

LEWISTOWN GAZETTE

GEO. FRYSSINGER & SON, PUBLISHERS,

LEWISTOWN, SHUPLIN COUNTY, PENN.

Whole No. 2757.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 30, 1864.

New Series--Vol. XVIII, No. 22.

Lewistown Post Office.
Mails arrive and close at the Lewistown P. O. as follows:

ARRIVE.		CLOSE.	
Eastern through	5 33 a. m.	Eastern through	8 00 p. m.
" " " "	4 21 p. m.	" " " "	10 00 a. m.
Western "	10 38 a. m.	Western "	3 30 p. m.
Bellefonte "	2 30 p. m.	" "	8 00 "
Northumberland, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays,	6 00 p. m.		

Lewistown Station.
Trains leave Lewistown Station as follows:

Westward.		Eastward.	
Baltimore Express,	4 40 a. m.	Philadelphia "	12 20 a. m.
Fast Line,	5 33 "	" "	3 50 "
Fast Mail,	6 26 p. m.	" "	10 38 "
Mail,	4 21 "		
Through Accommodation,	2 35 p. m.		
Emigrant,	9 12 a. m.		
Through Freight,	10 20 p. m.		
Fast "	3 40 a. m.		
Express "	11 00 "		
Stock Express,	5 00 "		
Coal Train,	12 45 p. m.		
Local Freight,	6 45 a. m.		

Galbraith's Omnibuses convey passengers to and from all the trains, taking up or setting them down at all points within the borough limits.

GEO. W. ELDER,
Attorney at Law,
Office Market Square, Lewistown, will attend to business in Middin, Centre and Huntingdon counties.

DR. J. LOCKE,
DENTIST.
OFFICE on East Market street, Lewistown, adjoining F. G. Francis' Hardware Store. P. S. Dr. Locke will be at his office the first Monday in each month to spend the week.

DR. J. I. MARKS
OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Lewistown and the surrounding country. Office in the Public Square opposite the Lewistown Hotel.

Large Stock of Furniture on Hand.

A. FELIX is still manufacturing all kinds of Furniture. Young married persons and others that wish to purchase Furniture will find a good assortment on hand, which will be sold cheap for cash, or country produce taken in exchange for same. Give me a call on Valley street, near Black Bear Hotel.

Jacob C. Blymyer & Co.,
Produce and Commission Merchants,
LEWISTOWN, PA.

Flour and Grain of all kinds purchased at market rates, or received on storage and shipped at usual freight rates, having storehouses and boats of their own, with careful captains and hands. Plaster, Fish, and Salt always on hand.

Look Repairing, Pipe Laying, Plumbing and White Smithing
THE above branches of business will be promptly attended to on application at the residence of the undersigned in Main street, Lewistown.

BRAIDING
AND
BRAID STAMPING
Done on the most fashionable patterns by
MRS. MARION W. SHAW.
Lewistown, Sept. 23, 1863.

Kishacoquillas Seminary
AND
NORMAL INSTITUTE.

THE Summer Session of this Institution will commence on
MONDAY, APRIL 4, 1864,
and continue twenty-one weeks.
Cost for Board, Furnished Rooms and Tuition in the English Branches, per session, \$60.
Day scholars, per session, \$12.
Music, Languages and Incidentals extra.
In order to secure rooms in the Institute application should be made before the opening of the school.
For further particulars, address,
S. Z. SHARP, Prin.
Kishacoquillas, Pa.

Mt. Rock Mills.
ORDERS
FOR FLOUR, FEED, &c.,
CAN, until further notice, be left at the Store of S. J. Brisbin & Co., or at the Hat Store of W. G. Zollinger, at which places they will be called for every evening, filled next morning, and delivered at any place in the Borough.

BEST Note and Letter paper at
SWAIN'S.

TALES & SKETCHES

Matty Esmaime's Raffle.

It's for the benefit of the sick soldiers, you know?
Matty Esmaime was sitting on a low cricket in the very middle of the room, surrounded by a perfect melstrom of ribbon, and velvet, and winking steel beads and glimmering gold braid, a little Fairy Disorder, whose wand was a diminutive thimble, and whose magic ring was marked by rainbow scraps of silk and tangled mass of embroidery floss! She, small and rosy, with liquid brown eyes, and cheeks tinted with the pinky pearl of the trailing arbutus you sometimes find hidden under the rustling layers of old leaves in scented spring woods.—And her auburn hair—well it was looped up with cherry colored ribbon into what ladies call a 'waterfall,' and very pretty it looked in its chestnut shadows that changed to ripples of gold at every motion of the head.

