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Miscellaneous.

Admiral Nelson.

BY JAMES PARTON.

Horatio Nelson, born in England, in 1758, was the son of a country parson of the Church of England, and a descendant of the Walpoles, one of whom (Sir Robert Walpole) was Prime Minister of England during the reign of George the First. When he was nine years of age, his mother died, leaving eight children living, out of the eleven she had had. Her brother, a Captain in the Navy, came to her funeral, and, pitying the condition of a father left with so many children, promised to take charge of one of the boys, and assist him to enter a career. The visit of this uncle in the showy uniform of that day appears to have made a deep impression upon the mind of the future admiral, for when he was but twelve years of age, though a weakly boy and small for his years, he begged his father to let him go to sea with his uncle, who had just been appointed captain of a fine ship of sixty-four guns. His uncle was surprised at the premature application.

"What," said he in his letter, "has poor Horatio done, who is so weak, that he should be sent to rough it out at sea? But let him come; and the first time we go into action, a cannon ball may knock off his head, and provide for him at once."

If his uncle supposed that these words would terrify the lad, he was mistaken, for the boy soon afterwards presented himself on board his ship, and was enrolled in its books as a midshipman. Thus it was that Nelson entered the British navy, of which he is the brightest ornament.

He was a midshipman seven years, during which he served on a voyage of discovery in the Polar Seas, and afterwards in the East Indies, where the climate so reduced his strength, that he only escaped death by returning to his native country. In 1777, at the beginning of our Revolutionary War, he was promoted to be lieutenant, and soon after saw his first war-like service. During our war he cruised in frigates against American and French privateers off the American coast. He was one of those active British officers who gave Congress and Dr. Franklin so much trouble, by capturing their tobacco ships, their mail packets, and the vessels laden with arms and ammunition. It was owing to such as Nelson, that a whole year sometimes elapsed without Congress receiving tidings from their envoys in Europe. He had, however, no opportunities of winning much distinction. He was known to be a brave and efficient officer, and in 1789, when he was 31 years of age, he reached the high grade of post captain.

It was during the gigantic wars which began with the French Revolution, and ended with the banishment of Napoleon, that Nelson performed that astonishing series of exploits which have immortalized his name.

Appointed to the Agamemnon, a ship of sixty-four guns, he was sent to Corsica with a small squadron to take part with Paoli, who was struggling to expel the French, and restore independence to the island. Young Napoleon Bonaparte had left the island with his mother and brothers, and thus escaped the chance of contending in arms with the man who was afterwards to play so important a part in his history.

Nelson won some distinction on this expedition. After besieging and reducing Bastia, the town of Bastia, he joined next in the siege of Caldi, during which he served in the batteries on shore. Here he received the first of his many wounds. A cannon-ball struck the ground near where he was, and dashed some gravel into one of his eyes with so much force, that he lost the sight of it forever. Such, however, was his ardor in the service, that he only allowed this serious and painful injury to keep him from his post one day. The town surrendered at length, but by an omission, which was probably accidental, his name was not mentioned either in the dispatches or in the list of wounded. He felt the omission acutely.

"They have not done me justice," he said; "but, never mind, I'll have a gazette of my own."

He seemed to have a clear foresight of his future glory, and he had an unbounded confidence that, if he had but an opportunity to render striking service, he would know how to improve it.

"I feel," said he, once, "that such an opportunity will be given me. If I am in the field of glory I cannot be kept out of sight."

That opportunity was soon his. While the British fleet was cruizing in the Mediterranean a French fleet, superior in every respect, came out of Toulon for the express purpose of engaging it. During the action which ensued, Nelson handled and fought his ship with splendid ability and valor, winning applause from friend and foe. Night closed upon an undecided contest. The next day the battle was renewed, when two of the French ships struck to Nelson, and they were the only ships that fled during the fight. The French fleet drew off, and Nelson urged the British admiral to pursue.

