The Argus.
Will be Published Every Wednesday,
IN THE OLD ARGUS BUILDING,
THIRD ST., BEAVER, PA.,
At $2.00 per annum in Advance.
☞ Letters and contributions, by mail, shall have prompt attention.
J. WEYAND, Editor & Proprietor.

BEAVER ARGUS.

Vol. 48-No. 51. Beaver, Wednesday, December 19, 1866. Established 1818.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of $1 per square — each subsequent insertion, 50 cents. A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers, and on long advertisements.

A space equal to TWELVE lines of this type measured as a square.

Special notices 25 per cent. addition to regular rates.

Business cards, 75 cents a line, per year

Marriages and Deaths, Religious, Political and other Notices of a public nature, free.

RAILROADS.

PITTS. FT. W. & C. R. R.

On and after Nov. 18, 1866, Trains will leave Stations daily, Sundays excepted, as follows: (Train leaving Chicago at 2:35 P. M. leaves daily.)

TRAINS GOING WEST.

	Exp's.	Exp's.	Exp's.	Exp's.
Pittsburg	204PM	700AM	220AM	130PM
Rochester	417 "	830 "	347 "	310 "
N. Brighton	427 "	840 "	.....	321 "
Enon	512 "	932 "	445 "	407 "
Columbiana	550 "	1016 "	.....	445 "
Salem	629 "	1047 "	552 "	512 "
Alliance	715 "	1150 "	655 "	615 "
Canton	805 "	1250PM	744 "	703 "
Massillon	826 "	115 "	808 "	728 "
Orrville	905 "	200 "	850 "	800 "
Wooster	938 "	235 "	925 "	835 "
Loudonville	1040 "	346 "	1022 "	936 "
Mansfield	1137 "	446 "	1112 "	1025 "
Ar	1115AM	530 "	1145 "	1100 "
Crestline De	1240 "	620 "	1220PM	700AM
Bucyrus	110 "	650 "	1248 "	733 "
U. Sandusky	151 "	730 "	125 "	823 "
Forest	228 "	801 "	158 "	857 "
Lima	355 "	918 "	305 "	1021 "
Delphos	435 "	953 "	337 "	1102 "
Van Wert	505 "	1021 "	405 "	1137 "
Fort Wayne	650 "	1150 "	540 "	120PM
Columbia	734 "	1235AM	628 "	208 "
Huntsville	.....	.....	.....	.....
Pierceton	.....	.....	.....	.....
Warsaw	825 "	130 "	711 "	301 "
Bourbon	.....	.....	.....	.....
Plymouth	925 "	225 "	801 "	405 "
Wanatah	.....	.....	.....	.....
Valparaiso	1059 "	415 "	935 "	548 "
Hobart	.....	.....	.....	.....
Clarke	.....	.....	.....	.....
Ill C. RR. Cros	.....	.....	.....	.....
B. Isl. RR. J'n.	.....	.....	.....	.....
Chicago	1250PM	820 "	1130 "	800 "

TRAINS GOING EAST.

	Exp's	Exp's.	Exp's.	Exp's.
Chicago	440AM	720AM	335PM	1020PM
R. Isl. RR Junc	.....	.....	.....	.....
Ill C. RR Cros	.....	.....	.....	.....
Clarke	.....	.....	.....	.....
Hobart	.....	.....	.....	.....
Valparaso	638 "	905 "	521 "	1254AM
Wanatah	.....	.....	.....	.....
Plymouth	829 "	1035 "	720 "	257 "
Bourbon	.....	.....	.....	.....
Warsaw	940 "	1133 "	817 "	420 "
Pierceton	.....	.....	.....	.....
Huntsville	.....	.....	.....	.....
Columbia	1040 "	1219PM	904 "	527 "
Fort Wayne	1145 "	125 "	1005 "	700 "
Van Wert	119PM	232 "	1118 "	824 "
Delphos	145 "	303 "	1148 "	900 "
Lima	219 "	333 "	1217AM	935 "
Forest	356 "	469 "	125 "	1100 "
U. Sandusky	431 "	503 "	151 "	1133 "
Bucyrus	522 "	538 "	225 "	1218PM
Ar	600 "	605 "	255 "	1250 "
Crestline De	615AM	625 "	315 "	130 "
Mansfield	656 "	657 "	343 "	200 "
Loudonville	739 "	746 "	425 "	245 "
Wooster	850 "	835 "	508 "	832 "
Orrville	920 "	900 "	530 "	857 "
Massillon	1000 "	942 "	600 "	430 "
Canton	1029 "	1003 "	615 "	448 "
Alliance	1125 "	1100 "	715 "	545 "
Salem	1207 "	1132 "	744 "	620 "
Columbiana	1238PM	1156 "	.....	615 "
Enon	122 "	1232AM	833 "	727 "
N. Brighton	217 "	.....	.....	868 "
Rochester	235 "	125 "	921 "	820 "
Pittsburgh	350 "	230 "	1025 "	930 "

