BEAVER ARGUS.

BEAVER, PENN'A.

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T. C. NICHOLSON & Co., Proprietors.

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☞ Letters and communications, by mail, shall have prompt attention.

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[From the Atlantic Monthly for June.]

WHITTIER'S NEW POEM.

Astræ at the Capitol.

ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, 1862.

When first I saw our banner wave
Above the nation's council-hall,
I heard beneath its marble wall
The clinking fetters of the slave!

In the foul market-place I stood,
And saw the Christian mother sold,
And childhood with its locks of gold,
Blue-eyed and fair with Saxon blood.

I shut my eyes, and held my breath,
And smouldering down the wrath and shame
That set my northern blood aflame,
Stood silent—where to speak was death.

Beside me gloomed the prison cell
Where wasted one in slow decline
For speaking simple words of mine,
And loving freedom all too well.

The flag that floated from the dome
Flapped menace in the morning air;
I stood a perjured stranger, where
The human broker made his home.

For crime was crime; Gown and Sword
At the behest of threefold sanction gave,
And to the quarry of the slave
Came hawking with our symbol bird.

On the oppressor's side was power;
And yet I knew that every wrong,
However old, however strong,
Must meet God's avenging hour.

I knew that truth would crush the lie,—
Somehow, sometime, the end would be;
Yet scarcely dared I hope to see
Its overthrow with my mortal eye.

But now we see it! In the sun
A free flag floats from yonder dome,
And the nation's hearth and home
The justice long delayed is done.

And as we hoped, in calm of prayer,
The message of deliverance comes,
Not heralded by roll of drums
Or waves of battle-troubled air!

Not sounds that madden and appall;—
The song that Bethlehem's shepherds knew!
The harp of David melting through
The demon-agonies of Saul!

Not as we hoped,—but what are we?
Above our broken dreams and plans
God lays, with wiser hands than man's
The corner-stone of liberty.

Cavil not with Him: the voice
That freedom's blessed gospel tells
Is sweeter to me as a slave than hells
Of rejoicing!—yea, I will rejoice!

Dear friends still toiling in the sun—
Ye dearer ones who gone before
Are watching from the eternal shore
The new work by your hands begun,—

Rejoice with me! The chastening rod
Blossoms with love: the furnace heat
Grows cool beneath His blessed feet
Whose form is as the Son of God!

Rejoice! Our Marah bitter springs
Are sweetened; on our ground of grief
Flowers by day in strong relief
The prophecies of better things.

Rejoice in hope! The day and night
Are as with God, and on with them
Who see by faith the cloudy hem
Of judgment fringed with Mercy's light!

Army Correspondence.

Camp at Fair Oaks, June 4th, 1862.

Dear Father:—I seat myself this Sunday afternoon again, to write a few lines to you—not knowing whether I shall have another opportunity for the same again.

We are now on the eve of the most important battle that, perhaps, the world ever witnessed; and it is, no doubt, looked upon, with anxiety by almost the whole world. The result cannot for a moment be doubted. It is now only a question of time. The battle may come off in a few days, and may be a month yet. For my part, I think that McClellan will siege them, be more sure, and save lives—provided he is not forced into an engagement, which is not at all unlikely. It is only about two hours ago that heavy musketry firing was heard on our right; and in a moment every man in this place ready for any emergency. But it soon ceased, and was taken up by the artillery, and quite an artillery fight was kept up for fifteen or twenty minutes, then all was calm, and now not a sound is to be heard, save the hum of human voices in camp.