"We must be contented," said the admiral; we have done very well."

But Nelson was a man incapable of appreciating a remark of that nature.

"Had we taken ten sails," he said, afterwards, "and allowed the eleventh to escape, when it had been possible to get at her, I could never have called it well done. If my advice had been followed, we should have had such a day as the annals of England never produced."

This was but the beginning of his more splendid exploits. Not long after, while cruising with a single frigate, he fell in with two Spanish men-of-war, which he immediately engaged, and, after an action of three hours, during which the Spaniards lost one hundred and sixty-four men, he captured one of the ships and compelled the other to withdraw. The great victory of the British off Cape St. Vincent, in February, 1797, was chiefly his work. The British fleet consisted of eleven vessels, and the Spanish of thirty-seven, one of which carried the enormous number of one hundred and thirty six guns. It was in this action that Nelson, comprehending the situation better than the admiral, disobeyed a signal, which brought him into action with seven huge Spanish ships. The conflict was desperate. At a critical moment, when his own ship was disabled and helpless, Nelson headed his crew and boarded one of the ships of the enemy, captured her in an instant, and was about to board another, when it surrendered. For his share in winning this victory Nelson was knighted and promoted, and soon after, when he lost his arm in a shore attack, Parliament voted him a pension of a thousand pounds a year.

Even before he had ever held an important independent command the catalogue of his exploits exceeded that of any man who has ever trod a quarter-deck. The records of the British navy show that, by the time he was thirty-nine years of age, he had been in four battles with enemies' fleets, in three actions with frigates, in six attacks upon batteries, in ten boat engagements, in three assaults upon towns; that he had taken or helped take seven vessels of the line, six frigates, four corvettes, eleven privateers, and forty-seven merchant vessels, and had been in action against the enemy one hundred and twenty times; and that, in rendering these services, he had lost his right eye and right arm, and received several other serious wounds and bruises.

But all these services were cast into the shade the first time he met the enemy when he was in command of a fleet. It was in 1798, his fortieth year, that he won the great victory over the French in Aboukir Bay. The English fleet consisted of fourteen ships of seventy-four guns, and the French Fleet of thirteen ships of complete, one need four frigates. The English had eight thousand men and the French eleven thousand. For nearly two months Nelson had scoured the Mediterranean in search of the enemy, and for several days before he found them his anxiety was such that he could scarcely eat or sleep. About four o'clock in the afternoon of the first of August, 1798, he came in sight of the French vessels, moored in a compact line to receive his attack. He at once ordered his dinner to be served, and, as he rose from the table, he said to his officers:

"Before this time to-morrow I shall have gained a peerage or Westminster Abbey."

The battle begun at half-past six in the evening, and the last gun was not fired until three the next morning.—Never in the whole history of naval warfare had an enemy's fleet been so nearly destroyed. Of the seventeen vessels of the French nine were taken, three were burnt, one was sunk, and four escaped. He won his peerage! He was created Baron Nelson, and awarded a pension of two thousand pounds a year, and the East India Company presented him with ten thousand pounds.

It was soon after this unparalleled triumph, while residing at the dissolute court of Naples, that he fell in love with a certain Lady Hamilton, who was far from being worthy of the affection of such a man. At the height of his glory he deliberately repudiated his good and faithful wife, while confessing that the had no fault to find with her.

"I call God to witness," said he, on taking leave of her for the last time, "that there is nothing in you or your conduct that I wish otherwise."

He was simply infatuated with a coarse and sensual woman, and had not strength enough to break the spell.

The battle of Copenhagen still increased his reputation, though it added nothing to the good name of England. He really seemed to enjoy fighting. In the midst of this battle, when the shot and splinters were flying about, he exclaimed:

"It is warm work, and this day may be the last to any of us at any moment; but, mark you, I would not be elsewhere for thousands."

