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PRINCIPLES, not MEN.

VOL. XXXIV.—WHOLE NO. 1775.

CLEARFIELD, PA. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1863.

TERMS—\$1 25 per Annum, if paid in advance.

NEW SERIES—VOL. IV.—NO. 12.

### NERVOUS WOMEN.

A writer for *Life Illustrated* recently furnished that paper with a short article entitled "Nervous Women," which was copied first by the *Dispatch*, and since by many other papers. The author has chosen for her model the generally coarse and occasionally original "Fanny Fern." But whilst she (we are happy to say) does not equal Fanny in coarseness, neither, we regret to add, does she approach her in originality. Indeed her sketch has neither piquancy nor force, and is only worthy of comment from being a faint echo of the many loud cries constantly being made by people of more common sense, who, strong themselves in physical health and devoid of sensibility, believe all of delicate nerves and impulsive temperaments subjects for ridicule or distrust.

The writer of the article alluded to, no doubt congratulated herself heartily that her nerves are not easily irritated nor her sensibilities readily wounded. She implores and beseeches her readers not to make themselves disagreeable and troublesome by possession of such things as nerves. A good constitution, firm nerves and a complete self-control, add largely to ones comfort, and are gifts to be most grateful for, but are not such as to entitle their possessor to regard with contempt others of a more delicate and sensitive organization. It is noticed that persons of quick intelligence, acute perceptions, and refined tastes, are those among whom nervous disorders mostly abound. Women of earnest and self-sacrificing natures, warm affections, and small self-esteem, are generally nervous women; and those, too, are they whom neither fatigue, cold nor hunger can intimidate when engaged in a work of mercy, and to whom pestilence and death bring no terror when encountered for an object beloved. Show me a woman who prides herself upon her strong nerves and great self-possession, and I will show you one utterly incapable of womanly thoughtfulness or womanly feeling.

A very celebrated surgeon was once heard to remark, "I have performed many hundreds of operations, but never could anticipate one without a shudder, and could never look upon a wound without horror; and nothing is more abhorrent to me in a sick room than a woman, unless, indeed, she be a professed nurse, who can witness the one unmoved, or bind up the other without emotion. I never would, if avoidable, entrust a patient to a nurse who boasted upon being a stranger to nerves." And he was quite right, too. A sudden glare, a cold draught, a disagreeable whispering, a creaky step, does no inconvenience to persons of strong nerves, who regard weak ones as afflictions or hypocrisies. It is only the nervous woman that feels the pain of the sudden glare, the chill of the cold draught, the agony of the hissing whisper and creaking shoes. These things are to her real, tangible causes of suffering, and are very carefully guarded against for her patient. It is true, she may not be skillful in administering medicines, or so expert in dressing wounds, or strong in lifting, as a calmer and less impulsive, less loving person would be; but oh! she is infinitely more tender in soothing and alleviating. Every sick man knows how much less nauseous a bitter dose becomes when administered by the gentle hands of those who love him, though tremulous with anxiety and hope, than when offered by the most practical and experienced man that ever adorned a quarantine or hospital. Composed, self-possessed, reliable, such may be, but they lack the tenderness so welcome to the sick and despondent—they are proverbially hard. Skill comes both from strong nerves and from strong affections too, but that which comes from the affection is best.

A cousin of Florence Nightingale, lately on a visit to this country, remarked in the hearing of the writer that to none did the determination of a patient to devote her life to the care of the suffering and wounded, bring more surprise than to her family, sensible, as they were, that she was an extremely nervous woman. Nervous she was, and weak in form, but a strong sense of sympathy with suffering took possession of her, and her grand heart urged her to the work; and her great humanity, have become a theme for homage and gratitude the world over. Hundreds of women might be named who, physically weak, with nerves all unstrung and frames all powerless, inspired by affection, have taken upon themselves new duties, encountered dangers and fatigues almost incredible, to succor or sustain those in distress. Few persons there are who cannot number among their own friends some warm heart who has battled against want, suffering, perhaps shame, with a vigor and courage that might be called wonderful among strong men.

Not long since, the writer was told of a lady whose left side had for many months been rendered nearly useless by neuralgia, who when her dwelling took fire, and she was being carried out by her neighbors, suddenly recollected that in the cellar there was deposited a quantity of powder, which, if it should explode, would probably cause loss of life, and certainly great loss of property. Immediately she requested to be set on her feet. This being done, she turned at once into the burning building without saying a word to any one, and soon appeared clapping in her arms a keg, which she bore to a stream near, and cast it in, thus averting a great calamity. Strong nerves people will say she was an impostor, that her illness was an affection. Oh, good friends, equally without heart and without nerves, you could never understand this illness or this cure.