Nothing new has occurred since I wrote to you day before yesterday.—We are still holding the same position; other troops are going ahead of us on the railroad. Several new regiments from Fortress Monroe have also joined us. These men look like dandies along side of us. They have been lacing in good quarters ever since they have been in the service, where they could keep their clothes in good order, and came up here by water, so that they have never had any hard times, while we have walked every inch of the road from Fortress Monroe, thro' rain and mud, many times knee deep; we have lain out in the rain at night without any shelter whatever, and under such circumstances it has been impossible for us to keep up as good an appearance as troops who have never went through half such hardships. When one of the new regiments came up, they halted in front of our camp. I went out to them, and asked what regiment it was, and where they were from. They told me; and after conversing a little while, one of them told me that they had seen some hard times; that they had slept one night without tents, and that they had been without soft bread for five days. We have had soft bread but twice since we left camp Johnson, and have slept without tents many nights; and when they said this the boys had quite a laugh over it. An officer of one of the new regiments went to an officer of an old one, and wanted to borrow a loaf of bread, saying that he would return it as soon as they could get some; that they had been living on hard bread for four or five days, and was most starved for something to eat. The officer told him that *he* had been living on crackers for three months, and expected to live some time on it yet. These troops are not new in the service, some of them having been in over a year. They are good-looking soldiers, and their appearance amongst us is hailed with joy. We are pretty well worn out, and the coming of fresh men is just what we want.

I have read all the late papers up to the 6th inst. and notice that our regiment and brigade is said very little about. At first it was stated that only three men were wounded in our regiment; and the whole brigade is scarcely mentioned—while other regiments and brigades, that were only engaged a short time, have been lauded to the very skies. For instance, *The Herald* gives the 10th Mass. great praise for service and good fighting, as if they had done great things; and after all, they had only about fifty in killed, wounded and missing; and as the killed are generally one to five wounded, I suppose they had only about ten killed. Several other regiments and brigades, that were engaged Sunday morning only for a short time, are given all the credit of the fight. This, I think, is injustice to some of the men who fought so long and well. Now, our brigade was engaged for three hours and a half, as hard as they could fight. At one time our regiment (the 63d) was almost entirely surrounded, yet they did not flinch, but maintained their position until they could change their position. The Colonel had his horse shot in two or three places, but escaped himself unhurt. Our General, Jameson, had his horse shot from under him, and was saved from being taken prisoner by the bravery of some of our men, when the enemy were close on to them. When the enemy were close upon them, they saw the danger of the General, (his horse having fallen on his leg and held him fast) and they stopped and took the horse off him. At night we fell back ready for the morning; but the timely arrival of fresh troops saved us from being engaged. The loss of our regiment in killed, wounded and missing was 140; about thirty were killed and eight or ten missing, the remainder were wounded, some of whom will not recover. I have not heard how many the other regiments in the brigade lost, but it will be as heavy as ours, and may be more in the 105th; yet we are scarcely mentioned in the papers, all the praise being given to those who were driven from their camps. * * * *

Capt. Hanna, I understand, has resigned on account of ill health. Co. C is now left with but one officer. I do not know who will succeed Capt. Hanna. Most of the boys want Lieut. Taylor; but it is uncertain whether they will get him or not. All the boys from Fallston are well, as far as I know.

Your son,

J. M. Johnson.

☞ "Oh, my friend," said a doctor to an Irish patient, "be composed; we must all die once." "And it's that vexes me," replied Pat; "if I could die a half dozen times I'd not care a cent about this time."

☞ Why is a married man like a candle? Because he sometimes goes out at night when he ought not to.

☞ Prentice says Lot's wife would be worth seventy-five cents a pound in the Southern Confederacy.

Headquarters 100th Reg. P. V., Beaufort, S. C., May 29, '62.

Mr. & Mrs. Samuel Stiles, Rochester—*My Dear Friends*, (For I must esteem you as my friends, though I have never had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with you): I have most sorrowful task to perform, and would fain avoid it, but your son, James, feels unable to attempt it, and by his wish I have the deep regret to inform you of the death of your son Samuel. He and James had both been ill with the measles, but had recovered finely and gone to light duty, when Samuel, very unfortunately, indulged in some improper food and acquired a dysentery which he neglected till it became so violent as to baffle every effort to save him. It may be some mitigation of your sorrow to know that in his sickness he had all the comforts that kindness could place around him. In the hospital the surgeon and the matron, Miss Chase, did all in their power to relieve him and make his condition comfortable. His Captain, Van Gouler, visited him by day and night, at all hours, and prayed with him, and talked to him of his soul's eternal interests; and he manifested a calm, christian spirit of fortitude, faith, hope and confidence in his Redeemer that went far to reconcile us, who loved him so well, to his early and, to us, seemingly untimely death.