Erie and Pittsburg Express Train leaves New Castle at 4:05 p.m., arrives in Pittsburg at 8:45 p.m. Returning leaves Pittsburg at 6:00 a.m., arrives in New Castle at 8:30 a.m.

New Castle and Pittsburg Accommodation Train leaves New Castle at 7:00 a.m., arrives at Allegheny at 9:45 a.m. Returning leaves Allegheny at 1:20 p.m., arrives in New Castle at 6:20 p.m.

F. R. MYERS, Gen. Ticket Ag't.

CLEVE. & PITTS. RR.

On and after Nov 19, 1866, trains will leave stations daily, Sundays excepted, as follows.

GOING SOUTH.

	Mail.	Exp's	Mail.	Accom
Cleveland	810AM	235PM	335PM	.....
Euclid street	821 "	246 "	346 "	.....
Hudson	925 "	340 "	500 "	.....
Akron	.....	.....	.....	.....
Orrville	.....	.....	.....	.....
Millersburg	.....	.....	.....	.....
Dresden	1000 "	415 "	536 "	.....
Alliance	1100 "	500 "	630 "	.....
Bayard	1130 "	530 "	.....	.....
Wellsville	105PM	705 "	.....	.....

GOING NORTH.

	Mail.	Exp's.	Accom	Exp's.
Wellsville	815AM	455PM	.....	.....
Bayard	1017 "	615 "	.....	.....
Alliance	1125 "	644 "	700AM	.....
Bayard	1214PM	728 "	734 "	.....
Millersburg	.....	.....	.....	.....
Orrville	.....	.....	.....	.....
Akron	.....	.....	.....	.....
Hudson	1246 "	803 "	816 "	.....
Euclid street	147 "	904 "	932 "	.....
Cleveland	200 "	915 "	1005 "	.....

GOING EAST.

	Mail.	Exp's.	Exp's.	Accom
Belaire	440PM	610AM	1040AM	.....
Bridgeport	459 "	625 "	1050 "	.....
Lagrange	541 "	721 "	1139 "	.....
Steubenville	600 "	748 "	1158 "	.....
Wellsville	725 "	845 "	125PM	700AM
Smith's Ferry	747 "	907 "	147 "	735 "
Beaver	820 "	940 "	217 "	823 "
Rochester	830 "	950 "	225 "	835 "
Pittsburgh	940 "	1105 "	340 "	955 "

GOING WEST.

	Exp's.	Exp's.	Mail.	Accom
Pittsburgh	225PM	435PM	615AM	330PM
Rochester	335 "	545 "	730 "	445 "
Beaver	.....	556 "	738 "	455 "
Smith's Ferry	411 "	631 "	807 "	544 "
Wellsville	500 "	725 "	840 "	620 "
Steubenville	600 "	823 "	950 "	.....
Lagrange	618 "	840 "	1010 "	.....
Bridgeport	712 "	927 "	1112 "	.....
Belaire	725 "	940 "	1125 "	.....

TUSCARAWAS BRANCH.

Leaves	Arrives
N. Philadelphia 6.50 a m	Bayard, 9.55 p m.
Bayard, 11.45 a m,	N. Philadel. 2.35 P.M

P. R. MYERS, General Ticket Agent.

S. J. BLACKMORE

At No 24 St. Clair St., Pittsburgh, Pa.)

Hats, Caps and Ladies' Furs.

Beaver County Trade Solicited.

November 14 1866—3mos

Abraham Lincoln's First Love.

A SAD AND SINGULAR STORY.