The daughter of a senator from a neighboring State, delicately reared, and of a frail, nervous organization, married a poor professional man, who, after an effort of

several years, despairing of making a comfortable living at home resolved upon emigrating West, where he possessed a large tract of land. He accordingly started, built himself a house, or rather a cabin, and returned for his wife, who gave up cheerfully all the comforts of a refined society and a tasteful and pleasant home, to become the companion of Indians and bears. The nearest village was seven miles from them, and the family consisted only of her husband, herself an infant and a little colored girl, brought by them from her native State. Her husband, during the first year or two of their sojourn, was obliged to make frequent journeys from home; and during one of those absences she was awakened after midnight by a noise from her babe, which seemed like that of strangulation. She hastily picked it up, took it to the fire, and saw that it was apparently choking to death. She had never witnessed a case of the croup; but the little black girl, who remembered at home seeing her own little brothers have it, at once pronounced it to be that disease. The lady had not provided any remedy in view of this complaint, so prevalent among children, and could only heat some warm water for a bath, as directed by her little handmaiden. The child grew worse. Half wild with terror lest it should die for want of medical aid, she madly asked herself what could be done? Her husband had taken their only horse—she had no one to send after a physician—she must go herself. Hastily and warmly wrapping up her little one, she started upon her sad and fearful journey. The season was October; the night cold, though not dark; and alone, listening but to the struggling breath of her infant, and fearing only lest the aid she sought might be found too late, she hurried through forest and over strange roads, and reached the hamlet in time to save her darling. A more self-possessed and less impulsive woman would have been likely to have reasoned upon the propriety of the journey, the possibility that the child would die on the road, the probability that the doctor might be from home, or that people might declare her crazy; but the woman of heart and impulse, though in ordinary times, timid, nervous and weak, could, strengthened by her affection, become utterly indifferent or oblivious to the perils that beset a journey through a gloomy wilderness and an unknown country.

We know personally a lady in Delaware, whose father was Sheriff of the county in which he resided. His dwelling was attached to the jail. On one occasion, a man who had been committed for horse-stealing, set fire to the prison, calculating that the doors of his cell would be opened, and in the confusion he might escape. The flames spread rapidly. They reached the Sheriff's apartments, and the inmates had barely time to escape themselves, without thinking of the prisoners. All at once it was discovered that the keys were in the burning building, and that the prisoners could not be released without them, when Miss Celia R. resolutely made her way through the smoke and flames, found the keys, and set free all who were in danger.

Many years afterwards the same lady was on a visit to her brother, when his house was set on fire by a servant girl. It was night when the alarm was given. She was up reading, and instantly flew to the room where the children slept, to see that all was safe there. She found the smoke bursting forth, but felt her way to the bed of the little ones. She found one child on the floor half suffocated, and bore him to a place of safety, and returned for the other. This, too, she carried out, unmindful of the fierce blaze raging around her. Once again she started back to rescue a little black boy who she believed was sleeping alone. This time, overcome by the heat, she fell with her face to the floor, and when aid came was quite insensible. Both the child died, and her life for a time was despaired of; but she still lives, bearing upon her face and arms traces of danger bravely encountered, and suffering patiently borne—most precious and honorable mementos of courage, devotion and self-sacrifice.

This lady was, and is, of a most excitable and nervous temperament. The sound of a door swinging on its hinges would be to her an insufferable annoyance, and the long continued tapping of a foot on the floor would cause not only an imploring look, but probably extort a cry of annoyance.

**THE BOLLMEYER MURDER.**—The *Dayton Journal* says the jury acquitted Henry M. Brown of the charge of murdering J. F. Bollmeyer, formerly editor of the *Dayton Empire*.—*Commercial*.

A most iniquitous judicial farce has now been consummated, and a guilty man has been turned loose, with the blood of a prominent and estimable citizen, wickedly shed, upon his garments. Our readers are familiar with this case. Mr. Bollmeyer was the able and fearless editor of the *Dayton Empire*, and was shot down, in cold blood, in the streets of Dayton, without provocation, by this man Brown. Mr. Bollmeyer was a democrat, and Brown was an abolitionist, but such was the fenishish hate of Bollmeyer's political enemies that they immediately attempted to shield and screen the perpetrator of the foul deed, and have met, it appears, with success. The trial was had in the abolition county of Warren, and a jury has been found to render a verdict which virtually outlaws every democrat in principle, and puts his life at the mercy of any abolition miscreant who may choose to take it. We have already reached a fearful state of society when such trials as those of Brown occur, and when political feeling is successfully invoked to shield criminals from their deserved punishment.

