortunately "kick the bucket?"

Some time ago a young abolitionist staff officer in the Federal Army stole fifteen thousand dollars from the government and sent it to New York. A sister-in-law made the money from whom a portion of it was lately recovered by officers who had been investigating a list of greenbacks.

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