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accuracy and at the shortest notice.

Boetical.

THE BAILWAY TO HEAVEN.

The Wuy to heaven by Christ was made, By Heavenly strength the Rails were laid From Earth to Heaven the line extends To joys eternal, there it ends. The Bible is the Engineer That shows the way to Heaven clear, The fire and steam, God's Holy Word, Which to His people joys afford. Repentance is the station, then, Where passengers are taken in, And all that would to Glory ride Must come to Christ-in Him confide. Then come poor sinners, now in time, To any etation on the line. Af you repent and turn from sin The train will stop and take you in, And if the train should shortly call We'll enter in, there's room for all, Oh! why should we want to delay? When Jesus calls, let us obey. We have kind friends who went before, Who landed safe on Unnaan's shore. No sorrow there can them annoy, Where all is Love and Peace and Joy.

> We're going Home, We're going Home, We're going Home, To die no more.

CHORUS.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

Into a ward of the whitewashed halls, Where the dead and dying lay, Wounded by bayonets, shells and balls, Somebody's Darling was borne one day --Somebody's Darling, so young and so brave, Wearing yet on his pale, sweet face, Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave, The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold, Kissing the snow of that fair young brow, Pale are the lips of delicate mould-Somebody's Darling is dying now. Back from his beautiful blue-veined brow Brush all the wandering waves of gold, Cross his hands on his bosom now, Somebody's Darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once more for somebody's sake, Murmur a prayer soft and low; One bright ourl from its fair mates take They were somebody s pride, you know; Somebody's hand hath rested there, Was it a mother's, soft and white? And have the lips of a sister fair

Been baptized in the waves of light?

God knows best! He has somebody's love; Somebody's heart enshrined him there; Somebody wafted his name above Night and mora on the wings of prayer. Somebody wept when he marched away, Looking so handsome, brave and grand; Bomebody's kiss on his forehead lay, Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's waiting and watching for him-Yearning to hold him again to their heart; And there he lies with his blue eyes dim, And the smiling childlike lips apart. Tenderly bury the fair young dead, Pausing to drop on his grave a tear ; Carve on the wooden slab at his head, "Somebody's Darling sigmbers here."

Miscellaneous.

THE GOOD ANGELS.

Come, Ady and Jane, it's time you were in bed,' said Mrs. Freeman to her little girls, about nine o'cluck one evening. Ady was nine years old, and Jane was a year and a half younger. The two children had been sitting at the work-table with their mother, one of them studying her lesson, and the other angaged in a piece of fency needle work. er engaged in a piece of fancy needle work. Papa hasn't come yet,' answered Ady.

No, dear. But it is getting late, and tis
time you were in bed. He may not be home

Ady laid aside her work and left the ta

ble, and Jane closed her books and put them away in her school satchel. You can light the little lamp on the mantle-piece,' said Mrs. Freeman, after a few moments looking around as she spoke; when

well the meaning of this, and therefore ry well the meaning of this, and though the tears did not ask a question, although the tears came to her eyes and her voice sunk almost inaudibly as she said: It is very cold out to night, children.

But we won't feel it mother, replied Ady, we will run along very quick.

And the two little ones went out before their mother, whose feelings were chaking temperance, and I feel that you are in great her so she could not say another word. As they closed the door after them, she raised er, eyes upwards, and murmured.

God bless and reward the dear children.

It was a bleak winter night; and as the little adventurers stepped into the street, the wind swept fireely along, and almost drove wind swept fireely along, and almost drove with the highest blessings their hearts can wind swept fireely along. But the them back against the door. But they caught each other by the hands and bending their little forms to meet the pressure of the cold rushing air, hurried on the way they were going as fast as their feet could make

of several blooks, they stopped before a house in a low whisper, as he bent his head down ever the door of which was a handsome or and drew closer.

namental gas lamp, bearing the words, It was a strange place for two little girls standing a moment, they pushed against the green door, which turned lightly upon its hinges, and stopped into a large and brilliantly lighted bar-room.

The children litted their eyes to his face, but half understanding what he meant. 'I will never go there again' he added, I will always stay at home with you.'

Ady and Jane now comprehending what their father meant, overcome with joy, hid

hinges, and stopped into a large and brilliantly lighted bar-room.

'Bless us?' exclaimed a man who sat their father meant, overcome with joy, hid their faces in his lap, and wept for joy.

Ady and Jane stood near the door and locked all around the room. But they did not see the object of their search, and going up to the bar, they said timidly, to a man who stood behind it pouring liquor into glasses:

'Has papa been here to night?'

