

TERMS OF THE GLOBE.
 For agents in advance.....\$2 00
 For one month.....1 00
 For three months.....2 50
 For six months.....5 00
 For one year.....10 00

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
 One square, (10 lines, for less than 10 days).....\$ 50
 Two squares.....75
 Three squares.....1 00
 Four squares.....1 25
 Five squares.....1 50
 Six squares.....1 75
 Seven squares.....2 00
 Eight squares.....2 25
 Nine squares.....2 50
 Ten squares.....2 75
 Eleven squares.....3 00
 Twelve squares.....3 25
 Thirteen squares.....3 50
 Fourteen squares.....3 75
 Fifteen squares.....4 00
 Sixteen squares.....4 25
 Seventeen squares.....4 50
 Eighteen squares.....4 75
 Nineteen squares.....5 00
 Twenty squares.....5 25
 Twenty-one squares.....5 50
 Twenty-two squares.....5 75
 Twenty-three squares.....6 00
 Twenty-four squares.....6 25
 Twenty-five squares.....6 50
 Twenty-six squares.....6 75
 Twenty-seven squares.....7 00
 Twenty-eight squares.....7 25
 Twenty-nine squares.....7 50
 Thirty squares.....7 75
 Thirty-one squares.....8 00
 Thirty-two squares.....8 25
 Thirty-three squares.....8 50
 Thirty-four squares.....8 75
 Thirty-five squares.....9 00
 Thirty-six squares.....9 25
 Thirty-seven squares.....9 50
 Thirty-eight squares.....9 75
 Thirty-nine squares.....10 00
 Forty squares.....10 25
 Forty-one squares.....10 50
 Forty-two squares.....10 75
 Forty-three squares.....11 00
 Forty-four squares.....11 25
 Forty-five squares.....11 50
 Forty-six squares.....11 75
 Forty-seven squares.....12 00
 Forty-eight squares.....12 25
 Forty-nine squares.....12 50
 Fifty squares.....12 75
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 Sixty squares.....15 25
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 Seventy squares.....17 75
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 Seventy-two squares.....18 25
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 Eighty squares.....20 25
 Eighty-one squares.....20 50
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 Eighty-three squares.....21 00
 Eighty-four squares.....21 25
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 Eighty-six squares.....21 75
 Eighty-seven squares.....22 00
 Eighty-eight squares.....22 25
 Eighty-nine squares.....22 50
 Ninety squares.....22 75
 Ninety-one squares.....23 00
 Ninety-two squares.....23 25
 Ninety-three squares.....23 50
 Ninety-four squares.....23 75
 Ninety-five squares.....24 00
 Ninety-six squares.....24 25
 Ninety-seven squares.....24 50
 Ninety-eight squares.....24 75
 Ninety-nine squares.....25 00
 One hundred squares.....25 00

Professional and Business Cards not exceeding six lines.....\$2 00
 Advertisements for other than Notices.....\$2 00
 Auditors' Notices.....\$2 00
 Executors' and Administrators' Notices.....\$2 00
 Attorneys' Notices.....\$2 00
 Bailiffs' or other short Notices.....\$2 00
 Ten lines of nonpareil make a square. About eight words constitute a line, so that any person can easily calculate a square in manuscript.
 Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions desired, will be continued till forbid and charged according to these terms.
 Our prices for the printing of Blanks, Handbills, etc. are also increased.

The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS, Editor and Proprietor.

—PERSEVERE—

TERMS, \$2.00 a year in advance.

VOL. XX.

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 5, 1865.

NO. 41.

THE GLOBE JOB PRINTING OFFICE.
 THE "GLOBE JOB OFFICE" is the most complete of any in the country and has the most ample facilities for promptly executing the best style, every variety of Job Printing, such as—
 HAND BILLS, PROGRAMMES, BLANKS, POSTERS, CARDS, BILL HEADS, CIRCULARS, BALL TICKETS, LABELS, &c., &c.
 CALL AND EXAMINE SPECIMENS OF WORK.
 AT LEWIS' BOOK, STATIONERY & MOBS STORE

The Globe.

HUNTINGDON, PA.

THE FIRST VIOLET,
 BY GEORGE L. FOSTER.

Who that has loved knows not the tender tale,
 Which flowers reveal, when life is ebbing slow?
 Whose youth has passed, and whose old age is
 Whose youth has passed, and whose old age is

Lo, where they shrink along the lonely banks,
 Under the lifeless, melancholy tree,
 Not yet the cuckoo sings, nor glides the snake,
 Nor will thy name lure the bee.

