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Poetry.

The Boys are Coming Home.

Thank God, the sky is clearing!
The clouds are hurrying past,
Thank God, the day is nearing,
The dawn is coming fast.
And when glad herald voices,
Shall tell us peace has come,
This thought shall most rejoice us
"Our boys are coming home!"

Soon shall the voice of singing
Drown war's tremendous din;
Soon shall the joy-bells ringing
Bring peace and freedom in,
The jubilee bonfires burning,
Shall soon light up the dome,
And soon, to soothe our yearning,
Our boys are coming home.

The vacant fireside places
Have waited for them long,
The love-light lacks their faces,
The chorus waits their song;
A shadowy fear has haunted
The long deserted room;
But now our prayers are granted,
Our boys are coming home!

O mother, calmly waiting
For that beloved son!
O sister, proudly dating
The victories he has won!
O maiden, softly humming
The love song while you roam—
Joy, joy, the boys are coming—
Our boys are coming home!

And yet—oh, keenest sorrow!
They're coming, but not all;
Full many a dark to-morrow
Shall wear its sable pall
For thousands who are sleeping
Beneath the empurpled loam;
Woe! woe! for those we're weeping,
Who never will come home!

O sad heart, hush thy grieving;
Wait but a little while!
With hoping and believing
Thy woe and fear beguile,
Wait for the joyous meeting
Beyond the starry dome,
For there our boys are waiting
To bid us welcome home.

Literary.

"They Didn't See."

"I can't get over the sight of that are child," said Farmer Berryls as he rose up from the table, where he had just despatched the lunch of cold ham and warm biscuit and apple pie, which his wife had placed before him; and he seated himself in the great arm chair by the stove, for it was a day in the opening of December, and the afternoon winds were full of chill and snow, as they came over the mountains, and beat upon the snug, small dwelling of Farmer Berryls.

"What child do you mean, Justin?" said Mrs. Berryls, as she held a recently decapitated chicken over a bed of bright coals, in order to singe the skin; and her little daughter, Annie, who had been deeply engrossed in trimming a brown silk bonnet, which her aunt had brought her at Thanksgiving, laid down a half finished bow of pink ribbon and came close to her father, her small, sun-browned face and bright black eyes full of interest.

"Well," said Farmer Berryls, clearing his throat, and leaning back in his chair, "to commence at the beginning. Jist after Squire Loomis had agreed to pay me five dollars for that cord of wood I took into town to-day, and he was walkin' 'round and lookin' at it, a man came along leading a little girl by the hand, jist about Annie's age here, only she wasn't so stout and springy like, and she hadn't any color to speak of in her cheeks, and her eyes was as blue as a bit of sky that comes right out of an April cloud.

"Squire Loomis," said the man, "I've brought this young 'un over to your folks to stay for a few days. Two of our children's down with the whooping cough, and grandma's laid up with the rheumatis, and mother's got her hands full, without havin' other folks' young 'uns to take care on."

"Well," said the Squire, looking at the child in a way that showed very plainly he didn't much like the idea of takin' her, "I s'pose she can stay, but my wife and daughters are goin' to leave town next week, and won't feel as if they could be bothered much just now. Can't you find a place for the child, Mr. Mason?"

"Yes, the Treadles want to take her, and have her bound out to 'em till she's eighteen. But, to tell the truth, I can't quite make up my mind to let 'em have her until we've tried a little longer. They're a rough, coarse set, and I shouldn't want to put a child o' my own under jist such folks. She's a slender little thing, and don't seem cut out for a drudge, and that's what they'll be sartin to make of her; and mother, she's dreadful agin the girl's goin' there. But folks must look out for their own flesh and blood fust, and if somebody don't offer to take the girl before the next meetin' of selectmen, I s'pose we must turn her over to the Treadles."

"Wall, Mr. Mason, I'll take her in for a week," said the Squire, and then he went on talking' with me about unloadin' the wood, and the little girl stood by, lookin' from one to the other in such a pitiful way that I felt right down sorry for her. Jist then somebody came along and wanted to speak to the Squire, and I turned to the stranger, who was hurryin' away, and I asked him if that child had'nt got anybody to look out for her.

"Not a soul, sir. Her mother died a month ago of consumption; she was one of our neighbors, and lived by taking in sewin'. She sot a world o' store by her child, and it's the thought o' that which makes me reluctant to give her over to folks that'll only think how much they can get out of her."

"The tears came into the little girl's blue eyes as the man said these words, and if you could have seen her face, wife, it would have been as much as you could have stood."

"Dear me, father, what was the child's name?" asked Mrs. Berryls, holding her singed chicken in one hand, and her face struggling with pity and sorrow.

"I asked the child, and she said it was Ellen Drake."

