American Volunteer.

"OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG OUR COUNTRY."

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UNION MEETING IN WILMINGTON.

A large and spirited Union meeting was lately held in Wilmington, N. C. The proceedings were of such a character as to warrant us in the belief that the Union sentiment is increasing in that portion of the Confederacy, and that ere long the supporters of the rebel Government will be in a hopeless minority. Among the most prominent and active of those who desire a return of the people to their allegiance to the Government, is the Rev. Mr. HEPBURN, son of Judge HEPBURN, of this place. We copy from the New York *Tribune* the resolutions offered by him as well as his remarks in support of the same:

Correspondence of New York Tribune.

In obedience to the request of the Mayor, the Rev. Mr. Hepburn, the Presbyterian minister, came forward and again read the resolutions to the meeting. Their second reading was greeted with even more marked enthusiasm than they were at first.

RESOLUTIONS.

WHEREAS, The city of Washington has again been restored to the authority of the United States, and the opportunity is given the citizens without regard to past party differences to give public expression to their views and purposes: therefore,

Resolved, 1. That we will remain at our homes and cheerfully submit to the authority of the National Government, pledging to it a loyal obedience and hearty support.

Resolved, 2. That we believe that by this course we are promoting not only the interests of Wilmington, but also of the State of North Carolina, by doing what is in our power to restore her to the Union in which she enjoyed so great prosperity in the past, and in which alone she can look for peace and Republican freedom for the future.

Resolved, 3. That, assuming in good faith the obligations of citizens of the United States, we do not place ourselves in the attitute of a subjugated people, but claim the rights and privileges guaranteed by the Constitution to American citizens, and assured to persons in our peculiar condition by the Proclamation of the President.

Resolved, 4. That we call upon our fellow citizens of North Carolina to join with us in protesting against the madness of the authorities of the State in urging the prosecution of this fratricidal war for a cause which we believe to be hopeless, whose continuance will only render our ruin more remediless in the end, and which is waged for the sake of a government in which the people have justly lost all confidence.

Resolved, 5. That we urge them to accept the condition in which the fortune of war has placed them, and to submit to the national authority, so that our noble State may be speedily restored to the Union, where the mass of the people have in their hearts always wished her to be.

Resolved, 6. That in view of the fact that a large number of our citizens have been reduced to poverty by this war, and for want of occupation are in danger of great suffering of becoming dependent upon the bounty of the Government for support, we would respectfully urge the expedience of affording to our community as speedily as possible, such facilities for commerce and industry as may be compatible with military movements and the general interests of the country.

Resolved, 7. That we take pleasure in bearing testimony to the general courtesy and good order of the national troops, both officers and privates, the promptness and efficiency of the military authorities in protecting the citizens, and especially their liberality to the poor and suffering in our midst.

Resolved, 8. That copies of these resolutions be sent to the President of the United States, the Governor of North Carolina, and the leading newspapers of the State.

Being requested to address the meeting, Mr. HEPBURN spoke as follows:

THE REV. MR. HEPBURN'S SPEECH.

"FELLOW CITIZENS: I am making no unmeaning apology when I say that I sincerely regret that the duty of opening the discussion upon these resolutions has devolved upon me. Not that I have the least hesitation in publicly declaring my views and feelings upon any of the subjects referred to in them. It is the duty of every man now to avow his honest convictions. The great error of conservative men has been that they have been too prudent, or timid, rather. We ought to be wiser in the future. But I would prefer that some of the older citizens of Wilmington, so many of whom have taken such an active part in this meeting, should address you instead of me. Still, as the interests of all of us are involved in the course pursued by this community and by our State, we have all a right to speak and to be heard.

"We have not assembled in any mere spirit of exultation. We see about us too much of the frightful results of war for this; we miss many familiar faces which we shall never behold on earth again; we see many of our citizens reduced to poverty and want; we have seen to-day citizens of a neighboring State brought into our midst, many of whom were once in affluence, who have been left homeless, and are now dependent upon the charities of the authorities and of our citizens for their support. He would be hard-hearted indeed who could in the midst of such abounding misery indulge in frivulous exultation. No, we have come together as earnest men to decide on matters of greatest importance to our whole community.