Not at their sight and scent enraptured thrilled,
 All eyes seem to gaze in the April air,
 Not sweet the days we yearn for, still fulfilled,
 O distant Paradise!

Dear land to which Dantes for ever flies,
 Time doth us press to the group allow!
 Say, in the dead Eternal, shall we seize
 Not the best of things now?

Dream not of days to come, of that unknown
 Whither hope wanders (and with a sigh)
 Give their true witchery to the flowers—think
 Youth in their youth renew.

Ave! remember when the cowslip's gold
 Lured and yet led us glitter in the grass;
 Do thy words glad give more than those of old
 Whose words were less.

From these the hand falls pale—it was
 That thou wert rich—thy cotter is a lie!
 Alas, poor fool! joy is the wealth of men
 And care their poverty.

Come, folded ambition! what hast thou desired?
 Knowledge and power?—O wanderer tempt not this!
 These once were thine, when life's gay spring inspired
 Thy soul with glories lost!

Let the flowers charm thee to the jocund prime,
 When o'er the stars' rays fancy traced the chart,
 Thou hadst an angel's power in hand to guide,
 Thy real human heart!

Hark! hark! again the tread of youthful feet!
 Let the breeze rustling round the treading place!
 Let it again with odors from the fragrant
 Earth fair with one dear face!

Breathed first flower, first love! the hours steal on,
 And break the world in summer's pomp of flowers:
 But what shall dawn beneath a fiercer sun
 Worth what we lose in you!

On by a flower, a leaf in its own loved book
 Whose charm is lost, whose life is gone, trace
 Thy life, recall its loveliest passage; look,
 Dead violets keep the place.

Letter from the Gold Region.

We have been permitted to publish the following letter from the West. It contains a description of a journey to the gold region, which will be of interest, especially to any who intend leaving for that section, showing the routes and perils of an overland trip, and also the cost and labor of living in the gold country.

YELLOW STONE CITY, Montana Territory, January 25, 1865.

MR. THOMAS JOHN:—Respected friend and brother—As I promised you before I left my home, and also my friends, at North Point, that I would write you the history of this country as far as my experience has proved it, I send this to you for publication.

We left Omaha, Nebraska Territory, the 21st of May, 1864. We soon came into the country of the Indians, which people are generally friendly to the whites; these Indians are the remnants of the once powerful Pawnee nation. We soon strike the north fork of the Platte river, which at this point is about three miles wide and very shallow; the valley, from bluff to bluff, is about forty miles wide; a beautiful country, but in general rather cold for agricultural pursuits. We soon arrive at Fort Kearney, on the south side of the river; this is a military post of much importance, held by U S troops; distance from Omaha, 197 miles.

We then proceeded along this valley and soon found ourselves in the country of the Sioux Indians; the general character of this people are black, dirty, cruel, and treacherous, and it was they that caused so much trouble on the plains last season—many poor whites having their property stolen, and losing their lives; still, many of them claim protection from our government, and receive, annually, annuities from us. This people never harmed us any on our trip, yet we never felt very safe. At length we arrived opposite Fort Laramie, another post held by U S troops, and quite a thriving place. Several white men come here at all seasons of the year to trade with the various tribes of Indians; distance from Fort Kearney, 325 miles, from Omaha, 522 miles. Here we soon strike the Black Hills, and travel through a rugged, mountainous country for 140 miles; then we strike the river again, which is narrow at this place, and a bridge has been constructed over it by an old French ranchier, or farmer, named Riebaw. Distance from Omaha, 662 miles. I should remark that bituminous coal and iron-stone lies in great abundance in these hills.

Last year, Bozeman and Jacobs opened a new emigrant route from this point to the Yellow Stone country, and also to Virginia City, which is much shorter than the Lander's cut off, or Salt Lake route. We halted here a few days until more trains arrived, and then held a meeting to de-

side which route we would travel. Finally, we decided to take the Bozeman route, and elected officers to take charge of the train, which then consisted of 68 wagons, 182 men, several females and their children. Accordingly, we moved out in line, in military style, through a barren, sandy country; this spot is not owned by either tribe, but is neutral ground, where various tribes meet at certain seasons, and often fight among themselves, leaving heaps of their bones to strew the ravines and hillsides; their skulls were oftentimes picked up for examination. None of the Indians hereabouts showed themselves unto us, which was evidence that we were not welcome visitors on their soil. After traveling 100 miles through this inhospitable country we struck the Powder river, a small but perfect stream of mud, owing I suppose to late rains in the mountains. Near this place is a large lake; on a near approach to its banks the traveler is almost overcome by the sulphurous stench which arises from its waters, while the hills on each side are one continued heap of burned lava.