"Jist then the Squire called her to come into the house with him, and I didn't get a chance to say another word to her."

"Oh, dear, what if it was my Annie!" exclaiming Mrs. Berryls, and the glance of beaming mother-love she bent upon her little daughter was dimmed by quick starting tears.

"Father," said Annie, seating herself on her parent's knee, "why didn't you bring the little girl straight home with you?"

"Why, what should I have done with her, then?" playfully pulling one of the black braids of hair.

"O, let her live along with me, you know. What a nice home she would have!"

"Yes; but your father is a poor man, Annie, and it costs a great deal to take care of such little bodies as you."

"She could sleep in my bed, though, and have part of my room, and we could manage somehow about the dresses.—I've always wanted a little sister, father; and you won't let her go to those cruel people, who'll be sure to abuse her? Just think, as mother says, what if it were your little 'Annie,' father?"

"Wall, mother, isn't she a cute reasoner? What do you say to it all?"

"As you say, we're poor folks, Justin, but I don't believe the Lord will ever allow us to suffer because we succored the orphan in her need," answered Mrs. Berryls, as she proceeded to dismember her chicken; far away down in her mother-heart there was a voice which plead for the little orphan, and indorsed every word which her child had spoken.

Two days later, after the winter's first heavy fall of snow, Farmer Berryls went into town, and when he returned he brought with him the little, slender, sweet-faced orphan girl he had found at Squire Loomis's.

"This is to be your home always," said Annie Berryls, as her busy little fingers untied the child's bonnet, "and my father and mother will be yours and you shall be my sister, and we shall have such nice times together!"

The blue eyes grew wide for gladness. "I shall be very happy here, I know I shall; I liked your father the first time I saw him, and wished he would take me with him. I've laid awake every night and cried all alone, because I thought I'd got to go to those dreadful Treadles. I know it would have broken mamma's heart if she had known it before she died."

"I wish she knew it now!" exclaimed her impulsive, sympathetic companion.

"May be she does; and if she doesn't, she will, in God's good time," said Mrs. Berryls, as she took the little orphan's hand, and kissed her a welcome to her new home. "Come, supper's all ready, and I know you must be hungry now," and Annie Berryls seized the other hand, and so the mother and daughter led the little stranger into the kitchen, and toward the plentiful table in its centre, and Farmer Berryls followed; but "they didn't see" that over them the angels looked down and smiled beholding the scene.

Former Assassinations.

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

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

William Rufus of England confiscated all neighboring estates to make a grand hunting park for his own amusement. Sir Walter Tyriel, one of the sufferers, shot him with an arrow, and fled to France.

Rienzi, the first Roman Tribune, was killed by a mob.

Massaniello, the popular Viceroy of Naples, was drugged by an artful enemy, and killed by his own people for acts committed in his unnatural condition.

James I of Scotland was killed by his nobles, in the presence of the Queen and ladies of her court, after a fierce struggle.

Richard Cœur de Lion was killed by the Viscount de Limoges in France, while parleying under a flag of truce.

Henry IV of France, though very worthy and popular, had twenty-eight attempts made upon his life. Ravaillac killed him with a dagger, for which the assassin was broken upon the wheel.

Kouli Khan, one of the wisest of Persian monarchs, was killed in his own tent by a nephew, with the connivance of his own body guard.

Gustavus of Sweden was killed by a musket ball, fired by Capt. Ankerstroem formerly an officer in his army. He was hung for the crime.

Several attempts were made to take the life of George III of England. One was by a woman who approached him, presenting a petition. While the king was reading it, she attempted to stab him. She was adjudged insane.

Paul I of Russia was strangled with a silken scarf by his nobles, even his own wife and children being privy to the plot—and one of them, Alexander, succeeded to the throne. This was in 1801.

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

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

Nom de Plume.

For those who are interested in literary matters we have compiled the following list of leading writers with their assumed signatures. It will be well to preserve it for future reference:

Gail Hamilton—Miss Abigail E. Dodge.
Florence Percy—Mrs. Elizabeth Akers.
Timothy Titcomb—Dr. J. G. Holland.
W. Savage North—Wm. S. Newell.
Orpheus C. Kerr—Robert H. Newell.
Mrs. Partington—B. P. Shilaber.
Artemus Ward—Charles F. Browne.
Doesticks, P. B.—Mortimer Thompson.
K. N. Pepper—James M. Morris.
B. Dadd—J. H. Williams.
Mace Sloper, Esq.—C. G. Leland.
Josh Billings—Henry W. Shaw.
The Disbanded Volunteer—Joseph Barbour.
Jeems Pipes—Stephen Massett.
Ned Buntline—E. Z. C. Judson.
Daisy Howard—Myra Daisy McCrum.
Cousin May Carleton—Miss M. A. Egris.
Edmund Kirke—J. R. Gilmore.
Country Parson A. K. H. Boyd.
Mary Clavers—Mrs. C. M. Kirkland.
Currer Bell—Charlotte Bronte.
Village Schoolmaster—Charles M. Dickinson.
Owen Meredith—Bulwer, son of Lytton Bulwer.
Barry Cornwall—Wm. Proctor.
Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." Miss Dinah Mulock.
Ik Marvel—Donald G. Mitchell.
Jenny June—Mrs. Jennie Croley.
Fanny Fern—Wife of James S. Parton, the historian, and sister of N. P. Willis.
Petroleum V. Nasby—D. R. Loke.
Howard Glyndon—Miss Laura C. Redden.