Ellen Esmaime, the sober, elder sister—who sat in the window seat, threading sprays of coral on the silver wires—was altogether different; not a bit pretty, but very fresh and lovable; and the demure way in which she watched Matty's elish movements as a grown up cat might tolerate a little kitten's freaks, was a sight to see! And Montague Rayner, sitting 'anchor' in a clear space in the sea of trippery, was occupied in holding a skein of violet silk for the younger Miss Esmaime to wind. Of course he was dreadfully clumsy about it, perpetually dropping the ends, and catching his great thumbs in meshes, and committing every faux pas that could be dreamed of in connection with a skein of violet silk; but then he enjoyed it so intensely that Matty hadn't the heart to depose him from his position as swif's, pro tem.

'For the sick soldiers, eh?' said Mr. Rayner. 'And aren't the well soldiers to derive any emoluments therefrom?'
'Of course not; they don't need it.'
'Don't they?' I tell you that, Miss Matty—if you could be on picket-duty a night or two, or carry a knapsack up and down the muddy Fairfax hills ten or twelve hours on a forced march, you might possibly alter your opinion on the subject of well soldiers being the most fortunate creatures in existence. Hallo! what's the matter?'
Matty had given a small deprecating shriek as Montague snapped the strands of the violet silk in his enthusiasm.

'Nothing,' said Miss Esmaime, dryly taking the skein from him. Venus! what a sensation ran through him as the soft rosy fingers touched his brown paws. 'Only I prefer two chairs to finish this silk.'
'Indeed, Miss Matty, I'm very sorry,' said Montague penitently. 'Just let me try once more; I'll promise to keep my hands as still as mice. I know I'm a clumsy blockhead; but—'
But Matty was inexorable, and the abashed defender of his country withdrew his batteries and opened fire in a new spot.

'Suppose the girls and women are making heaps of gim cracks for this fair, eh?'
'To be sure they are,' says Matty, her eyes sparkling. 'Such a lot of money as we shall make. There are to be seven different raffles, only think! Mrs. Vere gives a piano to be raffled for, and Kate Windham contributes a cashmere shawl, a love of a real India; and Major Hall has given us a silver dressing case; and, oh dear! sighed Matty, stopping the very act of sewing spots of gold foil upon the blue velvet wings of a gorgeous butterfly that was to be put down in the catalogue a 'Pen wiper, No. 18'—if I could only give them something better, worth having than these ridiculous little gewgaws.'
'Well, then, why don't you?' said Rayner, twisting his moustache argumentatively.

'Why don't I?' flashed Matty; 'what have I to give? If I had a piano I'd sacrifice it in a minute. If I owned a sewing machine I'd send it down to be raffled for to-morrow.'
'Indeed?' said private Rayner, arching his eyebrows satirically. 'I'm surprised at the extent of Miss Esmaime's patriotism. While we soldiers only contribute the vital stream of our hearts blood, or it may be, a leg or an arm to the shrine of our country's need, Miss Mattie Esmaime is willing to give up her piano if she had one.'
And he lightly hummed the lines:
I'd like to aid the soldiers
If I could as well as not,
And I'm willing everybody else
Should give them all they've got.

Matty's cheeks had crimsoned with an angry glow.
'Montague! how can you tease me so?'
'Am I teasing you? Really I was not aware of it.'
'To want me with papa's slender means, when you know I would give anything in the world to aid the noble fellows who have fallen maimed on our battle fields, or to make any sacrifice that lay within my power!'
'Then you really feel anxious to raise money for this fund?'
'I can't tell you how anxious!' said Matty Esmaime, with passionate earnestness. 'I have wished a thousand times I were a man to shoulder the rifle my own

self; but I am only a poor little woman that can but toil and pray for the great work in the quiet of her own home.'
'I can give you an idea,' said the young man, watching her with half a smile on her lips. 'Did you know that you possessed a treasure worth a dozen pianos?'
'Now you are teasing me again,' said Matty with a quivering lip.
'No I am not. If you will contribute it to be raffled for—as you ladies say in reference to your genteel lotteries—I believe I may safely promise that you will sell fifty tickets at ten dollars a ticket!'
'Fifty!' repeated Matty, counting on her fingers with girlish delight; 'at ten dollars! Why that would be five hundred dollars!'
'Of course it would.'