The next day one of our party, who had been on a hunting excursion, found the scalp of a white man who had been murdered by Indians; this put us on the alert. Bear in mind that Captain Townsend's train had preceded us a few days on the same road, and were attacked by a war party of Cheyenne Indians, when five white men were killed, and twelve Indians killed and 18 wounded, after fighting about five hours. We never saw any of them. We found where the whites had been buried by their comrades, but were afterwards dug up by the wolves and devoured. We collected their bones and reinterred them, after which we crossed the Tongue river. Game is very abundant throughout this region, and coal and iron are inexhaustible in these mountains. Here the buffalo became very plenty, and our men shot very many of them. We soon came to the Little Horn river, where the country adjoining is very fertile; grass, wood and water in great abundance. On our left are the Great Wind River mountains, whose peaks are eternally covered with snow. We next came to the Big Horn river, where, for the first time, we found gold, in the sands of the river. A company of men went up into the mountains to prospect for gold, but after traveling about forty miles were forced to return, the deep and awful canyons preventing their further advance. The train then crossed this river with safety, excepting the loss of one horse, which was drowned. We then moved forward, and for the first time received a visit from the Crow Indians, who seemed friendly, but great boggars. We next came to Nez Perces Fork, a small and muddy stream, with plenty of fish and beaver in it. Here, while we lay encamped for the night, a wild bear came out of a thicket, marched boldly into our corral, seized a dog and carried it away. We moved forward and struck the Yellow Stone river, which is quite a fine stream, with plenty of the finest trout in it, and any ordinary fisherman with his hook and line can catch one hundred pounds per day of them. We now travel up the south side of this river to Clark's Ford, mentioned in Lewis and Clark's expedition in 1845-6; this is a small stream having its source in the Yellow Stone mountains. We then came to a stream of hot water, to which the animals and men made a rush to quench their thirst, but looked at each other with great disappointment when they found it too hot for their lips. Here an Indian chief and squaw, and several others, came to visit us; he showed us some letters written by white men, recommending him as a white man's friend. Then we soon arrived at the mouth of a large canyon in the mountains.

Here our party became detached; Travis and I hearing good and encouraging news from Virginia City, we resolved to go there, while David Short-hill, Weaver and Norris went up the Yellow Stone river about twenty-eight miles. In a few days we reached the city, where we found hundreds of men out of employment; the influx of emigrants being so great that it was impossible for them all to get any labor to perform; consequently they became excited and panic stricken, and many of them commenced their journey homeward. These who had money formed themselves into large trains, and started over the plains; others, who had spent all, built boats and canoes and started down the Yellow Stone. In a few days after they left, many of the latter party returned, their boats having been dashed to pieces on the rocks, and their last provis-

ions lost in the river; others went farther down the river only to meet greater danger and trouble. Few of the poor fellows will ever reach the States in safety, for the lurking Indians will harass them at every point along the upper Missouri.

Virginia City is a thriving place, and immense quantities of gold have been taken out of the Alder gulch already; Campbell estimates its production at half ton per week, while there are several gulches in the vicinity which also pay well, viz: Harris, Beavans, Washington, Norwegian, and several others. The wages per day for laborers is five dollars, drifters, from seven to ten dollars; boarding in common houses, 14 dollars per week. Flour from the States is sold at about \$28 or \$30 per hundred weight, Salt Lake flour, from \$25 to \$27 per hundred weight; beef about 14 cents per pound; butter, about \$1.50 per pound. Every inch of land that has been found to contain gold has long ago been taken up, so the stranger when he arrives must necessarily work for daily wages.

While I was at Virginia City I was informed that Mr. Short-hill had made a great discovery. (I should state in this place that the distance from the Platte Bridge to Virginia City is about 500 miles.) Travis and I started back towards the Yellow Stone, and arriving at Gallatin Valley we concluded to go into the mountains to prospect for gold. In all the streams leading into this valley we found fine gold, but whether it will justify working it we are not able to say, for the weather is very severe. This is a beautiful valley in the warm season, but in winter is very cold; still, the cattle roam through it unprotected all winter, and are generally fat. Nearly all of the valley has been taken up by Ranchmen, and promise great crops of wheat, potatoes, turnips, and onions, all of which grow luxuriantly. The only Indians who inhabit this valley at present, and claim it as their hunting grounds, are the Nez Perces, the Banock Indians; and Flat Heads pass through occasionally. These tribes are deadly enemies to each other. The Nez Perces are the finest, cleanliest, and most intelligent Indians that we have seen; they claim their home as being in Oregon, where they cultivate their lands; they have a Jesuit mission among them, and the most of them speak English well.