He remained conscious till the last, and on the morning before he died he bade farewell to all his friends, and kissed the hands of the matron, and prayed that God would reward her for her kindness to him in his sore sickness. He died about a quarter before five o'clock yesterday evening, (the 28th inst.) conscious to the last moment, giving love and good wishes to all around him.

This army has a soldier less; the country another martyr; and Heaven a new saint. May my end be as peaceful as his, and may his hopes in death be mine.

I write this on the eve of battle. Four hundred of my men are in battle now, under command of Lieut.-Colonel Armstrong, and to-morrow night I move with my command on the road to Charleston. I shall remain at the camp here till I return from the battle of Charleston. If I return I shall keep an eye to your other son. He is a member of Co. K. The Captain is a most kind, brave and christian man. My own son is a Lieutenant. * * * *

Capt. Hamilton furnished the funeral escort, and fired the soldiers' last salute over his grave.

Do not have any fears for James. I, myself, so far as the duties of my office permit, will have an eye to his welfare, and see that no snares beset him. He is in a model company, with gentle, loving officers, who, while they will allow no dereliction of duty, will ever see after the personal interests of their men.

Please accept my truly heartfelt condolence in your bereavement, and may our God reconcile you to His mysterious ways, with plenitude of His mercy.

Daniel Leasure,
Colonel 100th Regiment.

Who are Abolitionists?—Judge S. M. Breckinridge made a powerful speech in the Missouri State Convention a day or two since, in which the following truthful passage occurs:

I think I may say, that without any opinion on this subject that would justify the charge, there is not to be found in the State of Missouri a single man of marked loyalty who has not already been denounced as an Abolitionist, when, in point of fact, he is as far removed from them as he is in the't sympathy from those who profert the charge. This charge has been so often and flippantly made, that I have come to consider it as, perhaps, the most unfailing test of a man's loyalty that he had been denounced as an abolitionist. That man who has been so successful in tempering his loyalty throughout this struggle as to avoid incurring the hostility of the class engaged in treason, and their sympathizers, to such an extent as not to incur the application of that epithet, I will not say he is not loyal, but I will say his loyalty has, in all probabilty, not borne any very distinguished fruits.

☞ A cotemporary says: "If Jeff. Davis wants to get in a safe place, we advise him to climb a high tree and draw it up after him." We suggest an improvement upon this plan—that a connection be first made between Jeff. and the tree by means of a stout hemp rope.

☞ "If I should be drafted into the service, what would you do?" said a gentleman to his wife, lately. "Get a substitute for you, I suppose," whereupon the worst half changed the subject of conversation.

Comparisons of Parson Brownlow---His Estimates of Dough-Faceism.

At the reception of Parson Brownlow in Philadelphia, on Friday evening last, he delivered one of his characteristic speeches, which was worthy of the occasion, and worthy of the patriotic cause for which the Parson has made so great a sacrifice. In the course of the plain homespun truth delivered at his reception, Parson Brownlow spoke as follows:

You have better men in your Pennsylvania penitentiaries than the leaders of this rebellion, and I know there are better men in hell. We are in the midst of a fearful war, begotten without the shadow of excuse, into which we have been plunged by demagogues and scoundrels at the South.

