

intion

Poetry.

Can There be Harm in Kissing. The waters kiss the pebbly shore. The winds all kiss the hills; The sunbeams kiss the tulip bud For the odor it distils. The dew-drops kiss the rose at morn,

The cereus dew at eve, And fern and flower in circling clasp Their mystic beauties weave.

The moon eams kiss the clouds at night, The star-gems kiss the sea; While shadows, dreamy, soft and light, Are kissing on the lea.

The zephyrs kiss the blushing pink That blooms on beauty's lip; And ruder blasts, though cold and chill, Its ruby nectars sip.

The winds, the waves, the budding flowers, The laughing, merry rills, Are ! issing all, from morn to eve; And clouds still kiss the hills.

E en heaven and earth do meet to kiss Through tears of sparkling dew : In kissing then, can there be harm ? I don't think so-do you ?

Biterary.

Motherless.

BY JOSEPHINE.

What a volume of sorrow is comprised in the simple little word-Motherless! Mortal lips never spoke a sadder sound. We must go far down the rugged path of life, and become inured to care and sorrow in their sternest forms, ere we can hear it without a pang of grief and a thought of happier days.

The memory of a mother's love never dies. Dark shadows may gather o'er our pathway ; gloomy clouds obscure the brightness of our days; the busy hum of life drown the voice of conscience, but moments there are when her whispered words of love and chiding are fondly remembered.

Speak the holy name in the narrow prison cell, where sits the victim of long years of mad folly and vice and a tear will moist the stony eye. - His mother-the sod covers her now-had taught him the path of duty ; well he remembers the touch of her gentle hand, and the sound of her soft, loving voice. He was pure and innocent then ; angels guarded his footsteps, and watched over his sinless slumbers. He dashes away the scalding tear that courses down his sinstained cheek. with his brawny palm. murmuring, "Thank God, she never saw me thus." How like swift visions pass the long-forgotten prayer at a gentle mother's knee : the first evil action, the gradual hushing of the warning voice of conscience, till the barrier between right and wrong is ruthlessly forgotten; the broken promise, the misspent years; the many sins against God and man.

Motherless! ah, how sad is the story summed up in one little word to the frail girl just passing from childhood who will administer the needful counsel; who will check the wayward, girlish fancies; who will gently bear the errors and failings of the motherless?

Ask that youth who is so fast straying from the true fold of his mother. See, his lips quivers, as he wipes away a falling tear, and answers in a voice choking with emotion-

the prince of painters, and Napoleon of | into habitations for bats and owls. We warriors. In Watts it gave us the steam will go on our way rejoicing until the engine, with its hundred hands and its disloyal Copperheads are exterminated, restless soul; and in Fulton, the boat and "the peace devils" are swept from the face of the earth, and then the that heeds not wind or tide, whose "Free Americans of African descent," steam arm paddles day and night, and and the saints who worship in the temnever tires. By it Socrates climbed the heights of philosophy, from which it ples erected to Ham and dedicated to was but a step to the heaven into which Abraham will have a paradise in which no trees are planted to bear apples of he entered. Mere imitators in art never scale the discord. After singing the following hymn, heights: but placing their feet in the

prints left by former travelers, they tire brother James A Reed, of Wooster, will themselves out with a step that is unlead us in prayer. Arise my brethern, loudly sing In praise of Abraham, our king-Shout hallelujah to his name; Shout to the Africans the same. natural to them, and faint and die by the way, leaving no sign behind that they have ever been. In life's battles Abe has proclaimed, as oft before, To raise three hundred thousand r they never make heroes, but wearing To raise three hundred thousand more How glad we are to hear the call, And promptly in the ranks we'll fall. another, man's armor which never fits them, and wielding a weapon never But stay ! perhaps we are too fast-Our call will certain y come last ** Our modesty forbids us go, Until we know we're wanted to.

and fall an easy prey to the enemy. Short Sermon.

poet Addison:

made for them, they accomplish little

But since so many want to go, They shall be first to meet the foe, BY REV. PHILANDER BOMBSHELL. Let Copperheads fill up the ranks, And we will sing and join in thanks For victories won, for thousands sla For bone-clad hill, and bloody plain My Brethren, after a long interval, I have come again to enlighten my anxious flock. Upon the present occasion We'll praise the names of those who fight And keep the ballot-box all right, We'll thank old Abe for mercles given, And stay athome and work for heaven. I shall discourse to you from the following expressive text, suggested by the

Burley, the Balder.

Albany Journal says :

e found nothing particularly

poleon.

nanaged to escape.

"Have I not cause to rave and beat My Brethren, the heart of man i

placed in the breast. Since it is established as a physiological fact that beating the breast, where the heart is located, affords relief to the afflicted heart similar to that given by groans and tears, we can very well understand the wise arrangement of nature in placing the heart in that convenient locality for beating. To rave affords relief to the agitated

heart, imbues others with the spirit of him who raves and stirs them up with righteous indignation.

Then in view of the many surround ngs, and in the language of my text, "have I not cause to rave and beat my breast ?" Let us see. Nearly two millions of disloyal Copperheads in the North, sypathisers with rebellion and enemies to the colored people, endeavored to defeat the Government at the election. When God sent the flood to destroy the inhabitants of the earth, he iniraculously saved Ham that he might be the father of a númerous and chosen people, who would possess all the virtues, be fendowed with a divine purity of nature, in whose composition no guile is infused; who are loyal, trustworthy and intelligent. No christian will be slow to see the binding and holy obligations resting upon him to look well to the comfort and happiness of the chosen

descendants of Ham. It is our christian luty to honor and love them, nor is there any other way by which we can gain admittance to the paradise above. The disloyal Copperheads of whom I have made mention, are continually, in the wickedness of their unholy nature, declaring that white people are as good as those who have sprang from the geneaMiscellaneous.