'What on earth do you mean, Montague Rayner?' said Ellen Esmaime, suspending her silver wire in mid air.
'Just exactly what I say.'
Matty dropped her work, while cheek and eye lighted up in bright unison. The next moment her countenance fell.
'Montague you ought not to play on my credulity in this absurd sort of way.'
'Shall I tell you what the treasure is?'
'Yes.'

He leaned over and whispered a word or two in her ear. She blushed rosier than the ribbon that tied up the 'waterfall,' and then burst into a merry musical laugh. 'I don't care,' she said defiantly. 'I will.'
'Really and truly?'
'Yes, really and truly. Why not?'
Then said Mr. Montague Rayner, drawing a ten dollar bill from his pocket, put me down as a ticket-holder number one.
Miss Esmaime deposited the bit of paper in a little wire cage that she called her purse, and made a business-like memorandum of the transaction on her tablets.
'Very well, sir,' she said quietly. 'And now I depend on you for the other forty-nine subscribers.'

'But I should like to take a few more tickets myself,' said Montague rather sheepishly.
'No, sir!' said Miss Esmaime, with an emphatic stamp of her little kid foot on the floor. 'No one shall purchase more than one share! So now I dismiss you to agency duties.'

Montague was rather unwilling to take his departure on this unceremonious ticket of leave, but Matty was to be melted neither by supplications nor sulks, and he went. Went muttering to himself as he lighted his cigar on the street corner.
'What a little, loving, fiery, tender, passionate creature she is! Well, if I can't marry Matty Esmaime I'll ram my head into the first wide-mouthed cannon Jeff Davis is considered enough to plant in my way. And then it's like she won't care! Heigh-ho! I'd give my first chance for a pair of shoulder straps to get a peep into Matty Esmaime's heart! I wonder whether Eve aggravated Adam after this fashion?'
Most probably she did, private Rayner. We have no reason to suppose that human nature has been materially changed by the current event of six thousand years.

'Why yes—yes,' said Mr. Josiah Carberry, vigorously rubbing the gold eye-glasses that assisted his fading vision, and giving his wig a sly jerk; 'I've no objection to contributing my humble mite to so deserving a cause. I wish there weren't so many bothering women folks at the helm though, Montague, my boy. Of all things a managing woman is my abhorrence—I don't like to come in contact with 'em if I can help it. And I am consistent too, Monty—ha, ha, ha! Do you know who dars my stockings and toils my coffee, eh? Why, Black Tom—and he's worth forty housekeepers with their petticoats and palavering! Ain't that carrying out one's principles, hey? However, I've no objection to going through this fair with you if you'll engage to stick by me and keep all the old maids and widows away.'

And Mr. Carberry walked solemnly under the canopy of stars and stripes that draped the entrance to the brilliant lighted rooms now thronged with gay guests attracted thither by mingled motives of fashion, curiosity and patriotism, arm in arm with Montague Rayner.
'Mont, my boy,' he whispered, aghast, 'there's a woman looking very hard at me. Do you suppose she means anything? I wish I had staid away—it isn't.'
'Buy something, Sir?' said a charming siren, in blue silk and swans down, from behind a table glittering with crystalized sugar and colored confectionery. Mr. Carberry shrank close to Montague's side.
'Look here, Mont,' he ejaculated nervously, 'you've got me into this scrape, and you must get me out of it. Tell that female I don't want anything!'
'But you'll buy something to help the cause along?' laughed his companion.