You have a class here at the North who are agitators, and who, in their denunciations of slavery, have done more harm to the slaves than good.—Notwithstanding this, I have the frankness of a candid man to say that it is we of the South, and not you of of the North, that are guilty of bringing this trouble upon us, and the devil will be cheated out of his just rights until he has the pleasure of roasting these leaders in hell. I am here to state the truth and cast censure where it belongs. In 1860 we entered into a Presidential contest, which was a sort of four-horse race. I supported the Bell and Everett ticket. We were unsuccessful, and the leader of that ticket has gone the way of his section, and under threats of violence, made speeches against his convictions. I can only ask you to "pity the sorrows of a poor old man." The other member of my ticket is "right side up with care," and a firm friend of the Union. I may call the ticket I supported a kangaroo ticket which had its strength in its hind leg. Others of you supported the Douglas and Johnson ticket, the leader of which was a gallant little man who, had he been alive, would long ago have been flourishing in battle as a brigadier. Others of you, again, adhered to the meanest ticket that ever was created. Many of you here voted for it, and you ought, tonight, to be heartily ashamed of doing so.

The last of these tickets was known as that of Lincoln and Hamlin. If the telegraph has not brought you the news, I have the exquisite pleasure to announce that ticket as successful. At this fair and constitutional election the South chose to secede, and with Andrew Johnson, and others, we fought the Devil and Tom Walker, in the persons of the rascally Secession leaders, and we'll follow them to the death, and, as they enter the gates of hell, we mean to stand there and make mouths at them.

In forty eight hours after the election I came out in my paper, the Knoxville *Whig*, which, though not white with its piety, was the only religious sheet in the Southern Confederacy. I asserted in that paper that Abraham Lincoln was legally elected as President, and that I supported him, and that if, at the end of four years we did not like him, we had only to pick our flints and try it again. But the unprincipled leaders of this Rebellion had intended, if successful with their Breckinridge and Lane ticket, to remain but four years longer in the Union and then secede.

During that period they proposed fortifying various parts of the South, concentrating nearly all the arms of the Union in that section, and after being thoroughly prepared, strive for a separation, should the succeeding election terminate unfavorably. The unprincipled scoundrels, the heaven-daring scavengers, fully intended this, backed by their apostate Breckinridge, now the greatest drunkard in the South. They did not mean compromise. They meant, at all events, ultimately to secede and set up for themselves. Pryor said: "We can get the Crittenden Compromise, but we don't intend to have it nor any other. We are bound to dissolve the Union. We are in for a fuss particularly, and a fuss generally."

They have got the "fuss," and I hope we will not cease until we exterminate them. Fourteen Senators, representing the seven Cotton States, having taken a solemn oath to support the Constitution and laws of the United States, instead of regarding their sacred trust, held midnight caucuses, resolving to break up the Government, and sending home dispatches, telling the Legislatures to pass the act of Secession and run the States out of the Union immediately.

All the fourteen Senators representing the seven cotton States, I pronounce, individually and collectively perjured; they ought to have their necks tied to the gallows and their tongues cut out by the roots and fed to hungry dogs.

In describing the treatment of Union men in Knoxville jail, as witnessed by himself, Mr. Brownlow said:

One case he would never forget—that of the son of an old minister acquaintance of his, James Madison Cate, a most exemplary and worthy member of the Baptist church who was there for having committed no other crime than that of refusing to volunteer, and who lay stretched at length upon the floor, with one thickness of a piece of carpet under him, and an old overcoat doubled up for a pillow, in the very agonies of death, unable to turn over, only from one side to the other. His wife came to visit him, bringing her youngest child with her, which was but a babe, but they refused her admittance. I put my head out of the jail window, and entreated them, for God's sake, to let the poor woman come in, as her husband was dying. They at last consented that she might see him for the limited time of fifteen minutes. As she came in looked upon her husband's wan and emaciated face, and saw how rapidly he was sinking, she gave evident signs of fainting, and would have fallen to the floor, with the babe in her arms, had he not rushed up to her and cried, "Let me have the babe," and then she sunk down upon the breast of her dying husband, unable at first to speak a single word. He sat by and held the babe until the fifteen minutes had expired, when the officer came in and in an insulting and peremtory manner notified her that the interview must close. He hoped he might never see such a scene again; and yet such cases were common all over East Tennessee. Such actions as these show the spirit of secession in the South. It is the spirit of murder and assassination; it is the spirit of hell. *And yet you have men at the North who sympathize with these infernal murderers. If he owed the devil a debt to be discharged by the rendering unto him a dozen of the meanest, most revolting, and God forsaken wretches that could be called from the ranks of depraved human society, and he* wanted to pay that debt and get a premium upon the payment, he could make a tender to his Satanic *Majesty of twelve Northern men who sympathized with this infernal rebellion.* Why, gentlemen, after the battle at Manassas and Bull Run, the officers and privates of the Confederate army passed through our town on their way to Dixie, exulting over the victory they had achieved, and some of them had what they called Yankee heads, or the entire heads of the federal soldiers of some them with long beards and goatees, by which they would take them up and say, "See! here is the head of a damned soldier captured at Bull Run." That is the spirit of secession at the south. It is the spirit of murder of the vile untutored savage; it is the spirit of hell; and he who apologizes for them is no better than those who perpetrate the deed. And yet, you have in your midst sympathizers with these rascals. You ought to drive them out of Philadelphia on a rail, and if we begin to do so tomorrow he rise immediately . . . and revolved by a long curtain looped up at one side. As I raised my head from the pillow, Rosa looked inside the curtain, and smiled at me. The idea of anything super natural did not occur to me. I was simply surprised and exclaimed. "Why, Rosa! How came you here, when you are so ill?" In the old, familiar tones, to which I was so much accustomed, a voice replied, "I am well now." With no other thought than that of greeting her joyfully, I sprang out of bed. There was no Rosa there! I moved the curtain, thinking she might perhaps have playfully hidden herself behind its folds. The same feeling induced me to look into the closet. The sight of her had come so suddenly, that, in the first moment of surprise and bewilderment, I did not reflect that the door was locked. When I became convinced there was no one in the room but myself, I recollected that face, and thought I must have seen a vision.

"At the breakfast-table I said to the old lady with whom I boarded, "Rosa is dead." "What do you mean by that?" she inquired. "You told me she seemed better than common when you called to see her yesterday." I related the occurrences of the morning and told her I had a strong impression Rosa was dead. She laughed, and said I had dreamed it all. I assured her I was thoroughly awake, and in proof thereof told her I had heard all the customary house-hold noises, and had counted the clock when it struck five. She replied, "All that is very possible, my dear. The clock struck in your dream. Real sounds often mix with the illusion of sleep. I am surprised that a dream should make such an impression on a young lady so free from superstition as you are." She continued to jest on the subject, and slightly annoyed me by her persistence in believing it a dream, when I was perfectly sure of having been wide awake. To settle the question, I summoned a messenger and sent him to inquire when Rosa died.—He returned with the answer that she had died that morning at five o'clock."

I wrote the story as Miss Hosmer told it to me, and after I had shown it to her I asked if she had any objection to its being published, without suppression of names. She replied, "You have reported the story of Rosa correctly. Make what use you please of it. You cannot think it more interesting, or unaccountable than I do myself."

Old Mrs. Jones.—"Biddy, I wish you would step over and see how old Mrs. Jones is this morning. Biddy returned and said Mrs. Jones was just 72 years, 4 months and 15 days.

"What church do you attend, Mrs. Partington?" "Oh! any paradox church where the gospel is dispensed with."

Woman and Rebellion.

The editor of the *Knickerbocker*, in the last number of that magazine, discourses as follows upon "Woman and Rebellion." The rebellion had a very damaging effect, we are sorry to say, upon the angelical virtues of the female sex. We continue to read acts the most heartless character perpetrated by the woman of the North. Nothing in the history of savage life equals the atrocities recorded against the female of Secesh. The men are bad enough but the women are worse. How queer it is that a female knows no half way measure; she is either an angel or a devil, and nothing else.—Men, on the contrary, have the happy faculty of graduating their vice. Men may swear and be otherwise good citizens; but a woman that swears stops short at nothing.