Mr. Herndon, for many years the law partner of the late President Lincoln, lately delivered a lecture on the latter's early love and disappointment. It appears that in 1835 Mr. Lincoln was living in New Salem, Illinois, where he fell in love with Ann Rutledge, a beautiful girl of twenty-two, and a native of Kentucky. She had three lovers, one of whom she rejected, and in some way—not her own fault, so the lecturer says—became engaged to the other two at the same time. She loved both, and not knowing what course to take, worked herself into a fever, of which she died August 26, 1835. We give the results of her sickness and death on Mr. Lincoln, in Mr. Herndon's own words:

Abraham Lincoln loved Miss Ann Rutledge with all his soul, mind and strength. She loved him dearly, tenderly, and affectionately. They seemed made in heaven for each other, though opposite in many things. As before remarked, she was accidentally, innocently and honestly engaged to A. Lincoln and Mr. ——— at one and the same time. It is said and thought that the young lady was conditionally promised to Mr. Lincoln, to be consummated upon a release from her first engagement with Mr. ———. The primary causes, facts and conditions which led to this complication shall be related to you at another time and place. There is no dishonor in it to any one of the three. In her conflicts of honor, duty, love, promises and womanly engagements, she was taken sick. She struggled, regretted, grieved, became nervous. She ate not, slept not, was taken sick of brain fever, became emaciated, and was fast sinking in the grave. Lincoln wished to see her. She silently prayed *to see him.* The friends of both parties at first refused the wish and prayers of both, still the wishes and prayers of both prevailed. Mr. Lincoln did go to see her about the 10th day of August, A. D. 1835. The meeting was quite as much as either could bear, and more than Lincoln, with all his coolness and philosophy, could endure. The voice, the face, the features of her, the love, sympathy and interview fastened themselves on his heart and soul forever. Heaven only knows what was said by the two. God only knows what was thought. Dr. Jason Duncan, of New Salem, about September, A. D. 1835, had shown and placed in Mr. Lincoln's hands, the poem called in short, now, "Immortality," or properly, "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" Remember, Miss Rutledge died on the 26th of August, A. D. 1835, and was buried in Concord Cemetery, six miles north, bearing a little west of New Salem, as stated before. Mr. Lincoln has stated that his heart, sad and broken, was buried there. He said in addition, to the same friend, "I cannot endure the thought that the sleet and storm, frost and snow of heaven could beat on her grave."

He never addressed another woman, in my opinion, "yours affectionately;" and generally and characteristically abstained from the use of the word "love." The word cannot be found more than half a dozen times, if that often, in all his letters and speeches since that time. I have seen some of his letters to other ladies, but he never says "love." He never ended his letters with "yours affectionately," but signed his name "your friend, A. Lincoln." Abraham Lincoln was, by nature, more or less in tendency, abstracted—had the power of continuous concentrated thought. It may be, as alleged, that he was a warm, ardent and more or less impulsive man, before 1835, and of which I give no opinion. He never did care for food—eating mechanically. He sorrowed and grieved, rambled over hills and forests, day and night. He suffered and bore it for a while like a great man—a philosopher. He slept not, he ate not, joyed not. This he did until his body became emaciated and weak, and gave way. His mind wandered from its throne. In his imagination he muttered words to her he loved. His mind, his reason somewhat dethroned, walked out of itself along the uncolumned air, and kissed and embraced the shadows and illusions of the heated brain. Love, future happiness, death, sorrow, grief and pure and perfect despair, the want of sleep, the want of food, a cracked and aching heart, over and intense thought, soon worked a partial wreck of body and of mind.

It has been said that Mr. Lincoln became, and was totally insane at that time and place. This is not exactly the truth. The dethronement of his reason was only partial, and could alone be detected by his closest friends and sharpest observers, through the abruptness of his sentences, and the sharp contrast of his ideas and his language. To give you a fair idea, an exact one of his then true mental state and condition, imagine Mr. Lincoln in the situation I have attempted to describe. Mr. Lincoln had a strong mind, a clear and distinct one. His style and mode of expression in 1835 were entirely different from what they were from 1835 to 1864. He had more, much more, emotion, fancy and imagination, when he was twenty-six years of age, than he had in 1858 to 1864, when he was forty seven to fifty-five years of age. He grew stronger as he grew older. Did this dread calamity of which I have spoken, crush him, and thus modify, if it did not change his nature? It must be expected that his expressions would follow truly his own rational thoughts in part only, not wholly so in logic, at least. His utterances and expressions would necessarily be disconnected and sharply contrasted. It is said, and I believe it, that he lost his logical faculty—power over cause and effect, and their legitimate relation—through the momentary loss of memory alone.

