Local Intelligence.

THE NATIONAL CALAMITY—MEETING AT THE COURT HOUSE ON SUNDAY.—Pursuant to a call issued by the Mayor, a meeting was held in the Court House, on Sunday for the purpose of giving expression to the public sentiment of sorrow at the national bereavement, caused by the assassination of the chief magistrate of the republic. Long before the hour of 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the time appointed in the call, the large hall of the court room was densely crowded, and multitudes were compelled to leave without being able to effect an entrance. A large number of ladies were present, and so great was the crowd that many of these were compelled to stand in the spacious aisles during the entire meeting.

The meeting was organized by the appointment of the following officers:

President:
HON. GEORGE SANDERSON.

Vice-Presidents:
Prof. J. P. Wickersham,
Dr. Samuel Parker,
Benjamin Reinhold, Esq.,
David Hartman, Esq.

Secretaries:
Colonel Fred. S. Pyfer,
B. K. Kready,
Prof. Edwin Brooks.

The meeting was opened by prayer from Rev. Bishop Bigler of the Moravian Church. His prayer was most beautiful and impressive. It breathed a true christian spirit, being an earnest appeal to Heaven for a restoration of the days of peace and harmony among our people. It was couched in eloquent words, and the whole audience seemed to be subdued by it into a feeling of solemity befitting the day and the occasion.

On taking the Chair, the Mayor spoke in substance as follows:

FELLOW CITIZENS—Only one brief week has elapsed since we assembled in this place to congratulate each other upon the glorious triumph of our arms and the consequent near approach of peace. To-day we have been called upon to meet together in sad and solemn gloom. The Chief Magistrate of the Nation—an eminent citizen whom a majority of the people delighted to honor—has been stricken down by the ruthless and bloody hand of a hellish assassin, and the whole nation—people of all sects, parties and conditions in the community—mourn the sad and terrible bereavement. A great man in position has fallen in our political Israel, and it is proper and becoming that we should express our feelings of sorrow at the awful calamity.

This is no time, my fellow-citizens, to indulge in angry or excited feelings—no time for acrimony, bitterness or contention among neighbors and friends. The blow has fallen upon all alike, high and low, rich and poor, men of all political parties. It is a great and unparalleled National calamity, which should lead us, one and all, on this holy day—the anniversary of the Saviour's resurrection—to be calm and collected in our utterances, and to say or do nothing which would be in conflict with His heavenly injunction of "peace on earth and good will to men."

I therefore, respectfully, but feelingly and earnestly, implore my fellow-citizens to refrain from street discussions with one another and the indulgence of exciting and thoughtless expressions on one side or the other. These can do no good, and may be productive of infinite harm. It should be the earnest desire of all good citizens to allay, rather than foster the fierce passions of our nature, and lend all their influence to encourage union and harmony in our midst. Our country, next to God, should lie nearest our hearts, and we should all endeavor, to the utmost of our abilities, to consolidate and strengthen our attachment to the Union and flag of our fathers. The Supreme Ruler of the Universe may, for the accomplishment of wise purposes, have permitted the assassin of Abraham Lincoln to accomplish his diabolical purpose; but it would be presumptuous in us, feeble and erring mortals as we are, to penetrate the thick veil which intervenes between the finite and Infinity. For, to use the language of one of our great poets:

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain—
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

The Nation has been astounded at the audacity of the murderous villain who perpetrated the foul and bloody deed. Men's minds can scarcely be brought to realize the fact that the chosen Chief Magistrate of the country lies low in the embrace of death, and that, too, brought about by violence. It is the first time in the history of this great Republic that such a deed of atrocity has been perpetrated. May we not all hope that the vile miscreant may be speedily arrested, and if he has accomplices that they, too, may be brought to light, and all be made to suffer the severest penalty of the law; so that others may be deterred in the future from attempting the commission of similar outrages upon the person of the Chief Magistrate or other high dignitaries of the Government.

Abraham Lincoln is dead; but, thanks to a merciful God, the Nation still lives, and will, I firmly believe, continue to exist through all coming time. The wicked assassin has struck down the President of the Republic, and universal mourning prevails over all the land; but the Government will not die, and the star-spangled banner of our fathers still floats in the breeze, and will ever continue to float over

"The land of the free, and the home of the brave."

At the conclusion of his remarks, of which the above is only a brief synopsis, the Mayor read the following series of resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the sudden decease of President Lincoln, by violence, is a great National calamity, especially in the present critical condition of affairs. And what renders it still more sad and afflicting in its character, is the fact that the terrible civil war of the past four years was rapidly drawing to a close, and we all had abundant reason to flatter ourselves that the glorious rainbow of peace was about to span the political horizon, and that we were again upon the eve of becoming a united and happy people.