It was reported to him, at this moment; that the commander-in-chief was signalling for the action to cease. Putting his glass to his blind eye, he said to his captain:

"I really do not see the signal. Keep mine for closer battle flying; that's the way I answer such signals; nail mine to the mast."

The last and greatest service which Nelson rendered his country was in winning the victory of Trafalgar, by which he disabled France as a naval power, and frustrated Napoleon's grand design of invading England. His plan of attack on this occasion was simple in the extreme: every ship was to attack as soon as she came near enough to a vessel of the enemy.

"In case signals cannot be seen or clearly understood," were his immortal words, "no captain can do wrong if he place his ship along side that of an enemy."

The British fleet consisted of thirty-one vessels and the French fleet of forty. As they were going into action, Nelson signalled that sublime sentence, which thrilled and inspired the whole fleet:

"England expects every man to do his duty."

It was received with enthusiastic cheering, and then Nelson said:

"Now, I can do no more. We must trust to the great disposer of all events, and the justice of our cause. I thank God for this great opportunity of doing my duty."

When he came on deck in full uniform, covered with orders and decorations, he was urged not to make himself so conspicuous a mark for the enemy's sharpshooters.

"In honor I gained them," said he, "and in honor I will die with them."

And so it proved. In the midst of the action a musket ball struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, and penetrated his body. He fell to the deck.

"They have done for me at last, Hardy," said he.

"I hope not," said Captain Hardy.

"Yes," rejoined the hero, "my backbone is shot through."

He lingered three hours in great pain. His last thoughts were of Lady Hamilton and his daughter Horatia.

"Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy," said he, while his life was ebbing; "take care of poor Lady Hamilton. Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter Horatia as a legacy to my country."

Just before he breathed his last, when he knew that the enemy's fleet was almost destroyed, he uttered these words:

"I thank God I have done my duty."
—*N. Y. Ledger.*

Colfax on Universal Suffrage.

A friend of ours lately purchased a quantity of old books and magazines at an auction sale. In looking over some of the latter he chanced to come across a copy of a Know Nothing magazine entitled the "*Republican*," containing a report of a speech delivered in Council by Schuyler Colfax, at South Bend, Indiana. The magazine is dated October, 1856, and the following extract from his remarks upon the occasion, will be read with interest by our adopted citizens:

"When we take into consideration the fact that the human race is rapidly increasing in every civilized portion of the globe; that the serfs of Northern Europe are just beginning to feel the weight of their chains, as contrasted with civil freedom; and that China herself must, ere long, fling open her gates to emigration, and pour fourth her teeming millions; it is difficult to estimate the flood that will be poured upon us, if we continue to hold out the same inducements as at present.

The deleterious effects of this ceaseless avalanche of ignorance and superstition, upon our social and political existence, are already seriously felt. As immigration increases, the ratio of intelligence and virtue, in the masses, is lessened—the first is self-evident, and the latter is proven by our statistics of crimes, (about seven-tenths of which are committed by foreigners,) by pauperism and mendicity. These effects are also seriously felt by our working classes, who, reduced to the standard of what in Europe is called pauper labor, by the competition of that portion of immigrants who do work, are, in many instances, deprived of the means of comfort, mental improvement, and almost of respectability. The laborer, thus driven back ways, does society suffer and retrograde, through the influence of a too rapid immigration.

But it is our political system that is most abused by this influence. The system of suffrage created by the founders of this Republic was based upon *Intelligence*, and it is only through intelligence that it can be exercised legitimately. It is presumed, by the very nature of the system, that he who expresses a voice through the medium of the ballot, knows what he is about—knows otherwise it is as complete a nullity as the voice of an idiot. In law, the idiot is regarded as *non compos mentis*, and is not allowed to make contracts, to sue or defend in courts of justice, to perform offices and duties, or to assume the rights of citizens. Why? Because his intelligence, or knowledge, is not sufficient to enable him to perform these duties understandingly. Now, if the law protects *private* interests from the danger resulting from ignorance and incapacity, how much more important is it that the *public* interests should be guarded by law against the same dangers, arising from the same causes.