Rebel Critique on General Scott's Auto biography. General Scott's autobiography appears

to have fallen entirely still-born from the press. This is not to be wondered It is full of gross blunders even in at. relation to most important and wellknown matters of history. While vainly ostentations in style, and stiltedly pretensions in its parade of surface literature, it is, as a literary performance quite beneath criticism. Throughout the whole work there is a constant exhibition of a malignant nature. The General assails one and another of his cotemporaries in terms of abusive misrepresentation. The book has had but little comment bestowed upon it North, but the Richmond Dispatch of the 25th thus notices the assault upon General Zachary Taylor. It says:

We're almost dead to join the brave, We presented to our readers a few days ago an extract from the autobio graphy of Winfield Scott, that illustrious defunct, who has been lying in state in a fine hotel in New York since the beginning of the war. His reputation was decently buried soon after the first battle of Manassas—his body still sur-

battle of Manassas—his body still sur-vives; though having parted with his reputation, he is naturally engaged in trying to take his own life, and, judging from the specimen furnished in his an-tobiography, he is endeavoring to do it with a very dull instrument. The para-graph copied in the *Dispatch* is an at-tack upon old General Taylor, com-monly called "Rough and Ready," whom Scott. the greatest man alive or Burley, whom the Canadian Courts have delivered up to the United States, n compliance with the provisions of the Extradition Treaty, is a Scotchman by birth. A Toronto correspondent of the whom Scott, the greatest man alive o Anoany Journal says: He does not appear to be past 25 years of age; if anything, younger. Is stout, short and compactly built, and weighs about one hundred and sixty. During his confinement in jail he has been studying Greek and French, and writ-ing the adventures of his corly life Δt dead, in his own estimation, disposes of, that Taylor is dead, in a truculent and merciless fashion. We have nothing to say of the good taste of making a hyena like descent into the tomb of an old comrade in arms. This is a thing emi comrade in arms. This is a thing emi-nently in Scott's line. But, while he is endeavoring to make General Taylor ridiculous, he treats his readers to an exhibition of characteristic complacency ing the adventures of his early life. At the age of fourteen he ran away from his pagents in Glascow, Scotland, and found his way to Italy. There he entered the ranks of Garibaldi's commendation of the Grand and pretention that throws completely into the shade honest Old Zach's defects he entered the ranks of charbands army. Getting tired of the Great Liberator, he deserted to the Aus-trians and fought against Italy until an opportunity offered itself for him to desert the standard of Francis Joseph, desert the standard of Francis Joseph, ind prejudices, and makes them quite lignified and respectable.

In what we have to say on this subect we are not governed by antipathies o Scott because of his Unionism. Gen. and embark for Spain. Landing there Taylor was as good a Union man while for his uneasy spirit to do; so, after a brief sojourn in the land of the "old Castilian," lived as Scott, and, for aught we know, might have remained the same after secession. It is possible even that, in 1861, he might have planned the bat he set sail, on an American merchant-man, for South America. The vessel was wrecked, but the most of the pasthe of Manassas, instead of Winfield Scott. We are very glad he did not, both on account of our ancient love of sengers were picked uy a Spanish trader, and landed in the port of Norfolk, Va. Burley was among the saved. He soon Old Zach and a strong assurance that he would have proved a much more found his way to Richmond, and there troublesome customer than "the great remained until the breaking out of the rebellion. He was engaged as clerk in a book and publishing house up to the soldier of the age." But we admired him as an honest, genuine man, as well as a gallant and successful soldier. Thus ime of his entering the Confederate navy. He has been taken prisonersever nuch premised, we cannot express our contempt of the ignoble and ludicrous assault of Winfield Scott upon the dead lion. It is quite characteristic of the vain d times during the war, but always

old person that he dilates upon General Taylor's ignorance—not of the military art, mind you, but of literature, of which the said Winfield is such a brilliant orlow England Paid for the War on Na A correspondent of the New York Iournal of Commerce says that England nament. Taylor had not enlarged and refreshed his mind by reading, quoth paid for the expense of her wars on Napoleon from 1803 to 1816 principally by Scott, or even by much converse with the world, having made his home at the frontier and small posts. He had a great "contempt for learning of every kind." taxes. The total amount raised in these thirteen years was in round numbers five thousand eight hundred million In addition to this (oh, shocking!) if an officer looked like a coxcomb he was given to call him so, and would not, to dollars, being at the rate of four hundred and forty-six millions per annum. Of

Albert Pike. From the Little Rock (Ark.) National Demo crat, January 11.] He (Albert Pike) wore his hair lo g

generally falling to his shoulders, or the coat collar, but not to his waist. His voice, for so large a man, was not very strong. In fact, it was deficient, in that and a mean action. He is liberal and brave. The rebellion has ruined him ct, for an orator as regards wealth and standing among He was a remarkable man, as com A man of his ability and versatility of talent can make a living any where, bining two characters, almost essentially distinct. The author of the "Hymns to the Gods," and some of the finest but the fine home, the circle of wits and lettered men at Washington, the circle of society at Little Rock, the splendid pieces of our poetry, would be pictured as a pale and melancholy man. Pikeis large, robust, and as unlike a dreamy poet as possible. He had a keen apprelibrary of libraries—for he had a law-library of great extent separate from his private library, the pictures, statuary, correspondence, and the life of mingled sport and business, all are gone. Notthe least of the cures of this rebel-lion is that it dreage into its vortax such of the beautiful. Some writings betray a delicacy that borders on sensitiveness, and some of his poems more especially those he wrote and had published in a limited number of volumes lion is that it drags into its vortex such men as Albert Pike, and that it makes or distribution among his personal riends, were like some flowers whos traitors of men of genius, learning and eloquence, who, had they remained true to the Union, would have remained or become "bright particular stars." exquisite aroma was scarcely percepti-ole, except to the educated sense. Yet

ble, except to the educated sense. Yet Pike was sensuous, if not a sensu-alist. He was coarse in some of his tastes. The man who could detect the vintage year of fine wines by the taste, and whose yout was unquestionable, could drink his glass of Cincinnati whiskey, and rough it on the judicial circuit, as frontier lawyers had to do. The country was full of tales of Pike, and of his doing in the early history of the State. He was the compeer and associate of a number of brilliant men, who have now passed away-such and a solution of the passed away—such as Crittenden, Ashley, Trapnall, Yell, and a host of others. Some of the earlier publicmen were bold as well as brilliant; desperate as well as gifted. Duels were common; street fights sometimes occurred, and insults ended in a fight.-The only duel fought by Pike was with John S. Roane, afterwards Governor; a man with not much brains, but with a happy knack of making the most of slender abilities. That grew out of slender abilities. That grew out of some censure of Pike's in relation to the conduct of Roane in the Mexican war. in which both were officers, and where it is said Roaneshowed the white feath Roane was the challenger. The duel came off on the sands opposite Fort Smith. Neither of the parties was wounded Indeed, Pike was somewhat short-sighted, and it is doubtful if he could have seen Roane at fifteen paces.