"I may say, too, that we say nothing in reference to past opinions and conduct. In such a large assemblage as this all varieties of opinion must have been held. It is no disgrace for a man to change his opinions; it is dishonest and unmanly to disavow his past life; this baseness is not asked by these resolutions of any man. We have nothing to do with the past, 'let the dead past bury its dead,' all that we propose is to declare clearly and firmly our present views as the course which we deem it our duty to pursue.

"The sum and substance of the resolutions is that we renounce the Government under which we have been living for some years, and then we heartily desire that our State man once more be restored to the Union.

"If there is any one present who still has any lurking feeling that the Confederate Government has any claims upon him, let him but review the course of its rulers for the past four years, or if he prefer it, for the last year, and let him then say what motives of honor or duty bind him to it. Treason, gentlemen, is a crime of which not merely the subjects of a Government may be guilty; the rulers also may be guilty of it. Right-minded people will always exercise great charity toward their rulers, and will endure much from them; but there is a point beyond which obedience ceases to be a duty. When the Government becomes unjust and cruel; when rulers demand what "freemen dare not give," then the rulers become the traitors, and not to resist and renounce them is treason against freedom and against humanity. What has been the course of the Confederate authorities from the beginning? Of all those rights which we have been taught to regard as most sacred, what one is there that they have not violated? This Confederacy was founded on the principle of State rights; and the rights of the States were at the very first trampled under foot. Then we had a conscript law; it was denounced by some of the leading men of our States as unconstitutional, and as what ought never to be in a free country; but the law was passed, as sweeping, ruthless, and cruel a system of conscription as ever disgraced the legislation of any country. Every year added to its injustice and severity, until at the last Mr. Davis demanded all exemptions should be revoked, and that in his hands should be lodged the whole power of deciding whether a man should serve the Confederacy at home or in the field. He was to detail men to practice medicine, preach the gospel, edit newspapers, make laws, &c. What a claim was that to be put forth in this once free country! Then we had most oppressive taxes—"the last diet was wrung from the clutched hand of poverty"—and owing to some mysterious blunder or fraud, that tax must be doubled. Had we remained much longer in their power, there are many here who would have had to sell every thing to pay their taxes. I need not dwell on the repudiation of the currency, the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus, legalized robbery called impressment, the want of good faith in their dealings with our citizens, the secret sessions of Congress, &c., &c. To close the catalogue of their follies and crimes, we see that Slavery, which was declared by Mr. Stephens the corner-stone of the Confederacy, will soon be completely destroyed by them. I say, then, what claims has a Government which has thus forsaken all the principles upon which it was founded, and which has been guilty of so prolonged and systematic injustice and oppression, upon any man for confidence or support? Truly do these resolutions declare that the war is now waged for the sake of a Government which has forfeited all claims to our confidence and affection.

"We declare also in these resolutions that it is our conviction that our only hope for peace, security and freedom is in the restoration of the Union in all its integrity, and that we desire to see our State once more a member of that Union. This I believe is the sentiment of the large majority of the people of North Carolina. I do not believe that she ever lost her attachment to the old Government. North Carolina never gave in to the heresy of Secession. When the hour of trial came, when war was seen to be inevitable, and she was called upon to take sides in the struggle, she yielded to the strong claims of blood and kindred, and even against her convictions she generously stepped forward to defend those against whose views she had always protested, and most gallantly has she fulfilled the pledges she then made. She was trained in a different political school from some of her sister States of the South.—Some two years ago I had occasion to look over a number of speeches and orations made by prominent men of our State through a long series of years. I was struck with the uniformity of their views on the inestimable value of the Union. All who referred to the subject enforced the necessity of preserving the Union in its integrity and power as the only means for securing to the States the blessing of peace and liberty. Especially do I remember the remarks of one whose name will always be held in honor not only in this State but throughout the whole United States—I mean Judge Gaston. I asked myself, as I read these strong declartions, whether these wise and good men were only indulging in empty declamation, or whether they were expressing their deliberate convictions. We now know that their's were words of truth and wisdom. It was an evil day to us when we turned a deaf ear to their voice.—By four years of suffering and bloodshed we have learned the value of that Government which once laid so light upon us that we scarcely knew that we had a Government, and which diffused so quietly its blessings, that we learned to despise it; and to-night we declare that we come back to the faith of our fathers, and hope for security for ourselves and prosperity for our State in the restoration of the State to that Union in which she enjoyed so great prosperity in the past.