The man leaned over the bar until his face was close to the children, when he said in an angry way.

Ady and Jane now comprehending what their father meant, overcome with joy, hid their faces in his lap, and wept for joy.

Low as this had been said, every word reached the mother's ear, and while her heart stood trembling between hope and fear.

Mr. Freeman drew a paper from his pocket and threw it on the table by which she was sitting. She opened it hastily.

It was the pledge, with the well known signature at the bottom.

With a cry of joy she sprang to his side, and his wife, as well as little ones, in a fonder embrace than they had known for years.

angry way.

I don't know eny thing about your father.

And seehere! don't you come any more. If you do, I'll call call my big dog out of the yard and make him bite you.

Ady and Jane felt frightened, as well by

the harsh manner as the angry words of the and there were low half-suppressed sobbings man, and they started back from him, and heard from every corner of the room. but the

Come here, my little girls.' The children stopped and looked at him, when he beckened them to approach, and they did so.
'Are you looking for your father?' he in-

Yes, sir,' replied Ady. 'And what did that man at the bar say to 'He said that papa wasn't here; and that

'Yes sir.'
The man knit his brow for an instant and

Who sent you here!

Nobody,' answered Ady. 'Don't your mother know you have come?' 'Yes, sir. She told us to go to bed, but we couldn't go until papa was home. And so we came for him first.' 'He is here.' 'Is he?' and the children's faces bright-

'Yes he's at the other side of the room esleep—I'll wake him for you?

Half intoxicated; and sound asleep, it was with some difficulty that Mr. Freeman could

And soon, however, as his eyes were fairly opened and he found that Ady and Jane had opened and he found that May and sale had each grasped one of his hands, he arose up, and yielding passively to their direction, suffered them to lead him away.

'Oh dear!' exclaimed a man who had

emotion, and give them a sober father.'

'I guess you never saw them before? said one of the bar-keepers, lightly.

'No, and I never wish to again; at least in this place. Who is their father?'

'Treeman, the lawyer.'

'Not the one who a few years ago conducted with so much shills the case against the soan as a detergent is not of

ted with so much ability the case against the Marine Insurance Company?

'The same.'
'Is it possible?' A group was formed about the man, and a good deal was said about Freeman's fall rom sobriety. One bad several times seen Ady and Jane come in and lead him home, as they had just dore, spoke of them with much feeling; all agreed that it was a most touching case.
'To see,' said one, 'how passively he

yields himself to the little things when they come after him. I feel sometimes when I ome after him. I feet solutions which is see them, almost weak enough to shed tears.

'They are his good angels,' remarked another. But I'm afraid they are not strong enough to lead him back to the path which ne has forsaken. You can think what you please about it.

gentleman, said the landlord, but I can tell you my opinion upon the subject: I wouldn't give much for the mother who would let two give much for the mother who would let two little things, like them, go wandering about the streets, alone, at this time of night.' One of those who had expressed interest in the children, felt angry at this remark, and retorted with some bitterness.

'And I would give less for the man who vould make their father drunk. 'Ditto to that,' responded one of the company. 'And here's my hand for that,' said an-

other.

The land lord finding that the majority of the the company were likely to be against him, smothered his angry feelings and kept silest. A few minutes afterwards, two or three of the inmates of this bar-room went

About ten o'clock on the next morning. while Freeman, who was generally sober in the fore part of the day, was in his office, a stranger entered, and after sitting down,

'I must crave your pardon before hand for what I am going to say. Will you promise not to be offended?'
If you offer an insult, I shall resent it

said the lawyer.
So far from that, I come with the desire to do you a great service.'

'Very well, say on.'
'I was at Lawsons' Refectory last night.'
'Well.' 'And I saw something there that touched my heart. If I slept at all, it was only to dream of it I am a father, sir! I have two

little girls, and I love them tenderly. Oh! sir, the thought of their coming out in search my veins.'
Words so unexpected coming upon Mr. Freeman, when he was comparatively sober, disturbed him deeply. In spite of his en-

deavors to remain calm, he trembled all over. He made an effort to say something in reply, but he could not utter a word.
My dear sir, pursued the stranger, 'you have fallen into the hand of the monster inperil. You have not, however, fallen hope-lessly. You may yet rise if you will. Let me then in the name of the sweet babes who

have shown in so wonderful a manner, their

cold rushing air, hurried on the way they were going as fast as their feet could move.