When they once forsake property they know nothing of compuctions of any kind. In fact they seem to glory in their shame, and set a value on their whole worthlessness. Bad as man is, a bad woman is infinitely worse. All the abolitionists are females. In all New York you will find no man who has the shamelessness to make known his profession, as the women in the business do. It is with human nature as with wines—that originally the sweets become the most acrid when they once commence turning. We often hear of mothers killing their children in cold blood. A father only does it when he is drunk or enraged. Nobody but woman would ever have thought of the cruelty of demanding the head of John the Baptist as a small reward for dancing a single turn of the cracrovienne, as was the case with the daughter of Herodias. From these remarks our fair friends must not conclude that we are women haters. It is because we love them that we warn them of the dreadful consequence that their peculiar organization renders them liable if they happen even for a moment from the bright path that God intended they should walk in. This rebellion, we repeat, has cast a dark cloud over the heavenly virtues of woman. Down South it has made her a demon. What a queer institution this crinoline department is.

How He Liked Them.—Dr. Francis was a wag, and once when early peas were on the table, he emptied the contents of his snuff-box over them.—"Francis! Francis!" exclaimed a friend, "what are you about?" "I like them that way," was the answer. He, of course, had the dish to himself. When he had concluded, he exclaimed: "You thought it was snuff, did you? Nothing but black pepper."

☞ "I see, sir, that you have your teeth full of gold." "Oh, yes, I married a rich wife, and she has been throwing her gold in my teeth."

SEEING VISIONS.

HARRIET HOSMER'S NARRATIVE OF A SINGULAR OCCURRENCE.

Lydia Maria Child's article on "Spirits," in the May number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, contains the following interesting passage:

When Harriet Hosmer, the sculptor, visited her native country a few years ago, I had a conversation with her, during which our conversation happened to turn upon dreams and visions.

"I have some experience in that way," said she. "Let me tell you a singular circumstance that happened to me in Rome. An Italian girl named Rosa was in my employ for a long time, but was finally obliged to return to her mother, on account of confirmed ill-health. We were mutually sorry to part, for we liked each other. When I took my customary exercise on horseback I frequently called to see her.—On one of these occasions I found her brighter than I had seen her for some time past. I had long relinquished hopes of her recovery, but there was something in her appearance that gave me the impression of immediate danger. I left her with the expectation of calling to see her again many times. During the remainder of the day I was busy in studio, and I do not recollect that Rosa was in my thoughts after I parted from her. I retired to rest in good health and in a quiet frame of mind. But I woke from a sleep with an oppressive feeling that some one was in the room. I wondered at the sensation for it was entirely new to me; but in vain I tried to dispel it. I peered beyond the curtain of my bed, but could distinguish no object in the darkness. Trying to gather up my thoughts, I soon reflected that the door was locked, and that I had put the key under my bolster. I felt for it and found it where I had placed it. I said to myself that I had probably had some ugly dream, and had waked with a vague impression of it still on my mind. Reasoning thus, I arranged myself comfortably for another nap. I am habitually a good sleeper, and a stranger to fear; but do what I would, the idea still haunted me that some one was in the room. Finding it impossible to sleep, I longed for daylight to dawn, that I might rise and pursue my customary avocations. It was not long before I was dimly able to distinguish the furniture in my room, and soon after I heard, in the apartments below, familiar noises of servants opening windows and doors. An old clock, with ringing vibrations, proclaimed the hour. I counted one,

day at the Capitol during the session of Congress. But the most humiliating result of the condition of affairs there, is the use to which the Capitol has been turned into—an immense bake-house for the manufacture of bread for the soldiers. The basement of the Baptist Church, including the school and lecture room, has been converted into a stable for horses; and a proposition is now entertained of taking Trinity Church for a soldier's hospital, in retaliation for the supposed disloyalty of its pastor, people, and vestry, in the pastor refusing to read the prayer of thanksgiving for the success of the Yankee Government.

