The Democratic Watchman.

"STATE RIGHTS AND FEDERAL UNION."

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LITTLE WILLIE.

Some have thought that, in our dawning, in our being's feeblest glow,
God is nearer little children than their parents ever know.
And that if you listen sharply, better things than you can teach,
And a sort of mystic wisdom trickles through their careless speech.

How it is I cannot answer; but I knew a little child
Who, among the thyme and clover, and the bees, was running wild—
And he came, one summer evening, with his ringlets o'er his eyes,
And his hat was torn to pieces, chasing bees and butterflies;

"Now I'll go to bed, dear mother, for I'm very tired of play."
And he said his "Now I lay me," in a kind of gentle way;
And he drank the cooling water from his little china cup,
And said gaily, "When it's morning, will the angels take me up?"

There he lies, how sweet and placid! and his breathing comes and goes,
Like a zephyr moving softly, and his cheek is like a rose;
But his mother leaned to listen if his breathing could be heard—
"Oh!" she murmured, "if the angels took my darling at his word!"

Night within its folding mantle hath the sleepers both beguiled,
And within its soft embraces rest the mother and the child;
Up she started from her dreaming, for a sound hath struck her ear,
And it comes from little Willie, lying on his trundle near.

Up she springeth, for it strikes upon her troubled ear again,
And his breath, in louder fetches, travels from his lungs in pain,
And his eyes are fixing upward on some face beyond the room,
And the blackness of the spoiler from his cheek hath chased the bloom.

Never more his "Now I lay me," will be said from mother's knee,
Never more among the clover will he chase the bumble-bee.
Through the night she watched her darling, now despairing, now in hope,
But about the break of morning did the angels take him up.

Correspondence of the DEMOCRATIC WATCHMAN

LETTERS FROM THE WEST.

NUMBER THREE.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.
October 30, 1865.

DEAR WATCHMAN: I purpose, in this letter, giving your readers an idea of an "overland outfit," "ox and mule teams," and how goods and emigrants travel to Idaho, Colorado, Utah and Nevada Territories.

Emigration from the eastern States westward generally commences about the middle of April; but the more prudent emigrants will never "pull out" until the 10th of May, as the grass upon the plains is not of sufficient growth to give the necessary pasturage prior to that time, and the roads are almost impassible during the month of April, mud and water in many places keeping the teamster in most grievous check. It requires three different classes of people to ultimately complete a settlement. The first is known as the "squatter," who loads up his family in one wagon, covered with a bed-quilt, and in another like-covered wagon he puts in his household effects, which generally consist of one stove, cooking utensils, such as pots, kettles, and pans, two mattresses, bed-traps, plow, axe, wood-saw, barrel of "hard tack," a little old bacon, and a bushel of beans, with such smaller articles as are absolutely indispensable. With this outfit upon his wagons, he attaches thereto two yoke of oxen, and "pulls out" for some distant prairie, beyond the din of civilization. Finding some sequestered spot, near timber and water, he "dumps off" his household valuables, including his wife and children, and at once commences to construct a rude "log hut," into which he "packs" the aforesaid valuables, after which, with the help of his half starved oxen, he begins to "break his prairie" and get it ready for cultivation.

The first year he generally consumes all he raises, and the second year he raises enough more to purchase a surplus supply of whisky and tobacco for himself and family, who, of course, are equal partners in the consumption of both. The third year he gets enough from his land to guarantee him a "trip back to the settlement" on a trade and commerce tour. Stopping at some "two-fifty hotel" some impudent newsboy thrusts a "five cent daily" under his nose, which being a rarity—the first he has seen in the newspaper line since his emigration—and from the columns of which he learns that some obnoxious and intrusive railroad corporation is about to extend their line of road further westward, touching or passing through his domain, and having a natural aversion to locomotive whistles and railroad enterprises, he "finishes up" his business in the "settlement," and makes a banter of his claim" to some speculator; who, excited by the squatter's description, and induced by the prospect of a railroad, visits the rude and lonely habitation, counts down a hundred or two in "chink" to the squatter, who relinquishes his claim, and that partially cultivated section is at once "entered" in the land office by the speculator, and he, for one dollar and fifty cents per acre, becomes the legal and sole possessor of the land. If a railroad is likely to make a terminus, a crossing, or a station there, he lays out his section in "town lots," advertises each *third lot* for sale at ten dollars apiece, gives his town some historic or romantic name, and thus induces a third and better class of emigration thereto, who come as merchants, mechanics and laborers, and ultimately settle and build up the town, which, after it receives a population of 1500 inhabitants, more or less, (especially *less*) has ten whisky and bier saloons, one billiard and two "pigeon-hole" tables, one brewery, two livery stables, a blacksmith shop, church, three fights, and *five lawyers*, is incorporated as a city, and soon becomes popular either for its wickedness, or for its enterprise and commercial advantages.