Resolved, That the murderous assassin of the Chief Magistrate of the Republic, whether fired by the same unholy ambition that actuated the Grecian youth who applied the torch to the Ephesian dome—whether governed by motives of revenge for real or fancied wrongs, or a secret wish to keep up the excitement between the different sections, and thus prevent a restoration of the Union on a firm and permanent basis—[*or as the agent of the so-called* Confederate Government, or the tool of such organization originated by the enemies of the country,] or from any other diabolical incentive, merits and will receive the execration of every good citizen, and his name will be transmitted to posterity with an infamous notoriety.

Resolved, That the wicked and bloody assault upon Secretary Seward and his son, which may possibly have a fatal termination, would seem to indicate a deliberate design upon the part of the conspirator or conspirators to destroy the government and reduce the country to a state of anarchy, wretchedness and ruin.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathise with Mrs. Lincoln and the friends and relatives of Mr. Seward in their sad bereavement. The Nation mourns with them, and they have the sincere condolence of the whole American people, of all parties, sects and conditions. May a merciful Providence "temper the wind to the shorn lamb," and may our beloved country have His Almighty protection in this the hour of its deepest affliction and gloom.

(☞The paragraph in the second resolution enclosed in brackets was an amendment offered by Mr. J. R. Sypher.)

After Mayor Sanderson had taken his seat a call was made for Bishop Bigler, who made a short but very appropriate speech. He spoke eloquently and with much feeling of the general joy that had prevailed throughout the land in view of the prospect of a speedy peace, and contrasted it with the shock of sorrow which has stricken every man in the country on hearing of the assassination of the Chief Magistrate of the nation. He alluded to the mysterious ways in which Providence often moves to effect the Divine will on earth; said it might be that His infinite wisdom had ordered it all for the best; that perhaps Mr. Lincoln had accomplished his work; he urged a dependant trust on God who made us a nation, and who is abundantly able to heal all the wounds under which we are suffering, and calmness and moderation even in this hour of deep feeling and great excitement. We are sure all who heard his speech, must have been favorably impressed by it.

The next speaker was Professor J. P. Wickersham, of the Normal School. He spoke in substance as follows:

"The whole American nation is this day in mourning; everywhere the hearts of the people are filled with unaffected grief. Yesterday morning, when the news began to spread from mouth to mouth, there was almost universal skepticism in regard to it. It was too horrible and appalling to be believed without complete confirmation. When it was confirmed by official announcement, people of all parties and of all classes seemed to be paralized. Business was suspended as if by a common sense of the propriety of such a course; flags that had floated in joy over the late glorious victories were placed at half-mast, and draped in the insignia of mourning. Our gladness was changed in a moment to sorrow, and the whole people mourned the fall of their chosen Chief Magistrate. It is hard even now to realize the magnitude of the misfortune which has befallen us. I am rejoiced to see that men of all parties, that the newspapers of all parties, alike unanimously express what I believe is the common and unfeigned sorrow of all. So it should be in an hour and on an occasion like the present. I am cheered and encouraged by this to hope that we may be more united in the future than we have been in the past. The day of general good feeling, is, I hope, about to replace that of bitterness and party strife.

Abraham Lincoln was no common man. Had he died quietly on his bed at the White House, or in his home at Springfield, the nation would have mourned his departure with tears of most sincere grief. He was great not as a philosopher, not in profound learning, not as a trained military chieftan—but, unquestionably great in great, good, common sense. There are few men who could so well have managed the affairs of this nation, in the troublous times through which we have been passing for more than four years, as has Father Abraham. His rise from obscure birth to the exalted position he occupied was truly remarkable. We see him, first the poor farm boy, then the captain of a flat-boat on our Western waters, then the close, diligent student, then the successful lawyer, then the representative of his district in Congress, then the competitor of the giant Douglas for the position of Senator of Illinois, and then chosen by the people to the highest office in their gift—and again, after serving a term of four years re-elected. The man who could accomplish all this must have been of no ordinary character, one who had in him the elements of true greatness. No matter where or how such a man might have died he would have been mourned by the nation. The manner of his death, violent and bloody as it was, makes our sorrow deeper and more poignant than it would otherwise have been. The time of his decease was a most unfortunate one for the country. After Sherman's grand marches, and Grant's unparalleled victories, the rebel capital was at length in our possession, and the armies of our enemies utterly routed. The surrender of Lee with his forces gave assurance that the gigantic struggle was ended. All hoped that peace was about to come; a lasting peace—a peace having solid foundations in a restoration of the era of fellowship and general good feeling. There was rejoicing throughout the length and breadth of the land. To mar all this came that most villainous act, the foulest and most bloody assassination known to history. It is hard that the President of this great republic should be stricken down by such foul means, at such a time as this. But, I am a firm believer in the superintendence of a Divine Providence. I discard and would denounce the doctrine taught in some schools. I think I can see good springing from the great calamity already. I see it in the general unfeigned expression of grief at what is our common calamity; in the union of all good men in the expression of the national sorrow, and in the harmony which prevails. Let us all bury party animosities in the grave of our departed Chief Magistrate. The rebellion will be completely put down. The assassination of no one man can prevent it. If Grant, and Sherman, and Sheridan, and he who is now President, and all the Cabinet should so be stricken down, others would spring from the ranks of the armies and of the people to take their places. I believe in God, and in His good providence, and have an abiding faith that all will yet be well with this nation.