Large Robbery.

CINCINNATI, Tuesday, May 2, 1865.—The safe of Little & Newson at Azelia, Ind., was broken open on Monday night and robbed of about $8,000, as follows: About $6,000 in greenbacks and National bank currency; $1,000 in six per cent. coupons and interest bearing notes and seven-thirty bonds, old issue, and ten one hundred dollar notes, seven-thirties, new issue, numbered as follows: 83,173, 83,174, 83,185, 83,186, 83,187, 83,188, 83,189, 83,190, 83,191, 83,192, all in blank. A reward of $500 is offered for the recovery of the money, or $1,000 for the recovery of the money and arrest of the thief.

— The Lincoln Railroad Mill in Hollidaysburg, Blair county, was totally destroyed by fire on Monday afternoon last. Some of the heavy machinery was saved. Loss $125,000; insurance $40,000.

Corry O'Lanus at the Oil Regions.

I have reached the land of oil, having taken a safer route than the Erie.

Pennsylvanie is a good sized State, and it takes sometime to get there.

When you do get here you wish you hadn't come.

There is plenty of oil—and that is all except lots of people.

I am for "Snake Run," the most likely place for oil.

They call these places runs, because everybody who is after oil runs here.

Every man you meet is the president, director, or engineer of a petroleum company.

The natives, who are white people, and resemble country folks, live by selling land and greenhorns.

They have a system in both transactions. They double the price of land every morning.

If you know any body who has got a few vacant lots that he wants to sell, tell him to bring them out here.

The folks are so busy looking for oil they haven't time to build houses, and everybody is afraid to put up a house for fear he might cover an oil well.

Consequently the hotels are a little crowded.

The Muggins Hotel, where I put up, is much so.

Muggins, the proprietor, is the most accommodating man you ever saw. A city railroad conductor isn't a circumstance to him.

He has only got six beds in the house, but he is always ready to take in everybody.

He took me in.

Also two hundred more petroleum pilgrims.

The sleeping accommodations are various. We go to bed in platoons.

When the first platoon get asleep they are carefully taken out of bed and hung over a close line. The second platoon go through the same process, until everybody is provided for.

Preferring to sleep alone, I slept on the mantle piece with the coal scuttle for a pillow.

As I observed land is precious out here.

I bought a lot ten inches by four, for ten hundred thousand dollars, and commenced operations.

The next thing is to commence boring.

You want a sharp bore. A public lecturer won't do, neither will a skating gimlet.

I took a brace and bit and went in.

Got down abut seven thousand feet into the bowels of the land, when I came to an impediment.

Found that I had struck the pre-Adamite rock of the ossified strata of the Silurian formation.

This is geology, and you perhaps won't understand it, but I will explain it all in the paper to the Historical Society I am about writing.

Got a candle and went down to see about it.

I found a big Megatherium, about six hundred feet long, and nine wide, in a capital state of preservation.

I got him out and will send him along by express.

Went on boring through forty feet of sand stone.

Here encountered a strange smell of sulphur, which alarmed the native who sold me the land, and to ease his conscience gave back half the money, and wanted me to stop boring.

Told him I was bound to keep on until I struck ile, or come out on the other side of creation.

Bored on. Went through about sixty thousand feet more, when suddenly the brace and bit went in, and there was a grand report like that made by Butler's powder boat that didn't blow up Fort Fisher.

Things were slightly confused for awhile. A section of Pennsylvania went up, and I went up with it. I guess I must have come down again, as the next idea I had was finding myself comfortable, hung over the clothes line at Muggins Hotel.

An investigation into the matter showed that I had struck through into a gas factory in China, which had exploded at both ends of the bore, killing half a million of Chinese.

The casualities on our side were confined to one native and a small dog.

I haven't given up yet.

The folks here are very encouraging; they will stick to a man as long as he has a cent left, and I never knew Muggins to turn a man out of his hotel to pay his bill.