'Any thing—every thing! Only Montague you tell me how to invest, and do be quick about it! Somehow I cannot breathe freely when there's so many women around!'
'Then suppose you buy a ticket for Miss Esmaime's raffle. Come, I'm on the managing committee, and there's just one left.'
'What is it for?' A barpcord that I can't play on, or a juggling bonnet I can't wear?'
'Nonsense, Carberry,' returned Rayner

with great equanimity; 'it's somewhat beyond money and beyond price—a wonderful mystery. Invest, and you'll not regret it. Take share No. 50, old fellow—come!'
He had inscribed Carberry on the list, and handed it to Ellen Esmaime before the astonished old bachelor could take the bank bill from his portmanteau.
'None, you've done it,' was his despairing comment, as he looked after his friend's vanished form. 'Mind now I'm not responsible; if it's a dog I won't have it, and if it is a piano or a wax doll I'll shy it out of the window.'
'Just as you please, Carberry,' said Rayner, absently watching the busy swarm of people that eddied round Ellen Esmaime's table. The old bachelor gave him a sudden nudge.
'Mont! Mont!' he whispered in evident trepidation, 'let's go away from here; that woman with the pink cap ribbons has looked at me twice, and I can't imagine what her intentions are. She's coming this way Mont; do make haste!'
'They are beginning to turn the wheel!' suddenly exclaimed Montague, who had paid no manner of attention to his friend's spasmodic whispers. 'This way, quick! Good Heavens! if my mad freak should make her miserable for life!'
'Make who? What wheel? Who the dence are you talking about?' ejaculated Carberry. But Rayner dragged him through the crowd, crumline and all, to the spot where all his interests were centered—the slowly revolving wheel that was a destiny to him!

The gas lights seemed to whirl in mad circles around his head; the various exclamations of the surrounding crowd blended into one stream of vague uncertain sound; the five minutes were like five ages to him! There was a moment of breathless silence and then the lucky name and number were pronounced.
'Carberry—Josiah Carberry—Share No. 50, has drawn the prize,' said the spectacled secretary. 'Walk in, Sir, and take possession.'
'I—I don't want to—some other time! I'll call again to-morrow,' stammered the confused recipient of fortune's favors, but all in vain; he was pushed forward to the ante-room, expostulating all the way. 'Mind now!' he gasped, as he was precipitated through the doorway, 'if it is a dog or a parrot I'll—'
And the clanging hinges shut in the remainder of his speech.
It was a tiny room, with one chandelier pouring white tides of light down on a fair young girl, who stood laughing and coloring in the middle of the apartment—Mattie Esmaime's dimpled, pretty self.
'Miss Esmaime!' faltered the blushing bachelor, looking round to see if there was any crack in the floor wide enough to vanish through, and backing confusedly toward the door.
'Yes, Mr. Carberry,' said Mattie demurely; 'catch a woman bating one jot of her advantages when she knows 'em. 'I'm the prize, won't you take me!'
'I'd sooner take—poison!' enunciated Josiah, breaking into a cold perspiration.
'But you must!' said Miss Mattie decidedly.
'Don't, Miss Esmaime,' groaned Josiah, 'I'm a poor, unprotected fellow, and you oughtn't to be so unmerciful! Hallo here! let me out!'
'Not yet,' said Montague, edging himself into the room greatly to Miss Matty's confusion. 'You've drawn the prize Mr. Carberry, and you're legally bound to take possession of it.'
Josiah stared at him with distended eyes, and pale quivering lips.
'Unless,' went on the ruthless private, 'you can get some friend considerate enough to take the responsibility of your hands, and—'
'Look here, Mont,' exclaimed Josiah, seizing Rayner by the button hole; 'you're not the fellow to desert an old friend in such a strait as this. It was all your fault that I subscribed, and—Come now, you take her. That's a good fellow. Do you legally transfer the prize to me?'
'Yes; anything—only let me get out of this confounded place, and if ever I go near a Ladies' Fair again I wish I may be hanged or married, I don't care which!'
And Josiah darted from the room in a species of semi-desperation. Private Rayner turned quietly to Miss Esmaime:
'A truce to these absurd jests! O, Matty if you knew what I have suffered during the last hour!'
'Do you sanction the transfer, Matty?' pleaded the young soldier. 'Oh, my dearest, tell me, have I won you for life? Don't trifle with me. Tell me now and forever, have you courage to be a soldier's wife?'
One moment she looked on him with saucy defiance in her eye and smiled, the next she burst into a shower of jewel-bright tears.

'Oh, Montague, it is a wild, wayward heart, not worth your love—not worth a tithing of your noble affection, but it is all, all yours.'

which was the following gauntlet of defiance.
'Don't suppose I'm going to waste any admiration on your patriotism, sir, if you are to be my lord and master some day. No, indeed. Didn't I give myself for my country's benefit, I'd like to know? And have not I given something dearer yet—my love? Oh, Montague, if Heaven sends you safely back to me, I shall never be unhappy again.'