Save one or two fisticuffs on the circuit in early days, Pike appears to have got along without much fighting, although he was editor here instormy times. was too large a man, physically, to be attacked with impunity; his personal courage was admitted, and then, we are inclined to think, he was too much of a gentleman, naturally, to be a brawler. His command of language was never excelled by any man except Rufus Choate. Pike could write any thing from a fanciful conceit, delicate as a flower, and clothed in the dainties words, to the severest invective that ver was poured on the head of a man We doubt whether anything ever written ever excelled in scorn and sarcasm in withering objurgation his letters to Holmes, the rebel General commanding the Department of Arkansas. We may get these and publish them som to illustrate the power of Pike nounce, and the history of Arkansas during a part of the rebellion. As lawyer, he was acknowledged to be As a good one. And here another contrariety

n his character appears. Pike, the poet and good fellow, whom, introduced to, would give you the idea of a clever, social, jolly man, who took things easy, and let them come, was, in reality, one of the most systematic men that ever lived. His cases were preup his bills in chancery, his plans, and all his law papers, with the utnost ac-curacy. The ease with which he did things was wonderful. We have seen a long bill in chancery a budded wave ridge. ong bill in chancery, a hundred pages in manuscript, written in his neat and peculiar style, with not a blot, or inter-lineation, or correction of any kind. And this was the first draft, as he never rewrote such things. He knew exactly what to say, and how to say it. In al his speeches and writings, there is an a flow, a use of plain words, and a style, that is charming, from its clearess and compactness. He was not ambitious. He never ought political preferment. A man of my h prison his abilities could have achieved success. In politics he was a Whig. To our knowledge, Gen. Taylor would have given him office, would have tendered im a seat in the Cabinet. but it was refused. Whatever aspirations for fame he may have had in his youth, seemed to have abated in middle age. When young he achieved a reputation as a poet, and his poems appeared in Blackwood's Magazine. He wrote a good deal which was published. Till within the last dozen years his poems were mblished at his expense, and a limited edition was distributed by him among his friends. He wrote, because he could not help it, or because it pleased him— I never wish to visit again, and he doesn't are for the cold at least he wrote neither for fame not noney. Then he was fond of sporting. He unted deer with the Indians on the Western prairies—he made one of a party to go moose-hunting in Northern New York. We would hear him catching cod with Webster in Massachusetts, then with a party fishing for pickerel in the great lakes, and we are not certain ut he went with an expedition to hunt buffaloes on the plains. Of late years, that is, for a number of years before the rebellion, he spent his wintersin Wash-ington, where he practised before the Supreme and other courts. There, he was known among the circle of wits. illiant men and convivialists. There the poet, the lawyer, the sportsman, and the hard student was yell known as the high liver and reveller. He was a "bon vivant," and yet no man could do as much intellectual work. settle with your laundress. He was proverbially careless in money natters. He made vast sums. One fee natters. in a case for the Indians wasover a hunhred thousand dollars. His house, as the letter-writer says, was fitted up ele-gartly. His library, which we have visited often, was the best of its size we ceek. -" Tĥ€ visited often, was the best of his size we ever saw. The selection was of rare and standard works. Many of them were imported. It excelled in the standard English authors. There-were several thousand volumes in French. Besides bis he had some rare pictures, and the inest engravings ever published. Nor was this all. One room was devoted to Main apparatus, and the natu-ral sciences were familiar to him. Many did not understand him, and disliked, or rather sneered at him. "He For had not at has no common sense," says one. Why He spends all his money for books, pic tures, wines, and sport. Another said there was something wrong or Pike would have been a great man in the po-litical world. The truth is, he cared Chief Commissary. nothing for wealth except to spend it, nothing for fame, except as it came, and nothing for political preferment. His sentiments on slavery were not ultra. He always believed and averred that slavery was an evil, but one that should be got rid of as proposed by Henry Clay. He owned a few nomi-Henry Clay. He owned a few nomi-nal slaves as house-servants, simply because white servants could not be pro-cured or kept here. He brought some of the latter here, but the females soon married, and white men sought inde pendent positions On the breaking out of the rebellion, Pike went into it more as if driven in than going willingly. He made a speech here in the winter of 1860 before the Legislature, which portrayed the dan-gers of secession in vivid colors. When secession was resolved upon, he went with his adopted State. He was appointed by the convention a commis-sioner to the Indians. Jeff. Davis, also, gave him a like commission. This led to his raising an Indian regiment, and a brigade for the rebel service. He got along very well until Hindman came to Arkansas to take control. Hindman, who was ambitious, reckless; and the incarnation of selfishness, took supplies and money-sent, to Pike and on their way to him. This led to a quarrel. Hindman sent a guard to arrest hims Pike pot to Montgomery and saw Davis the United States." Pike got to Montgomery and saw Davis Holmes was sent to supersede Hindman and heal the breach, but Hindman inoculated Holmes with his views and Pike had to fight them both. he resigned his military commission in

disgust. He is now one of the Judges of the Supreme Courtin rebel Arkansas. Apart from his rebelliousness we con-The Harris-Burroughs Tragedy----Who Miss Harris is and How She Looks---A Chicago Version of the Belations be-tween Miss Harris and the Deceased. fess an admiration for Pike. He is a man of genius. He is frank, honorable rom the Chicago Times, Feb. 1.] The telegraphic intelligence from and sincere. He scorns a mean man

Washington stating that Mr. A. J. Bur-roughs, a clerk in the Treasury Depart-ment, had been fatally shot on the previous evening, by Miss Mary Harris, of Chicago, on the plea that he had cruelly wronged her under a promise of

was the theme of general conversation in many circles yesterday. The parties are well known in the city, and moved in a respectable sphere in the community The deceased was a brother of Rev. Dr. Burrouge, president of the Chicago Burroughs, president of the Chicago University. He is reported to have been a prominent member of the Baptis church, and for some time acted as fi nancial agent of the university of which his brother is the respected president About eighteen months ago he was married to one of the daughters of Mr. C. T. Boggs, of this city, and shortly afterward, through the influence of some friends, he received an appoint-