As it is, we give to ignorance a supervision over our public affairs which we do not allow it to exercise over its own affairs; a stretch of generosity upon which any intelligent "commission of lunacy" would consign us to keepers. Here lie the seeds of fatality in our political conformation. By our liberal system of suffrage, we confer place a grave and solemn power in the hands of ignorance, but we open the door for combinations and factions abroad, to enter our ballot-box and quietly vote away our liberties, as they did with the Republic of Switzerland.

Great evils require strong remedies, and it is now time for the lovers of civil and religious liberty to give attention to this subject, and take energetic measures to stay the growing danger.

We are much of opinion that the difficulty will not be removed until our present naturalization laws are abolished, and the power to grant certificates of naturalization is vested solely in Congress, to be exercised by that body only in consideration of valuable public services performed by the recipient; and by limiting the right of suffrage to the native born and those already naturalized. "To this complexion we *must* come at last." It is no fanatical or proscriptive idea, but one based solely upon natural and philosophical principles, and demanded by plain necessity.—*N. Y. Democrat.*

Five Lives Lost in Rochester N. Y., by the Explosion of a Locomotive Boiler.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., September 14.—A shocking accident occurred in this city this evening, involving a loss of five lives. The locomotive attached to the freight and accommodation train on the Erie Railroad, just about to leave the depot, exploded its boiler with a report which shook the buildings for a long distance. Portions of the boiler were thrown a quarter of a mile distant. The engineer, John Jones, was oiling the engine when the catastrophe took place, and was thrown a great distance from the depot, and died in an hour of his injuries. Peter Armburst a brakeman, who stood behind the engine, was instantly killed. The fireman was sitting in the cab and was thrown upon one of the cars, but escaped with slight injury. Ella Glasgow, aged 15 years, who was standing near the engine, was instantly killed. Lizzie Somns, aged 15 years, also near by, survived her injuries but a few minutes. Mary Haney, aged 11 years, was killed by the falling of the wall of her parents, house, which was thrown down by the explosion. Margaret Haney, another child, was badly injured. One or two other persons were badly injured by the explosion.

H. A. Beckley, a Virginian, committed suicide at Baltimore on Wednesday night, after having lost $1050 at a gambling table.

SPEECH OF GEN. RICHARD COULTER.

He Abandons the Radical Party,

And Supports Seymour and Blair.

At a large Democratic meeting in Ligonier Valley, General Richard Coulter, well known throughout Western Pennsylvania as "Fighting Dick Coulter," made the following speech:

Fellow-citizens;—I need not apologize to you for appearing to-day to attempt to make a speech to you. You all know me, and know that it is a long time since I made a political speech. The last speech I made in this Valley was more than twelve years ago, and since that time there have been many and great changes in our country civilly and politically. The issues which were before the people then, and agitated the public mind, have all been settled and disposed of, and are no longer discussed.—Slavery, it is true, you hear of now, as you heard of it then, and the new relation which the African race bears in our population, attracts the attention and interest of the public mind, and many great and important questions arising out of slavery, and the slave now free, yet remain for us to settle. Slavery was discussed—but slavery has been abolished and all the slaves are free. There can be no more forever—any involuntary servitude, except for crime, under this government so long as it shall have existence. It is charged upon the Democratic party and made use of as an argument against it by its opponents that it seeks to restore slavery, and that upon its restoration to power, it will again by legislative enactments, and in the exercise of the powers and functions of government, re-open the traffic in slaves, place the freedmen back in their bondage, and restore again to the Southern planter, his land and his niggers—that the old order of things as they existed prior to the Rebellion will be re-established, and that we shall go back, instead of forward in our progress as a people. But such can never be; and such an argument, if it can be entertained, is one of the sheerest nonsense. Neither the Democratic party, nor any other party will ever attempt it—and if it should attempt it and succeed, it will do what never has yet been done in any other government—in the face of the earth, since the world was created. Russia will never return her people to their former serfdom, and no nation however monarchical, or even despotic may be their form of government will ever again re-enslave their people after once having freed them; it would be a blot in history, and would stand alone unparalled in the political annals of the world.—The agitation of the slavery question, and the election of Lincoln brought on the Rebellion. In the campaign of '60, a hue and cry was made against Lincoln, and it was then threatened that if he was elected, war would ensue and that the Union would be dissolved. I voted for Lincoln, and was willing to take my share of the war, and did take it, for the purpose of settling the question, if it could be settled no other way. He was elected and war came, and during its progress the same causes that elected him in '60, required that he should be re-elected in 1864—the questions had not been settled, and what had been spoken of in canvass and fought for at the ballot-box was renewed on many a battle-field, and the struggle went on.