For Matty Esmaime's heart was full of the vague, happy fearfulness that broods above the heart of every woman whose dear ones are standing on the battle heights of the Union.—*Harper's Weekly.*

MORAL & RELIGIOUS

The Christian Gentleman.

He is above a mean thing. He cannot stoop to a fraud. He invades no secrets in the keeping of another. He betrays no secrets confided to his own keeping. He takes selfish advantage of no man's mistakes. He uses no ignoble weapons in controversy. He never stabs in the dark.—He is ashamed of innuendoes. He is not one thing to a man's face and another at his back. If by accident he comes into possession of his neighbor's counsels, he passes upon them an instant oblivion. He bears sealed packages without tampering with the wax. Paper not meant for his eye, whether they flutter in at the window, or lie open before him in unguarded exposure, are sacred to him. He profanes no privacy of others, however the sentry sleeps. Bolts and bars, locks and keys, hedges and pickets, bonds and securities, notices to trespassers, are none of them for him. He may be trusted himself out of sight—nearest the thinnest partition—anywhere.—He buys no office, he sells none, he intrigues for none. He would rather fail gain to his rights than win them through dishonor. He will eat honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feeling. He insults no man. If he have rebuke for another he is straight forward, open and manly. He cannot descend to scurrility. Billingsgate don't lie in his track. From all profane and wanton words his lips are chastened. Of woman and to her he speaks with decency and respect. In short, whatever he judges honorable he practices towards every man.

A desirable result will soon be generally attained, if the difficult matter is taken in hand as a practical question, free from the perplexities that cannot fail to encompass it were a return to the old system among us conceivable or possible. To profit, as it is in our power at once to do, by our situation, we must dismiss dreams of the past and accept accomplished facts as they are, and as they are evermore certain to remain. In the nature of things, if we will only act as become sensible people, the greatness we have momentarily had eclipsed will be ours again, and secured to us by a more binding and lasting tenure than ever before. It must be based on a devotion to the Union, on a love of liberty to all men, and on a spirit of justice and humanity. The losses, if any, incurred by this change in our labor system by the truly loyal citizen, will doubtless be properly returned to him in due season by a generous Government.

Freedom and the Union, as the only means of ensuring prosperity and permanent peace, are the safe pledges of Governor Hahn's message.
—Make it a habit to keep clean.
—That was an inquiring young mind that asked the schoolmaster where all the figures went to when they were rubbed out.
—It is a fact creditable to barn yard nature, that, while curses come home to roost, roosters never come home to curse.
—When a married man pays more attention to his wife's cousin than to his wife, it is a certain sign that the cousin's visit has been long enough.
'My Lord,' said the foreman of a Welsh jury, when giving in their verdict, 'we find that man that stole the mare not guilty!'
—Much of the pain and pleasure of mankind arises from the conjectures which every one makes of the thoughts of others; we all enjoy praise which we do not hear, and resent contempt which we do not see.
—I have no faith in cats; they are a cold-blooded race; they are the politicians among domestic animals; they care little who is master, or what are the overtures, so their pickings are secure; and what are their midnight caresses but primary meetings?—*Ike Marvel.*

MISCELLANEOUS

The Army of Fugitives.

The following very graphic and touching letter, from Mr. N. H. Mann to Rev. Dr. Eliot, is published in the St. Louis Democrat, and is dated the 7th of March. An appeal to the charitable accompanies its excellent description of the hungry host of the black Israel which followed the return of Sherman to Vicksburg:
The return of Sherman's expedition had been anticipated by us all as sure to bring along a crowd of blacks, but no one I think had formed any idea of the utter destitution, the squalid misery in which they would come. All the way from Meridian this black river flowed in the wake of the army, increased by constant accessions until swollen and slow it wound its way into Vicksburg with 4,500 souls. Following through a country twice ravaged by a devouring host, they had literally nothing left them for subsistence but the remains left by our troops. Foraging parties scoured the country on either hand to obtain supplies for the soldiers, but no one brought these people food, and houses and barns pillaged and burnt left nothing for them save what the hungry soldier could spare.
Many touching incidents connected with this exodus have been related to me, but I have room for only one or two, and will hasten to relate what has come under my eye.