A kind hearted chap offered me another piece of land, the size of a stove plate, within a mile and a half of a seven hundred barrel well, for the reasonable figure of half a million, and two-thirds of the oil.

I had concluded that boring for oil is not so profitable as bleeding the public. I shall start an oil company on more liberal terms than any yet offered.

I shall be prepared to guarantee anything. The capital will be a million dollars, divided into two million shares, at fifty cents each.

Dividends of two hundred per cent. will be paid weekly, in addition to which each subscriber will be entitled to a season ticket for Lanigan's Ball, a new hat, a farm near La Crosse, and a ton of coal at market prices.

The "Scaly Run" Petroleum Company will be the biggist thing in oil in the market.

I am going on to arrange the business as soon as my friends send me funds enough to pay my way back.

I am yours, oleaginously,
CORRY O'LANUS.

From the Pacific Coast.

SAN FRANCISCO, Monday, May 1, '65.

The Oregon papers mention the hanging of fifteen horse thieves and highwaymen in Walla-Walla and Bois counties by lynch law, within a short time.

Vigilance Committees had a list of 150 rogues who will be driven out of the country or punished.

Arizona advices to the 12th of April, mention another fight with the Apaches, in which twelve Indians were killed, and one soldier was killed and one wounded. The Indians fled.

Gilbert W. Hopkins, a member of the Arizona Legislature, Carlos Smith, one of the officers of that body, and several other whites, had lately been murdered by the Indians.

Mining and business generally is suspended.

The crops in California all look well.

The deposits in the Mint during the last month, amounted to $2,225,000.

Arrived, last evening, steamer Sierra Nevada, from Portland and Victoria, with $114,000 in gold.

Major Frank L. Pape of the Russian Overland Telegraph Company arrived here from New York on the 27th of April, and will start next week for Fort Youkron on an engineering expedition, accompanied by Mr. Kinnicult, the explorer.

—Gen. Auger has ordered that no more soldiers' be disinterred from the 1st of May to the 1st of October.

Miscellaneous.

A City Underground.

Beneath the City of Virginia, California, is an under-ground city, more interesting to the visitor than all the other cities of the Golden State.

Few think, as they walk the busy streets of Virginia, that beneath their feet are streets almost as busy; that, far down in the ever-present midnight of the foundations of the mountains, are crowds of men, toiling, as toil those above, for gold and for bread. Many things to gratify the eye and afford food for the mind may be met with during a stroll through our streets above—our bright, sun-lit streets. Let none conclude that there is nothing to be found to please the eye or excite reflection in our streets below—our dark, night-locked streets.

Descending at the Chollar works by a perpendicular shaft over forty feet in depth, one may wander off in almost any direction. By two or three different roads we might travel eastward nearly half a mile, finally coming out to the light of day in the southeastern suburbs of the city, among mills and miners' cabins; but we will take another course. Leaving the village of the Chollarites, we travel northward.—Along the sides of narrow streets are glimmering lights—some twinkling far ahead, like distant stars, and others flashing suddenly upon us, as we turn the corners, with a blinding affluence of light. As we proceed on our journey we meet many picturesque groups of miners at their labors. Here they are delving out chambers in the precious silver rock, and there hoisting into place the stout timbers that are to support the mountain and the city above.

We pass through gloomy caverns, whose space robs our candles of light, and in whose walls yawn dark galleries, leading we know not whither, and about and within whose black portals cubic pyrites and brilliant quartz flash back the light of our candles in a thousand merry glow-worm twinkles. After passing through the subterranean villages of divers mining companies, we come to the thriving settlement of the savage people. Having halted in their hospitable hamlet long enough to hear the latest underground news, and make some inquiries relative to our road to the next village, the home of the Gould & Curry tribe, we take our leave and pursue our journey.

Of course, we see many words, meet with many humorous adventures, and encounter more than one solitary traveler—though not a solitary horseman—walk on the bank of more than one yawning chasm and experience numerous and mixed sensations, but finally reached the Gould & Curry clan in safety. We find them quite a civilized people. Although more than 400 feet below the streets of the city, we here find a large building, with a huge engine in it, puffing away as comfortable as though there was no surface to the earth, with green trees, singing birds, and the bright sun shining upon all and everywhere.

We enter the building, take a seat, sip a glass of champagne, light a cigar, and, as we watch its curling smoke mingling with the white wreaths of steam from the hissing engine, wonder whether we are really within the earth or upon it. Lamps are burning upon the walls; persons are passing through the room in which we are seated, are going down stairs, coming up stairs, bustling in every direction—a new face each minute. We appear to have stumbled on the gnomes.

We find, in passing through the village, that the people here have railroads running in every direction; and, as in the world above, we have to clear the track for the rushing trains, that, with fiery eyes, dart wrathfully out from dark and lonesome roads. With a "whiz!" the cars fly past us, and speed away down along what seems one of the dreary lanes to Satan's sooty kingdom—a by-way leading straight into the centre of his smoking capital.