A Spicy Letter to General Sherman. ment in the treasury department, an The Richmond Whig of January 24th removed to Washington. Within the ublishes the following letter from "Asa removed to Washington. Within the past eighteen months a young and in-teresting girl might have been seen walking about the streets of Chicago, always tastefully attired. She seemed to be about twenty years of age, and was slightly below the middle height. Her appearance was delicate, her cheeks pale, while her hair was dark as the raven's wing and hung in jetty ringlets Hartz" to General Sherman. "Asa Hartz" is the nom de plume of Major E. G. McKnight, of Columbia, S. C., formerly Assistant Adjutant General to the Confederate General Loring. Major McKnight was captured near Jackson, Miss., and confined for fourteen months raven's wing, and hung in jetty ringlets round a beautifully-shaped head. Her eyes were dark and sparkling, her nose a well-shaped aquiline, with small on Johnson's Island. While there he wrote several neat pathetic and humorous poems which went the rounds of mouth and a sweet dimple set in a pret-tily-formed chin. During the winter the Northern press, as did also his comical advertisement for a "substitute he was in the habit of wearing a dark fur hat, set jauntily on one side of her head. Her dress was generally of a p aid to stay in his place in prison." He left the Confederate service on his exchange pattern, looped up to show a balmoral skirt and well-made gaiters which inand became associate editor of the Co lumbia (S. C.) Guardian. His advice closed a pair of neatly-formed feet. She looked at all times as if she had to General Sherman not to come his just come from the hands of her dress way is in his best style, and is well maker, and her general appearance was genteel and distingue. This was Mary Harris, the girl who fatally shot down

worth perusing: ASA HARTZ TO GENERAL SHERMAN. A. J. Burroughs in Washington. It ap-pears from the young woman's story, which she related to a friend in Chicago Gentle Warrior: The sweet young female patriot of the Confederacy, who periodically bathes my classic brow, has before she took her departure for Washington, that she had metBurroughs in ist left my bedside in the 290 hospital. Before leaving, she informed me that you intend to come up this way in a Burlington, Iowa, where her parents hort time, if not sooner

Mr. Sherman, don't do it. I cannot say, my hero, that you occu the most loving corner in my heart proper bosom companion of my uncle, J. D. or "old Blizzard,"still, I like you with muchness, and do not wish you to

take a contract which you cannot fill. Appreciate duly the kind motives which ng her sad tale, she did not state dis she said the wrong she had suffered, but she said two years ago Burroughs returned to Chicago, and the corres-pondence was still kept up between them. After this had been going on for about six months, she resolved to follow Burcoughs to Chicago. Her resogovern me in this, my gallant Yank, and do justice to the affectionate heart My hero, I don't know if you are aware of the fact, but this section of the once great United States is engaged in follow Burcoughs to Chicago. Her reso lution was put into effect, and a few days afterward she arrived in the city war-a war of some magnitude, tooand all the little annoyances incident to a condition of war prevail to a certain extent here. The means of transportaand took up her residence with a friend in the south division. She used her utmost endeavors to find Burroughs, ion are not so abundant as they might have been had peace continued and railroad companies multiplied. Provisout was unsuccessful. She could no find him in the city. A short time after ions, in sections where there is a scarcity are not so plentiful as they would be if there were more of them. The people all along the route by which you may reasonably be expected to travel do not fancy your peculiar style. Fondly believing you are not a good egg, and that you are not over nice respecting the materials of which your fires are built, they will very naturally place obstruct tions in your way, and might even so far forget what is due Southern hospi-tality as to fire at you with ball cart-They are simple-minded creatures, my gallant warrior, and don't know any better.

Negro Admitted to Practice in the Su-preme Court of the U.S.

Mr. J. S. Rock, a negro lawyer of Jassachusetts, was admitted to practice in the United States Supreme Court on motion of Mr. Sumner. A special cor-respondent of the N. Y. Tribune gives

the following description of the scene; The Dred Scott Decision Buried in the Supreme Court—A Negro Lawyer Admitted by Chief Justice Chase.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 1. Oh, augustly simple funeral cortege-oh, dead, wrapped in the cerements that the divine hand of revolution folds its victims with, augustly exciting in your stormy birth, transcendently mischievus in your little life-Senator Charles imner and negro lawyer John S. Rock he pall-bearers-the room of the Su oreme Court of the United States a Pot-er's Field—the corpse the Dred Scott ecision.

Through the door that was too narrow o freely let out the bearers that bore Charles Sumner's inanimate form from he Senate Chamber, where he had been stricken down by the assassin of the slave power, Charles Sumner to-day marched back, leading a negro by the hand, and standing upon the very spot that had been stained with his blood for lemanding freedom and equality for the blacks in America, demanded of the Supreme Court of the United States to enroll among its members an African awyer, and to license him to practice at its bar. The black man was admitted. Jet

Jack, with hair of an extra twist-let me have the pleasure of saying by pur-pose and with premeditation, of an agrusively defined - (17) trusively, defiantly "Nigger"—with no palliation of complexion, no let down in lip, no compromise in nose, no abate ment in any facial, cranial, osteological particular, from the despised standard of humanity brutally set up in our poli tics and in our judiciary by the Dred Scott decision, this inky-hued African stood in the monarchical power of recog nised American Manhood and Ameri-can Citizenship, within the bar of the Court which had solemnly pronounced that black men had no rights which white men were bound to respect there a recognised member of it, profes sionally the brother of the distinguished counsellors on its long rolls, in rights their equal, in the standing which rank gives their peer. By Jupiter it was grand !