"I know that in the minds of many there is the feeling that although the independence of the South is now hopeless, yet it would be better for us if we could be an independent nation. It is a fatal delusion. The worst thing that could befall the South would be for her to gain her independence. Were the choice given us to-night of choosing between reconstruction and the establishment of the South as a separate and independent empire, we should decide without a moment's hesitation in favor of reconstruction. I say so, because I am convinced that freedom and this so-called independence cannot exist together. Let me ask every wavering mind, if there be any such present, to reflect upon this. Supposing that the original scheme of the Secessionists had succeeded, and that they had established a separate Government in Southern States, what would have been the inevitable result? Does any one suppose that the two nations could have lived together in peace? I remember that Dr. Thornwell, in a speech made about the time that South Carolina passed the ordinance of secession, drew with his accustomed eloquence a glowing picture of the two sister Republics growing up in harmony side by side; but it was as wild a fancy as ever entered a sane man's brain.—Two such nations, speaking a common language, with different forms of civilization, rival interests, and feelings embittered by years of controversy, could not live together in peace. Perpetual war would have existed between them. Large standing armies would be required to guard our boundaries and our coasts; and whence would these armies be found? Where slavery exists there is no foreign emigration; from our own men, from our own men, from the middle class, from the small farmers and mechanics, those who make the pride and strength of a free country, and are the controlling power, would the armies be supplied by a stern conscription; while those who possessed broad lands and large numbers of slaves would have been the exempts, and these would have formed the ruling class in the nation. We should thus have had a slave aristocracy; the slaves to till the soil and do the little manufacturing that would have to be done, while the poorer class of white people would compose the army. You may be sure that such a system would soon degenerate into a most cruel military despotism. Yet, there can be no doubt that such was the scheme of John C. Calhoun and of those who attempted to act out his principles. But do you suppose that there would be only two Republics? If the work of separation should once commence, it would not end until the whole nation should be resolved into its original elements; and we should soon have a multitude of petty military despotisms, the contempt of all foreign nations, wasting each other's strength in bloody and endless feuds. We have seen the commencement of this work of disintegration during the last four years. The people of the trans-Mississipi Department have for some time regarded themselves as independent. I know it to be a fact, that when Gen. Hood was placed in command of the Army of Tennessee, an order was sent beyond the Mississipi for 20,000 men to reinforce him, and the men refused to obey the order. So at present, how comes it that Gen. Lee's weakened army receives no reinforcements from that quarter? Is it not evident to all that the fate of the Confederacy will be decided by the results of the military movements east of the Mississipi? Why then are not the large armies which, we are told, are beyond the river, added to Lee's forces. I saw it stated not long ago that the men had refused to come, and I believe the statement. Yes, if even the Southern Confederacy had become a separate nation, the Mississipi River would soon have cut it in two, and you would have had two confederacies instead of one. Nor would it have stopped there. Hardly had the war fairly commenced when we heard it said openly and frequently, that the border States, Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky and Tennessee, could not long live in harmony with the cotton States; already a new Confederacy was making its appearance. And so it would have gone on. Who can depict the degradation, the horror of such a state of things? May Heaven in mercy avert from us and our posterity such a fate!

"We desire, then, the reestablishment of the authority of the general Government over all its territory, because we are firmly persuaded that under the protection of that Government alone can we find refuge from such a state of anarchy and ruin; because we believe that under its fostering care alone there can be any progress in art, industry, science and literature, any security for our lives and property, and enjoyment of plain, practical republican freedom.

"In reference to the future of our own State I have no prophecies to make. I am not so desponding as I find some of my friends to be. North Carolina is a great and noble State. With her dowery of fertile lands, her fisheries and mines, and streams and valleys, and her brave and honest people, she has all the elements of greatness. She prospered in the past, in spite of all the obstacles in the way. Let us hope that when the storms of war are passed, and the confusion incident to our transitive state is gone, that under a new and we trust better order of things, she will at once enter upon that career of prosperity and honor which Heaven has marked out for her."

These remarks, which he delivered in a subdued but earnest tone of voice, indicating the deep and earnest feeling by which each word was inspired, held the audience in breathless attention—which was only broken by occasional applause during its delivery and at the close.