Where one individual locates temporarily upon some selected section of land, and fails to erect a cabin thereon or improve the land, leaving it for a month or more, another person coming and "squatting" thereon and improving it, it is called "jumping the claim," and is a very frequent cause of bloodshed and murder at the hands of the first and original squatter.

I have thus particularized these three different classes of emigration in order that your readers may understand how the western country is settled. The words in quotation marks are the cant phrases made use of by these classes in their respective connection.

A "mule train" consists of from 15 to 20 wagons, drawn by six mules each. These wagons are of very heavy build, narrow and wide track, and capable of carrying from fifty to sixty hundred weight of goods. They are generally manufactured in Chicago, of eastern timber, and sell at from $175 to $225 apiece. The teams are driven by old and young drivers, who are armed with a brace of revolvers, and having a rifle to each wagon. Their wages are $75 per month and found, in the summer season, and $100 per month and found, in the winter season.

The train is loaded with dry goods, groceries, whisky, flour, bacon, and all kinds of produce, which are carried to Denver City—a distance of 600 miles west of this city—for ten dollars per hundred pounds, and a further distance in proportion. It requires 35 days,—good roads,—to make the trip; longer, if the roads are bad. As a return loading, they bring back hides, furs, and discouraged miners. A careful and economical train master can clear, as many have, $1600 on the "round trip" of 80 days.

An ox train is similar in formation, loading the same and charging the same rates; but paying from ten to twenty dollars more per month for drivers.

Two or more wagons are frequently hitched together and drawn by twelve yoke of oxen, urged on and guided by one driver, thus saving expense, while performing the same labor. On the return trip, as many as twelve wagons, if lightly loaded, are hitched together and drawn by the same number of oxen. If a train can be brought back without the use of the full number of oxen that took it out, the surplus oxen are sold at the mines for beef or work oxen, thus realizing to the seller a very profitable income.

It requires about two weeks longer to make the round trip with oxen than it does with mules. Hence, the latter is known as the "express train," and the former as the "slow freight."

But my allotted space is occupied. In my next I will discourse on the choice lands of Iowa. Until then, adieu!

"HAWKEYE."

SHERMAN'S MARCH THROUGH SOUTH CAROLINA.

The Philadelphia *Lutheran and Missionary* of the 27th of July, 1865, contained an article entitled the "Southern Lutheran Church," by the Rev. E. W. Hutter. Among other things Mr. Hutter charged the Rev. Dr. Bachman, of South Carolina, with having refused to administer the communion to a Union soldier, and also with having gloated over the "barbarities" inflicted on Federal prisoners. Dr Bachman has replied to these accusations in an article which appeared in the *Lutheran and Missionary* of October the 20th. We are only able to make room for the following extracts. We thought that we had formed an adequate idea of the horrors of war, but as we, from day to day, learn more and more of the story of the late conflict, we are staggered in the effort to realize that the incidents of which Dr. Bachman was an eye-witness could possibly have transpired in a civilized land:

"I have been the pastor of the same church and people for nearly fifty-one years. During that long period, when five generations have been under my ministry, the harmony that existed among us has been disturbed by no discordant sounds. When the handful of persons with which I began had increased in to three large congregations, I was under the hope that I had not been a useless laborer in advancing the interests of the Church in the South, and strove to unite discordant material which composed the old General Synod in the Nothern and Middle States. I certainly did not expect that the voice of slander would reach me in the advanced period of my life, being in the 76th year of my age. Here I have lived and labored, and here I expect my remains to rest with those that loved and cherished and clung around me from youth to age.