About us we occasionally hear the splashing of water, mingled with creaking sounds, and pass through places where air strikes damp and cold upon our cheeks, to enter where it is hot and stifling. Suddenly peals of thunder burst over our heads, and every gallery and cavern echoes its roar. Our nerves are soon quieted, for we know that the noise was but the discharge of a ton or two of ore through some of the chutes above. There are inhabitants far above us, toward the surface of the earth—the place is like a huge ant hill.

Again, upon a sudden, our ears are rent by en explosion,—above, below—somewhere—which causes us, for a moment, to suppose that the earth has burst in its centre and is no longer a thing of substantiality. We know that it was but a blast which had caused the whole place to shudder, and smile at our late nervousness.

There are many roads leading from the Gould & Curry claim, and we might travel half a mile in several directions, but we will continue our journey northward and rise to the surface at the works of Best & Belcher, through a shaft some 400 feet in depth. Here we land, nearly one mile north of where we descended.

Release of Political Prisoners and Prisoners of War.

[From the Baltimore Sun of yesterday.]

Yesterday a general delivery of all political prisoners, incarcerated in Fort McHenry, took place. General Morris was ordered by the Secretary of War (per order of President Johnson) to release forthwith all political prisoners held in Fort McHenry, as also all prisoners of war, and those called guerrillas, including Grafton Carlisle; the latter took the oath of allegiance and was allowed to go north of Philadelphia.

About one hundred and fifty prisoners were released and Colonel Wooley's office presented quite a busy scene yesterday, the clerks having to make out the proper papers and passes for all these parties, a number of whom are returning to their former homes in the South. Many of those released were under sentence of imprisonment during the continuance of the war, and their release at this time is a sure guarantee that all hostilities have virtually ceased.

The Claim of the Hudson's Bay and Puget's Sound Companies.

The mixed British and American Commission, created by the treaty of 1863, between the United States and Great Britain, for the adjudication of the claims of the Hudson's Bay Company and the Puget's Sound Agricultural Company against the United States, has been duly organized here.—Judge Johnson, of New York, is the Commissioner on the part of the United States, and Hon. Mr. Rose, of Canada, is Commissioner on the part of Great Britain. Hon. Benj. R. Curtis, of Massachusetts, late Justice of the United States Supreme Court, has been selected as umpire. Hon. Caleb Cushing, of Massachusetts, represents the interests of the government, and Chas. H. Day, Esq., of Canada, is the attorney of the claimants. Geo. Gibbs, Esq., of Washington, is clerk of the commission. The aggregate amount of claims and damages presented by the claimants, for allowance is over five millions of dollars.

A Reminiscence of the Evacuation.

[From the Richmond Whig, April 22.]

As the events of that dreadful Monday morning of April 3 recede from us upon the tide of time, circumstances that were then swallowed up and lost sight of in the general Pandemonium, stand out most prominently upon the mind's vision. It was between the hours of six and seven o'clock, A. M. The Government had gone—crossed the turbid waters of the James, never to return—and Richmond was no more the capital of the Southern Confederacy. The bridges and river side of the city were in flames, and the fire, struck by a southeast breeze, swept toward Main street, leaping from house to house and block to block. The incessant noise of exploding shells in the arsenals and magazines and the crash of falling walls went up on every side, while the lurid smoke, ashes, and red-hot cinders rolled down into the adjacent streets, enveloping the thousands who filled them, some hurrying to and fro with pitiful relics of their household goods; others, and by far the greater number, intent on plunder. The sun rose red and round, and hung amid the lurid smoke and glare of the flame like a great beacon of woe, or the awful unlashed eye of an avenging Deity. Men were not excited, but stunned, and stood dumb apparently; watching with vacant stare the rolling and surging of the sea of fire, that was lapping up with tongues of flame their consecrated homes, and sweeping away the accumulated comforts and toil of years. Some wept silently like children, and wrung their hands like women.—Remorseless flame! what cared it for tears? It leaped for very joy; it leaped and danced upon the house roofs; it shot up in great pyramids, and curled up and nestled down in the chambers—

Ever in a new place
Lifting its fiery face."