A. T. STEWART.—The New York correspondent of the Boston *Journal* says:

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

A NEW NAME FOR "OLD BOURBON."—A man about town tells us that the recent "elevation" of a distinguished Tennessean has led to a change in alcoholic nomenclature in this city. He heard a conversation between an anxious enquirer after "Old Bourbon" and a bar tender, which he reports:

Anxious Enquirer.—(Approaching the bar.) "Old Bourbon?"

Bar-Tender.—"Don't live here—havn't seen him—don't know him."

Anx-Enq.—"I want some Old Bourbon whiskey."

Bar-Tender.—"Just out, sir—got some fine Andy Johnson."

The unlucky customer accepts the substitute, imbibes, and becomes so "incoherent" that he can't remember the name of Gideon Wells.

☞ "I suppose," said the quack, "you think me a fool?" "Yes," said the patient, "but I did not think you could ascertain my thoughts by feeling my pulse."

DRILLING.

Sweet Amy asked with pleading eyes,
"Dear Charley, teach me, will you,
The words I heard your captain say—
I should so like to drill you."

"What! little one, you take command!
Well, Amy, I'm quite willing.
In such a company as yours
I can't have too much drilling.

"Stand over there, and sing out clear,
Like this—'Squad, stand at ease!'"
"Oh, Charles, you'll wake papa up stairs,
Don't shout like that, dear, please."

"I stand at ease, like this, you see,
And then I need scarce mention
The next command you have to give
Is this one, 'Squad—attention!'

"Now, Amy, smartly, after me,
(You're sure, dear, it don't bore you?)
Forward!—quick march—halt—front—right dress.
There, now, I'm close, before you.

"Present arms—Well, it does look odd,
You don't believe I'd trifle;
We hold our arms just like this,
In drill without the rifle.

"Now say 'Salute your officer.'"
"Oh, Charles, for shame, how can you?
I thought that you were at some trick,
You horrid, cheating man, you."

Charles "ordered arms;" without command
She smoothed her rumpled hair,
And pouted, frowned, and blushed, and then
Said softly—"As you were."

EXECUTION OF THE GIRONDISTS.

BY JOHN C. ABBOTT.

During the progress of the French Revolution, there were two parties which arose, and for a long time contested for the supremacy the Girondists and the Jacobins. The mob was at the disposal of the Jacobins and sustained them in their most atrocious measures. "We must," said Murat, one of the leaders of the Jacobins, "strike into the hearts of our foes. It is our only safety." The Girondists attempted to arrest the progress of the frightful massacres in which the Jacobins were engaged. They thus exposed themselves to the dangerous charge of being in sympathy with the aristocrats. The strife which ensued, a strife involving life or death, was one of the most terrible recorded in history.

Madame Roland was one evening urging Vergniaud to rally the Girondist party at every hazard to arrest the massacres. "The only hope of France," said she, "is in the sacredness of the law. This atrocious carnage causes thousands of bosoms to thrill with horror. All the wise and good in France, and in the world, will rise to sustain those who expose their own hearts as the barrier to arrest such enormities."

"Of what avail," was the sad reply of Vergniaud, "can such exertions be? The assassins are supported by all the power of the street. Such a conflict must necessarily terminate in a street fight. The cannon are with our foes. The prominent of the friends of the order massacred. Terror will restrain the rest. We shall only provoke our own destruction."

For several days the strife raged in the Convention with the utmost intensity, between the Girondists and the Jacobins.

The party which could obtain the majority would surely consign the other to the scaffold. M. Roland, the Girondist Minister of the Interior, was a man of great power, but Madame Roland with a brilliancy of genius seldom surpassed, prepared for him his speeches in the Convention. France recognized her marvelous abilities; the one party regarded her with adoration, and the other with hate. Probably never before in the history of the world has a woman occupied such a position. It soon became evident that the rage of the Jacobins would descend upon Madame Roland and she was urged to escape from Paris. The heroic woman replied:

"I am ashamed to resort to any expedient. I will neither disguise myself nor make any attempt at street escape. My enemies may always find me in my place. I owe my country an example of firmness, and I will give it."