Col. —, acting brigadier on this expedition, states that while the heaps of railroad ties were burning in the streets of Meridian, an old man was noticed warning himself by the fire, and now and then laughing hilariously to himself. A Major stepping up to him said: 'Uncle, what are you laughing at?'
'Oh! massa, I've been a slave all my life—these sixty seven years. I work for my massa and be his nigger. To night I see a free man; yah! yah! yah! Two or three days Yankees go away, and I be slave agin; but two or three days I've been a free man, any how; yah! yah! yah!'

Superstitions of the Sea.
Was it a Warning?—We find the following in a late number of the Liverpool Mercury:
On Saturday, a dispatch from the British Consul at Coquimbo was received by the Secretary of the Board of Trade, announcing the destruction by fire of the English bark *Usk*, while on a voyage from the Swansea to Huasco.
Before giving the details of the dispatch, it may be stated that this was the unfortunate ship which put back early last year from Cape Horn to England in consequence of the captain seeing, as he alleged, a vision on the ocean which warned him not to proceed any further on the voyage, and that in the event of his persisting, both he and the ship would be sent to perdition.

The vessel's return to Cardiff, after a lapse of nearly six months, in a good seaworthy condition, naturally astonished the owners, more especially when they heard the curious story which had operated upon the Captain's mind in putting the ship back when she had so nearly reached her destination. A Board of Trade Inquiry was instituted into the Captain's conduct.—The crew were examined, and they spoke of him as being a very sober, careful master, although somewhat eccentric in his manner, and when they had found that he had put the ship back without any reason for so doing, the chief mate remonstrated with him and endeavored to take charge, which the Captain resisted by placing him in irons. The Captain was examined, and he solemnly declared that after what had appeared to him he could not go on; it was the vision of the Lord, and he was bid not to go on. The result of the inquiry was that his certificate was cancelled. A new master was appointed to the ship, and she sailed on a second voyage.

Governor Hahn on Slavery.
The new Governor of Louisiana has pronounced his inaugural address. He speaks good sound words, and certainly seems not to deserve the suspicious glances that are directed towards him. Mr. Hahn says:
The Union of these States, handed down by our Revolutionary ancestors, is of more value than any falsely styled State Rights, especially when these 'rights' mean sectional institutions, founded on a great moral, social and political evil, and inconsistent with the principles of Free Government. The institution of Slavery is opposed alike to the rights of one race and the interests of the other; it is the cause of the present unhappy attempt to break up our Government; and, unpleasant as the declaration may seem to many of you, I tell you that I regard its universal and immediate extinction as a public and private blessing. It is not to be supposed that in the adjustment of the altered relations of labor to capital, an immediate satisfactory result can be reached, although the happiest results have already been witnessed on many plantations now worked and cultivated under the compensated labor regulations of the distinguished Commander of this Military Department.

A desirable result will soon be generally attained, if the difficult matter is taken in hand as a practical question, free from the perplexities that cannot fail to encompass it were a return to the old system among us conceivable or possible. To profit, as it is in our power at once to do, by our situation, we must dismiss dreams of the past and accept accomplished facts as they are, and as they are evermore certain to remain. In the nature of things, if we will only act as become sensible people, the greatness we have momentarily had eclipsed will be ours again, and secured to us by a more binding and lasting tenure than ever before. It must be based on a devotion to the Union, on a love of liberty to all men, and on a spirit of justice and humanity. The losses, if any, incurred by this change in our labor system by the truly loyal citizen, will doubtless be properly returned to him in due season by a generous Government.

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A desirable result will soon be generally attained, if the difficult matter is taken in hand as a practical question, free from the perplexities that cannot fail to encompass it were a return to the old system among us conceivable or possible. To profit, as it is in our power at once to do, by our situation, we must dismiss dreams of the past and accept accomplished facts as they are, and as they are evermore certain to remain. In the nature of things, if we will only act as become sensible people, the greatness we have momentarily had eclipsed will be ours again, and secured to us by a more binding and lasting tenure than ever before. It must be based on a devotion to the Union, on a love of liberty to all men, and on a spirit of justice and humanity. The losses, if any, incurred by this change in our labor system by the truly loyal citizen, will doubtless be properly returned to him in due season by a generous Government.

MISCELLANEOUS

Superstitions of the Sea.

Was it a Warning?—We find the following in a late number of the Liverpool Mercury:
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