The Rebellion was at length settled by military power, and it closed virtually and forever on the 9th of April, 1865, and what was done at Appomattox was well done—armed resistance to the United States Government was over, and ever effectually. Vast armies that had been massed for the conflict, disappeared as if by magic from the field, and soon not a trace of the bloody conflict remained, and among you here there was nothing left of the war, not a trace of the fight, save here and there a crippled soldier or a half-worn blue jacket. There was no lingering skirmishing, no scattering conflicts, there were no bands of guerillas organized to carry on a predatory war for plunder and revenge—there was not a man left to oppose the flag or the administration of the government, all was submission and obedience. But our country was left in an anomalous condition, and a state of affairs existed at once new, unhappy and deplorable. One half of it that had been the theatre of action had been desolated, well nigh depopulated, without means, and without any internal system of civil government. The South once happy and prosperous was a desolated waste, and the governments of the States, had been destroyed in the struggle and there was no law and no administration of government. President Lincoln seeing the condition of affairs, had previously in 1862, sought to remedy matters and introduced the system of military governments, and for a while everything appeared to work for the better; system began to grow out of chaos, and order out of disorder. Under the military power thus established the people settled down, and began to resume their former position as States in the Union under the Federal compact as before the war. New governments were organized, officers elected, and all the machinery of State Government was put in operation. Thus re-organized, they were recognized by the Judiciary, by the Executive, and by Congress. Virginia was organized and recognized, and so were other States; and the prospect was bright that all again would be right and there would be harmony and peace.

What had been done at Appomatox, I said, had been well done; but it was not allowed to remain so. There was a new phase, and the men who came as representatives from some of these new States held somewhat different views from the Radical Yankees—they had not adopted the Text Books of the Northern Schools of the New England politicians, but thought for themselves. Here threatened a danger to be deplored and watched and avoided as the chances were that under this new order of things, the power of the party that held the government would give way, and a new and different set of men hold the reins of government. The Republican party then changed its ground, and adopted a new system of political tactics. Although these new States had submitted to, and were recognized by the General Government—although they had laid down their arms—and although Congress had previously recognized in '62, in the Apportionment Bill the right of representation—and although they had been counted and begged to come back into the Union, yet as it was feared that they would not chime in with the corruption and recklessness of the party in power and its more corrupt and reckless leaders, they must now be denied representation and new States should not be made. President Johnson and the Republican party differed, and a new revolution has been inaugurated.

I do not say that Alexander H. Stevens, who was a rebel, second only to Jefferson Davis himself, should be admitted as the representative of his State. He may not be fit to sit in the United States Senate, but is this any reason why Georgia should not be represented, or her people be heard in the councils of the nation. The people of Georgia and her legislature are the judges of whom they will send; if they choose to send such men it is their own lookout, they take the responsibility and we must see that they do no harm, and ours is the responsibility that no mischief ensues. Former precedents in the history of the administration of our government do not warrant such disfranchisement of a State. Senator Bright, of Indiana, was expelled from the Senate for disloyalty because he wrote a letter of recommendation for a friend to Jefferson Davis; but it was never pretended that Indiana should be unrepresented, nor was she. The United States Senate never dared deny her right of representation, and Indiana sent back a loyal man. Senator Stockton, of New Jersey, was not admitted to his seat in the Senate, but was New Jersey allowed to go unrepresented? It was not long until Frelinghuysen took his place. I say then, that if the men sent by the South do not exactly come up to our standard of loyalty it is no ground for disfranchisement of their State governments.