She remained in Paris and soon perished upon the guillotine. The Convention consisted of eight hundred men. Twenty-one of the most illustrious men of France were considered leaders of the Girondists. The Jacobins accused them of treason, and overawing the numbers of the Convention by a mob, carried the accusation and condemned them to death. It was then voted that all Paris should be illuminated in view of the triumph of the people. At midnight the whole Convention, in procession, traversed the brilliant streets, leading, to grace their triumph, the doomed Girondists. They were all then consigned to the Conciergerie, there to await the final trial. Summer came and went, while illustrious men lingered in their dungeons.—With fortitude, the record of which has embalmed their memories, they struggled to sustain each other to meet that fate which they knew could not be doubtful.

At length the hour of final triumph came. With the most imposing military array of infantry, cavalry and artillery, to guard against the possibility of any counter revolution, the prisoners were conducted in a long procession two by two, to the judgment bar. It was the 30th of October, 1793. At eleven o'clock at night the verdict was brought in, and they were doomed to be led the next morning to the guillotine. As the sentence was pronounced, one of the Girondists, Vblane, plunged his dagger to his heart and fell lifeless to the floor. Another, in the delirium of enthusiasm, shouted: "This is the most glorious day of my life!" It was midnight when the victims were conducted back to the Conciergiere. As they marched along their voices bursted into the Marseilles Hymn, in tones which reverberated through the corridors of the prison, and echoed through the streets:

"Come children of your country, come,
The day of glory dawns on high,
And tyranny has wide unfurled
Her blood-stained banner to the sky."

They were placed in one large hall, and the lifeless body of their companion was deposited in one corner. By decree of assembly the remains of Valane were to be taken with the rest to the guillotine, and the axe was to sever the head from the lifeless body, and all the headless trunks were very quietly to be interred together. Some friends of the Girondists immediately sent to them a sumptuous banquet, their final funeral repast. A large oaken table was spread. Servants entered with brilliant lamps. The richest viands of meats and wines were brought in.—Vases of flowers smiled and the costly dishes appeared one after another, until the board was covered with luxury and splendor.

In silence they took their places at the table. They were all men of brilliant intellect and the most of them eloquent. A priest, Abbe Lambert, who had gained admission, with his pencil noted down their words, their actions, their indications, their heroism.—The repast was prolonged till the dawn faintly entered the grated windows. When the cloth was removed, and the fruits, the wine, and the flowers alone remained, the conversation became animated, with occasional bursts of gaiety. A few of the unbelievers in immorality endeavored thus to meet their doom.—But it was hilarity unnatural, and unworthy of the men and their condition. Death is not a jest, and he who attempts to regard it such does but dishonor himself.

"What shall we be doing at this time to-morrow?" asked Dacos

"We shall sleep," responded one, "after the fatigues of the day, to awake no more.—Death is but an endless slumber.

"No," rejoined Fouchet; "annihilation is not our destiny. These bodies perish. These thoughts never die. To-morrow, in other words, we shall have solved the problem of the destiny of the human mind."

All turned to Vergniaud as by a common impulse. His discourse was long, and has been described as the most eloquent ever uttered by human lips:

"Death," said he, in conclusion, "is the greatest of life. It introduces us to a noble existence. Were it not so there would be something greater than God. It would be just man imolating himself uselessly and hopelessly for his country. No! Vergniaud is no greater than God. God will not suffer Vergniaud to-morrow to ascend the scaffold but to justify and avenge him in future ages."

As the light of morn penetrated the dungeon, some sought a moment's sleep, others wrote a last line to friends, while others gathered in groups for conversation. At four o'clock the gens d' armes entered with the executioners. The hair was cut from their necks, that it might not impede the axe.—Gensonne picked up a lock and sent it to his wife, saying:

"Tell her that it is the only memorial of my love which I can transmit to her; and that my thoughts in death were hers."

Vergniaud scratched upon his watch a few lines of tender remembrance, and sent it to the young lady to whom in a few days he was to be married. Five rude carts conveyed them to the scaffold. Each cart contained five persons. The streets through which the sad procession marched were thronged with countless thousands. It was one of the most splendid of October mornings. As the carts moved, the Girondists sang the Marseillaise Hymn. At the end of each verse there was a moment's silence, and then the strain was renewed loud and sonorous. Arrived at the scaffold, they all embraced. They then resumed their funeral chant.