I defy you and, your contemptible informer to produce a single case of my inhumanity—and when you publish to the world "that no man in Charleston gloated so openly over the barbarities inflicted on our prisoners as this same Dr. Bachman," you certainly do not place yourself in the position of a meek and lowly servant of Christ. You do not regard the command which enjoins us not to bear false witness; you drop the lamb and assume the attitude, the growl and the malignity of the tiger. I appeal to every virtuous citizen of Charleston, if I have not devoted my life to mitigate the evils of yellow fever, cholera and civil war.

During the war, I will venture to say, I have visited, succored and attended at the bedside of more United States prisoners than you have done to the sick and wounded. Including both armies. Allow me here to give you a specimens of my "gloating over the barbarities inflicted" on your prisoners. You will be able to judge what were the causes of my resentment, and how I sought revenge when it was in my power.

When Sherman's army came sweeping through Carolina, leaving a broad track of desolation for hundreds of miles, whose steps were accompanied with fire and sword, and blood, reminding us of the tender mercies of the Duke of Alva; I happened to be in Cash's depot, six miles from Cheraw. The owner was a widow, Mrs. Ellerbe, seventy-one years of age. Her son, Col. Cash, was absent. I witnessed the barbarities inflicted on the aged, the widow, and young delicate females. Officers, high in command, were engaged tearing from the ladies their ear and wedding rings, daguerreotypes of those they loved and cherished. A lady of delicacy and refinement, a personal friend, was compelled to strip before them, that they might find concealed watches and other valuables under her dress. A system of torture was practiced toward the weak, unarmed and defenceless, which, as far as I know and believe, was universal throughout the whole course of that invading army. Before they arrived at a plantation, they inquired the names of the most faithful and trust-worthy family servants; these were immediately seized, pistols presented at their heads; with the most terrific curses they were threatened to be shot if they did not assist them in finding buried treasures. If this did not succeed, they were tied up and cruelly beaten. Several poor creatures died under the affliction. The last resort was that of hanging, and the officers and men of the triumphant army of General Sherman were engaged in erecting gallows, and hanging up these faithful and devoted servants. They were strung up until life was nearly extinct, when they were let down, suffered to rest awhile then threatened and hung up again. It is not surprising that some should have been left hanging so long that they were taken down dead. Coolly and deliberately these hardened men proceeded on their way, as if they had perpetrated no crime, and as if the God of Heaven would not pursue them with His vengeance. But it was not alone the poor blacks (to whom these professed to come as liberators) that were thus subjected to torture and death. Gentlemen of high character, pure and honorable, and greyheaded, unconnected with the military, were dragged from their fields, or their beds, and subjected to this process of threats, beating and hanging. Along the whole track of Sherman's army traces remain of the cruelty and inhumanity practiced on the aged and defenceless. Some of those who were hung up died under the rope, while their cruel murderers have not only been left unreproached and unbung, but have been hailed as heroes and patriots. The list of those martyrs, whom the cupidity of the officers and men of Sherman's army sacrificed to their thirst for gold and silver, is large and most revolting. If the editors of this paper will give their consent to publish it, I will give it in full, attested by the names of the purest and best men and women of our Southern land.