* * * * The friends of Mr. Lincoln—men, women, and children—begged him to leave his home and place of business. They coaxed and threatened him by turns in order to get him to leave the places and scenes of his sorrows and griefs. His women friends tried their arts on him. Men begged and held out strong inducements to go into the country. The boys and girls of the town liked and assisted the older ones all they could. All the tricks were detected by the man the whole people so dearly loved. Bolin Green, and some of his and Lincoln's special friends, at last tried their powers. They succeeded in throwing Lincoln off his guard by robbing him of his suspicion. Mr. Lincoln, in September, went down to Bolin Green's in consequence of the pressure thrown on and around him, and in the space of a week or ten days, Mr. Green's humor, generosity and hospitality, his care and kindness, aided by the womanly sympathy, gentleness and tenderness of his wife, Lincoln soon rose up a man once more. He was visited daily by men, women, boys and girls, whose conversation, stories, jokes, witticisms and fun soon rose up the man, thus enabling him to momentarily throw off sorrow, sadness, grief, pain and anxiety. They walked over the hills with him, danced for him, laughed for him, and amused him in a thousand ways. He evidently enjoyed all as man scarcely ever enjoyed two week's before or since. He got well, and bade adieu for a short season to Bolin's kind roof and generous hospitality. Mrs. Bolin Green still lives, God bless her! and survives her own husband, and their ward and guest. Mr. Lincoln went back to New Salem, as was thought, a changed, a radically changed man. He went to New Salem about the last of September, 1835. He now once more picked up, took up, and read and re-read the poem called "Immortality," or "O why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" He saw new beauties in it. He seized it and it seized him—a mutual seizure and arrest. He learned it by heart, committed it to memory, and repeated it over and over to his friends.

A Story of the War.

The late Joshua R Giddings was a dead shot—not only oratorically considered, but with a rifle. There was not a man or boy in Ashtabula county (and that county was celebrated for fine marksmen) that could excel him either at a squirrel hunt or shooting at target. His son Grotius R. is a veritable chip of the old block. On these hunting excursions of the elder Giddings, he was invariably accompanied by Grotius, and it was these lessons in politics and woodcraft which so well fitted him for the career which the shadowy future had in store for him. On these occasions the elder would say to him:

"Grosh, my boy, never be guilty of an act or word which will counsel or comfort to the institution of slavery and its attendant iniquities, or close your door or heart against the hunted fugitives from oppression, or bring home a squirrel unless shot through the head."

As each of these maxims harmonized completely with the natural bent of the youngster's mind, he treasured them accordingly. His returning at the age of fourteen from a match squirrel hunt of two days' duration, and bringing with him a hundred and eighty of the "small deer" with their heads off, proved that the woodcraft part was well learned; and his subsequent career both in field and in office, showed that the political portions of the fathers teachings were well stored by the son.

But I started to tell you an incident of the battle of Gettysburg. Be patient, I'm coming to that; I must reach the point by regular approaches.

At the breaking out of the war, "Old Father Giddings" was Consul General to Canada, stationed at Montreal. Grotius R. was in the office as Vice Consul General. When the first news of the struggle was received young Giddings became restless. His father, noticing the fact, remarked to him one day, "Grosh, what is the matter with you?"

"Father," replied the vice consul, "I think I want to go home."

"Well," said the elder, "I have been thinking it was the best thing you could do; and the sooner you go the better. When can you get ready?"

"By the next train," was the reply.

On the next train he started for the Buckeye State. Passing through Columbus, he called on Gov. Dennison, who was then in the gubernatorial chair, obtained a commission, and left for home in Ashtabula county. In three and one-half days from the time he left Montreal he had his company full and sworn into the United States service. That company he commanded in person until the battle of Phillippi, when he was promoted to a majority in the 11th Regulars, which regiment he led at Gettysburg. The 14th was close to the front, and was laying under the fire of the enemy; the Major was standing behind his command; behind him was a large rock, and behind the rock was a sharpshooter with his telescopic rifle, vainly endeavoring to silence a sharpshooter of rebel persuasion whom the rebel General Wilcox kept on his staff to pick off our officers.