At about 8 o'clock the conflagration, viewed from an elevated position, fearfully reminded the spectator of the ancient paintings representing hell. Whole acres were billowed over by flame and smoke, and a great cloud, the smoke of its torment, hung over the city. Verily had the "day for which all other days were made" been actually come; the consternation, terror, and agony of the scene could hardly have been enhanced. The devil was loosed for his little season; God seemed to have removed his providence, and was whirling to chaos and ruin together. Thieves, black and white were abroad by hundreds. Retreating in advance of the first, they broke open stores, robbed and plundered, and then aided in the spread of the flames by firing the stores plundered. Few saved a tenth part of their plunder; and that plundered by one set of thieves often fell into the hands of another gang of pillagers. The gutters and sidewalks of Main street were strewed with silks, satins, bonnets, boots, hats, clothing, fancy goods, cosmetics. Men drunk with the liquor that was to be had *ad libitum* flowing in the streets and decorating the sidewalks in bottles and casks, staggered under the burden of great loads of stolen goods. Men, women, boys and girls, half stifled with the smoke that rolled along the street "tugged, pulled, hauled, and tussled" with one another, all endeavoring to save as much as possible from the general wreck and ruin impending—not for the owners, but for themselves. Weak children tugged at boxes of tobacco, rolling them when too heavy, end for end, to places of safety. Women grabbled with barrels of flour, screeched and yelled to each other for assistance, but rarely got it unless a copartnership of spoils was agreed upon. Carts, drays, and wheelbarrows were running in a continuous train up town, carrying away the plunder of the pillagers. No law, no police, there was no one to stop the wholesale plundering and transfer of goods. Rights in property were wiped out; no man owned anything. And it was wonderful to witness the apathy of owners. Men who were threatened with the greatest loss, seemed the least disposed to save their stock. They stood like blocks, and saw their wealth scattered to the four winds; parted among thieves, scattered and trampled in the street. Some few had a realizing sense of the situation, and exerted themselves to save what they could.

When the red demon of fire had grazed up to Main street, and leaped upon one of the fine large buildings near Twelfth street, the owner and occupant, who was standing in the crowd of pillagers and spectators, wrung his hands and exclaimed, "Oh, just look there! It's going to burn up my house, and everything I've got in the world. I have worked hard twenty-five years and cheated no body, and now I'm going to be robbed of it all in a moment. O God, it is too hard! Then as the flames enveloped the roof, and glared out of the window, it seemed too much for the poor man, and he cried out, elevating his arms: "There goes five hundred thousand dollars to hell, and I hav'nt got one dollar in my pocket." Then turning to the crowd he continued, his tears and the smoke combined stifling his utterance, "Go in, boys; go in! I'll give you a gold dollar for every piece of goods you save." The pillagers went in, but at that moment the roof fell in, and store and stock was a ruin.

The conflagration was about at its height when the van of the Union army of occupation entered the city at full gallop by way of Main street. Their blue uniforms and the cavalry markers they carried were descried for some distance down Main street, and, as they came up at full speed, the crowds of citizens that filled the street could be seen swaying back and forth like a forest touched by an onward tornado, and amid the waving and fluttering of flags and handkerchiefs along the route. At the corner of Main and Governor streets, where a well known citizen was standing, an officer dashed up, and inquired in a breath, "which way to the capitol?" He was as quickly informed, and the cavalcade dashed on up Governor street, amid a great clatter of sabres and hoofs, the roar of exploding shells, tumbling walls and crackling flames interspersed by the shouts and exclamations from the populace, of "The Yankees! The Yankees! Oh, the Yankees have come!" It was hard to realize, but there was the veritable blue of "Uncle Sam," and in a few minutes the "stars and stripes" floated from the capitol, where the day previous had appeared the "stars and bars" of the Confederate States.

The subsequent successful efforts put forth by General Weitzel, his officers, and men, to stay the progress of the fire which threatened the destruction of the entire city, have been made subjects of record before by us and need not be again referred to here. The flames were mastered and their bounds prescribed; pillaging was stopped, property made secure, and law and order again reigned in Warsaw.

President Johnson's First Pardon.

At the last term of the United States Circuit Court, held in this city, Wyman Parker was sentenced to two years' imprisonment in the Penitentiary, for passing counterfeit greenbacks. Much sympathy was felt for Parker at the time, and his sentence was considered a hard one. A day or two ago President Johnson sent on a pardon for Parker, and he will be released. This was one of the new President's first official acts.—*St. Louis Democrat.*

The Currency Bureau.

A thorough examination of all the Departments and details of the Note-Printing and Currency Bureaus of the Treasury, has been instituted by Secretary McCulloch. The scrutiny is designed to be so thorough that it will end all rumors of carelessness and frauds in these branches of the Departments.

Secretary Harrington will bear with him to Europe samples of all the United States securities, bills, &c., so as to detect attempts at counterfeiting, which has been indulged in to a slight degree across the water.

—The celebrated horse tamer, John S. Rarey, made his first appearance for several years in Boston on Thursday afternoon.—His horse "Cruiser" was also present.

The Plot to Burn Philadelphia—Its Discovery in Washington—Extraordinary Revelations.