What do we often drop yet we never stoop to pick it up? A hint.

### What to do With a "Green Back."

There is, just now, a way for using one of Uncle Samuel's paper dollars, so as to get back the worth of many gold dollars in a single year. Everybody has heard of Seth Boyden's wonderful new strawberry. From all accounts, it is a marvellous thing—the berries nearly as big as hen's eggs, and as good as they are large. Dealers were after it, offering as high as \$3000 for the plants to speculate upon; but we are glad to know that the enterprising Publisher of the *American Agriculturist* got the start of them, and bought up all the plants, and is multiplying them in order to give them away to his subscribers! This is in effect a free gift to the Public—for the *Agriculturist*, costing only a dollar a year, is of itself worth many dollars to every one, as we can testify, having ourselves long been a reader of it. To those unacquainted with it, we would say that the *Agriculturist* is a large Journal, of 32 pages in every number, is beautifully got up, and is illustrated with many pleasing and instructive engravings, which are alone worth the whole cost. The pages are literally filled with good things—plain, practicable, reliable information upon everything connected with the work of the household, the garden and the farm—including a very pleasing and instructive department for children and youth that is hardly surpassed by any of the professedly Children's Magazines. The thousands of useful hints and suggestions in the *Agriculturist*, all prepared by practical working men and women who know what they are talking about—cannot fail to be worth many dollars to every reader, whether residing in city, village or country. There are special reasons for subscribing now: 1st. The rule for distributing is, "first come first served," and 2d, every new subscriber for the 25th annual volume (that is, for all of 1864), will get the remaining numbers of this year FREE. Take our advice then, and send a dollar at once to the publisher, (ORANGE JUDS, 41 Park Row, N. Y. City,) and secure the paper, and the extra numbers, and also an early place in the great Strawberry list. If the plants are to come to you by mail, as they can safely do, send an extra five cents to pay the mailing; those desiring to see the *Agriculturist*, before subscribing, can get a post-paid copy, by sending a dime to the publisher, as above.

**THE REMARKABLE MEN OF THE NORTH.**—During the last years, especially in the cities, political triumph and advancement have been purchased as regularly as other luxuries of the land. The majority is said to rule. It has been to soften a majority of rich rogues and rascals, who have fomented divisions, scattered bribes, and at times resorted to intimidation. Carefully and faithfully I had learned the lessons of party politics and to understand the character of politicians. I had known Mr. Seward from my youth, as a scheming, time-serving, aspiring, unscrupulous lawyer, full of gilded words and so-called principles—though these last were always such as he was convinced would prove a profitable investment. For such principle he was willing to make sacrifices, and become the paid or unpaid advocate. I knew Abraham Lincoln as a weak, ostinate man of "good nature" and good intentions, with the jokes and manners of a clown. He was fitted by his honesty to be the tool, rather than the instrument, of his party. What could be expected of him but the want of all wise statesmanship which he has uniformly shown? I knew well the real governing powers in the dominant party of 1860. The press and the pulpit were the power behind the throne. Horace Greeley represented the one, and Henry Ward Beecher the other. Mr. Greeley is a kind conscientious man, with a plentiful lack of comprehension of facts or principles. The Abolitionist pulpit in the Federal States is represented by Henry Ward Beecher, brother of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." He is an American man of mark, who will use Scripture or Sharp's rifles against slavery, or any other argument that would fill his church, increase his influence, or float him on the topmost wave of popular favor, to the highest place in the church and the world.—*Frazier's (England), Magazine*.

"My son haven't I told you three times to go and shut that gate? said a father to a four year old. "And haven't I told you three times I wouldn't do it? you must be stupid."

There are one hundred and seventy-four divorce cases on the docket of the Supreme Court in Suffolk county, Mass.

The young lady who took the gentleman's fancy has returned it with thanks.