About four weeks ago, I left the valley and arrived safe to my former friends, whom I found snug and all well in Yellow Stone city. This place has sprung up as if by magic since last September. There are about 80 good log houses, put up since that time, with a population of about 300 persons. This town, or city as it is called, is situated at the entrance to a large canyon, which is about 15 miles long. Here is where Mr. Short-hill and party came last September. Penetrating this rugged place, where the waters dash from crag to crag, and pine and cedar form a complete jungle—the haunts of the bear, cougar, and panther—nearly eight miles, they found the object of their search. They discovered that the gold lay in the bed of a small stream among the sands, and in the crevices of the rock wherever visible in the bottom of the stream, while the mountain sides are covered with burned rock and lava. The gold of this gulch is coarse; some pieces taken out weigh about \$8, yet that is not a common occurrence.

As soon as they were satisfied that the discovery was rich, they came down and reported it to their friends, among whom it caused a great stir; they were all on the point of leaving, but the good news reversed their action, and they all followed Short-hill into the mountains, when they were soon convinced that gold was there.— They staked their claims, elected Short-hill Claim Recorder, and then went to work in earnest, some with more energy than others. Short-hill and Weaver took out in 23 days \$8000 in gold. The cold weather forced them down out of the canyon on the 24th day of October—the altitude of which at their claims is about four thousand feet above the Yellow Stone river. So they built houses of logs, which are warm and comfortable.

The width of the valley at this point is about ten miles. Game is abundant, and consists of the cinnamon bear, black bear, cougar, or mountain lion, panthers, various species of wolves, elk, mountain sheep, black and the white tailed deer, occasionally a buffalo, white ducks and geese are plenty, also fish. The Indians of this valley are the Banocks and Flat Heads.— Two weeks ago, two families of Banocks, who were encamped near here, and used to come into our town daily, were saved from slaughter by the interference of the whites. A party of Flat Heads, eight in number, came

into town and inquired for Banocks, who they said had stolen some of their ponies, and they, the Flat Heads, had come to scalp them all. A white man immediately started out to warn the Banocks, who becoming alarmed, came into town. All day and night they watched each other for the purpose of murdering each other, which they dare not do while in town. The Flat Heads finally left, but the others are still in town amongst us; they will not go out to hunt for fear the others will come upon them.

Our town is very much mixed, we have French, English, Americans, Germans, Irish and Indians. I am the only one from Wales that is in the town. We spent three days up the gulch last week, but we found it impossible to live up there at present, snow in places being ten feet deep, so we returned into the city, where we have to lay up till a warmer season. Every house has plenty of meat for the winter. People are beginning to come in from Virginia to secure claims for the Summer season. We expect to take out our shares of gold the coming season, then probably return to the States.

Although the prospects before us are encouraging, yet we would not advise any who has comfortable homes in the States to come out here, for I assure them it is a great risk. First, the Indians on the plains; secondly, change of climate, and bad alkali waters; thirdly, the very long cold winter season in those northern latitudes, and fourthly, there are not one-fourth of the men that come out here that make money the first year after they arrive into the mountains. We have no Post Office here, consequently we hire a man from the place to carry our mail to Bozeman city—distance 40 miles, then another man takes it through from there to Virginia City; cost of each letter here on delivery, 75 cents in gold dust. Each man carries a small buckskin bag which contains his gold dust, and at every business place they use gold scales, with which they weigh the gold; thus they trade here. The Vigilance Committee, which was in force at Virginia City, has now disbanded, all of the people quietly submitting to civil law under our new Territorial Government. We do not expect to work until April or May.

RICHARD OWENS.

Roll of Company M, 19th P. V. Cavalry.

NEW ORLEANS, March 10, 1865.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—As a regular list of the names of our Company has never been published in any of the public journals, we feel it our duty to furnish your paper with a complete list, knowing that your popular sheet has as wide a circulation as any in the County, in which the principal part of this Company was raised.

Names of Members.