A large rock on the rebel right of Round Top afforded a sure cover for the Alabamian, who, by the way, was one of their crack riflemen. He would load his rifle behind the rock, then jump on the latter and take deliberate aim at any officer he could see on our line; then dodge behind the rock and reload. This he continued with fearful rapidity and precision.—Major Giddings being rather conspicuous, came in for a share of the rebel's attractions. At last, sick of the annoyance, he turned to the sharpshooter in the rear.

"Here, you man with an telescopic rifle, can't you bring down that rebel rifleman?"

"Well, major, I am trying to fetch him," replied the man; "but it is a long range."

"It is no longer for you than it is for him; and if you don't shoot him he'll shoot me," said the major, "and if it's all the same to you I'd rather you'd shoot him."

"But," answered the soldier, "the Johnny has one of those long range English Wentworth rifles, and they beat ours in bearing up at that distance."

"Well," remarked the major, "if you can't shoot him, stop trying, for you only draw his attention this way, and if you can't hit him, I'll shoot him myself."

The soldiers and others in hearing smiled at what they deemed the boasting speech of the major. Just then whiz! came a shot from the rebel sharpshooter, which completely shaved off one-half of the major's moustache. Now, this hirsute ornament was a particular pet of the major; in fact, his moustache was his pride. Feeling something rather shaky in close proximity to his nose, he quickly clapped his hand to the spot, and behold one-half of his upper lip was shorn of its glory. To say that the major was mad would be drawing it rather mild. Quickly snatching up a Springfield rifle from one of his men, he dropped behind a small rotten stump and literally lowered the Johnny [illegible] appeared, and quickly drawing his piece to his shoulder the rebel sharpshooter sent his ball crashing through the skull of the color corporal, within about three feet of the major.

But it was his last shot; for before he could gain his cover the major let drive, and the rebel was seen to toss his arms, throwing his rifle high in the air and fell headlong down the rocky perch dead as Julius Cæsar. A stunning cheer from the entire line in sight of the rock greeted the major's feat, when he cooly proceeded to reload his rifle.

Just at that moment the rebel color guard came up to the rock close by where the dead sharpshooter lay and planted their colors by it. The major dropped behind the rotten stump; taking rest over the top he sent the color sergeant one, and the rebel flag was brought to the dust. Again cheers broke from our lines; but by this time the enemy's attention was attracted to this point, and a squad of sharpshooters was brought up as near our lines as their covering would allow. They had evidently sighted the major's position. Captain Coppinger, of the 14th, who had been watching the movement on the part of the gray coats, suddenly called out:

"Major, you had better move off from that stump, for the enemy have got range and mean mischief."

The major moved some ten or twelve feet to the right, when whiz r r came a volley, and some eight bullets passed through the stump directly in range where the major's head was some seconds before. He coolly remarked: "A miss is as good as a mile," and walked away.

AN INTERESTING SCRAP OF CONFEDERATE HISTORY.—Admiral Semmes, in reveiwing in his paper, the Mobile Gazette, Mr. E. A. Pollard's history of the war, publishes the following order, under which the confederate fleet in James river was blown up on the night of the evacuation. It has never before been published:

Confederate States of America, Executive Office, Richmond, Va., April 2, 1865.—Rear Admiral Raphael Semmes, Commanding James River Squadron.—Sir: General Lee advises the government to withdraw from this city, and the officers will leave this evening accordingly. I presume that General Lee has advised you of this, and of his movements, and made suggestions as to the disposition to be made of your squadron. He withdraws upon his lines towards Danville this night, and unlest otherwise directed by General Lee, upon you is devolved the duty of destroying your ships this night, and with all the forces under your command joining General Lee. Confer with him, if practicable, before destroying them. Let your people be rationed, as far as possible, for the march, and armed and equipped for duty in the field.

Very respectfully, &c.,
S. R. MALLORY, Sec. of the Navy.

NASBY.

The November Elections—Mr. Nasby Preaches a Sermon—"No Man Putteth New Wine into Old Bottles," etc.

CONFEDERATE X ROADS,
(which is the Stait of Kentucky,
November 16, 1866.)