Professor Wickersham was listened to throughout with great and marked attention by the entire assemblage.

The next speaker was N. Ellmaker, Esq. Mr. Ellmaker said:

It is hard to keep within proper bounds when we see Abraham Lincoln, our second Washington, stricken down by a brutal assassin, after he had returned unharmed from the streets of Richmond, the stronghold of the traitors; to see him shot from behind as he sits, unsuspecting of harm, in his box at a place of amusement. Can his death and the murderous assault upon Seward have been the result of chance? Were not both the result of some deep-laid, diabolical scheme? Do not both these acts show the evidences of premeditation and design? If the assassins be caught I hope they may be suffered to live long enough to tell who were their masters. Had this misfortune come four weeks ago who can tell what might not have been the result. It comes now when the rebellion is crushed. Let us hold up the hands of Andrew Johnson, who is now the honored head of the nation; let us remember that he deserves our confidence and trust; let us forbear to speak ill of those in authority; let us all show that we are loyal.

O. J. Dickey, Esq., was next called out, and responded in a brief speech.

After Mr. Dickey had taken his seat, J. R. Sypher, Esq., took the stand. After alluding to the commencement of the war, and to the great sacrifices of men made in its prosecution, he concluded by suggesting the idea that Mr. Lincoln had been removed because he was too kind in his nature. He tried to develop an idea which seemed to possess him, that God meant that vengeance rather than mercy should be the object of our rulers; and asked the audience whether they were prepared to help the new President in executing vengeance untempered with mercy. We are glad to say his sanguinary doctrines seemed to be met with disgust rather than approval on the part of the audience.

The next speaker was A. H. Hood, Esq. His speech was somewhat tinged with the imaginings of a bloody and vindictive nature, and did not seem to meet, as we are sure it did not merit, the approbation of the people assembled.

Mr. Hood was followed by an individual answering to the name of J. F. Crouch, and being dignified by the title of Reverend. He is pastor of the St. Paul's M. E. Church of this city. Of course he was peculiarly brutal and bloody in his sentiments. That is the style of many modern preachers. They are ready to pander at all times to the baser passions of those they address, for the purpose of gaining a temporary advantage or exciting a momentary admiration. They seem to forget every precept of the Bible, and to be moved and actuated only by the lower and baser passions which degrade human nature. They are a disgrace to their profession and a curse to the world. We attempt no report of the blasphemous utterances of this ranting fellow. No man of sense who heard him could possibly have failed to be deeply disgusted.

When he had concluded, the meeting, which had been rapidly dispersing while he talked, was formally adjourned.

Previous to adjournment the meeting unanimously adopted the following resolution, offered by Mr. Sypher:

Resolved, That on the day which may be appointed for the funeral of the late President Lincoln, our citizens are requested to close their places of business, and wear suitable badges of mourning in token of their respect.

LANCASTER HORSE MARKET, MONDAY, APRIL, 17th, 1865.—The arrivals and sales of horses at the different stables during the past week have been rather slim, and the stables (with one exception), did not look quite so empty, as we have seen them on former occasions, and the business is therefore apparently a little dull.

TROUT'S.—The arrivals at Trout's were as follows, viz: Mr. Sherbahn, from Maytown, this county, with a fine, large, gray, stallion, weighing about 1500 lbs., and a handsome mare; Chas. Underwood, with 5 head, from York county; and Wm. Chenoweth, with 16 head from Bedford county—7 of which were sold to D. M. Sharp & Co. D. M. Sharp & Co. bought up in lots of ones and twos, through the county, about 16 head. Their sales were but few, and they have on hand 28 head. The total number of sales were about 20 head, and the whole number on hand in the stables amount to 63 head. Phil. Morgret is expected with a car-load in the morning.

FUNK'S.—The arrivals were as follows, viz: Nathan Groff, with 16 head from Butler county, and 18 head bought up for the Government in different parts of this county, by Messrs. Groff, Law, and others. About 40 head were shipped off, and the number remaining on hand in the stable is 17 head.

LEMAN & CO.'S.—The arrivals were 35 head, bought up in this county; 26 head were sold to the government and shipped off to Trenton, N. J. There are on hand in the stable about 15 head.

COPELAND & CLINE'S.—The arrivals were 39 head, bought in lots of ones, twos and threes, in the county; 51 head have been shipped off, and there are but 4 head on hand in the stable.

CITY HOUSEHOLD MARKET.—The prices ranged as follows this morning:

LANCASTER, SATURDAY, April 15, 1865.