I, who have been a witness to these acts of barbarity that are revolting to every feeling of humanity and mercy, was doomed to feel in my own person the effects of the avarice cruelty and despotism which characterized the men of that army. I was the only male guardian of the refined and delicate females who had fled there for shelter and protection. I soon ascertained the plan that was adopted in this wholesale system of plunder, insult, blasphemy and brutality. The first party that came was headed by officers, from a Colonel to a Lieutenant, who acted with seeming politeness, and told me that they only came to secure our firearms, and when these were delivered up, nothing in the house should be touched. Out of the house, they said they were authorized to press forage for their large army. I told them that along the whole line of march of Sherman's army, from Columbia to Chersaw, it has been ascertained that ladies had been robbed and personally insulted. I asked for a guard to protect the females. They said that there was no necessity for this, as the men dare not act contrary to orders. If any did not treat the ladies with respect, I might blow their brains out. "But," said I, "you have taken away our arms, and we are defenceless." They did not blush much, and made no reply. Shortly after this came the second party, before the first had left. They demanded the keys of the ladies' drawers—took away such articles as they wanted, then looked the drawers and put the keys in their pockets. In the meantime, they gathered up the the spoons, knives, forks, towels, table clothes, &c.—As they were carrying them off I appealed to the officers of the first party—they ordered the men to put back the things; the officer of the second party said he would see them d——d first; and without further ado packed them up and glanced at each other and smiled. The elegant carriage and all the vehicles on the premises were seized and filled with bacon and other plunder. The smoke-houses were emptied of their contents and carried off. Every head of poultry was seized and flung over their mules, and they presented the hideous picture, in some of the scenes in the forty thieves. Every article of harness they did not wish was cut in pieces. By this time the first and second parties had left, and a third appeared on the field; they demanded the keys of the drawers, and on being informed that they had been carried off, coolly and deliberately proceeded to break open the locks, took what they wanted, and when we uttered words of complaint were cursed. Every horse, mule and carriage, even to the carts, were taken away, and for hundreds of miles the last animal that cultivated the widow's corn field, and the vehicles that once bore them to the house of worship, were carried off or broken in pieces and burned.

The first party that came promised to leave ten days' provision, the rest they carried off. An hour afterward other hordes of marauders from the same army, came and demanded the last pound of bacon and the last quart of meal. On Sunday the negroes were dressed in their best suits, they were kicked, and knocked down and robbed of all their clothing, and they came to us in their shirt sleeves, having lost their hats, clothes and shoes. Most of our own clothes had been hid in the woods; the negroes who had assisted in removing them were beaten and threatened with death, and compelled to show them where they were concealed. They cut open the trunks, threw my manuscripts and devotional books into a mud-hole, stole the ladies jewelry, hair ornaments, etc.; tore many of the garments into tatters, gave the rest to the negro women to bribe them into criminal intercourse. The plantation, of one hundred and sixty negroes, was some distance from the house, and to this place successive parties of fifty at a time resorted for three long days and nights, the husbands and fathers being fired at and compelled to fly to the woods.

Now commenced scenes of licentiousness, brutality, and ravishment, that have scarcely had an equal in the ages of heathen barbarity. I conversed with aged men and women, who were witnesses of these infamous acts of Sherman's unbridled soldiery, and several of them, from the cruel treatment they had received, were confined to their beds for weeks afterwards. The time will come when the judgment of Heaven will await these libidinous, beastly barbarians. During this time the fourth party, who, I was informed by others, we had the most reason to dread, had made their appearance. They came, as they said, in the name of the great Gen. Sherman, who was next to God Almighty. They came to burn and lay in ashes all that was left. They had burned bridges and depots, cotton-gins, mills, barns and stables. They swore they would make the d——d Rebel women pound their corn with rocks, and eat their raw meal without cooking; they succeeded in thousands of instances. I walked out at night, and the innumerable fires that were burning as far as the eye could reach, in hundreds of places, illuminated the whole heavens, and testified to the vindictive barbarity of the foe. * * * * * * * *