WASHINGTON, May 2.—The *Star* of this evening says the circumstances under which the plot to burn Philadelphia was discovered here were about as follows:

On Friday evening last, Sergeant A. P. McKenney, at Sixth street wharf discovered two suspicious looking individuals lurking about in the dark, who, upon seeing they were watched, made off. On Saturday evening about the same hour these two men again made their appearance at the wharf, when Sergeant McKenney informed his commanding officer of the fact and was instructed to watch them closely. The sergeant seeing two men in conversation got close enough to them to hear one of them inquire of the other: "Do you think they will meet to-night? The reply was not heard, and the men started off, but were followed by the sergeant, who overtook them on a vacant lot on Four and a half street, when one of the men seeing they were followed, drew a pistol and fired at the sergeant, the ball taking effect in his right breast, near the nipple. Fortunately, Sergeant McKenney had a package of letters in his pocket, through which the ball passed, and which deadened its force and prevented its making a serious wound.—The sergeant being alone, concluded to lie still; although not dangerously wounded, and the fellows believing that they had killed him, immediately made off and escaped. The sergeant upon regaining his feet, discovered a letter upon the ground which the man who fired the pistol had pulled from his pocket with the weapon. Upon returning to his quarters the sergeant discovered that the letter was of some importance, and it was accordingly sent to Colonel Ingraham. The letter revealed the fact that there was a deliberately planned scheme on foot to burn the city of Philadelphia, in which a large number of conspirators were to take part, and also contained a request urging certain parties, reported to be the two men alluded to above, to be in Philadelphia on the 30th of April, as an attempt to destroy the city would be made on 1st of May, when the final blow would be struck and the torch not lowered until the city was in ashes and their pockets filled with treasure.

Colonel Ingraham, after reading the letter, immediately despatched officers to the railroad station, where it was ascertained that two men, answering the description of the two men who had assailed the sergeant, had taken passage on the train which had left the depot only a few minutes before. Information of the discovery of the plot was then telegraphed to General Cadwalader, at Philadelphia, and early on Sunday evening, Captain Potts, chief of military detectives and patrols atttached to Colonel Ingraham's office, was despatched to Philadelphia with such details of the plot as had come to the knowledge of the authorities here, which go to show that there are some 800 conspirators banded together for the purpose of burning Philadelphia and other Northern cities. The affair is now undergoing a thorough investigation.

Giving the Radicals a Wide Berth.

The special despatch to the Philadelphia *Ledger*, a paper which has given the present administration its entire and hearty support, we regard as most significant:

WASHINGTON, May 2.—There are certain indications which go to show that President Johnson, like the lamented Lincoln in his latter days, *is giving the extreme Radicals a wide berth*, and I hazard nothing in saying that the proclamation offering the South to trade will be soon followed by evidences still more conclusive of the desire of the President to heal the breach as quietly and pleasantly as possible, and unite the two sections again in "one harmonious whole."

You will note that his proclamation reviving trade is not addressed alone to the loyal people of the South, but includes the "well disposed" in its privileges, and that, too, without compelling them to take the much abused and often broken oath of allegiance. The South, in so far as trade is concerned, could ask no more than this, for the door of commerce is open as wholly and as freely to all the people as if such a thing as war had not been known. Whether they will avail themselves of the offer remains to be seen, but they must be rebellious, indeed, if they allow so handsome a privilege to remain a dead letter with them.

I understand, upon authority which I cannot doubt, that terms equally generous to those offered to and accepted by Lee and Johnston, will be shortly offered the whole Southern people—a few of their leader in the rebellion alone excepted. In other words there will be a general amnesty tendered, and a disposition evinced to make the situation for our "wayward sisters" as pleasant as possible.

The radical element have got an inkling of the policy of the President, and declare that its adoption will end in the retention of slavery at the South, thus defeating, as they believe, the great object for which the war, during the past four years, has been fought, and leaving the old "bone of contention" still to be attacked and gnawed around by the opposing factions.

But let those beware who attempt to oppose the policy of President Johnson. Mr. Lincoln has been credited with firmness, but in his successor's little finger there will be more of the Jacksonian firmness than there was in Mr. Lincoln's whole hand.