Butter, per pound	40@45c.
Eggs, per dozen	22@25c.
Lard, per pound	25c.
Chickens, (live,) per pair	70@1.00
do. (dressed,) "	$1.00@1.20
Ducks, per pair, (live,)	$1.20@1.40
" per piece, (dressed,)	80@90c.
Geese, per piece	$1.00@1.50
Turkeys, per piece	$1.50@2.00
Potatoes, per bushel	$2.00@2.25
do. " ½ peck	25@30c.
Sweet Potatoes, per peck	60@80c.
Apples, per peck	70@80c.
Onions " "	50c.
Turnips, " "	50c.
Beef, per pound	18@25c.
Veal, " "	16@20c.
Pork, " "	20@25c.
Beef, " per quarter	12@17c.
Veal, " " "	10@14c.
Pork, " " "	18@20c.
Cabbage, per head	8@12c.
Beets, per bunch	3@5c.
Celery, " "	5@10c.
Lettuce, per plate	5@ 8c.
Apple-Butter, per pint	20@25c.
" " per crock	$1.25@1.30
Corn, per bushel	$1.35@1.45
Oats, per bag of 3 bushels	$2.40@2.50

THE SURRENDER OF GENERAL LEE—REJOICING AND ILLUMINATION IN COLUMBIA—MASS MEETING AT ODD FELLOWS' HALL.—Columbia on Thursday night was ablaze with glory and enthusiasm in honor of the surrender of Gen. Lee. In accordance with the proceedings of the town meeting, held on Tuesday evening, Thursday was devoted to an illumination, torch-light procession and a winding up of the festivities with a mass meeting at the Odd Fellows' Hall. All the places of business in the borough were closed at noon, and one hundred guns were fired by the Alexander Cadets, under direction of Capt. J. E. Barr, of this city, between the hours of 4 and 7 o'clock. At an early hour of the evening the streets were astir with crowds of joyous people, and Locust street, on which the procession formed, presented a brilliant appearance. The City Cornet Band of this city added much to the enthusiasm of the occasion by its excellent music.

At 7 o'clock the procession was formed in the following order:

Chief Marshal.
W. G. CASE, ESQ.

Aids.
Col. P. Gossler, Lieut. John L. Wright.

Assistant Marshals.
Capt. G. H. Erisman, S. S. Detweiler,
Capt. J. E. Barr, Jacob Strickler.

City Cornet Band.
Alexander Cadets.
Cannon, drawn by four horses.
Borough Authorities.
Martial Music.
Delegation from Wrightsville.
The Columbia Firemen.
Citizens Generally.

The procession proceeded over the following route:

Down Locust street to Front, up Front to Black's Hotel, countermarched to Walnut, up Walnut to Fourth, down Fourth to Locust, up Locust to Fifth, down Fifth to Cherry, down Cherry to Fourth, up Fourth to Locust, down Locust to Third, down Third to Cherry, up Cherry to Fourth, down Fourth to Union, up Union to Sixth, countermarched to Second, down Second to Perry, down Perry to Front, up Front to Locust, up Locust to Second, along Second to Walnut, and countermarched to the Odd Fellows' Hall.

The illumination along the route was very general, and the taste and design displayed by many of the citizens reflected the highest credit upon our Columbia neighbors. At different points on the route fire-works were set off and bon-fires kindled, which added much to the brilliancy of the scene. There was a great deal of enthusiasm manifested, and the procession was greeted with lusty cheers from stentorian lungs, the waving of 'kerchiefs and small flags from the hands of the fair sex, and numerous displays of fire-works from the door-steps, windows and sidewalks. [At this point we think it in place to pay a compliment to the Columbia ladies. We will put Columbia against any town of its size in the Union for the beauty and accomplishment of its fair sex; and this is the remark generally of strangers. We do not intend to get into a dispute about the matter, however, preferring to leave the decision of it with our handsome friend of the *Spy*. He may "fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer."] It is impossible to give in detail the many pretty scenes which met the eyes of those in the procession, and where all did so well it would be invidious to particularize.

Arriving in front of the Odd Fellows' Hall the immense crowd congregated around the speakers' stand, and, after the performance of Hail Columbia by the Band, Gen. Wm. Patton called the meeting to order, and Rev. Mr. Brown was introduced and opened the proceedings with prayer.

Gen. Patton then proposed the following gentlemen as officers, who were unanimously chosen:

President.
COL. JAMES MYERS.

Vice Presidents.
Rudolph Williams,
Robert Crane,
George Bogle,
Robert T. Ryon,
Joseph W. Mifflin,
Cornelius Tyson,
John Q. Denny,
Henry Kealer,
Washington Rightler,
Conrad Swartz,
J. G. Hess,
George Tille,
Dr. D. J. Bruner,
Dr. C. D. Hottenstein,
Joseph A. Black,
Dr. Samuel Devlin,
Dr. William S. McCorkle,
Benjamin F. Steiger,
Justice Gray,
James Vaughan.

Secretaries.
A. M. Rambo,
George Young, Jr.,
A. J. Kauffman,
Michael L. Shuman,
John K. Eberline.