### HABEAS CORPUS SUSPENDED.

The writ of habeas corpus is suspended throughout the land. The entire north has been outlawed, and our judicial structure, by one sweep of the Presidential pen, has been demolished. We live hereafter under martial law. Any one wearing the Federal uniform can arrest a citizen "for any offence against the military," and the Courts of law shall have no power to interfere. The once free and independent States now form one vast military camp, and all that remains of a Republic can give all that remains of a name. The *Tribune*, announcing upon its bulletin this intention of despotism, says: "God bless him!" Abraham Lincoln, Sawarow, proclaiming the fall of Ishmael, wrote "Glory to God and the Emperor." The imperial prostitute whose name he thus linked with Divinity, was the reproach of the age she lived in, and the curse of her country. The *Tribune's* implication goes for nothing, if not for sacrifice, when associated with this violation of the most sacred right of American citizenship. We too say, God bless Abraham Lincoln! Bless him with more wisdom, patriotism and humanity than his proclamation evinces as his attributes. Bless him with a conception of the misfortune he has wrought, and the wrong that he is contemplating. Bless him with endowment of reverence for the institutions of his country, and with appreciation of his duty and the obligations of his official oath. But assuredly, unless repentance and atonement interpose between him and retribution, in lieu of blessing, his portion will be the imprecations of his countrymen to the last generation.

What means a suspension of the *habeas corpus* upon the eve of the momentous State elections? The Federal arms are everywhere in the ascendant. The Administration has passed scathless, except of moral injury, the ordeal of conscription—the most odious, thus far, of its measures. The North is indolent in the face of provocation; sullen, perhaps, but submissive and deprecatory of further injustice and insult. The people are willing and anxious to submit their cause to the ballot-box, and neither turbulence or violence menace the general repose. Why, then, the suspension of the writ? It is to provoke the collision that the people would avoid? Is it because the masses are too obedient and humble, and by their calm propriety thwart the intentions of tyranny and leave no pretext for oppression? Does the despot chafe at the good nature and forbearance of his subjects?—If not intended as a goad to popular resentment, the proclamation seems so strangely opportune.

Perhaps, like Gessler's cap, it converts but a challenge to startle the Tolls of the Republic into their apathy, that they may be marked and dealt with. If it means anything it must surely mean danger to the Elective franchise. "Send, slaves, to Gessler's cap!" if you will, but cling to your Elective franchise. New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio, are more difficult than Maine to be moulded by fanaticism. Hence the proclamation. What will Governor Seymour do to ward off this last blow at State sovereignty and judicial independence? He has promised much, what will he do? His words are excellent; they flow like the gentle streams and please the ear like the melody of harp. But they will not satisfy the demands of the public common sense and love of liberty. What will he do, and when will it be done?—N. F. News.

**WOUNDED AND KILLED.**—It takes but little space in the columns of the daily papers, but oh! what long household stories and biographies are every one of those strange names we read over and forget! Killed and wounded! Some eyes reads the same, to whom it is as dear as life, and some heart is struck or broken by the blow made by the name among the lists. It is our Henry, or our James, or our Thomas, that lies with his poor broken limbs in the hospital, or dead—still, and with ghastly face—on the battle-field. Alas, for the eyes that read! Alas, for the hearts that feel! "He was my pretty boy that I sung to sleep so many times in my arms," says the poor mother, bawling in anguish that cannot be uttered. "He was my brave, noble husband, the father of my little orphan children!" says the heart-stricken wife. "He was my darling brother that I loved so; that I was proud of!" mourns the sister, amid tears; and so the terrible stroke falls on the homes throughout the land. "Wounded and killed!" Every name in that list is a lightning stroke to some heart, and breaks like thunder over some home, and falls a long black shadow upon some hearthstone.

**A GOLDEN THOUGHT.**—I never found pride in a noble nature, nor humility in an unworthy mind. Of all the trees, I observe that God has chosen the vine—a low plant that creeps upon the wall, of all beasts, the soft patient lamb; of all fowls, the mild and gentle dove. When God appeared to Moses it was not in the lofty cedar, nor in the spreading balm, but in a bush—as if He would, by these selections, check the conceited arrogance of man. Nothing produces love like humility, nothing hate like pride.

How is this?—The Southern soldiers and Secessionists say they will never come back into the Union; and the Abolitionists swear they won't have the Union as it was. How can it be possible, then, that the one class can be any better Union men than the other.

The commutation money paid by those drafted will amount, it is supposed, to some forty or fifty millions of dollars throughout the country.

Generally the office-seeker who gets nothing gets what is good for him, and exactly what he is good for.