I was now doomed to experience in person, the effects of avarice and barbarous cruelty. These robbers had been informed in the neighborhood that the family which I was protecting had buried $100,000 in gold and silver. They first demanded my watch, which I had effectually secured from their grasp. They then asked me where the money had been hid. I told them I knew nothing about it, and did not believe that there was a thousand dollars worth in all—and what there was had been carried off by the owner, Colonel Cash. All this was literally true. They then concluded to try an experiment on me which had proved so successful in hundreds of other instances. Coolly and deliberately they prepared to inflict torture on a defenceless, gray-headed old man. They carried me behind a stable and once again demanded where the money was buried, or "I should be sent to hell in five minutes." They cocked their pistols and held them to my head. I told them to fire away. One of them, a square-built, broad-faced, large mouthed, clumsy Lieutenant, who had the face of a demon, and who did not utter five words without an awful blasphemy, now kicked me in the stomach, until I fell breathless and prostrate. As soon as I was able I rose again. He once more asked me where the silver was. I answered, as before, "I do not know." With his heavy elephant foot, he now kicked me on my back until I fell again. Once more I arose, and he put the same question to me. I was nearly breathless, but answered as before. Thus was I kicked or knocked down seven or eight times. I then told him it was perfectly useless for him to continue his threats or his blows. He might shoot me if he chose. I was ready and would not budge an inch—but requested him not to bruise and batter an unarmed, defenceless old man. "Now," said he, "I will try a new plan. How would you like to have both arms cut off?" He did not wait for an answer, but, with his sheathed sword, struck me on my left arm, near the shoulder. I heard it crack; it hung powerless by my side, and I supposed it was broken. He then repeated the blow on the other arm. The pain was excruciating, and it was several days before I could carve my food or take my arm out of a sling—and it was black and blue for weeks. (I refer to Dr. Kollock, of Cheraw.) At that moment the ladies, headed by my daughter, who had only then been made aware of the brutality being practiced upon me, rushed from the house, and came flying to my rescue.

"You dare not murder my father," said my child, "he has been a minister in the same church for fifty years, and God has always protected him." "Do you believe in a God, Miss?" said one of the brutal wretches. "I don't believe in a God, a heaven, nor a hell." "Carry me," said I "to your General." I did not intend to go to General Sherman, who was at Cheraw, from whom I was informed no redress could be obtained, but to a General in the neighborhood, said to be a religious man. Our horses and carriages had all been taken away, and I was too much bruised to be able to walk. The other young officers came crowding around me, very officiously, telling me that they would represent the case to the General, and that they would have him shot by ten o'clock the next morning. I saw the winks and glances that were interchanged between them. Every one gave a different name to the officers. The brute remained unpunished, as I saw him on the following morning, as insolent and as profane as he had been on the preceding day.

As yet no punishment had fallen on the brutal hyena, and I strove to nurse my wounds, and forget the insults and injuries of the past. A few weeks after this I was sent to perform a parochial duty, at Mars Bluff, some twenty miles distant. Arriving at Florence, in the vicinity, I was met by a crowd of young men connected with the militia. They were excited to the highest pitch of rage, and thirsted for revenge. They believed that among the prisoners, that had just arrived on the railroad car, on their way to Sumter, were the very men who had committed such horrible outrages in the neighborhood. Many of their houses had been laid in ashes. They had been robbed of every means of support. Their horses had been seized; their cattle and hogs bayoneted; their mothers and sisters had been insulted, and robbed of their watches, ear and wedding rings. Some of their parents had been murdered in cold blood. The aged pastor, to whose voice they had so often listened, had been kicked and knocked down by repeated blows, and his hoary head had been dragged about in the sand. They entreated me to examine the prisoners and see whether I could identify the men that had inflicted such barbarities upon me. I told them I would do so, provided they would remain where they were and not follow me. The prisoners saw me at a distance—held down their guilty heads, trembled like aspen leaves. All cruel men are cowards. One of my arms was still in a sling. With the other I raised some of their hats. They all begged for mercy. I said to them, "the other day you were tigers—you are sheep now." But a hideous object soon arrested my attention. There sat my brutal enemy—the vulgar, swaggering Lieutenant, who had ridden up to the steps of the house, insulted the ladies and beaten me most unmercifully. I approached him slowly, and in a whisper asked him, "Do you know me sir—the old man whose pockets you first searched, to see whether he might not have a penknife to defend himself, and then kicked and knocked him down with your fist and heavy scabbard." He presented the picture of an arrant coward, and in a trembling voice implored me to have mercy.—"Don't let me be shot; have pity! "Old man beg for me! I won't do it again!! For God's sake, save me! Oh, God help me!" "Did you not tell my daughter there was no God? Why call on him now?" "Oh, I have changed my mind; I believe in a God now."—I turned and saw the impatient, flushed and indignant crowd approaching. "What are you going to do with me?" said he. "Do you hear that sound, click?" "Yes," said he, "they are cocking their pistols." "True," said I, "and if I raise a finger you will have a dozen bullets through your brain." "Then I will go to hell; don't let them kill me. Oh, Lord, have mercy!" "Speak low," said I, "and don't open your lips." The men advanced.—Already one had pulled me by the coat. "Show us the man." I gave no clue by which the guilty could be identified. I walked slowly through the car, sprang into the waiting carriage, and drove off. Rev. E. W. Hutter, this is the way in which I have "gloated over the barbarities inflicted on the prisoners." This is the man whom you have wantonly and orkelly traduced.