One after another ascended the scaffold, continuing the song until his head fell into the basket. There was no weakness; no voice faltered. On each succeeding moment, as head after head fell, the song grew more faint. Vergniaud at last stood alone. Long confinement had spread a deadly pallor over his intellectual features. He ascended the steps, the chorus having died away into a solo of surpassing richness. For a moment he gazed upon the headless bodies of his friends. And then, as he surrendered himself to the executioner, commenced anew the strain,

"Come children of your country, come,
The day of glory dawns on high."

The axe fell, and his lips were silent in death. Thus perished the Girondists. The history of the French Revolution, in all its sublime annals, has not a tragedy more thrilling.

A MODEL GOVERNOR.—Parson Brownlow, made Governor of Tennessee, by the force of Federal bayonets, must make a model Governor, judging by the way he talks. The following is a specimen of his ferocity toward the Southern people just vented by him at Nashville:

"Impoverish the villains—take all they have—give their effects to the Union men they have crippled and imprisoned—and let them have their "southern habits." They swore they would carry on the war until they exhausted their last dittle negro and lost their lands. Put it to them is our advice, most religiously—fleece them, and let them know how other men feel when robbed of all they have! Let them be punished—let them be impoverished—let them be slain—and after slain, let them be damned!"

How long will it take a brute of this stripe to conciliate a brave, high-spirited, but conquered people?

A SUDDEN DEATH.—A young man, barely twenty-one years of age, who came to Titusville, Pa., from Canada, a few weeks since, to operate in oil territory, died on Sunday, the 27th ult., under the following singular circumstances: He was passing the evening with his customary associates in a private room, and in course of conversation he remarked that by the time he was forty years of age he should be worth a princely fortune, and should then retire. One of his companions suggested that he might not live to be forty years of age. The Canadian replied that "they were not yet ready for him down there," pointing downward. Some one asked him for one of his favorite songs, and he complied, beginning with the words. "I've come home to die mother; I've come home to die." Scarcely had he completed the sentence when his head fell upon his breast, and he became motionless and rigid. His companions rushed to his side and found that he was pulseless—dead.

A BUNDLE OF MISHAPS.—A Troy alderman got married the other day, and had rather a sad time on his wedding tour. He was two days in getting to Buffalo, on account of the snow; was in the American Hotel, in that city, when it was burned down; and on his way to Chicago was thrown over an embankment twenty feet high by a railroad accident, badly bruising him and his new wife. The couple are now in Chicago, recovering from their injuries, and getting courage to try the return trip.

☞ Light infantry movement. Agitating a cradle with a baby in it.

Things I Like to See.

I like to see a whole neighborhood get into a quarrel about nothing; it shows there are independent spirits in the world.

I like to hear the character of my friend slandered; it gives me a chance to defend him.

I like to hear long prayers on Sundays; I can sleep better during the remainder of the exercises.

I like to be praised to my face; it makes me think I am no fool.

I like to hear religious denominations slander each other; it is conclusive evidence that their cause is good, and that they are taking the best possible means to advance in it.

I like to see fifteen or twenty young men parade themselves in front of the meeting house on the Sabbath, and stare at the ladies as they pass; it shows they have read Chesterfield's advice to his son.

I like to see young ladies laugh and play at religious meetings; it shows they possess fine feelings, and take an interest in serious matters.

I like to be surrounded by a lot of idlers when I am in a hurry; it learns me to be patient.

I like to have a person ask me the news, and before I have time to speak, answer himself; it shows he knows more than I do.

I like to see church members aroused from their slumbers to partake of the sacrament, it shows the spirit is willing but the body is weak.

I like to see the people hunt the taverns on the Sabbath, talking politics and scandal; it shows the day is regarded.

I like to hear the bell toll half the time; it tells strangers that we have one.

I like to see people ride for pleasure, go fishing or hunting on Sunday,—the better the day the better the deed.

I like to see young ladies walk late at night; it shows they are not at all afraid.

I like to have a man take a book or newspaper out of my hands without asking, it shows he knows good manners.

I like to have a man prying into my business; it shows he has an inquiring mind.

I like to see a man in company engross the whole conversation; it shows he thinks himself a very smart fellow.