### WHERE YOUR \$300 GO.

It seems the administration is actively employed in manumitting slaves in Maryland, paying for all they take from "loyal" citizens three hundred dollars per head, and from the disloyal nothing at all. The following extract from the *Baltimore American*, an administration paper, tells the story:

"We learn that the Secretary of War has decided to pay all loyal owners of slaves in Maryland, whose chattels may desire to enlist in the military of the government the sum of three hundred dollars for each able-bodied man. A committee of the government will be organized in Washington in a few days to hear and adjudicate all claims that may be presented. The following paragraph from the *Social Rights*, probably has some bearing on the decision:

It is said that Thomas Chambers, who is recruiting negro troops in this county, has been ordered to pay out and report to the commander of the regiment a list of the slaveholders in the county, and to mark such as he regards "disloyal."

We do not know where Secretary Stanton finds any sanction in the laws for his wholesale trafficking in abled-bodied male slaves; but then he is not a man to be deterred from any project by such a sorry trifles as a law or the want of one. It is clear that this enlisting of negroes is not so much to fill our armies as to compel emancipation in Maryland by rendering slave property insecure.

As there has been no appropriation by Congress to enable Mr. Stanton to go into the slave trade, it follows that the money collected from the three hundred dollar exemption fees under the *Conscription Act* must be used for this purpose. It is true that law provided that substitutes should be procured with the fees exacted from the conscripts; but there is no warrant for the arbitrary seizure of abled-bodied male slaves for the military service, and the tendering of this particular sum in payment without regard to the market price.

What do you think of this method of disposing of your money? Went it be delightful to be called upon shortly to "hook over" the price of another negro, if Mr. Fry's interpretation of the law, that it does not exempt for three years, should prevail? "Hook up" conscripts! Every sound man of you, who does not want to fight for the negro, must pay for the freedom of some colored cuss from Africa."—*Fulton Democrat*.

H. Bucher Swoope, Esq., the Abolition "Godsend of Liberty" in Clearfield county, while addressing the Abolition meeting in this place on Tuesday evening of last week, in the course of his remarks admitted that the government intends to buy Maryland negroes at \$500 a head, in lieu of drafted men who have paid their commutation money; inasmuch as they (the negroes)—in the opinion of the "loyal" (?) gentleman—make better soldiers than the copperheads.

**BEN BUTLER.**—According to a Washington dispatch, the administration has given out intimations, that after the capture of Charleston, Ben Butler will be placed in command of that department. If you have a fraction of brains or heart left Abraham Lincoln, you will not do this thing. We are in favor, if the military so will it, of raising Charleston to the ground, of ploughing it up and sowing it with salt, and leaving it to be a desolation evermore. But we would protest against an act which would be crueler, more insulting, more malignant than all this, and that is the appointment of Ben Butler to be military despot of what was once Charleston.

It is desirable to invite the South to pour out the bitter cup of resistance to the very dregs; if it is best to spit upon the vanquished foe, and goad him with intolerable insults to fight, even while he grovels; if there is no Union to be restored, or peace to be hoped for, then let Ben Butler be the tyrant of Charleston. But we cannot believe that Mr. Lincoln contemplates any such infatuated proceeding as this. The wisdom and moderation of Banks have not yet undone half the mischief which Butler did in New Orleans. Plunderer, popinjay and tyrant, it were better he were kept to make abolition stump speeches at the North for the remainder of his life, at a million dollars per annum, than that he should again be set to any other point of the South than the Dry Tortugas.

### Republican Testimony Against Curtin.

**READ! READ! READ!**  
GOV. CURTIN CANNOT SECURE THE SUPPORT OF EITHER HIS OWN PARTY OR HIS OFFICE HOLDERS.—*Speech of Alexander Cummings before the Republican State Convention, Aug. 5, 1863.*

IT WILL REQUIRE A DECIDED MAJORITY, INDEED, TO ENABLE ANY PARTY IN THIS STATE TO CARRY ON A SUCCESSFUL CAMPAIGN CURTINED BY SUCH A NOMINEE AS CURTIN.—*Pittsburg Dispatch, Republican*.

HIS NOMINATION WOULD BE DISGRACEFUL TO THE PARTY, AND HIS ELECTION IMPOSSIBLE.—*Pittsburg Gazette, Republican*.

For reasons which appeal to my SELF-RESPECT, I cannot consent to continue any longer in connection with your administration. I, therefore, tender you my resignation of the office of Attorney General.—S. A. Purvine's Resignation.

Judge Woodward is a citizen of unimpeachable private and public character.—*Phil Inq. Republican paper*.