Name	County
Capt. S. L. Huyett,	Huntingdon
1st Lt. J. C. Castle,	Philadelphia
Ord. Sergt. W. Black,	Huntingdon
Com. Sergt. J. Welsh,	Huntingdon
Quar. Sergt. H. Cole,	Junia
1st Sergt. J. Brady,	Huntingdon
2d Sergt. S. Stonebraker,	Blair
3d Sergt. G. F. Wallace,	Huntingdon
4th Sergt. A. K. Haines,	Huntingdon
1st Corp. Jno. Kennedy,	Junia
2d Samuel Fleming,	Huntingdon
3d Simon Nearhoof,	Blair
4th M. R. Hemler,	Blair
5th Robert Myers,	Huntingdon
6th Wm. H. Harris,	do
7th David Harvey,	do
Horse Carrier, H. Hamilton,	do
Blacksmith, J. A. Chapel, Mifflin.	do
Bugler, J. E. Duly,	Philadelphia
Saddler, Jas. McCartney,	Huntingdon
Wagoner, J. Shaifner,	do

PRIVATES.

Ainesworth O E,	Huntingdon
Bodily Thomas J,	do
Baker Calvin B,	do
Baton George,	Philadelphia
Briggs Thomas J,	Huntingdon
Burket Peter,	do
Bard William H,	do
Bowers Joseph,	Junia
Bard Joshua,	do
Blackstone James,	Alleghany
Cokendaffer Wm. W,	Junia
Cole James,	Junia
Colobine James,	Huntingdon
Collins Robert R,	do
Drake William,	do
Fury Frederick M,	do
Finck Peter,	do
Ganter Michael,	do
Gross Henry,	Schuylkill
Howard John,	Huntingdon
Hogmire John,	do
Harris James B,	do
Harris Thomas J,	do
Harrison Andrew S,	do
Harvey Robert B,	do
Harvey John F,	do
Harmony Benjamin F,	do
Hamilton Alfred,	do
Hockingberry Isaac,	do

Hartman Frederick Blair
 Jackson Daniel Philadelphia
 Kelley Alfred Huntingdon
 Kough Benjamin F do
 Kiester, William K do
 Logan Banks B Mifflin
 Linton William H Huntingdon
 Lutz John H do
 Lutz John do
 Latherow John do
 Mullen James do
 Moore William J do
 Moore Thomas H do
 Myers Edward A do
 Myron John H Blair
 Nunemaker Theodora Huntingdon
 Nash George H do
 Overton Charles S do
 Port John W do
 Pennebaker John Junia
 Peck John W do
 Rutherford William Mifflin
 Ramsey Alfred J Huntingdon
 Ratter John W do
 Robb Easton J do
 Rahm Robert L do
 Snyder Martin Philadelphia
 Smith David Huntingdon
 Smyley Charles J do
 Smith Stephen D Blair
 Stewart Fleming Junia
 Shannon Patrick Centre
 Smith David B Huntingdon
 Sellers Henry Dauphin
 Seckler Rudolph Huntingdon
 Snyder Albert C do
 Tompleton Alexander Blair
 Thompkins William H Huntingdon
 Vaughan Robert do
 Vaughan Thomas do
 Vanceuz Cooper do
 Walters Jefferson A Junia
 Wallace Kephart Blair
 Warner Lemuel Junia
 Weight Samuel Huntingdon
 Westbrook William D do
 Willoughby Henry C do
 Willoughby Samuel B do
 Watson James M do
 Ziegler James C Junia
 Zolch Henry Huntingdon

TRANSFERRED.
 John Stall to Company L, Dauphin
 Samuel Row to Company A, Junia
 Lorenzo Civels to Company A, do.
 J McVey to Company A, Philadelphia

DIED.
 Sergt Joseph Garverick, Dauphin Co.
 Private Nicholas Rippe, Huntingdon
DESETER.
 Samuel Millor, Franklin County.

PRISONERS.
 Sergt Charles Hunt, Huntingdon Co.
 Sergt James Foster, do
 Corp William Gill, do
 Private Francis M. Prim, do
 do Miles Hampton, do
 do J. A. Whiteman, do
 do William Jacobs, do
 Now, Messrs. Editors, we have given a full list of those, who now and lately have constituted this company and we hope it will prove satisfactory to all interested. Some of its members have fallen in defence of the old flag, and disease has fastened on others, which renders them useless at present, but we hope their sickness is not unto death. We sympathize with those who have to mourn the loss of friends and relatives, but they may console themselves with one thing, that they have fallen in a noble and worthy cause,—the cause of liberty.

Those who desire any information in regard to deceased relatives, need not hesitate to write to any of the prominent officers of this company, as they are true types of the gentleman, and will render all the satisfaction they can freely.