A new issue now presents itself in this country, one of importance to the people North and South, to white and black,—an issue that must be met, and discussed, and settled. It is new in its political aspect, and important in the relation it bears to the selection of public officers, and in the administration of our public affairs. In former years, and days gone by, I opposed the doctrine of universal suffrage and indiscriminate voting. I claimed for the American born, who understood our language and the principles of our institutions, the exclusive right to choose our own rulers, and the sole exercise of the inestimable right of suffrage. It was then argued that the foreigner should not be allowed to vote,—that they had not the qualifications to do so, and it was ruinous policy on our part to allow them to do so—that it was the source of fraud, rendering our elections but a farce and our politicians corrupt. I then tried to prove this, and now I am not by any means prepared to take back all then said with regard to ignorant voters, and most especially when the doctrine comes to be applied to the negro. Americanism had its origin in the success of the Democratic party in getting all the foreign voters, and thus defeating the old Whig party, who in order to retain their prestige, started the opposition to the foreigner, advanced the doctrine of more stringent naturalization laws, and set the ball in motion. The movement became popular, and a strong party soon sprang into existence, and became a power in the land. But it served its purpose, and in the shiftings and changings of political affairs became extinct,—it went under,—the Dutch in the main, with their lager beer went over to the Republicans, and the Irish naturally to oppose the nigger. But I put it to any Republican that hears me, to-day, and who once voted a Know-Nothing ticket to say how he is going to make a better of it by allowing the negro to vote. He then opposed the Dutch and the Irish on account of their ignorance and want of political affinity; will he say that the man who scarce three years ago was a slave, shall be his political equal now?—will he say that the man who don't know his own name, that cannot tell how old he is, whether he is married or single, shall have the right to vote? Will he say that the low, miserable and degraded class of beings, uneducated and untaught, ruder and lower than the Mexican Indian, shall be the one to save the country? Are they the kind of people to whom could be entrusted the selection of the rulers of this great and mighty nation? And with what strange inconsistency does the Republican party insist upon allowing these people to vote upon the one hand, and on the other not allow the free negro of the North, who is to some extent educated, and better qualified in each and every respect. We profess to be a Union, founded upon free suffrage, yet how do matters stand in relation to free suffrage in the South? The white man is ignored under the reconstruction of the Republicans, and the nigger only allowed to vote. Will the people submit to this degradation? Will they submit to the imposition of taxes, and the payment of revenue for the support of a government, and yet have no voice in its administration? The white men of the South were wealthy—they are intelligent—they were brave, and could fight, and did fight, and fought well, as many whom I see here can testify. But they were whipped, and they ought to have been whipped, and should be whipped again if they rebel. But now that they have submitted, why deprive them of their rights as men? Submission does not mean proscription. Even France, in her most despotic days, never made such proscription as the Republican party now proposes to do in the South. Why should the Southern negroes be allowed to vote? What claims have they to superior merit? They aided and assisted in the rebellion, and they built the vast earthworks for the defence of Richmond and Petersburg, the taking of which caused the shedding of the blood of many a white man, and the death of many a true hearted man. But it is not the white men of the South, according to Republican programme, who are to govern the South,—it is the New England carpet-bagger, man pulating the nigger, who is to hold office, and rule the rebels. They make officers of those only who will subserve their own purposes. Arkansas has two Senators,—one comes from Wisconsin, and one from Minnesota. South Carolina has a Governor from the army, and so in other of the reconstructed States. They pick up a fellow from anywhere and make a Senator, or a Congressman, or a Judge of him no matter what sort of a fellow he may be, so he be customed to this state of affairs and laugh at it, and it sounds like a good joke on the rebels, but let me tell you it will make trouble in the future; it is but the entering wedge for similar operations here at home, and you yourselves may feel its effects. I say here, that could this state of things have been foreseen in 1864, when the men of the regiments whose term was about to expire, were asked to enlist for another period of three years, to stand by the government a while longer—could it then have been known that such governments would be established, that such poor, helpless wretches as we had turned into Washington from Culpepper, along the Manassas road, and Orange Court House, should be allowed to vote, and white men be disfranchised, not a veteran would have taken the oath of re-enlistment. Bounties and furloughs would have been rejected, and all along the Rapidan would regiments and divisions of men have turned their backs upon the enemy, and upon retiring away from the conflict. The long lines of true men, who raised their hands on high in renewed obligation, would have turned their faces homeward, and abandoned in disgust the bloody struggle which was to have for the fruits of victory such wrong and such injustice. I speak now what I know, and I see men around me now who know it as well as I do, and who will tell you the same thing.