Colonel Myers, on taking the chair, made a few exceedingly appropriate and patriotic remarks. His acknowledgments were tendered for the honor conferred, and he congratulated his fellow-citizens upon the glorious auspices under which they had convened. They had not met to say what terms of peace should be made or tendered, but simply to rejoice that peace was so near at hand, and to give all honor to our gallant soldiers in the field.

J. M. D. Loop, Esq., was the first speaker. He spoke of the glorious occasion which had gathered the people of Columbia together, and said that the war had established freedom, the right of free speech and a free press for all time to come. He complimented the different Generals on the services they had rendered, and spoke of the achievements of Farragut and others. He also paid a glowing tribute to the soldiers and sailors of our army and navy.

H. M. North, Esq., was then introduced, and spoke for a short time in an eloquent and thrilling strain. He opened with a humerous allusion as to the whereabouts of Jefferson Davis and Mr. Breckinridge, and then proceeded to speak of what matters had been settled by the war. In passing he paid a glorious tribute to Grant, Sherman and Sheridan, and said that the world's history had never produced men who better understood the art and science of war. In conclusion, he spoke of the status of the Southern States, contending that they had never been out of the Union, and was happy to say that the President of the United States agreed with him in this opinion. Mr. N. spoke with great clearness and force, which is characteristic of all his speeches, and his remarks were listened to with the closest attention and respect.

After the performance of the Star Spangled Banner by the Band, Col. C. S. Kauffman was introduced, and made a few telling remarks, excusing himself from making a lengthy speech by reason of his having but just arrived home from Philadelphia.

Short speeches were also made by Rev. Messrs. Cromlish and Major, of Columbia, and by Lieut. A. C. Reinoehl, of this city.

The Band then performed a popular medley, after which the Doxology was sung, and the immense crowd quietly dispersed.

Take it all in all it was the grandest display of the kind ever witnessed in Columbia, and the citizens cannot award too much praise to the Committee of Arrangements for the admirable manner in which everything passed off. The committee were W. G. Case, Esq., Mr. Wm. U. Hess, Col. P. Gossler, Capt. Geo. H. Erisman, Gen William Patton and Messrs. S. S. Detweiler, J. C. Bucher and O. H. Pfahler.

Our thanks are due to Col. P. Gossler, H. M. North, Esq., W. G. Case, Esq., A. M. Rambo, Esq., of the *Spy*, George Young, Jr., Esq., Joseph M. Watts, Esq., Mr. Wm. U. Hess and Lieut. John L. Wright for courtesies extended.

MONUMENT TO GEN. JOHN F. REYNOLDS.—We made a visit this morning to the Lancaster Cemetery, for the purpose of viewing the beautiful and appropriate obelisk there erected on the grave of the gallant and lamented Reynolds; who fell bravely battling in defense of his native State on the first day of the battle of Gettysburg. The shaft is set on a rusticated pannelled base, on the sides of which are inscribed the names of the ten battles in which Gen. Reynolds participated in the Mexican and present wars. The entire monument is sixteen feet high. On the west side of the die are displayed the cross flag of the First Army Corps and the flag of the United States, and on the opposite side the crossed cannon of the Third United States Artillery; while on the north side is a spread eagle, with a shield suspended from its mouth, bearing two stars, the emblem of his rank. On the shaft are chiselled, with fine artistic effect, the General's accoutrements, sword, sash, belt, pistol, and guantlets, all entwined with laurel. The whole has been designed and executed by Messrs. J. Struthers & Son, of Philadelphia, from models furnished by Bailly the sculptor.

Maj. Charles M. Howell of this city superintended the erection of the monument.

COURT OF QUARTER SESSIONS, APRIL TERM.—*Tuesday Morning.*—Court met at 9 o'clock.

Com. vs. Martin Rush.—Charged with assault and battery on his wife. He plead guilty. The defendant has been confined in jail for nearly ten months on account of a more aggravated offense, and in consequence of the length of his confinement, the Court modified his sentence and gave him ten days imprisonment, and to pay a fine of one dollar and costs.

Com. vs. Wm. Strock, a youth of 19 years. Three separate charges of larceny. The first was for horse stealing; the next for larceny of some smoked beef, and the last for a five dollar bill. He plead guilty to all, but said the horse was given to him by John R. Smith, and that he was not instrumental in the larceny thereof. He has been held in prison for sixteen months for the purpose of giving testimony against the parties concerned in the various thefts. The Court deemed it inadvisable under the circumstances to give him the extremity of the law, and, therefore, only sentenced him to six months imprisonment, and costs in each case.

A verdict of not guilty was taken in the case of two women charged with the theft of some corn from a farm near Columbia, as the District Attorney, on due examination, found that the charge could not be sustained, and the complainant wished it discontinued,

Com. vs. Henry Fletcher and Frederick Fletcher, charged with selling liquor on Sunday, July 31, 1864, to four river men, at Marietta, though the evidence was not clear as to the exact date. The jury returned a verdict of not guilty, and defendant to pay costs.