When the news uv the result of the Illinoy election reached the Corners, there wuz a feelin uv oneasiness wich was trooly affectin; but when the crushin intelligence arove that Hoffman wuz hoctor in New York, there wuz a prostration wich wuz only ekalled when the intelligence of Lee's surrender reached us. We expected defeat in Illinoy, and sum uv the other States, but we hed hopes that Noo York wood go Dimocratic, that His Eggsiency mite hev sum sho uv backin by the people, and consekently sum excoose for continyooin to enforce his policy. But that hope wuz taken from us and uv the entire populashen I wuz the only one who had suffishent stamina to preserve the semblance uv cheerfulness, and that wuz only on akkount uv my hevin the Post Offis. Elections coodent take that from me—it is a rock wich the waves uv popler indignashen cant wash awn, thank the Lord, for of they cood, how many uv us wood to-day be holdin our places? Still I felt overwhelmed, and sorrowfully I entered Bascom's—There, with their heads bowed in sorrer and tears flowin from their venrable eyes, sot Deekin Pogram, Elder Slathars and a few others uv the Saints, who ez I entered mekanikally rose and stood afore the bar; mekanikally, Bascom, who wuz likewise bowed down with greaf, sot out the invigorator, mekanikally we dosed ourselves, and, still in a daze, mekanikally I moved out without payin, Bascom bein too full uv sorrer to notis it.

It was deemed proper, in view uv the great calamity, that services shood be held in the church, and at 2 P. M. (wich with us mite be said to mean post mortem) we slowly and sadly fild in, the only smilin countenance in site bein that uv a nigger at the door, who waz to wunst pelted over the hed fur lookin happy.

I gave out the hymn,

"Brod is the rode wich leadz to deth;"

and it wuz sung with tech[illegible] pathos—After the weepin had subsided, and I got my feelins calmed down so ez to permit me to speek, I commenst explainin to em the causes uv the result. It wuz, I sed, a chastisem sent onto us for our sins; a stripin becoz we hed exalted our horn in our pride; that gloryin in the possession of the post offises, the collectorships, the assessorships and sich, we had become vainglorious and puffed up, and careless in the performance uv dooties. Ther wuz niggers in Kentucky goin about free, and impiously settin at naught the decrees uv Providence which condemned them to be servants uv their brethren; and heer I digressed to cloo cydate a pint. I had seen stricters in a Boston paper onto the common practis uv amalgamashen in the South, which paper held up the practis to the condemnation uv pious men. "My brethren," sed I, "them Boston Ablishnists hev no clear understandin uv the skripter. When Ham wuz cust by Noar, wat wuz that cuss, 'He shall be a servant unto his brethren.' Not unto strangers—not unto the Philistine or the Girgeshite, or the Millerite, but unto his brethren! How cood he be servant unto his brethren except thru amalgamashen? Onless we amalgamated with em, how wood the male niggers be our brethren? Oh my brethren, we wuz obliged to do these things that the skripters mite be fulfilled, and to the credit uv the Southern peeple be it sed that they never shrunk from the performance uv dooty. The per cent. uv yeller niggers in this State attests how faithful Kentucky hez bin.

But to resoom. We have sinned in permittin skools to come in and unfit em for their normal and skriptural condishen, but these is not all. My brethren, go to 'Squire M'Gavitt's and get the township Bible and sirch till you find this yer tex:

"And no man putteth new wine into old bottles, else the new wine doth bust the bottles, and the wine is spilled."

My brethren, wich is the bottles? The Dimocracy, uv coarse, and the most of em may be considered old ones. We hev actid as bottles, carrying about flooids, not precisely wine, but the modern substitute therefor, from our earliest infancy. Wich is new wine? The Ablishnists wich follered Johnson, uv coarse. New wine is frothy—so wuz they. New wine fizzes—so did they. New wine hez strength for a minit—so hed they. New wine is unreliable—so wuz they. At Philadelphia, the puttin uv this new wine into old bottles wuz accomplished—at that accussed place, unshent Dimocrisy wich beleeves in Ham and Hager, met and fell onto the nex uv Seward and Doolittle, wich invented Ablishinism, and we mingled our teers together—the new wine wuz put into the venerable old bottle uv Dimocrisy, and notwithstandin we hooped it with Federal patronage it busted, and great wuz the bust thereof; and the fragments uv the bottle wuz prone onto the earth, and the new wine is runnin round permiscus. So wuz the Skriptur fulfilled.