It is scarcely necessary, to add that I have not sought this controversy, and only defend myself when grossly and unprovokedly traduced. It should be remembered that we are here writing under surveillance, and are at the tender mercies of a Provost Marshal. The time may come when men can speak freely. Under present circumstances, it is but a contemptible, cowardly act to drag men into a discussion where the freedom of the pen is restricted to one party, and given with unbridled license to another. Yours, &c.,

JOHN BACHMAN.

CHARLESTON, September 14, 1865.

CONFEDERATE MONEY RECOGNISED.—The Lebanon (Tenn.) *Register* says: At the October term of the Circuit Court for Cannon county, 1865, a suit was tried which was predicated upon a promissary note payable in Confederate money, due in November, 1863.

"Judge Cooper held that inasmuch as the United States had acknowledged the Confederate States a belligerent power, that a contract payable in Confederate money, made in a locality that was in the military occupation of the Confederates, would be valid and binding upon the parties, and that the plaintiff would be entitled to recover whatever the proof showed the Confederate money to be worth at the time the note fell due."

——Master Willie had lately seen and heard much of the "waterfalls" with which the young ladies now-a-days adorn the backs of their heads. His attention was fully awakened on the subject. One muddy day he saw on the road a horse whose careful groom had braided and knotted up his switch tail. Willie cried, "Oh! pa, pa, see that horse! He's got a waterfall to his tail."

——An old Dutch tavern keeper has his third wife, and being asked his views of matrimony, replied. "Vel den, you see, de first time I marries for love—dat wash goot; den I marries for beauty—dat wash goot too; but dis time I marries for monish—and dis is petter as both."

——The decadence of waterfalls will cause a great falling of hair.

AUNT HETTY'S TOILET IN 1780.

BY FRANCIS D. GAGE.

Come listen! girls, and I will tell
About Aunt Hetty's toilet;
'Twas one that graced her chasing well—
Don't laugh and make me spoil it.
Aunt Hetty stood just five feet ten,
Without her shoes and hose;
Well-formed and graceful, too, withal—
Blue eyes and Grecian nose.

Her hair above her reverence bump,
Was always neatly tied,
And o'er a Ride-high cushion drawn,
And fastened on one side;
With fearful frizzles stood upright
Upon her temples smooth,
For glossy ringlets then were held
Both ugly and uncouth.

Long strings of pearls of milky hue
Hung careless from her neck,
O'er her vandyke, out square before
Of muslin without speck.
Her dress of costly damask silk,
Full five ells wide or more,
Was stiffened with a wholesome hoop,
And swept the sanded floor.

The ample sleeve the elbow reached,
And fastened by a band;
And gloves with frills six inches deep,
Adorned each pretty hand.
The waist three quarters of a yard,
Was trimmed with ribbons o'er
With point and tassel hung behind,
And buttons up before.

Spangled shoes, with puked toes,
Adorned her little foot,
With heels full out three inches high,
And made of cork to boot.
Her 'kerchief, made of cambric good,
Was always large and ample,
Without embroidery or lace—
Girls follow her example.

Her bonnet!—but my weary muse
Her feeble wing must drop;
If you would see its like again,
Go view an old gig top.
And when Aunt Hetty went to church,
In works, calash and all.
She walked in seven feet dignity—
O, me! but wasn't she *tall*.

THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER.

——Warning to ladies—tattle begins with T.

——The best courage is the fear of doing wrong.

——Affected virtue is more to be dreaded than vice.

——The soul is where it loves rather than where it lives.