The streets were dark and deserted; but the children were not afraid. Love filled their hearts, and tot no room for fear.

Come!

That evening, unexpectedly, and to the joy of his family, Mr. Freeman was perfectly sober when he came home. After tea, while Ady and Jane were standing on either while Ady and Jane were standing on either mother. hearts, and left no room for fear.

They did not speak a word to each other side of him, and he sat near their mother with an arm around each of them; he said, as they ha tened along. After going a distance

'You will never have to come there for me The children lifted their eyes to his face

der embrace than they had known for years.

The children's love had saved their father. They were indeed, his Guardian Angels.

"BURY ME IN THE GARDEN."-There wa sorrow, there, and tears were in every eye, heard from every corner of the room, but the man, and they started back from him, and were towards the door with sad faces, when the person who had first marked their entrence, called out loud enough for them to hear him:

heard from every corner of the room, but the sence of poetry: here sixteen lines of our little sufferer was still; its young spirit was just on the verge of departure. The mother measure, and embodying about as much sentence, called out loud enough for them to hear him: der its pillow, and with the other uncon-sciously drawing the little girl closer and closer to her bosom. Poor thing! in the bright and dewy morning it had followed out behind its father into the field, and while he was there engaged in his labor, it had patted round among the meadow flowers and had stuck its bosom full, and all its burnished tresses, with carmine and lilly-tinted things; and returning tired to its father's side, he had lifted it upon the loaded cart; but a if we came here any more, he would set his stone on the road had shaken it from its sea and the ponderous, iron-rimmed wheels had ground it down into the very cart path—and the little crushed creature was dying.
We had all gathered up closely to its bed

side, and were hanging over the young one to see if it yet breathed, when a slight move ment came over its lips, and its eyes partly opened. There was no voice, but there was something beneath its eyelids which a mother alone could interpret. Its lips trembled again, and we all held our breath—its eyes ned a little farther, and then we heard opened a little farther, and then we have the departing spirit whisper in that car which touched those ashy lips: "Mother! mother! don't let them carry me away down to the dark, cold grave-yard, but bury me in the garden—in the garden, mother."

A little sister, whose eyes were roining down with the melting of her heart, had crept up to the bedside, and taking up the hand of the dying girl, sobbed aloud in its ear: "Julia! Julia! can't you speak to Ancard when the same and the salesman."

"Annie Laurie," "The last Rose of Summer," and the "Old Arm Chair."

"Are these the latest publications you have?" inquired the female.

"Yes, madam, these are the latest publications issued," responded the salesman. teinette?"

The last fluttering pulsation of expiring looked on with wonder and interest. 'That's a temperance lecture that I can't stand.—
God bless the little ones,' he added with emotion, 'and give them a sober father.'

"The last fluttering pulsation of expiring nature struggled hard to enable that little spirit to utter one more wish and a word of affection; its soul was on its lips when it whispered again, "Bury me in the garden, mother—bury me in the"—and a quivering came over its limbs—and a feeble struggle,

THE ORIGIN OF SOAP.—The application of soap as a detergent is not of high antiquity. cation, for instance-it seems to have been known as a fact for a considerable time be-fore it was turned to its most serviceable account. Soap at first was merely a cosmetic for smoothing the hair and brightening the complexion. When once its valuable and detersive powers were discovered—doubtless by accident-its employment spread rapidly. Numerous soap manufactories sprang up in Italy, notable in the little serport town of Savona, near Genoa, whence the French name of soap, "savon." The manufacture scread in Spain and France. Marsilles became famous for its harbled soaps. Our word "soap" may come from the Latin word "sapo," which is mentioned by Pliny as an invention of the Gauls. As weelen garments preceded linen, so the tuller's art-for clean sing, scouring, and pressing cloths and stuffs -is older than the washerwomen's being due, it appears, to one Nicias, the son of Hermias. His grand discovery would be the emplyment of an earth, since named after the persons who use it. The Roman fullers, who washed dirty togas, were persons of no little importance. Their trade, and the manner of carrying it on, were regulated by laws such as the Lex Matella de fullonibus. At one time fuller's earth—found of a very superior quality in Staffordshire, Bedfordshire, and other English counties—was considered so indiscensable for the dressing of cloth, that to prevent foreigners from rivaling English fabrics, it was made a contraband commedity, and its exportation made equally criminal with the heinous and wicked export of wool! How completely public opinion is changed. No weathercook could make a more perfect No weathercock could make a more perfect gyration from north to south, from east to Convicts and contraband of war, perhaps, but

certainly not harmless earth and wool. VERMONT ANECDOTE.-The late Rev. Zeb. Twitchell was the most noted Methodist minister in Vermont for shrewd and laughable sayings. In the pulpits he maintained a suitable gravity of manner and expression, but out of the pulpit he overflowed with fun. Occasionally he would, if emergency seemed to require, introduce semething queer into a sermon for the sake of arousing the flagging attention of his hearers. It was he who riginated the story of the great mosquitoes.
Seeing that his audience was getting sleepy, he paused in his discourse and digressed,