General Grant now stands on the Republican platform as the exponent of the Republican party, and as against him I have nothing to say. I served under him too long to speak with disrespect of him now. He was successful, and that, in these days, is the test of merit. He may have committed errors, but it is too late to go over the ground now to point them out. I honor him as a soldier, and deem him highly fit for the position he now occupies. But he has been nominated, not because he was the choice of the leaders of the Republican party, but because he was the best man to fall back on. The leaders did not want him, but they thought that you, the people, wanted him, and through him they would gain your votes. They are afraid of him, and he is taken up as a mere puppet and for the purpose of binding the issue. I have no objections to Grant, but I believe if he is elected, Washburn would in fact be President, with Colfax as an alternate.—Grant would be but a puppet, and forever sacrificed his honor and the emolument, and should he dare thwart their plans, at once meet Johnson's fate, and be straightway impeached and thrown overboard. He has been used as the tool of men who have ruined you—*ruined* I say, or why with an income of five hundred millions yearly, during three years of peace, should you be burdened with a debt increased two hundred and fifty millions more. And here lays the secret of their desperate and unscrupulous efforts to carry the election—they have squandered too much money for which they cannot account—they have committed acts for which they dare not account—they cannot afford to go out of power, and to give an account of their stewardship. The private records of the War Office have been destroyed. Stanton, who is a vagabond, a villain, and a murderer—who is responsible for the horrors, and suffering, and death of Andersonville, dared not leave behind for investigation the black record of his misdeeds; his life would have been in danger should they ever come to light.

But the Republicans say that if Grant is not elected, there will be another war, and another rebellion. But now who is there to rebel? Who is there to make and carry on a war? Is it the Democrats here North? Why should they rebel? They will have elected their man, and they will be satisfied and will wait for war. Is it the men at the South who rebelled before who will do it? I think not. They will be the last men ever to rebel against this or any other government—they have had enough of it, and there is no one in this country who will shoulder a musket in any such quarrel.