In the case of the Com. vs. Mrs. J. E. Beaman, for forgery, none of the witnesses appearing against her, the case was discharged,

Com. vs. Wilhelmina Hoffman, Joseph Brockley and John Munson—Forcible entree into a house; charged by Henry Miller with the offense.

Pending this case the court adjourned till this afternoon.

A Word to the Wise.

Now that the war is rapidly drawing to its close, and peace promises to be restored to our country, we hope that with the change from bloodshed and the necessary attendants upon war, to the blessings of peace and a re-united nation, that things may again return to their ordinary condition, and that some of the ultra ideas and fanatical opinions to which this contest has given birth, may expire with the war.—In this connection, a few words to some of the ministers of the Gospel may not be inappropriate. Since the beginning of the rebellion their professon seems to have required, in their opinion at least, a new position, differing in many respects from that which it formerly occupied. In our humble opinion, though of course we may be mistaken, man being always liable to error, the duty of the minister of God was to preach the Gospel, so emphatically called the "Gospel of Peace," to expound its doctrines, and to set before us "Jesus Christ, and Him crucified."

We speak this with all due reverence to the holy subject. But our clergymen seem to differ with us in our views of the matter. Will one of their number be kind enough to tell us why we go to church? what we expect to hear there? Certainly, anything but political discussions. We are blind enough to see no connection between politics and the pulpit, except that they begin with the same letter, and we are of opinion that they had best be kept apart.

Let our clergymen keep their politics away from their religion. We call them to the care of our churches to look after our spiritual welfare. Let them restrict themselves to that in the pulpit. As to the rest, "there is a time for all things." If we want political views, opinions on slavery, discussions of the actions of our public men, we can hear them from our statesmen and lawyers, in our public meetings. Do not desecrate the pulpit and the house of God with them. If we want statements of the public debt, we find them in the financial columns of our newspapers; we do not look in our Bibles for them. Nor can we see why "copperheads" should be abused from the pulpit. Have they no souls to be saved?

Our ideas on these subjects may be very erroneous. It may be a clergyman's place to preach politics; it may be that the church is the proper political arena; being no pope, we do not profess to be infallible. We only have our own ideas on the duties of the man set apart to do God's work on earth—his reading of the Bible and ours may be different. Only we hope that hereafter we may hear in our churches "peace and good-will towards men," and spiritual subjects preached, instead of the singular productions, called sermons, with which our pastors have favored us since the beginning of the war.

Y. L. P.

For the Intelligencer.

The Proposed Meeting.

MESSRS. EDITORS: Can you tell what object Messrs. Benjamin Champneys and James M. Hopkins have in calling a county meeting for Saturday next? It is ostensibly for the purpose of giving some public expression relative to the murder of President Lincoln, but in reality, I apprehend, it is intended to manufacture a little political capital for the Abolition party, and to influence President Johnson to change the conciliatory policy inaugurated by his lamented predecessor. These men appear to be thirsting for more blood, and would prefer to see a reign of terror take the place of the humane teachings of Abraham Lincoln. At least this is the way their conduct strikes me and many of my neighbors. Perhaps you can disabuse our minds on the subject.

One thing is certain, that no Democrat can mix in such an Abolition crowd as will be then and there assembled, without having his feelings outraged; and it is to be hoped that none will be present to follow the lead or give sanction to the proceedings of these half-crazed fanatics.

A LOYAL CITIZEN.

Breach of Marriage Contract---Heavy Damages.

The Tipton (Ind.) *Union* gives the following report of a suit for a breach of marriage contract which came off at the late term of the Circuit Court in that county:

The largest verdict, to wit, $9,000, ever found in this court, was lately obtained by Elizabeth M. Galbreth, in her suit against George Y. Atkinson, for breach of marriage contract. The case created the utmost excitement. The ablest attorneys of the State were employed upon either side. The jury were addressed by Hendricks and Lewis, for the defendant; Moss and Overman, for the plaintiff. Farmers quit their fields, merchants their stores, and mechanics their shops, to witness its progression. The plaintiff, by her testimony, which elicited the belief of all present, disclosed a crime on the part of the defendant of as great magnitude as was ever conceived by lust and cunning, and perpetrated upon an innocent and helpless girl.

She was the daughter of a poor widowed mother, taken at a tender age into the family of Mr. Atkinson, a young man of wealth and position, who designedly won her confidence by a father ly care and attention. In the course of a few years, Mr. Atkinson applied for and obtained a divorce from his wife. Then making love to Miss Galbreth, who had grown to be a woman of extraordinary beauty and intelligence, loved for her engaging manners and affable disposition, he succeeded in winning her. Society is relentless in its condemnations. Our Saviour said upon a similar occasion, "Sister, go thy way and sin no more," but society crushes, withers the frail transgressor.

Although the jury seemed to be very liberal with the plaintiff, she did not get her deserts. The possessions of Cœsus would not compensate a poor, erring, unsuspecting girl for the loss of her honor and her pride. Nor is the cell of a doomed felon punishment severe enough for the vile libertine who would thus deceive and betray confiding innocence.