"Brethren, you haven't any idea of the she saw that the children had both put on their bonnets and were tying their warm baps about their necks. She inderstood velocity of the such a cold winter night, in such a suffering of our missionaries in the new set the blood run cold in the mosquitoes. The may veins.' tlements, on account of the mosquitoes. The mosquitoes in some of those regions are enor mous. A great many of them will weigh a pound and they will get on the logs and bark when the missionaries are going along."

By this time all the ears and eyes were pen, and he proceeded to finish his dis-

The next day one of his beavers called him to account for his telling lies in the pulpit. "There never was a mosquito that weighed a pound," said he.
"But I didn't say one of them would weigh

a pound: I said a great many of them would weigh weigh a pound, and I think a million of them would." But you said they barked at the mission

mine a d manage to keep them by not asking them for anything but advice. You can't

ave got your loan.

A NEW POET LAUREATE.

Thackeray's Magazine, in London, paid Tennyson, the Poet Laureate, of England, sixteen hundred dollars for a poem, and the following two stanzas are just one half of it, or eight hundred dollars worth:

What does little birdie say. In her nest at peep of day? Let me fly, says little birdie-Mother, let me fly away. Ridle rest a little longer, Till thy tiny wings are stronger; So she rests a little longer, Then she flies away.

What does little haby say, In her bed at peep of day? Baby says, like little birdie, Let me rise and haste away. Baby, sleep a little longer,
Until her little lege grow stronger!
And after waiting like the birdie, Bab, too, shall fly away.

Isn't that grand !—isn't that the quintes-nce of poetry! Here's sixteen lines of our

What does little froggie say, In his pord at peep of day? Let me swim, says little froggie— Bullfrog, let me swim away. Froggie, wait a little longer, Till your little legs are stronger; So he mounts upon a chunk, And then into the pond ker-ch-u-n-k!

What does little piggie say, In his sty at peep of day? Piggie says, like little froggie, Let me go and root to-day,
Piggia, wait a little longer,
Till your snout grows hard and stronger
If you suck a little longer, Piggie then may root away.

Nor so GREEN. - An amusing incident took place at a music store on Main street, the other day, which is worth relating. A fast young woman, who was dressed more like one of our young Mississippi country lasses than a city belle, entered the store in question, and asked the salesman to show her the latest musical publications. The young the latest musical publications. The young clerk, mistaking her for a "green 'un" handed down for her inspection. "Ben Bolt,"
"Annie Laurie," "The last Rose of Sum-

"Yes, madam, these are the latest publi-cations issued," responded the salesman.
"Do you know what I wish you would do with them?" replied the woman.

"Wrap them up for you, madam?" answered the clerk. "No, she said, I haven't time to take them "I will do what you wish with them mad-

"I will do what you wish wash." politely replied the young man.
"Well, then." she responded, "you may place this "Old Arm Chair" aside, seat "Annie Laurie" in it, give her "The Last Rose of Summer," to use as she pleases, and put old "Ben Bolt" to kissing her, and let them kiss away until I return .- Cairo News.

THAT RASCALLY PRIVATE.—A correspondent writes from Hilton Head: On day a soldier went into a store at Hilton Head with two bottles. One was filled

Give me back that whiskey.'

The soldier produced the bottle of water, and after getting the empty bottle, made tracks for the camp with his quart of whis-

key safely stowed away in his pocket. Soon, an officer visited the store, and called for a quart of whiskey. The storekeeper gave him the soldier's quart; but the officer tasted the stuff, and said it was devilish weak for whiskey, whereupon the merchant's face grew long and after investigating the case, found he had been sold by that rascally pri-

An old trick; but it worked successfully in this instance.