Burlington, Iowa, where her parents reside. This was a few years ago, and her parents objected to his paying his addresses to her, owing to the diversity of their ages. They, however, kept up a correspondence; and saw each other frequently, and, it is said, under a prom-ise of marriage, he led her from the paths of rectitude and virtue. In relat-ing her sad tale, she did not state dis-'Twasdramatic, too. At three minutes before 11 d'clock in the morning, Chas. Sumner entered the Court-room, folowed by the negro applicant for admis-sion, and sat down within the bar. At 11 the procession of gowned Judges en-tered the room, with Chief Justice Chase at their head. The spectators and lawers in attendance rose respectfully on their coming. The Associate Justices seated themselves nearly at once, as is their courteous custom of waiting upon each other's movements. The Chief Justice, standing to the last, bowed with affable dignity to the Bar, and took the central seat with a great presence. Im-mediately the Senator from Massachuetts arose, and, in a composed manner and quiet tone, said: "May it please and quiet tone, said: "May it please the Court, I move that John S. Rock, a member of the Supreme Court of the State of Massachusetts, be admitted to

ther arrival, she began to receive letters through the post office, written evident-ly in a disguised hand. The writer de-The grave to bury the Dred Scott devision was in that one sentence dug, and clared that he had seen her walking about the streets, that he quite adored it yawned there wide open, under the very eyes of some of the judges who had her, and wished to obtain an interview participated in the juridical crime in order that he might tell her how much he loved her, and so forth. She against Democracy and humanity. The assenting nod of the great head of the Chief Justice tumble in the corse and She placed the letters in the hands of the filled up the pit, and the black counsel-lor of the Supreme Court got on to it and stamped it down, and smoothed the blied to some of them. At last a letter ame, appointing an interview house in the south division at house in the south division which does not bear the most envia division earth to his walk to the rolls of the Court. ble reputation. This letter was also re blied to, and the request for the meet Horrible Murder----A Man Killed His Father, Mother and Wife. ng granted, in order to learn wha would be the result. Miss Harris, how-One of the most cold-blooded, heartless murders which have ever upon to record occurred at Woodstock, Michigan, nine miles from Hudson, on intention of keeping such an appoin ment. On the day following that whic Monday night last, The name of the murderer is David F. Bivins. He was she had given the promise to meet thi vould-be Lothario, a male friend of th formerly in the army, but becoming weary of the service deserted, and ir-stead of returning to his father's, where lady was induced to go to the house in question and make inquiries. He there earned that an individual whose de his wife was living, took up his abode at Grafton, in this State. Since his rescription corresponded with that of Mr Burroughs, had called and engaged an anartment stating that he expected to turn he became enamored of a young lady at Grafton, and knowing that he eet a lady. He informed th could not marry her while his wife lived, of the house that he would let the lady f the house that ne would be the house that number. H he resolved upon murdering the latter, and to secure his father's property desition in the hall for that purpose. He waited long, and, the lady not making ermined to destroy the entire house-hold. He states that three times he her appearance, took his departure, vidently much chagrined. visited his father's residence for the purpose of carrying out his murderous in-tentions, but on each occasion his heart When Miss Harris was informed of these circumstances, she adopted the idea that Burroughs wanted to get her again into his power. About this time she learned that he had been married, failed him. On Monday last he went there again, and, as the sequel shows, consummated the hellish deed. He passed through and then she determined to pay a visit this city in the afternoon of that day, and arriving at Hudson hired a horse and buggy to go to Woodstock. Arriv-ing at his father's he tied his horse uno Dr. Burroughs and inform him of all that had taken place. In reciting he wrongs she declared that Dr. Burrough was acquainted with her, and receive her in a friendly manner. When h der a shed, entered the dwelling, a drawing a revolver presented it at and learned the particulars of her story, he expressed the greatest surprise that his brother should have been guilty of such father; the cap snapped; he cocked the pistol again, and taking aim, shot old gentleman through the head. shot the conduct. She told Dr. Burroughs that she was satisfied that his brother had written the letters she had received then shot his mother, who was sitting in a chair. By this time his wife step-ped up to him and plead that he would not kill her, and he says she through the post office. A few day subsequent to the above interview, shi received intelligence that her presen caught hold of the weapon ' Determined on accomplishing his purpose, over had departed for Washington She, however, continued to reside in the city, expecting he would return when she intended to institute proceed he endeavored to wrench the weapon from her grasp, but she succeeded in getting it from him. A scuffle ensued, which ended in his recovering the ings against him. But he did not again visit Chicago. On the 5th of July, Mary Harris instiweapon and shooting her through the heart. He then set fire to the premises, got into his buggy and started on his retuted an action for breach of promise of marriage in the Superior Court of this city, against A. J. Burroughs. The case is No. 865 In the chambers room. It is On leaving the place turn to Grafton. e neglected to take a robe and a strap which accompanied the horse an now pending, but the fearful death of one of the parties has suddenly brought buggy, and these articles led to his de-tection. Yesterday morning a couple of officers it to a termination. About the close of the last year, a gentleman residing in Baltimore, a friend of the family of Lenawee county, having satisfied themselves that Bivins was the crimi-nal, went to Grafton, and finding the having been informed of all the circun young man, informed him that his paof the case, sent a note to Miss Harris, stating that, if she would come vins is reported to have exclaimed "My on to Baltimore, he would accompany her to Washington, and defray all ex-God! who killed them? feigning surtool: who knied them?" feighing sur-prise. The officer replied, "You did," and at once took him into custody, and on the arrival of the afternoon train, the prisoner, heavily ironed, and the ofpenses of prosecuting Burroughs. consulted with some of her friends on the subject, and related the particulars of her sad story as given above. They cers returned to this city and thence to were of opinion that the offer should be accepted, and she left for Baltimore about three weeks ago. She went from Hudson. Bivins subsequently confessed the deed to the officers, and narrated the particulars of the triple murder, to those wishing to listen, with perfects ang froid there to Washington, and the sequel of painful story is briefly told in the lines transmitted from that city by -apparently not the least affected. We learn that the elder Bivins was 57 telegraph. The affair has cast a shad of gloom over the many respectable families, with whom the parties are conyears of age, the mother, 51, and the wife 20. The latter expected to give birth to a child in a short time.—*Toledo* nected by the ties of blood. (O.) Blade Feb. 3.

She is in Heaven.

Ah! see, that tear of repentance speaks softly. Angels are hovering near to bear the pearly drop on high; the mention of the sainted mother's name has saved her boy, and of all the happy ones rejoicing in heaven, there is onesilvery voice chanting the song of praise more rapturously to-day for the lost one that s found.