——No local associations are so impressive as those of guilt.

——The Atlantic Cable—We shall never see the end of it.

——The tears of repentance that men forget to note, God will count.

——New Definition—Masculine, millionaire, feminine, million-*heiress*.

——To prevent a man from cutting his throat from ear to ear—Cut off his ears.

——The invitation of the ladies will anybody tread on the tail of my dress?

——John Mitchell has arrived in New York, and has taken the oath of allegiance.

——The reason why policemen are never run over is, that they are *never in the way*.

——Four things to resist—a hasty temper, extravagance, idleness, and the devil.

——No metaphysician ever felt the deficiency of language so much as the grateful.

——One of the hardest trials of the heart is, to bear a rival's failure without triumph.

——The difficulty is not so great to die for a friend, as to find a friend worth dying for.

——Gratitude is the music of the heart, when its chords are swept by the breeze of kindness.

——It is now understood that when General Lee surrendered he did not have but 28,000 men. Johnson had 37,000.

——Hon. Jacob Collamer, United States Senator from Vermont, died at his residence in Woodstock, on the evening of the 9th instant.

——Maj. Gen. Judson Kilkpatrick, has been appointed Minister to Chili, and Col. Edwin F. Cook, of the same State, Secretary of Legation.

——Never speak badly of others, even with a cause. Remember we all have our faults, and if we expect charity from the world, we must be charitable ourselves.

——William Jollifoe, Esq., the only brother of the President, died from the effects of an accidental gun-shot wound, at Delano, near Galveston, a few days since.

——Reports from Florence to the State Department, represent that the cholera has greatly diminished in the southern and eastern portions of the Italian kingdom.

——The Secretary of War has ordered the suspension of the closing of the Government hospitals in Washington, so as to have them ready for use in cholera cases.

——A man came into a printing office to beg a newspaper; "because," said he, "we like to read the newspapers very much, but our neighbors are all so stingy to take one."

The republicans would not let the Southern States go out of the Union, and they now oppose their taking their places in the Union. Was there ever such an unreasonable faction.

——Mrs. Maximillian of Mexico recently reviewed the Mexican troops in a carriage that cost $40,000. It was constructed entirely of glass and silver, and the inside lined with satin and gold lace. She's expensive to somebody.

——A little boy running along stubbed his toe and fell on the pavement. "Never mind, my little fellow," said a bystander, "you won't feel the pain to-morrow." "Then," answered the little boy, "I won't cry to-morrow."

——A farmer going to get his grist ground at a mill, borrowed a bag of one of his neighbors. The poor man was knocked under the water wheel, and the bag with Elsi; he was drowned. When the melancholy news was brought to his wife, she exclaimed—"My gracious, what a fuss there'll be about that bag."

——A moon struck wooer presented a rose to a lady, accompanied with the following lines,—

Accept, dear maid, this beauteous rose,
To deck thy breast most fair;
Observe its hue, no wonder why
It blushes to be there!

Answer.

I will accept thy beauteous rose,
And on my breast enslave it;
But should it blush, I should suppose
'Tis for the fool that gave it!

JEFF. DAVIS.

On Monday last, a petition praying for the pardon of Jefferson Davis, signed by fifteen thousand ladies of Baltimore, was presented to President Johnson by a committee of the signers, headed by Mrs. Coleman, daughter of the late John J. Crittenden. Mrs. Coleman addressed the President in a very feeling manner, to which he listened with marked attention. Hesitating for some moments, he finally said:

"That he regretted more than he knew how to express, that he could not grant the petition, and that it would give him more pleasure to accede to the request of the ladies present than it would give them to have it granted. "If," added he, "it were simply a question between man and man, I would release Mr. Davis at once; but it is a great national question. Mighty issues might be involved, and now is not the time to take such a step. I think," continued the President, "I have the courage; or as you form it, ladies, pluck, to do my duty, and have proved it. When the proper time comes for the exercise of magnanimity I trust I shall not be found wanting."