A SQUIRREL HUNT.—At the—— Hotel, in Cairo, they are not noted for dispatch in filling orders for meals. If a warm dinner ordered some time is taken to cook it -Not long since I stopped there, and sat down But his patience was at length exhausted. est. What is it criminal to export now ?- and he beckoned the steward to him, and said:

'Has the man got a good gun?'
'What man?' asked the steward. 'The man that's gone to shoot the squir-rel I ordered,' said the old gentlemen, with

great gravity.

Just then I choked and did not hear the steward's unswer, but I saw him disappear, and in a few seconds the old gentleman was devouring his squirrel with apparent rel-

Cornered.—Covetous people often seek to shelter themselves behind the widows mite, and to give a paitry sum to benevolent oh jects under cover of her contribution. The ollowing incident has a moral for all such :

A gentleman called upon a wealthy friend contribution. "Yes, I must give you my mite," said the rich man.
"You mean the widow's mite, I suppose,"

replied the other.
"To be sure I do." The gentleman continued -- "I will be satisfied with half as much as she gave. How

much are you worth?" "Seventy thousand dollars," he answered. "Give me then a check for thirty-five thousand, that will be just half as much as the widow gave; for she gave all she had."

It was a new idea to the wealthy mer-

An Irish commodore being confined to his bed by a severe fit of the gout; some sweeps were employed to sweep the chimnies of the house next door to him, and one of the boys, by mistake, came down in the commodore's apartment. The boy confused at his mistake, seeing the commodore in bed,

Sir, my master will come for you pres ask anything of a man that he loves to give more, and that costs him less than advice."

Don't kick the usurer till after you appealed to your loan.

Str. my mater than a strength of the commodore, leaping out of bed; 'I beg to be excused staying here any longer then,' and immediately ran down stairs:

FORMER ASSASSINATIONS.

The murder of President Lincoln has occasioned the hunting up of precdents. The following are some of them:

Irene, Empress consort of Greece, lost her power by the death of her husband and the nsequent succession of his son, Constantine I. To displace him, she caused his eyes to be put out, and afterwards had him killed by strangulation.

William Rufus, of England, confiscated all the neighboring estates to make a grand hunting park for his own amusement. Sir Walter Tyrrel, one of the sufferers, shot him with an arrow and then fled to France. Rienzi, the first Roman Tribune, was kill-

Massaniello, the popular Viceroy of Naples, was drugged by an artful enemy, and killed by his own people for acts committed in his unnatural condition. James I, of Scotland, was killed by his nooles, in the presence of the Queen and ladies of her court, after a fierce struggle.
Richard Cour de Lion was killed by the

Viscount de Limoges in France, while par-eying under a flag of truce. Henry IV of France, though very worthy and popular, had twenty eight attempts made upon his life. Ravaillas killed him with a

upon the wheel.

Kouli Khan, one of the wisest of Persian monarchs, was killed in his own tent by a nephew, withshe connivance of his own body Gustavus, of Sweden, was killed by a mus-

ket ball, fired by Capt. Ankerstroom, formerly an officer in his army. He was hung for Several attempts were made to take the life of George, III, of England. One was by a wo-inan who approached him, presenting a petition. While the king was reading it, she at-tempted to stab him. She was adjudged in-

Paul I, of Russia, was strangled with a sil ken scarf by his nobles, even his own wife and children being privy to the plot—one of-them, Alexander, succeeded to the throne.—

This was in 1801.

Five futile attempts have been made to murder Queen Victoria, without any apparent motive. Four of the persons were arrested; two of them were sent to the madhouse, and two transported. The fifth fired a pistal shot from a crowd while the Queen was riding with her husband, missed, and e ciped.

The plots against the life of Napoleon I were numberless, and some of his escapes very narrow; and the present Emperor has been similarly threatened and imperilled.

ANECDOTE OF THE HERO OF THE CAROLINAS The following circumstances, related to me yesterday, goes far to show that Gen. Sherman is no respector of persons, and shows very little favoritism in the administration of affairs in his military command .-While Senator Sherman was here on a visit. about a week ago, he was presented by Frank Blair with a very fine horse, captured during the South Carolina campaign. He was told that he must got a pass from his brother, the General, before he could ship the animal to the North, but thought this would be a very small matter. So he went to "Cump's" neadquarters to tell him of his luck and get the necessary document.

ken aback by this, and again reminded the General that the horse had been presented to left. The nervous fear that this

General that the horse had been presented to him and was not givernment property.

"Can't let you have him John. All the horses belong to Uncle Sam. Individual titles aint worth a cent," said Camp, and so he Senator was cheated out of his present.