Those desiring such information can address their letters to William A. Black, Orderly Sergeant Company M, 19th P. V. Cavalry, New Orleans, Louisiana, and they will be cheerfully and promptly attended to. Write the address plainly and legibly.

WILLIAM A. BLACK,
 Orderly Sergeant.

TRUTH.—If you want to be a favorite with the girls generally, attend to their wants—that is give them rides, candy, and rasins; talk and laugh about love affairs, and keep on the off side—that is, don't commit yourself to any one in particular, and you will be lionized to your heart's content till you become an old bachelor. The more flippant and nonsensical a young man is in the company of girls, the better will he succeed. They prefer fools to wise men.—Exchange.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HEAT.—Philosopher to sharp boy—"What are the properties of heat?"
 B—"The chief property is that it expands bodies, while cold contracts them."
 Philosopher—"Very good, give me an example."
 Boy—"In summer, when it is hot, the day is long; in winter, when it is cold, the day is short."
 Exit philosopher, lost in amazement that so familiar an instance should have so long escaped his own observation.

President Lincoln—A Day at the White House.
 [From the Baltimore American, of March 22d.]
 Whilst on a visit to Washington, yesterday, we dropped in at the White House, and instead of being surprised at the number of visitors, were rather astonished to find so few in waiting in the ante-room for interviews with the President. When we remember the throngs that swarmed the building in Democratic times, during the first month after an inauguration, and counting about twenty-five persons now in attendance, many of them accompanied by members of Congress, we came to the conclusion that the Washington correspondents have greatly exaggerated the facts: Most of these visitors, as we subsequently had an opportunity of witnessing, were there for entirely different purposes than that of office seeking.

The President commenced to receive visitors at 10 o'clock, but at half past 11 o'clock the Cabinet session commenced, and continued until nearly 2 o'clock. So soon as the Cabinet members had withdrawn, the reception of visitors was resumed, those having members of Congress with them taking precedence. At 2 o'clock, however, the doors were thrown open, and all that remained in the ante-room were invited to enter and take seats. The President then commenced to dispose of them in his frank, cordial and candid manner, the presence of "a cloud of witnesses" enabling him to get through with them much more rapidly than if each had been granted a private interview.

The first case was that of an old gentleman whose sons had been killed in battle, and he had come to Washington in hope of being able to obtain some kind of employment. The President replied that Washington was the worst place in the country for any one to seek to better their condition, and advised him to go home again by the first train. He wished some species of saffron tea could be administered to produce an eruption of those already in Washington and make this migration fever strike out instead of striking in. The supplicant replied that he had not the means to go, and hoped that the President would give him a note to one of the quartermasters, who might possibly give him some kind of employment. After thinking a minute, he wrote something on a piece of paper and gave it to him, when the old man's countenance brightened and with profuse thanks he retired.

A gentleman largely engaged in bringing out cotton, &c., from the rebel States, inquired of the President whether it was his intention to sustain the recent order issued by Gen. Grant putting a stop to the whole business. The President replied that no case would he interfere with the wishes of General Grant. He held him responsible for inflicting the hardest blows possible on the enemy, and as desirable as it was to possess the cotton, if he thought that bacon was of more importance to the enemy at this moment than cotton was to us, why we must do without cotton. Gen. Grant was no lawyer, and consequently used no unnecessary words to amplify his order; but the President understood him to mean that this trade was giving aid and comfort to the enemy, and consequently it must stop. "Under no circumstances," concluded the President, "will I interfere with the orders of General Grant."

The next was an applicant for a small, country post office, accompanied by a Democratic member of Congress. On reading his application he responded at once, "You shall have it," and endorsed his approval on the back. The member remarked, "I presume, Mr. President, that it is because I trouble you so little that you so promptly grant my request. The President responded, "That reminds me of my own experience as an old Whig member of Congress. I was always in the opposition, and I had no troubles of this kind at all. It was the easiest thing imaginable to be an opposition member—no running to the Departments and the White House."

Next came an old gentleman who wished to get a man pardoned from the Penitentiary, convicted of stealing two pairs of pantaloons and a pair of shoes belonging to the Government, from a box he was hauling on his dray. A statement of the case from the States Attorney was presented, which admitted that one witness had testified that he had sold him a pair of shoes. "Yes," said the President, "so much for the shoes, but nothing about the pantaloons. The jury had the whole facts before them, and convicted the man, and I am bound to regard him as guilty. I am sorry for him, but

When chickens cackle after night, it is a sign that a bad egg in human shape is on the premises. Never act before you consider the consequences of the act.