In reference to the trial of Mr. Davis, Mr. Johnson said:

"Almost every arrangement has been made for the trial of Mr. Davis, but no one can tell what changes may be brought about in the course of a few weeks. A hasty and injudicious action in this matter might produce incalculable misery. Mr. Davis has been a great leader in the war against the Government, and it is but right he should be tried by the laws of the land. I sympathize with him in his sufferings. His quarters have been changed and his condition ameliorated."

In conclusion, Mr. Johnson said:

"All men, ladies, are under the influence of women, and I not less than other men. You are my jewels. I want your help and your prayers."

No Knight of old, said one of the ladies, could have been more courtly in his deference nor more gentle in his refusal. The committee left, deeply impressed with the earnestness of Mr. Johnson, and convinced of his kindly feelings and good will.

CONFEDERATE GENERALS.—Gen. Lee is President of Washington College; Gen. Beauregard is superintendent of a New Orleans railroad. Gen. Wise is at present sojourning in Richmond still his old self. Dr. Garnett. Lieut. Gen. Ewell spent the summer months at Warrenton, Va. Gen. (Extra Billy) Smith is at his residence in the same place. Gen. Humphreys is Governor of Mississippi. Gen. Lovell is farming. Genl. Tappan is merchandizing in Vicksburg. Genl. Bate is practicing law at Pulaski, Tenn. Gen. Wm. Mahone is similarly engaged in Nashville, and Gen. Baird at Gallatin. Gen. Breckinridge is a lawyer at Columbus, Ga., and Gen. R. H. Anderson has also returned to the bar. Gens. Bragg and Hardee are cultivating Alabama plantations. Gen. Sorrell is banking at Savannah. Gen. W. T. Martin is farming in Mississippi. Gen. Forrest is running a saw mill on the Mississippi. Gen. Blanchard is planting in Louisiana. Gens. Beuham, McGowan and Connor are candidates for Congress for South Carolina. Gen. Crittenden is at home in Kentucky. Gen. Cheatham is on his farm. Gen. Mahone is at Portsmouth, Va. Gen. Buckner is trying to recover his confiscated property. Gen. S. R. Anderson is awaiting a pardon at Nashville. Gen. Wade Hampton has a candidate for Governor of South Carolina. Gen. Hilliard is at home in Arkansas, and Gen. Jordan writing for the magazines.

EFFECTS OF IMAGINATION ON DISEASE.—The experiments attributed to a physician at St. Petersburg, during the cholera epidemic in that city several years ago, are probably in the minds of some of our readers. This physician obtained of the authorities two criminals who had been condemned to death, to do with them as he thought fit. One of these convicts was made to sleep in a bed in which, as he was told, a man had died of the cholera but the night before—although such was not the fact. After a restless night, the criminal was taken with all the symptoms of cholera and died of that disease, declaring that he had caught it from the bed—a victim to his own fears. The other was made to sleep on a bed wherein a man had died but a few hours previously of the fatal disease. This fact, however, was unknown to the occupant of the bed, who arose in the morning refreshed by his sleep, remaining in perfect health. The stories, also will occur to many of men who, on being condemned to bleeding, were blindfolded, and after slight punctures with needles, placed so that water would trickle slowly from the fancied wound. The men, believing that they were bleeding to death, exhibited precisely similar symptoms to persons who were undergoing the reality, even to death. These facts certainly show that fear and imagination exercised a great and controlling effect on disease.

——The following sermon, though brief, contains a great deal of truth:

"Our ingress in life is naked and bare; our progress in life is trouble and care; our egress out of it we know not where, but doing well here we shall do well there. I could not tell more by preaching a year.

JUST SO.—An editor having read in another paper that there is a tobacco, which if a man smokes or chews will make him forget that he owes a shilling in the world, innocently concludes that many of his subscribers have been furnished with the article.

——Young man, when your sweetheart on a Sunday night, begins to yawn, and in a few minutes that she usually retires at, it is time for you to take your hat and state that pressing business requires your immediate attention.

——In a lecture lately upon the training of children, Henry Ward Beecher gave the following advice to parents: "Never strike a child on the head. Providence has provided other and more appropriate places for punishments."

——Why do the Indians call their home a wigwam? Because that is where they keep their *scalps*.