And my brethren, while yoo are at the squire's buttin up that tex, keep on till yoo find another, to wit:

"No man also seweth a piece uv old cloth onto a new garment, else the new piece that filleth it up is taken away from the old and the rent is made worse."

My hearers, Dimocrisy went to Philadelphy in a suit uv gray, wich it hed bin a wearin for five years. It was trooly old and ther wuz greevious rents in it, made mostly by bayonets and sich. Oh, why wuznt we content to wear it? Why wuz we not satisfied with it? Agin wuz the skripters fulfilled. We patched up the Confedrit gray with Federal blue; we put onto the back, Seward; onto the knees, Randall; onto the shoulders, Cowan; and onto the seat, Johnson, and they wuz stitched together with Post-offis sis. But it didnt hold. The skripters wuz fulfilled—the old cloth wuz rotten, and one by one the patches fell off, somewhat dirtied, and takin with em a part uv the old, and the rents is bigger than before. Our coat is busted at the elbows, our pants is frayed round the bottoms, out at the knees, and from behind the flag uv distress waveth drearily in the cold wind.

My brethren, we will succeed when we stick to our integrity. Wat wuz the yoose uv our assoomin what we did not hev? Wat wuz the sence uv our askin our people to vote for Kernels for Congris, wich hed, doorin the war, drafted their sons? Wat wuz the yoose uv talking constitooshnel amendments to men who spozed that Internal Improvements and a Nashnel Bank wuz still the isboo? Wat wuz the yoose uv lettin go our holt on nigger equality, wich is the right bower, left bower, and ace uv the Dimocrisy, its tower uv strength, its anker and cheefest trust, and wich is easy uv comprehension and eminently adapted to the Democratic intelleck, and taking up questions which will all be settled ten years afore they begin to comprehend em? In breef, wat wuz the sense, my brethren, in puttin new wine in old bottles—uv patchin old cloth with new? Let us be warned and never repeet the fatle error."

The congregashen dispersed somewhat sadly, but cz they gathered at Bascom's to discuss the sermon, I wuz gratified at observin a visible improvement in their temper. Bascom hisself busseled around lively; Deekin Pogram remarked that probably it wuz unskriptooral to put new wine into old bots, but ez he dind't hev an ijee that the prohibishen extended to new whiskey, he'd resk it, bust or no bust, and he pizened hisself very much in the old style; and Elder Slathers and Kernel McPelter so far recovered their sperits ez to hang the nigger I menshend in the beginnin ez lookin pleased at the Church. The Corners is rapidly gettin itself agin.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, P. M.
(wich is Postmaster.)

—Toledo Blade.

Arrest and Escape of Surratt in Italy.

The Florence correspondent of the London Morning Post says:

It is stated that J. H. Surratt (one of the persons charged with complicity in the assassination of the late President of the United States, Abraham Lincoln,) has been serving for some time past in the Papal Zouaves, his company being quartered at Veroli, one of the frontier towns of the Appennines, near Frosipone. He had assumed, and was known in his regiment by the name of John Watson. Information of this fact having been communicated to General Rufus King, the Minister of the United States at Rome, no time was lost by him in transmitting the news to his government, which straightway instructed the General to take such measures as might lead to the securing of Surratt, alias Watson. In compliance with his instructions, General King repaired to the Vatican, requesting an audience of Cardinal Antonelli, and asked his Eminence whether, in the event of his proving the identity of Surratt, the Papal government would hand him over to that of the United States.

The Cardinal Secretary promised the General all the facilities in his power. A few days after, on returning to the Vatican, General King was made acquainted by Cardinal Antonelli with the measures he had taken. These were contained in a series of telegraphic instructions sent from Rome, with the corresponding telegraphic replies from the local authorities of Veroli and Vellettri. They recorded the order to arrest Surratt alias Watson; the successive steps taken in compliance with the order; the actual arrest; the conveyance to prison; the removal from prison under a guard of five soldiers of his company; but the series closed with the announcement that, when thus led out, Surratt, alias Watson, made a sudden dash from his guards, jumped over a precipice more than one hundred feet high, and, though hotly pursued by fifty zouaves, was enabled, from the fact of their preferring a more circuitous route, to get clear across the frontier to the Indian territory. General King lost no time in communicating the facts to his colleague at Florence, and telegraphic instructions have been forwarded to the towns on the Papal frontier, and to all the seaports of Italy, to recapture Watson, alias Surratt; but, if I am not exceedingly misinformed, the Italian government, in declaring its readiness to forward the great ends of international justice, has intimated that, even in the event of its giving up Surratt, alias Watson, it will stipulate that his life be spared.