Let brotherly love continue.—Cincinnati armies, placed all their wrons within our the Senator was cheated out of his present. Commercial

Secrets of Masonry.—Not many years ago, at an Inn in the west of England, several persons were sitting around a fire in a large kitchen, through which there was a passage to the other apartments of the house and amongst whom was a female traveller and a tailor. At this Inn a Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons was held, it being lodge night. several of their members passed the company in the way to the meeting room. This circumstance introduced observations on the occult signs by which Masons could be known to each other; when the female observed that there was not so much mystery in Masorry as people imagined, and that she herself could show any person a Mason's sign.
"What?" said the tailor, "that of a Free

and Accepted Mason?" "Yis, she replied, "and I'll bet a half crown bowl of punch, to be decided by any one of the members were may please to appoint that I may perform my promise."
"Why," says the tailor, "a woman was never admitted, then how is it possible that

you can procure the secret?"
"No matter for that," says she, "I will readily forfeit the money I lay if I do not rove the fact." The company urged the tailor to accept the challenge, and the amount of the bet was de-posited. The woman immediately started

posited. The woman immediately stated up and took the tailor by the collar. "Come," says she, "follow me," which he did, trembling as he went along, fearing he was to undergo some part of the discipline in making a Mason, of which he had heard the safety. such a dreadful report. She led him into the street, and pointing to the sign of the Li-on and Lamb, asked him whose sign that

"Mr. Lodge's," answered the tailor, as the name of the Innkeeper.

'Is hea Free Mason?

"Yes." said the tailor.

"Then I have shown you the sign of a Free and accepted Mason," said the lady.

The laugh was so much against the tailor, that it was with much difficulty he could be prevailed upon to take some of the liquor which was forthwith produced at his expense.

vertising his "Burton XXXX," concludes the advertisement: N. B -Parties drinking more than four glasses of this potent beverage at one sitting, carefully sent home on a wheelbarrow, if re-

quired. Why is a married man like a candle? chuse he goes cut at night when he ought

ys are like vinegar—the more of contemporaneous acts; but they were enthere is in them, the sharper they tirely distinct and separate. The fact of dis-Boys are like vinegar—the

THE SHERMAN-STANTON WAR.

Senator John Sherman's Review of the Diffi-culty—Very Curious Facts Brought to Light—Stanton's Treachery and Halleck's Malignity—Halleck as the Reviler of Gen-erals, &c., &c.

From Communication in Washington Chronicle, the Court Journal, May 25] A quarrel between two high officers of the

ly, and usually injurious to each. This is especially so when they are working in the sume great cause—and that cause brilliantly successful, crowned with a glorious peace.— It is idle to conceal evidences of passion eagerly promulgated by the telegram and press, and it is well for kindly lookers on to take a dispassionate view to see if all this heat is necessary. The writer of this knows both parties, and is certainly friendly to each.

The commencement of any difference was with the Sherman-Johnston convention.— This, if approved by the President, would have made peace between the Potomac and the Rio Grande. The objections made to this are included in three propositions: 1st. That Sherman had no power to make such a treaty. The answer is obvious, that he never claimed or attempted to conclude the arrangement. All he did "conclude" was a

for the approval or rejection of the President, this important offer of a general peace.

Even in arranging the truce he had it all on his side. Wilson was still moving and holding the outer coils of the net, while Sherman was building railroads and repairing roads and bridges, ready for the final spring if the arrangement was disapproved. He gained everything by the truce and lost nothing. Johnston was "corraled." and was kept so by this very truce, while Sherman was never more active in preparing for future move-ments if necessary. It is said generals have no business to make truces, or deal with po-litical questions, and that Grant was reprovbefore, and for a year has been distinguished for his treatment of political questions without a word of caution or reproof from his superiors. The telegram to Grant, now published as an official order of an old idate, was withheld from Sherman, and Sherman had been instructed the superiors. had been instructed to open communications with rebel civil authorities.

The second objection is that the arrangement recognized the rebel State governments and officials. This is the most serious objection, and amply justified the government in rejecting or modifying the arrangement; but the official papers show clearly that Suerman refused to grant this in any shape or form, until the order of Weitzel, issued while Mr. Lincoln was present in Richmond, convened the rebel Legislature of Virginia and recognized the rebel Governor Smith. With this order before him, without a word of the contrary tenor, Sherman informed Johnston of the order, and waived his previous objection to recognizing the rebe! State authorities.— Why should Sherman be denounced for sub-

mitting to the new President a proposition based upon this order of the revocation of which he had not the least notice? How unjust to arraign him for this, and then con-ceal the fact that he was acting in pursuance of the policy of the former Administration.