Watch that fragile little blue-eyed one so young and lovely-why that shade of sorrow on the sinless baby brow ?-What chill wind can have blighted th sweet human blossom?

Motherless ! Poor little helpless one all alone in this great dreary world. May your angel mother's wings overshadow your little life; may her protecting care keep the little householddove pure and sinless until the weary wings are folded once more upon her maternal bosom.

Motherless! Oh, what intensity of sorrow the words breathe. How keen the remorse felt, if in a heedless moment we have planted a thorn in the now pulseless heart, or caused the eye to flood with a tear of sorrow. Alas! for such. Memory must perform the cruel task, picturing with minuteness all the childish errors that have pained a loving mother's heart, for which we can offer no atonement but unavailing regret.-Louisville Journal.

Be Thyself.

The world's heroes in poetry, philo phy, mechanics and reform have been neroic by virtue of their selfhood .-Leave this out of the composition of a man, and you have, in poetry, a versewright who never dared to write an original line; in philosophy, a peddler of defunct ideas, and in war a poltroon. What made Homer the prince of song and enabled the old "blind man of Chio to chant a strain which the hills of Greece echoed for centuries, still heard across the wild ocean, and amid the din and roar of this nineteenth century " He wrote in his own inimitable style the beautiful thoughts that crowded into his brain : from the heaven of his own creation he poured down those melodies which a busy world on tiptoe stands to hear.

Who was Shakespeare's model Whence did he draw the supplies of which millions have drunk and been refreshed? With no broken pitcher did he go to another's well but drew from the exhaustless fountains of his own soul. He stands to-day like a granite mountain, whose head is lost in the clouds, and whose culminating point ne traveler has reached; as men ascend it, untrodden heights he still finds above them Had he been a mere imitator, the mole hill of his productions would have been long since trodden to the dead level of the plain. How did Bunyan write his Pilgrim's

Progress? As the brook babbles, taking no counsel of other brooks, and telling its own story in its own way; and, in spite of its many seeming absurdities;

the tinker's book will live for centuries. Copernicus and Galileo, taking counsel of their own souls, heeding not the monkish fable-mongers who believed the world to be flat'as a table, and the stars little shining points, boldly marched into the untrodden realm, explored its sea of worlds, and came back laden with glorious truths.

Columbus, advising with no Past, old and decrepid, which had bounded the world, and inscribed on its boundary, "no more beyond," launched his bark to cross the unknown ocean; and for weary weeks and months sailed steadily on, the cloudy sky above, the inky sea around : spite of the frowns, tears and entreaties of the cowards who accompanied him, till a new world, like a radiant maiden, leaped into his arms and blessed him for his manliness. We are here to-day, because Columbus dared to be himself

tances they sneer at them and stign tise them as inferiors, and some unwashed wretches even go so far as to say they are only fit for slavery. When I see the designs of Omnipotence thus attempted to be frustrated, and evil is intended to a race that was created on purpose and is destined to become polished saints in glory, "have I not cause to rave and beat my breast?"

logical tree of Ham, and in many in-

People were all originally colored, but ome who became desperately wicked were frightened with the condemnation that awaits them until they became white, and so they have remained until this day, walking monuments of man's ost estate, while the colored people are the spared mementoes of man's original ourity. While the government is striving nobly for "God and Liberty," that this chosen people may be placed in their proper sphere, the disloyal Copperheads

are throwing obstacles in its way by discouraging conscriptions, objecting to taxation, pleading for the Union of 1787. which was "a league with hell and a onvention with death ;" and viewing these things, have not I, who can stand up in public places and proclaim my righteousness to all the world, "cause o rave and beat my breast."

When white persons adorn them elves in costly raiment and seek to become objects of popular admiration, they are compelled to scent themselves with ose-water, musk, and other perfumes

refore they are fit to place on exhibition out nature, in her lavish kindness to the colored people, has given them a strong and undying odor. When disloyal opperheads turn up their wicked prosises at the sweet-smelling savors bestowed by nature on her chosen children, "have I not cause to rave and beat my breast?'' Our Father Abraham, who dwelleth

erate

rally

in Washington, and whose features, color and every act stamp him as the hosen instrument in the hands of Providence to restore the "free Ameri cans of African descent" to the estate of which they have been robbed by white Pharisees, is doing all in his power by proclamation, by plans, by uggestions for constitutional amendments, by inestimable expenditures of money, by hurling on the enemies of God's favorite race immense armies and

using all the instrumentalities mankind can command to accomplish the holy purposes. But while he is doing so the disloyal Copperheads are crying for peace, well knowing that there is no peace, nor can be none, and talking about weeping widows, fatherless children, national bankruptcy, maimed humanity, burthensome taxation, disintegrated nationality, rivers of blood, nillions of new made graves and all such disloyal outgivings of perverse and wicked natures. And in view of the multiplied fiendishness of the dis-

loyal Copperheads it becomes every christian's duty "to rave and beat his breast."

My beloved brethren. I know from the strict and prayerful attention you pay to the inspired words of your orthy preacher, I feel it in this holy and devoted breast of mine. I am as sured by your votes at the election, that you will welcome taxation, welcome debts, welcome war, rejoice in rivers of blood, be made glad with conscriptions seminary in Utah, with a handsome and willingly give the last man and the young Mormon. Artemus proposes to last dollar to wipe out the accursed in-

settle their suit by returning to the land stitution of slavery. We preached and of the Saints and marrying the whole of prayed for it when detested peace them." eigned throughout our borders and we -A man was thrown from a sleigh will not desert it now when war is pourand broke his leg so badly that ampuing its blessings upon our heritage .-We clung to it when our pockets were tation was necessary. Upon being condoled with by a friend who remarkdestitute of script and we will not forsake it when rare contracts and fat office are rewarding us and making us rich in he world's goods. We will cling to that liberty which maketh the colored people free. We will hold fast to th faith until the South is wiped out, until their plantations have become waste It was self-hood that made Raphael places, and their dwellings are turned accrued interest to date of receipt.