A mail native of Michigan is now denominated a Michigander, while his female mate is called a Michigoose.

Five hundred horses a day is the average wear and tear in the Union army.

A cathedral is to be built in memory of Cardinal Wiseman.

INTERESTING LETTER FROM AJAX.

List of Killed and Wounded of the 79th Regiment P. V. V., in the Battle of Bentonville, N. C.

GOLDSBORO, N. C., March 25, 1865.

MESSRS. EDITORS: According to expectation of all, and in corroboration of announcement in my last, on January 25th, knapsacks were packed, tents hauled down, shrill bugles sounded "*forward*," and with the greatest reluctance imaginable we took a final leave of "Forest City" and its fair *savans*, whose friendly intercourse, kind treatment and courtesy in general during our sojourn among them, made impressions upon our hard hearts which time alone can obliterate. We left Savannah with many pleasing reminiscences carefully tucked on the uppermost shelves of our secret monitors.

Go we had to; but where, oh, where? Not as yet into South Carolina, but to pursue a retrograde route along the Georgia side of the sublime Savannah river for forty-five miles—as far up as "Sister's Ferry"—where we bivouacked on its romantic banks for five successive days, awaiting abating of waters, (the river, from recent copious showers, being tremendously swollen), construction of pontoon bridge, and concentration of troops, as this was the crossing point into that State, where

"Just in the gate, and in the jaws of h—ll,
Revengeful care and sullen sorrows dwell."

True to the very letter, for scarcely had the pontoons bedecked its turbulent bosom—or the first footprints of Yankee invaders, (intruders, perhaps), marked its polluted soil, before their infernal scheme of cowardice developed itself by an explosion of a torpedo wounding two of the 79th. It appears a detailment of men was made in regiment to repair roads on opposite shore for wagon transportation, when Daniel Yost, in endeavoring to dislodge some rubbish, finding himself physically insufficient, called upon Corporal O'Neal for assistance, who promptly stepped to his aid, and in doing so placed his foot on the cap of a torpedo, which instantly exploded, mutilating his right leg in a horrible manner, causing amputation above the knee. Yost was prostrated from effects, and deprived of speech for a number of hours. Fears are entertained as to internal injuries. Both were exemplary members of Co. K. They were conveyed to Savannah by steamboat, and from last accounts are doing as well as circumstances would admit. Search was immediately instituted and some eight or ten of the "b'hoys" discovered snugly imbedded in the road. They were cautiously "taken up" with volleys of imprecations, vengeance and retaliation.

The old proverb, "the day of retribution will come," has virtually dawned upon us, and woe unto South Carolina,

"For, lo! her fields and cities blaze."

There is not a sympathetic tear in her behalf in this vast army, not even a kind consoling word; if you converse with any, they point with fiery indignation to her as the first State that declared and promulgated State Rights doctrine, the harlot that hatched the hydra-headed monster, (yclept "Secesh,") and sent the fledgling forth flapping his wings and crowing lustily,—the concubine who aroused the ire of the heroic and revered Jackson, and compelled that good old man to swear "*by the eternal*"—the heavy-daring prostitute who fired the first gun into Fort Sumpter. She has, indeed, paid dearly for her refractory and selfish motives.

Follow the breadth of our army—a clear track—through the very heart of the State, and you find destruction, devastation, desolation, starvation and utter annihilation I may add, in its sweeping course. Truly,

"Our banner flung unto the breeze,
Abroad we have unfurled,—
And famine, war, and dark despair,
Are seen upon its folds."

In comparison to the work of demolition effected in South Carolina, we passed through Georgia with gloves on. Any hour, of day or night, as far as the eye could sweep, a view of His Satanic Majesty's abode presented itself in full blast. The hissing flames, crackling timbers, squealing women, affrighted children, all betokened the region of despair. To the superstitious Hell was literally personified; and sometimes, I confess, I almost fancied I could discern, through fire and smoke, old "*Charon*," that decrepid, long bearded fellow, standing on the shore of that unnavigable lake—*Avernus*—ready to ferry over all applying, by paying him in advance his customary fare—half-penny.