I like to see young ladies assemble at a window or door to make witty remarks upon people, as they pass; it shows they want to talk of something they can't think of.

I like to see a young gentleman have an exhalted opinion of himself; he is sure there is one that thinks well of him.

I like to see young ladies slander each other; it is a sign their characters stand fair.

I like to see one praise himself; it saves one the trouble of doing it for him.

I like to see a man take pains to discommode the public for the purpose of extorting money for some benevolent object; it shows he means to make the people generous *vi et armie*.

I like to see two red-haired sisters quarrel and fight about an abolition sweet-heart; it shows that they are spunky.

There are a number of pleasant things too numerous to be mentioned. At present let the above suffice.

A SALUTARY THOUGHT.—When I was a young man there lived in our neighborhood a farmer, who was usually reported to be a very liberal man, and uncommonly upright in his dealings. When he had any of the products of his farm to dispose of, he made it an invariable rule to make good measure, rather more than would be required of him. One of his friends observing him frequently doing so questioned him as to why he did it. he told him he gave too much, and said it would be to his disadvantage. Now, dear reader, mark the answer of this good man: "God has permitted me but one journey through the world, and when I am gone I cannot return to rectify mistakes." Think of this: There is but one journey through life.

GEN. GRANT A "GREEN 'UN."—The latest personal anecdote of Gen. Grant is told of a recent journey of his in a railroad train, where he displayed, as usual, none of the insignia of his rank. A youthful book peddler traversed the cars, crying "Life of General Grant." A mischievous aid pointed to the General's seat, suggesting to the boy "that man might buy a copy." Gen. Grant turned over the pages of the book, and casually asked, "Who is this all about?" The boy, giving him a look of indignation and disgust, replied, "You must be darned greeny not to know Gen. Grant." After this volley the Lieutenant-General of course surrendered, and bought his biography.

☞ The Abolitionists say that the administration is the "government." Andy Johnson, a leg of the government, is known to have been drunk at the inauguration.—(How many others of the "government" were drunk has not been ascertained). Nevertheless, Andy Johnson being drunk, the question arrises, was the "government" whole drunk, half drunk, quarter drunk, or was it only tipsy. Judging from the proceeding of the inauguration, taken all together, we should say that the "government" was whole drunk.

WANTED.—The following advertisement apnears in the Jamestown *Journal*:

Wanted—A boy to learn the printer's trade. A boy that "knows a bee from a bull's foot," and is willing to work without owning an interest in the office, and does not require too much waiting on, can have a chance in the *Journal* office. He will not be expected to take the whole charge of the business at first.

MARINE.—"How terrible the ship labors," exclaimed a passenger to the captain, as they stood together in the bright of the binnacle, "what cargo have you got in the hold?"

"Petroleum," replied the captain, turning his telescope in his trowsers pocket.

"Oh! ah! petroleum!" rejoined the passenger, "that's rock oil; no wonder she rocks."

☞ The "oldest inhabitant" has been found at last. He exists in the person of Joseph Crele, a resident of Wisconsin, and is one hundred and thirty-nine years old, as the record of his baptism in the Catholic Church at Detroit, where he was born, it is said, shows.

☞ There is this difference between happiness and wisdom; he that thinks himself the happiest man really is so; but he that thinks himself the wisest, is generally the greatest fool.

☞ The report that Andy Johnson passed through Bourbon county, Kentucky, on his way to Washington, is denied; but it is admitted that a great deal of Bourbon county passed through him.—*World.*

DETAILS OF THE OCCUPATION OF RICHMOND.

Gossip About Jeff. Davis.

The City Set on Fire by Ewell.

WASHINGTON, April 5, 8 P. M.—*Major-Gen Dix, New York:* The following telegram gives all the details received by this Department in relation to the military operations at Richmond not heretofore published.

E. M. STANTON,
Sec'y. of War.

AIKEN'S LANDING, Va., April 5. 11.30 A. M.—*Hon. E. M. Stanton. Secretary of War:* Little is known at City point. A few officers only are left, and these are overwhelmed with work. Lee telegraphed to Davis at 3 P. M. on Sunday, that he was driven back and must evacuate. This was announced in church. Davis had sold his furniture previously at auction and was ready to leave. All his leading men got away that evening.—The rebel iron clads are exploded. The Virginia, lies sunk in the James river above the obstructions.