### THE HORRORS OF WAR.

The executions in the Army of the Potomac have recently become quite numerous, in some cases eight and ten being executed at the same time. These sad exhibitions are now of almost daily occurrence in every corps, and are often attended with horrifying circumstances. A late letter from the army notices the execution in the 3d division of two substitutes who had deserted. Their names were Edward Elliot, aged twenty-one, belonging to Connecticut, and Charles Eastman, aged twenty-three, from Cornish, Maine. They confessed freely before their execution, admitted their guilt, and felt keenly the distress that must result at home from their sad fate. The last scene of the execution is thus described:

The Rev. Mr. Stevens knelt down, taking care of the men by the hand; they and the Rev. Mr. Murphy knelt beside him and joined in fervent prayer. Captain Fields now came up and banded the prisoner's eyes. Elliot sat back upon his coffin; Eastman knelt in prayer. His voice was audible above the click and sound of the guns as they were brought to "present." The word "fire" having been given, Elliot fell back gently on his coffin, only wounded while Eastman jumped up and tore the bandages from his eyes, evidently untouched. The reserve was ordered up. Eastman appeared as if electrified, and placed his hands before his eyes to shut out the horrid sight. The men again missed. The Provost Marshal during this, in mercy, pulled out his revolver and shot him through the head; he also fired another ball through Elliot's head. After the two unfortunate men were pronounced lifeless, the troops were marched by the corpse.

A letter from Philadelphia, Pa., to the *Providence Press*, relates the circumstances of the consolidation of the 2nd Rhode Island and 1st Louisiana Cavalry Regiments. Some of the men protested, and hesitated when ordered to fall into line, whereupon the Lieutenant Colonel, who was in command, threatened to shoot any man who did not obey promptly. The letter then goes on:

"That this was no idle threat, we found out afterwards. The men slowly fell into line; the two last, Richard Smith, alias Murphy, from Boston, Massachusetts, a harness maker, and William Davis, were taken, their hands were tied behind them, and then led over to a field in front of the camp. They then marched us over there on our right and left, at right angles with us, thus forming a square open on the side where the two prisoners stood and guarded by two squads of men. Their eyes were bandaged with red handkerchiefs, and every preparation made for their execution. Although we could not believe at the time that they would shoot these men for having simply dared to show that they were not satisfied with being thus transferred from Rhode Island to Louisiana, and thought that they would be relieved at the last moment, yet the scene was so terrible that there was not one whose heart did not beat audibly on seeing these preparations for the death of two men who were generally liked in the regiment. A squad of men were placed opposite, and at ten paces from each prisoner; the adjutant spoke to them for some time, and asking, I suppose, the names of their families. When he had finished, the signal—the salute stroke—for the first platoon to fire, was given, and Davis fell over backward, as it seemed to us, killed instantly. At the repetition of the signal, the second platoon fired, and Smith, who had stood immovable, although he heard his comrades fall, fell, shot through the legs. Both bodies could now be seen to move, although we had thought Davis dead. They were finished by the adjutant and the orderly sergeant of company F, 1st Louisiana, approaching them and firing all the charges of their revolvers into them."

**QUESTIONS FOR A WIFE.**—Do you recollect what your feelings were immediately after you had spoken the first unkind word to your husband? Did you not feel ashamed and grieved, and yet too proud to admit it? That was, in, and over shall be, your evil genius. It is the temper which labors incessantly to destroy your peace, which cheats you with the delusion that your husband deserved your anger, when he really most required your love. This is the cancer which feels on those unspeakable emotions you felt on the first pressure of his hand and lip. Never forget the manner in which the duties of a wife can alone be fulfilled. If your husband is hasty, your example of patience will chide as well as teach him. Your violence may alienate his heart, and your neglect impel him to desperation. Your soothing will redeem him; your softness subdue him; and the good-natured twinkling of those eyes, now filling beautifully with priceless tears, will make him all your own.

Among the many blessings the people owe the Abolition party are civil war, conscription, and taxation. The freedom of the North could suffer in patience all the evils brought upon them by the wicked men in power, if the latter were laboring for a reconstruction of the Union and the restoration of the Constitution. But the bold arousal that the war is for negro equality and emancipation, has roused the masses to a proper sense of the danger that surrounds them, and will cause them to smite these "architects of ruin" at the ballot-box, and overwhelm them with destruction.

The army of the Potomac has recently captured four little newsboys and sent them to the guard house.

There are still 1,080 wounded in the hospitals at Gettysburg, Pa., but will soon all be removed.