The third objection is, that he recognized slavery, and restored the old relations be-"It's a splendid horse. Cump," said the Honorable Senator, "and if you'll just sign a permit, I'll take him up in she boat with

ton Head with two bottles. One was filled with sweetened water, and the other he wished to get filled with whiskey. He got his whiskey, and placing it in his pocket, said:

'Mr. R., you can charge this to me till I come around again.'

'Can't see it,' said the shop keeper.—

'Che gross and reverend Senator was ta
'Che gross and reverend Senator was ta
'The official papers show that he urged Johnston to announce as a "feet" the extinction of slavery—a "fact" that Sherman not only regarded as fixed, but as unalterable. The gross and reverend Senator was ta-The grave and reverend Senator was tal result was, that slavery was not mentioned, but was left precisely where it ought to be could not be left to the law and the Supreme Court did not disturb a purely military mind. This was the arrangement about which so

> power, made peace universal; and it was purely conditional, having no life without the approval of the President. Now it is plain that the duty of the Government was simply to approve or reject it, and give no reasons, but issue its orders; and this is precisely what was done by the President, and he did no more. Gen. Grant was sent to convey this order and did his duty nobly and well with generous consideration for his subordinate and fellow-soldier. Sherman did not hesitute a moment, promptly terminated the truce, made a new arrangement with Johnston, and at once started for Charleston and Savannah, to send supplies to General Wil son, then far in Georgia, and to close up the scuttered links of his great command. His official report shows an amount of zeal, ac omean report shows an amount of zear, activity, patriotism, and wonderful ability not surpassed by any portion of his previous life. All this was going on while he was in utter ignorance of the wild storm of denunciation hat was sweeping over the whole country. While he was supplying Wilson, arranging to catch Davis, detaching armies from his command, and preparing for peace and home, the press and telegraph, the pulpit and the rostrum, were ringing with denunciations.—
> A letter of a rebel to the London Times was universally quoted as the revelation of a plot to overthrow the Government. Cromwell and Arnold, and all that was desperate and violent, were suddenly brought to public notice. To detend Sherman, and even to beg vas to invite quarrel and insult. Timid was to invite quarrel and insult. Time people, were pitying him and all connected with him. People who had slept sound in their beds at night, and made money every day during the war, thought Joneral Sherman had joined the copperhands," and was no better than Jeff Davis, and even hinted

> that he got some of Jeff. Davis's gold.
> General Sherman first met this "chilling wind" as he was coming northward around Cape Henry to meet his army and surrender his command. He was then writing his of-ficial report. He firmly believed that all the fierce and most unreasonable calumny the nerce and most unreasonable calumny was organized by Mr. Stanton and General Halleck with the deliberate purpose to insult, humiliate, and ruin him. He then first saw Stanton's reasons and Halleck's insulting order. He mixed all the falschoods and malignitudes. malignity with these two official acts. No wonder that this gave tone to his official report, and under this shadow it would be read. It will soon be made public, and the writer of this ventures to predict that every fair-minded man who contributed to the olamor will, on reading it, regret his part.
> The rejection of the donvention and his reasons of Stanton were given to the public at the same moment. They had the appearance

legitimate, and resulted well. Grant even did not know these "reasons." Not a shade of discontent could have arisen. Why, then, publish these reasons? The answer of Mr. publish these reasons? The snawer of Mr. Stantonis, that Gen. Sherman's order announcing the truce to his army made it necessary; that he could not disappoint the hopes of the army, based upon this order, without, giving the reasons; that he got a copy of the order after Grant left and then penned these reasons. The gloom of the public mind and his own escape from assassination no doubt col-ored his statement, and suspicion, aroused by a desperate crime, lit upon the most conspic-uous person, who, at the moment, seemed to thwart the national cry for vengeance. Sher-man's arrangement breathed the spirit of the dead President; but it came one week too. late, or one month too early. In either con-

late, or one month too early. An either contingency Stanton's reasons would never have been issued. They were his alone, and are plainly marked with passion, but may have been published without malice.