Ewell set the city on fire, and all the business portion of Main street to the river was destroyed. The bridges across the river were also destroyed. Many families remain.—Mrs. Lee remains. At Petersburg the public stores were burned and a few houses caught fire but not much damage was done to the city. The bridges there were also destroyed. Will report fully from Richmond. Cannot get a clear idea of our loss. The only general killed is Winthrop. Potter is dangerously wounded in the groin. Gen. Grant has commanded the armies in person since the beginning of operations.

C. A. DANA,
Ast. Sec'y of War.

SECOND OFFICIAL GAZETTE.

The Captures at Richmond.

WASHINGTON, April 5—10 P. M.—*Major Gen. Dix:* A telegram just received by the Department from Richmond states that Gen. Weitzel captured in Richmend 1,000 well prisoners and 5,000 rebel wounded were found in the hospitals.

Five hundred pieces of artillery and five thousand stand of arms were captured.

E. M. STANTON,
Sec'y of War.

THIRD OFFICIAL GAZETTE.

The Pursuit of Lee's Army—Probability of its Entire Destruction—Despatch from Gen. Grant.

WASHINGTON, April 5, 11 P. M.—*Major Gen. Dix, New York:* Gen. Grant telegraphs to this Department from Nottoway Court House, as follows:

"Last night Gen. Sheridan was on the Danville railroad, south of Amelia C. H. and sent word to Gen. Meade, who was following with the Second and Sixth corps, by what is known as the river road, that if the troops could be got up in time, he had hopes of capturing or dispersing the whole of Lee's army.

"I am moving with the left wing commanded by General Ord by the Cox or direct Burkesville road. We will be to-night at or near Burkesville.

"I have had no communication with Sheridan or Meade to-day, but hope to hear very soon that they have come up with and captured or broken up the balance of the Army of Northern Virginia.

"In every direction we hear of the men of that army going home, generally without arms.

"Sheridan reports Lee at Amelia Court House to-day.

E. M. STANTON,
Sec'y of War.

FOURTH OFFICIAL GAZETTE.

Interesting Particulars of the Occupation of Richmond.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, April 6 *Maj. Gen Dix, New York:* The following details respecting the capture of Richmond and its occupation by the Union forces, have been telegraphed to this Department from that city.

EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

General Weitzel learned at 3 A. M. on Monday, that Richmond was being evacuated and at daylight moved forward, first taking care to give his men breakfast, in the expectation that they might have to fight. He met no opposition and on entering the city was greeted with a hearty welcome from the mass of the people.

The Mayor went out to meet him to surrender the city, but missed him on the road. General Weitzel finds much suffering and poverty among the population. The rich as well as the poor are destitute of food. He is about to issue supplies to all who take the oath. The inhabitants now number about 20,000, about half of them of African descent.

It is not true that Jeff. Davis sold his furniture before leaving. It is all in his house, where I am now writing. He left at 7 P. M. by the Danville railroad. All the members of Congress escaped. Hunter has gone home. Carson Smith went with the army. Judge Campbell is here. General Weitzel took here one thousand prisoners, besides the wounded. These number five thousand, in nine hospitals. The captured cannon number 55 least five hundred pieces, five thousand muskets have been found in one lot, thirty locomotives and three hundred cars were found here. The Petersburg railroad bridge is totally destroyed, that of the Danville road partially, so that connection with Petersburg can easily be made in that way. All the rebel vessels are destroyed except an unfinished ram, which has her machinery in her perfect.

The Tredegar Iron Works are unharmed, and the machinery is running here to-day under Weitzel's orders. Libby prison and Castle Thunder have also escaped the fire, and are filled with rebel prisoners of war. Most of the editors have fled, especially John Mitchell.

The *Whig* appeared yesterday as a Union paper, with the name of its former proprietors at the head.

The theatre opens here to-night. General Weitzel describes the reception of the President yesterday as enthusiastic in the extreme.

☞ Death is the liberator of him whom freedom cannot release; the physician of him whom medicine cannot cure; and the comforter of him whom time cannot console.

☞ "Johnny, my boy, can't you eat a littmore?"

"Well, perhaps I could if I stood up, mother."