this three thousand eight hundred and e his oft-repeated phrase, "touch him with a pair of tongs." An unpardonable offense in the eyes of "Fuss and Feathforty-four millions were raised by taxes and one thousand five hundred and fifty rs." The old man seems to have been four millions by loans. The writer says prejudiced and illiberal as Percy surnamed Hotspur. Winfield, who is familiar with the English classics, and But this was gold, or nearly so. There was no sensible depreciation of the cur-rency up to the year 1810, and it never who is one of the first of classics himself

exceeded, if it reached, twenty-five per will remember : cent. Allowing an average of twenty per cent. for the whole thirteen years, we have an anual expense of about 175had rather be a kitten, and dry mew Than one of these same metre-ballad

And again :

Rhu again. But I remember, where the fight was done, When I was dry with rage and extreme toil. Breathless with rage, leaning upon my swo Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress Fresh as a bridegroom, &c., &c. To be so pester'd with a popin jaw. Out of my grief and my impatience, Answer'd negligently, I know not what. 00,000 of dollars in gold, equal to about \$25,000,000 of our present currency, and of this amount only one- third was obtained by loans. Two-thirds, or \$550, tained by ioans. Two-thirds, or \$550,-000,000 per annum, were raised by taxes. This was the average for thirteen years. For the year 1815, the taxes were not far short of six hundred and fifty millions of dollars in granubacks.

Answer'd negligently, I know not what. —Probably that he "would not touch him with a pair of tongs." It is true enough that Old Zach had little learning; and if he had possessed ever so much—as much, for instance, as Scott and Bacon—we doubt whether it of dollars in greenbacks. The population of Green Britain in 1815 was about eighteen millions, ours, in 1865, half a century later, may be es-timated at fifty per cent. more, exclu-sive of the rebels. England borrowed would have made him any more efficien in the Northwest, in Florida, or Mexi nly one-third of the money she wanto He might have talked Latin to Black Hawk, Greek to Osceola, and Hebrew to Santa Anna, without once ed, and yet she borrowed more than any other power engaged in the wars of Na poleon. France even and German paid in cash a larger portion of thei convincing them of the error of their ways. Why, even Scott, who every one knows, is as familiar with each o normous expenditures than England did—that is, they raised at the time, by taxes, the money they wanted. Would these languages as with his mothe tongue, with which no man ever took greater liberties, could not convince the people of the United States that he was a better soldier than General Tayit not be well for us to study this lesson

An Apology for Feeling Blue. lor. Every one knows that Scott is an author of great and versatile genius rom the Richmond Whig.] Let us be blue. Why not? Blue is eautiful color. It is the color of the sky and of the sea; it is the color of the oveliest eyes; also, it is the color of inthat he wrote the Commentaries on the Bible, in such general use among evan selical persuasions, and also the Waver Bible, in such general use among evan-gelical persuasions, and also the Waver-ley Novels. But this did not enable him so far to outshine old Zach in the field as to become President of the ligo, and of a species of fly. Moreover t is the color of the venetral superficie of the unadulterated Yankee and occa 'nited States. Hence those tears .sionally of the breeches of the Confed rate soldier. Let us therefore be blue Better be blue than white or green However, Scott graciously concedes that Taylor had "a good store of com-mon sense." It is a pity that Taylor or yellow, or ring-streaked, spotted, and speckled. Moreover, man is the only animal which can be blue at pleasure. cannot return the compliment. N man ever possessed less of that substar tial commodity than Winfield Scott. Ancient dogs and venerable beasts gen That commonly than winner scott, He even admits, in his lofty style, that Taylor "was kind, sincere and hospitable, in a plain way." No one ever said that of Scott. His kindness, sincerity and hospitality were all of a gorgeous, gala kind. Old Zach, whose pedigree was "F. F. V." and whose every sould have poid with ease even are inclined to be blue: their latter days are tempered to the blue of melancholy and toned down to the tints of grief. But it is reserved to the lord

of creation to become cerulean with or without cause. We will, then, be very The beauty of being blue is that every-For the second second second second second second second with ease even Winfield Scott's debts, never approached that magnificence in hospihing in nature seems to be Not only is every object black, but its proportions are enormously mignified. Thus, at this time, the cause seems to be black, intensely black, and chances against us are big beyond expression. tality at other people's expense. " frontier and small posts had been home." Undoubtedly they had, although he had a plantation in Louisiana Nor is this all. Our rulers, our officers, our soldiers, our people, and even our negroes look black. Some are black and some are blacker, some are the color of a chew of tobacco, funked and heavily Unevent tobacco, and our the foired that would have enabled him to live in baronial style. He preferred to do his duty, however, on "the frontier and small posts," whilst Scott flourished about in large cities, with equipages not paid for, and went to Europe, expecting iquored tobacco, and even the faires ire foul-featured. Reagan is black as excite a sensation in countries which ink. Benjamin is like soot. Seddon is a lump of charcoal. Davis is as dark were yet reeling under the Napoleon's demigods. For had a Scott killed the King's English is the de'il. Northrop is as the night in Egypt. Hood is of a horrible hue, and even General' Lee is ebon Lundy's Lane and Chippewa, and has he not been repeating the same performance in his autobiography? spite of his silver locks and

snowy beard. The Confederacy is like unto a box of challenge blacking; the The sting of this famous assault upon Gen. Taylor lies in the tail of the para-graph. "In the blindness of his great graph. "In the blindness of his weakness he, having been named for weakness he, having been named for his wronged " world is wrongside out, and the worse for wear. Creation is cut out of black bombazine, and the universe is as black weakness he, having been named for the Presidency, seriously wronged" Win-field Scott. The autobiographer does not condescend to explain when and how. As he has a remarkable memory as the back of a kitchen in Erebus. It is pleasant to view things in this light, for the light is a mellow light and does not pain the eye. Robed in pro-found gloom, all things conspire to quiet the retina, slacken the pulse, compose thenerves, subdue agitation, suspend ex-mitment a prost energy destroy hope for wrongs, we are surprised at the omission. We never heard that Taylor ever wronged Scott before his nomination to the Presidency, or afterwards, except by being elected. The head and front of his offending hath this extent, citement, arrest energy, destroy hope eradicate cheerfulness and encourage the tranquility of torpor and the permis no more. Scott afterwards tried to reach the same office, but all his learning, literature, and feathers failed to effect it. He has not "made his home on the nent repose of paralysis. Let us, there fore, be excessively blue.