But, it is said, why did Sherman issue this order to his troops? Why did he assume that peace was to exist from the Potomac to the Rio Grande? Why not wait until the arrangement was approved? The answer is, that it was necessary to announce answer is, that it was necessary to announce the truce to the army to prevent collission and loss of life. The order was to the army and loss of life. The order was to the army only, and expressly stated that the truce de-pended upon the approval of the President. Without a knowledge of the truce how could office s or men perform their new duties, and in what better terms could a conditional truce be expressed? Sherman talked to his army alone, merely for their temporary action.— Can any man read the order now without ap-

proving it?
Then followed the advice of Halleck to ignore Grant, to meult Sherman, and to arrest the movements of the subordin te officers, not, only without the knowledge but in defence of both of them. And this was accompanied by the military offense of Halleck's disregarding a truce and actually invading another military department to assault an enemy under terms of surrender. It was fortunate that this order, was countermanded in time or an actual collision might have occurred in violation of a truce between two armies of our no-ble heroes. For this, General Halleck alone ble heroes. For this, General Halleck slone ought to be held responsible. If he was of any service at all other than an expansive luxury, tied and laboled away where it was supposed he was harmless, he should, as a writer on military law, have been the last man to advise the breach of a truce—the soldiers! "higher law." He knew that Johnston had surrendered, was awaiting the action of the President upon that surrender, and that Grant, his superior officer, was conveying that action to Shermon; and yet he advised a course that could only be justified by the clearly ascertained fact that both Grant and Sherman were traitors to their country.

their country.

And then, why publish this order? What motive could possibly induce this? If some grave exigency justified the order, it should have been kept secret as the grave. If they found Sherman was playing the traitor, their precautions should have been concealed. precautions should have been conocaled.—
In any aspect of the publication of this paper seems the greatest folly or the meanest malice. If justified by events, it was a blunder to publish their plans; but when viewed by the light of events it was a most gross rablic insult heaped upon a soldier while in the successful discharge of the highest duties. The writer of this does not know that either Stanton or Halleck authorized its publication, but he does know the witherite effect it had but he does know the withering effect it had, upon Sherman's reputation, not for what was alleged in it, but from what was fairly im-plied from it. Why is not this explained? Who published it? Where was the public censor then. Why not now announce in an equally specific order that the fears upon which it was based proved utterly groundless? If Mr. Stanton published this order, and will ot now openly acknowledge that it was founded in error, he continues an insult and evinces malice. Then he must expect open defince and insult, and neither his person nor

rank can shield him. It cannot be denied that after this order was issued, while the telegraph was under a strict military censorship, the public mind was poi-soned against Gen. Sherman by telegrams since shown to be false, as that he refused to obey the summons of the Congressional Committee, and that facts relieving him from blame were not stated, as that the order of Gen. Weitzel was approved by Mr. Lincoln, but afterwards withdrawn. And this, too, while General Sherman was beyond the reach of letter or telegram, actively engaged in his of letter or telegram, actively engaged in his official duties. It is true that Mr. Stanton neither can nor ought to control the press, and is often roughly handled by it. Yet had not an officer in Gen. Sherman's position the right to expect some effort, on the part of his department, to stay the tide of calumny, the very moment the return of Gen. Grant with the unconditional surrender of Johnston prov-

the unconditional surrender of Johnston proved how groundless and foolish had been the fears at Washington.

Now, it is plain that the true course is to publish the official report; to respect the natural resentment of a soldier; sensitive on according to the soldier. count of a pulpable wrong; to avoid mingling personal feelings with the general joy over great triumphs; to neither force nor oppose public judgement upon the merits of a con-troversy no longer important to the nation, and leave to the country and history to settle the credit due to the prominent actors in the war. The writer of this is not disposed to beittle either the services of General Sherman or the energy of Mr. Stanton, and would rather see both expended on the common en-

emy. QUITTIES.—No doubt a lady may be expected to make a great noise in the world when her dress is covered with bugges.

Books are the best friends, because when they bore you you can shut them up without

The bottle is the devil's crucible, to which everything is melted.

The buyer needs a hundred eyes, the seller

not one. A smatterer in everything is generally gold for nothing.
Great talkers are like cracked pitchers; everything runs out of them.

At a fashionable dinner eat slowly as

matter of course.
"Time works wonders," as the lady said when site got married after an eight years courtship.

Forty years Isreal wandered in the wilderness, before they entered upon the promised land, and forty years transfers every fortune in our land to new owners. And if any man is grieved because of the bigness of his income tax, let him who his eyes.—Ten chances to one his children win't have any income to be taxed upon;

Love is often changed to hatred, but approval was gent by Grant, and was entirely hatred is rarely converted to love.