Let Andrew Johnson but show himself the man to pursue such a line of policy as is indicated in the above despatch, and he will receive the support of the entire Democratic party from the moment he indicates that to be his intention. Surely with that, in addition to the support of all the conservative men of his own party, he would feel fully strong enough to face the impracticable radicals of New England. Under such a policy each of the Southern States could be brought back to the Union most speedily, and with the least possible injury to its material resources. All the best interests of the nation imperatively demand that President Johnson should *give the extreme radicals a very wide berth.*

☞ The Albany *Express*—one of the warmest abolition papers in the country—in speaking of the thirst for revenge manifested in the avowal that there should be no more mercy toward the South, by speakers in commenting upon the greet calamity which has befallen the nation—says, "if there is to be no mercy, then it is time to pull down our pulpits, and to build up platforms for the gallows to quintruple our prison houses, to change half of our asylums and hospitals into jails and dungeons. 'No more mercy.' Then in vain the Sons of God said upon the cross, 'Father, forgive them for they know not what they do;' and in vain God himself declared, 'Vengeance is mine—I will repay.' No more mercy. Then let every offender against God, man and country receive an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth.—States and courts, judges and parents, princes, and masters, on this plea will unsheath the sword and strike at all who depart never so much from the strict law of duty. Thank God, this is not the sentiment of a Christian, patriotic, humane, or wise people. No man could live an hour tried by a tribunal where there is no mercy, and so long as Christ's Sermon on the Mount stands, or the spirit of Christianity lives in the hearts of the people, it will be a living rebuke to those who demand that there shall be 'no more mercy.'"

The Plot to Burn Philadelphia.

We publish in another column the Washington account of the rumored plot to burn Philadelphia. To us it sounds like a regular cock and bull story.

The Mississippi Steamboat Disaster.

Statement of a Passenger—Appalling Details.

[From the Memphis Bulletin.]

Mr. W. D. Snow, United States Senator from Arkansas, furnishes the following particulars:

The Sultana contained two thousand one hundred and seventy-five souls. The density with which they were packed had awakened my curiosity, and I looked over with the clerk his certificates and books before retiring. This number included eighty-five hands employed on the boat. There were some females, besides a few children. The bulk of passengers were returned prisoners from Andersonville, which place they left on the 17th of last February. Among them were the remnant at that point of the prisoners captured at Chickamauga and Gettysburg. They number altogether one thousand nine hundred and seventy-six men and thirty-six officers. A large number of horses were on the boat, which providentially became unresisting victims to the flames. Had they broken loose the fate of the swimmers would have been determined within two hundred yards of the boat. As near as can be estimated without other data than observation, between two and three hundred reached the bank, while about an equal number floated down the stream on doors and furniture.

A dense mass, estimated at about five hundred, took refuge on the bow of the boat, while the flames were driven aft by the wind. A few moments afterwards the wheel houses, loosened by the concussion and flames, fell off outward, and the boat turned stern up stream, reversing the flames. The largest part of this number must then have perished, as they had no material at hand to throw over to sustain themselves, except a few bales of hay, which were immediately seized on the turning of the boat. The gang planks were thrown overboard, but sank at once under their living freight, and rose too far out of reach for most. The yawl boat was launched, bottom up, from the hurricane deck, upon the heads of those below, and afforded a support for a few in that condition. The whole time before the boat was an entire sheet of flame could not have exceeded twenty minutes. I was not more than one-third of the distance to shore when I observed the fact. The prisoners represented almost every State in the Union, even Texas, and the calamity will be as widely felt as a battle of no inconsiderable proportions.

The New President.

As the country is now interested in all that relates to Andrew Johnson, and especially in his "record," we reproduce the following. The other day we published his vote in favor of the "Crittenden Compromise," on the 2d day of March, 1861, and before the war. After the war had begun, he offered, on the 24th of July, 1861, in the Senate, the following resolution—being the same as that offered by Mr. Crittenden in the House of Representatives on the 22d of July:

Resolved, That the present deplorable civil war has been forced upon the country by the disunionists of the Southern States, now in arms against the Constitutional Government, and in arms around the Capitol; that in this National emergency, Congress, banishing all feeling of mere passion and resentment, will recollect only its duty to the whole country; that this war is not waged on their part in any spirit of oppression or for any purpose of conquest or subjugation, or purpose of overthrowing or interfering with the rights or established institutions of those States, but to defend and maintain the supremacy of the Constitution, and to preserve the Union, with all the dignity, equality, and rights of the several States unimpaired; and that as soon as these objects are accomplished the war ought to cease.

At the suggestion of Mr. Sumner, says the Dayton *Empire*, it was laid upon the table, but the next day was called up by Mr. Johnson. A debate of some length followed. Mr. Polk, of Missouri, proposed that the war should be charged upon Northern disunionists also. To which Johnson replied: "The resolution does nothing but set forth a single fact particularly, as it has occured since this contest commenced. Trumbull, of Illinois, and other Republican Senators, objected to the denial that "subjugation" was the object of the war. To which Johnson replied: "Of course the resolution contemplates the enforcement of the laws and a submission of the rebels to the laws and the Constitution. The resolution simply states that we are not waging a war for the subjugation of States. If the Constitution is maintained, and the laws car