-Three hundred young ladies have frontier and small posts," nor did he sued Artemus Ward for a libel in saving they all eloped at one time. from a

frontier and small posts,", nor did he make it in the White House. "I wonder," exclaims the author of Philip Firmin, "are all old men hum-bugs?" Certainly not. We know ene old man, however, open to that impu-tation. It was not Zachary Taylor.

10 J. G. Kurtz, editor of the Belle onte Central Press, is sigk of his political associates. Hear how he talks. "We are heartily disgusted with the business of printing a party newspaper

n Centre county. ed that it was a very bad accident. the "We have exhausted our means fo sufferer replied, "Yes, especially when wood is so high." the welfare and success of the Republican party; have spent time, money and It is announced that the five per cent lega labor for unscrupulous, ambitions, rotten-hearted politicians, who respect nder notes will be received by the General their pledged word with no more con-Subscription Agent in payment of subscrip sideration than the swine would the tions to the new seven-thirty loan, with a pearls before them."

I mention these little things, magnificent Yank, as but a small portion of the difficulties which will make your excursion anything but pleasant. They are by no means the most prominent. Let me tell you a little story : There was a gallant and festive chap

from Florida, who used to answer rol all in block fourteen, mess two. He was a member of the lapstone rangers. hero, and as such broke into the on block aforesaid like a man. He had the bad taste to dislike his quarters, and was simple enough to entertain a desire for freedom. So one day he thought of a plan to break out, and, all unknown to the other lapstones, put if into execution. Time passed on, and the day arrived on which he fondly hoped to leave the prison walls. He started, my Western hero, but didn't go far before he ran his head against an ounce of lead—and stopped. The lady e used to board with never got another etter from him. He sleeps now where

My hero, the chap referred to, under took a journey unadvisedly, and never made the trip. In view of his fate, and applying it to your own case, allow me to repeat with gentle firmness—don't

Should you rashly conclude to follow the bent of your own judgment, my worthy conqueror, and try to come any-how, take advice founded upon experi-ence, and eschew all railroad lines. If you undertake the trip by rail, you will die of old age before you reach Danville Danville, my sweet General, is supposed to be in the bosom of the mother of States, a geographical fact opened to doubt, and, but for the extremely cold temperature which prevailed there the last line your trump passed through, liable to the imputation of being in the bosom of the Father of Lies. Don't stop at Danville, Mr. Sherman, unless vo ave made your peace with heaven and A night

there would be an infliction too great for my worst enemy to bear. Finally, if you will come, my gentle warrior, bring your dinner and stay a

You will find me at the 290 Hospital n Columbia, where I am engaged in the stance highly interesting partime of robbing the cradle and the grave. I have sacked fifteen cradles in the last sixteen days, and interred all of the spoils except one —an interesting infant of seventy-five summers. I am saving him, my hero, to start a new graveyard with near Charlotte, in the State of North Caro-

ina. Don't forget to call on Generals Hardee, Beauregard, Johnston, Hill, Tay-lor, Bragg and other gentlemen of military instincts, as you come by. They are a jolly and interesting set, and will entertain you in a highly satisfactory manner-to themselves. Remember me soothingly to your

Yours, in a suggestive way, ASA HARTZ.

nor Reverdy Johnson, in the able speech, strong in sharp logic and legal ore, delivered by him in the United States Senate, the other day, on the bill professedly to regulate commerce be tween the States, but really to put the railroads of the country under the control of the general government, took the following view of his duties which must

have surprised many of his colleagues: "We were sent here to take care, among others, of the rights of our States. Our oath to support the Constitution of the United States is not merely to execute all the powers which it confers, but to abstain for convincement according which it down from exerting any powers which it does not confer. It is an obligation, therefore, to preserve all the limitations upon the power preserve all the limitations upon the powe of the Federal Government, in order to pro-tect the inherent and original and undel gated powers which belonged to the State before the Constitution was adopted." It would be well for all the member

of Congress in both branches to remember that they have duties of omission as well as commission, and that they are bound to protect the States as well as

Burleigh, the Lake Erie raider, was livered to the United States Provost Marshal, at Suspension Bridge, New York, last Friday morning at 4 o'clock. screecyer ! A Tower of Skulls.

Smile.

about your daily business.

Which will you do, smile and make others happy, or be crabbed and make

Lamartine, in his "Pilgrimage to the Holy Land," writes as follows: When I was about a league from Nisa, the last Turkish town almost on everybody around you miserable? You can live among beautiful flowers and the frontier of Servia, I saw a large tower rising up in themidst of the plain as white as Parian marble. I took singing birds, or in the mire, surrounded by fogs and frogs. The amount of the path which led to it. I desired a Turkish lady who accompanied me to hold my horse, and I sat down under the shade of the tower to enjoy a few moments repose. No sconer happiness you can produce is incalculable, if you will show a smiling face, a kind heart, and speak pleasant words. On the other hand, by sour looks, cross few moments repose. No sooner was I seated, than raising my eye to the words and a fretful disposition, you can monument. I discovered that the walls make hundreds unhappy, almost beyond which I supposed to be built of marble endurance. What will you do? Wear or of regular rows of white stone, were composed of regular rows of human skulls, bleached by rain and sun, and cemented by a little sand and lime, a pleasant countenance, let joy beam in your eye, and love glow on your forehead. There is no joy so great as that formed entirely the triumphal arch which now sheltered me from the burn-ing sun! There must be from fifteen which springs from a kind act or a pleasant deed, and you may feel it at night when you rest and at morning when to twenty thousand. In some places portions of hair are still hanging, and waved like lichen or moss with every breath of wind. The mountain breeze was then blowing you rise, and through the day when

The mountain breeze was then blowing fresh, penetrating the innumerable cav-ities of the skulls, and sounded like a mournful and plaintive sigh. These were skulls of fifteen thousand Servians who had been put to death by the servi--A gentleman of our acquaintance vho is sometimes extremely unfortunate in the selection of his phrases, remarked at a party recently, in the hear who had been put to death by the pacha ng of the mama of the "belle of the in the last insurrection of Servi evening," who had just risen from the via, however, is now free, and this monpiano. "Yes she is indeed a charming of independence by showing them the price at which their forefathers purchase girl-a very nice creature"-nice

290 HOSPITAL, Jan. 23.