The torch was unsparingly applied to any and every thing of a combustible nature, notwithstanding soul-rending appeals to the contrary. I have seen the aged and bowed down mother, whose silvered locks and tottering frame—emblems of the grave—plainly foretold her "sands were nearly run," raise her shriveled hands heavenward, and, with tears streaming down her furrowed cheeks, plead in strains of frantic invocations for the preservation of the old homestead—the hallowed spot where first she inhaled the breath of life—that rude log cabin where once untold pleasures peeped in every crevice, and little feet tripped lightly and sportively in and around its pine-studded inclosure; but before the accents had fairly dropped from her pallid lips, or the message of intercession reached the mercy throne, the dark, rolling cloud of smoke, followed speedily by the "devouring element," convinced her all was over, and she destitute of shelter, exposed to the "pitiless peltings of the storm." I have seen the blooming young mother of twenty press impassionately the first-born to her heaving bosom, and on bended knee imploringly ask protection—not for herself, but for the little cherub encircled in her quivering arms; but all to no avail. The brand was ready, and before she could elevate herself from a begging position her peaceful domicil lay a smouldering heap, with nothing to identify the sacred spot but charred and blackened chimneys. Such scenes are hourly occurrences, but I will not weary the patience of your readers by reciting. The most atrocious, though apparently least in magnitude of crime, was perpetrated by a gang of foragers, (*unauthoritatively*), upon an aged and helpless couple found in an eight-by-ten hut, consoling each other as to their probable fate. The old man was minus a natural leg, substituted by a wooden one, manufactured in a rough manner, of no benefit to any person but the unfortunate wearer, when those *braves* dashed gallantly up, dismounted, entered without ceremony, rifled bureau drawers, smashed every article the room contained, and, to cap the climax, (these fiends incarnate) fell violently upon the old man in his helpless condition, cutting straps and cords, and finally, through indefatigable exertions, *patriotic zeal* and *constitutional* perseverance succeeded in accomplishing their hell-concocted design—extricating the wooden propeller and casting it far beyond his reach. O, shame, where is thy blush. The tale of horror, gentle reader, is not yet finished, and I tremble almost to relate the closing transaction. Observing on one of the fingers of that shrivelled feminine hand a gold ring—the fiianced—they rushed upon her, and by brute force, heedless of her pitiful cries, appeals and remonstrances, tore the glittering bauble forcibly from her finger, and with defiant air and exultation, marched boldly off with their booty. Great heaven, how can such wretches escape?

South Carolina is a perfect wreck—a mass of ruin brought upon herself by political hotspurs of her own production—which time alone can reinstate.

The campaign, just ended for the time being, carefully figured up, exceeds *five hundred miles*, through dismal swamps, any amount of corduroy, and every other conceivable constructions and obstructions. Teams at some points, without exaggeration, where posttively mired so deep that nothing but mule ears were visible and horrid imprecations heard from faithful "*whackers*" in their endeavors to extricate themselves from the "vasty deep." The indomitable Sherman surmounted all, as usual, without serious loss, and now occupies towns specified at heading of letter. As in our former raids, hogs, poultry, &c., suffered extensively, having to depend almost exclusively on the immediate neighborhood for subsistence. The entire route was followed by Wheeler's cavalry, annoying us occasionally, though not seriously. Our advance, (Gen. Kilpatrick's cavalry,) was suprized on the morning of March 11th, by Gen. Hampton, of Potomac notoriety, and three hundred killed, wounded and captured, himself barely escaping in drawers and boots in hand, taking refuge in swamps, though the enemy were eventually repulsed. Indignant at this foul attack, the General swore vengeance and retaliation, followed up hotly overtook, battled, routing them "horse, foot and dragoon," and burned seventy wagons.

It must be borne in mind that the army moved, on this occasion, in three distinct bodies—triangular form—centre, right, and left wing, and frequently ten or fifteen miles apart, the Fourteenth corps, numbering about 15,000, on the extreme left. Nothing transpired to mar the exquisite pleasures of the tramp—mud up to knees—until the morning of the 19th of March, as we approached Goldsboro.

On this memorable morn, just as old "Sol" was emerging from his hidden recess, tinging the eastern horizon with his resplendent radiance, musket firing was heard in front, which increased steadily into volleys. The skirmishers were at work.

The First division of the Fourteenth corps, in which the invincible 79th are embraced, led the advance, followed by the Second. They did not proceed far before they were saluted by a shower of grape and canister, shell and minnies; right in front, beyond a large swamp, impregnable breastworks reared their sandy fronts, and "bull dogs" showed their brazen physiognomy every twenty rods. Bragg's, Beauregard's, Johnson's, and Hood's combined forces lodged cozily behind them, 40,000 strong. Look at the odds: two divisions of the unterrified "Acorn" corps, probably 10,000 men (the Third not coming up in time) actually held at bay for six hours this immense body of rebs. Seven times did they mass and charge to break our slim line, and seven times were they handsomely repulsed with frightful loss, and driven helter-skelter into their works. Our brave boys stood like a "wall of fire," until a slight mistake occurred, by, transferring troops from right to left, which movement was discovered, and a heavy force of Rebs rushed immediately for vacuum, creating a slight panic, and a trifling fall back. [At this critical moment it was that the 79th received the heavy blow by a cross fire on them.] In the twinkling of an eye another line was formed and at it they went again, fiercer and more determined, for they felt mortified at the advantage taken. The Rebs, flushed with prospective victory; pushed exultingly forward to the left, intending to "*gobble* all." But, hark! what means that continuous rolling thunder and that sudden unexpected check. Why, reader, in their phrenzied zeal to "swallow" us, they rushed madly upon two masked batteries, who are belching forth a stream of liquid fire of minn