The Washington Republican of yesterday says:

The official papers on the subject will show that for many long months the government has been watching this man, who, at first was only suspected, and who was serving with a certain regiment of the Papal Zouaves. A serious difficulty here arose. No extradition treaty existed between this government and the Papal States; consequently, if identified, Surratt could not be demanded. The first thing to be done was to identify the man.—After great precaution, and the lapse of considerable time, this was accomplished beyond doubt. The next thing was to communicate the fact to the Pope, and obtain his permission to have the notorious man arrested and surrendered to the United States.—General King, our Minister to Rome, was intrusted with this important duty, and it gives us pleasure to be able to state that the Pope, upon the testimony of identity being shown him immediately ordered the arrest of Surratt and directed his surrender to the United States. This is official.—The detailed facts about his escape from the Papal officers are not known yet, as they have not been received at the State Department. His escape into Italy was not to remain long, as it is known that he took passage on board of a vessel and crossed the Mediterranean Sea into Egypt, where our Consul General is vested with almost absolute power. Surratt's escape from the officers of Rome went before the flying criminal, and, by aid of the telegraphic cable, the State Department was enabled to direct all of our representatives abroad to be on the alert. His arrival in Alexandria, Egypt, was of short duration. He was arrested, and, if he does not escape again, will be brought to this country in one of our ships of war, and tried in the Civil Courts of this District.

How to Kill the Radical Party.

Under the head of "how to kill the Raical party," that bravo newspaper, the St. Louis *Democrat*, replies to the Chicago *Times* in the following language:

The object of the *Times* is plainly avowed. It wants to kill the Radical party. This it proposes to do by granting everything that the Radical party seeks. We demand equal rights and impartial suffrage. Grant both," says the *Times*, "and so get this Radical party under ground." Very good, gentlemen! We will consent that the Radical party shall cease to exist when you have granted all that it asks! It fights not for the spoils, but for the triumph of ideas. Let its ideas rule, and we do not care what becomes of the party. The plan of the *Times* may seem somewhat odd, but it is really the only feasible way of getting rid of Radical rule. Just so long as the questions raised by the war remain unsettled, the country will smash Conservatism, Democracy, Johnsonism, or whatever else you may call the party opposed to radical ideas, in every election. Just so long as the negro question remains open, just so long as the laws do not grant to a black man the same rights and the same protection that they grant to whites, just so long the Radical party will rule this country. Just so long as blind and stupid prejudices raise their feeble protest against the Declaration of Independence, just so long there will be a struggle to make the spirit and letter of that sublime document the supreme law of the land, and in that struggle Radicalism will inevitably win. There is just one way, and only one, to get these disturbing questions out of politics, and that is to settle them on the eternal basis of justice.

The *Times* says that impartial suffrage is inevitable. It was inevitable from the instant that slavery was abolished. The only question then, and the only question now, is whether it shall come speedily, and with the consent of the people in every part of the land, or whether long discussion, years of agitation and political contest, and the steady education of public opinion shall be necessary to accomplish it. Andrew Johnson might have ended the matter by his single word. The South would have acquiesced; the North would have sustained him, and before this time there would have been peace and a complete restoration of all the States. But he thought he could use the prejudice against the negro to secure his election. For that purpose he threw himself into the arms of Copperheads, and gave traitors the control at the South. And now it may take time to undo the mischief caused by his treachery. It may take years to secure to loyal men at the South that full protection in all their rights that the Constitution grants. It may take years to secure at the South and at the North absolute equality before the law—equality of civil rights and impartial suffrage. Or, if the South and the Democratic party of the North are wise they may stop all this agitation, take the negro question forever out of politics, and restore every Southern State to the Union within one year. The advice of the *Times* is good. True, its motive is not the best—to secure a party ascendency. But its reasoning is sound. So long as these questions remain unsettled, the Radical party will grow stronger with every election. It can be got out of the way only by yielding in good faith to the supremacy of its ideas.