Another Christian General.—General Mitchell, at the conclusion of a sermon preached to the 9th Ohio Brigade near Shelbyville, Tennessee, took a huge rock pulpit and occupied half an hour in delivering a religious discourse of surpassing eloquence. He commenced by saying "that he did not come there as the General Commanding, but as man to men, and aiming for the same state of eternal happiness." He insisted that the highest duty of a soldier was to be a Christian; religion heightened every enjoyment, and better prepared him to discharge his duty. A chaplain who was present says: "It was a sublime scene; he left an impression on the minds of his audience never to be forgotten."—The effect of the sermon was heightened by the fact that the services were held on the mountain top amid the rugged grandeur of East Tennessee.

Comparative Length.—At Berlin and London, the longest day has 16½ hours. At Stockholm, 18½, and the shortest 5½. At Hamburg, 19; shortest 7. At St. Petersburg, 19; shortest, 5. At Finland, 21½; shortest, 2½. In Norway the day lasts from May 21st to July 22, without any interruption; and in Spitzbergen the longest day lasts three months and a half!

☞ "Friend Mallaby, I am pleased that thee has got such a fine organ in thy church." "But," said the clergyman, "I thought you was strongly opposed to having an organ in a church." "So I am," said Friend Obadiah; "but then, if thee will worship the Lord by machinery, I would like thee to have a first rate instrument."

☞ A sailor dropped out of the rigging of a ship of war, some fifteen or twenty feet, and fell plump on the first Lieutenant.

"Wretch, were did you come from?" said the officer, as he gathered himself up.

"I came from the North of Ireland, your honor."

A Cavalier Abuses the Puritans.

We copy the following article from a late number of the Richmond *Examiner*. It is interesting and amusing:

Enter the halls of legislation now—the House of representatives. A motley mob of soldiers and civilians, male and female, fill the galleries, and gaudily uniformed Yankee officials crowd the vestibule and lobbies of the politicians. The debate is on the expulsion of a member from the House.—Lovejoy pours out his vial of wrath, and a pungent remark brings down the House and galleries. The Speaker enjoys it, but raps the desk, upon which the hilarity increases, and boisterous sallies of coarse wit and bandied words between the representatives on the floor and their constituents in the galleries. "Hallo, Jim!" is as likely to be answered from the floor to gallery as at any town-meeting in New England; and the pen-nut eaters above think nothing of calling the attention of the Speaker below, by a pen-nut reminders alongside his head, with an "I say, Sam, won't you come out and take a drink?"

But now there is silence for once. Vallandigham rises to address the House. It is wonderful what respect a brave man can wring from his enemies, even while in their power. As Mr. Vallandigham's "Mr. Speaker!" rings through the House, the hum dies out in the galleries, and the members turn to their chairs, with a contemptuous jeer on their faces, to listen to his remarks.

Like a Roman gladiator, he stands studying the prelude to his remarks, looking around on his enemies, who, if they dared, would knife or pistol him at his seat. His words begin to come hot, heavy, scorching, in his denunciation of the illegal measures of the Administration. The Speaker grows uneasy; the members grin and wriggle in their seats, and the galleries burst out into a pandemonium of hisses, yells, and curses.

The Speaker raps his gavel, but the storm continues, the hissing darting down like the tongues of serpents upon the unshielded head of Mr. Vallandigham, who stands unmoved, toying with his watch-guard, waiting for the restoration of order, which comes by and by, and he proceeds, with intervals of interruption such as we have described. Frequently despatches from the Yankee generals are read in the House and Senate, announcing "Another Glorious Union Victory!" amid hand-shaking and congratulations on the floor, and cheers and cries from the galleries.