I saw the feeling and disposition of the Southern army at Appomattox Court House during the four hours of truce, and while each army lay in sight of each other, with pickets thrown out, waiting the result of the negotiations. The officers and men of both armies mingled with each other and interchanged sentiments and feelings. I rode through the rebel lines and among them. They were whipped and badly whipped. They were whipped, but They were worse than whipped; they were starved, and starvation soon subdues an enemy. I saw the feeling of submission that was exhibited there—the same feeling that has prompted obedience—that has induced them to disband, and caused the order there has been there; my own commissary fed them, and the very men who but an hour before had been training artillery for a deadly struggle, asked for my poverty. Many of them are in tents, but by far the greater number have neither clothing, nor shelter, nor food. Having but a minute to escape to the hills, they are now homeless, shelterless, and without means of sustenance, and many of them must undoubtedly perish. Some ideas of the suffering may be had when we realize that in the City of Arequipa alone, a place containing from 80,000 to 100,000 inhabitants, there is not *one house left standing*—literally not one stone upon another." A Peruvian gentleman, who was in Arica, has given me many horrible details and incidents. He says: "No one who did not witness it can form any idea of its horror." Groans and outcries, falling buildings and shivered timbers, the air so filled with dust and ashes, so choked with the fine dirt of the adobe buildings, and so strong an electric smell in the air, similar to the strongest brimstone, that the only way people could breathe or escape at all was by each one throwing him or herself flat on the ground and burying the face flat in the very earth which groaned and opened around them. Parents crying for their children; mothers screaming to their husbands; and a blinding cloud of dust and brim stone, and the crash of tumbling houses, the roar of the terrible earthquake, and the shrieks of the wounded dying in the falling ruins. In Moqua the ground opened, and as it closed again instantly it caught the ill-fated people, leaving them partly projected from the earth. Here are to be seen *hands* protruding, feet and heads sticking out above the earth. The top of a head, and even the whole head and neck of some of the people, fingers and arms, with the bodies to which they belong shut into the gaping earth! What horrible deaths must these have been!

The Great Earthquake in South America—Further Particulars.

(Correspondence of the New York Times.)

All the entire south of Peru is destroyed. Iquique, noted for its extensive saltpetre works, is one complete mass of ruins. It is estimated that, with its fine Custom-house, over $4,000,000 are lost. Arica, Ica and Pisagua are in ruins, and an immense volcano at Ica, which has not broken out for over thirty years, has been opened anew, and is pouring its fire-lava and hot stones down into the sea. An immense tidal wave, similar to that at St. Thomas, and fully sixty feet in height, rolled in at Arica and Islay, and, as it carried everything before it, the American gunboat *Wateree* was carried by it up into the town, and left embedded in the mud, high and dry, full a hundred and fifty feet on the shore. The Peruvian man-of-war *America* was also carried in shore by the same wave, and lies broken up and useless beside the *Wateree*. Only one man on board the *Wateree* was killed, as they had battened down the hatches, lashed the guns, and put out life-lines. But the store ship *Fredonia* was not so fortunate, for as the same wave struck her, she rolled over and all on board were lost. There is not a plank left of her. Mr. and Mrs. Dyer, he the first executive officer, were on board and were instantly killed, and it has saddened the hearts of all Callao from the fact that the two children of Mr. and Mrs. Dyer, with the servant girl, were left behind in Callao, and were daily expecting the return of the *Fredonia* and their parents. They are left here orphaned and strangers in a strange land, and much sympathy is expressed for them. Mr. Johnston, first executive officer of the *Wateree*, was also on shore at Arica with his estimable wife, (who had endeared herself to all hearts in Callao during her short sojourn here,) and when the earthquake began to shake down the houses, they, with the rest of the affrighted inhabitants ran for safety into the middle of the street, and as they were fleeing to a place of greater security, Mr. Johnston took his wife in his arms to shelter her body, at that moment a flying beam from a balcony struck her on the back of her neck, breaking her neck instantly, and she died in a moment. These are some of the heartrending casualties that occurred. In Arica over $4,000,000 in goods are destroyed, and over $100,000 is lost in the Custom House. All the ships lying at Arica were lost; on the Peruvian gunboats, four commanders, thirty officers and fifty seaman. Arequipa, the second city in Peru, containing twenty-five thousand inhabitants, is one mass of ruins. Its strong stone edifices, constructed of solid materials, to resist the shocks of earthquakes, stood firm during the first shock, but subsequently were crumbled down; and although many of the inhabitants escaped by running to the mountains, yet every building fell. The prisoners in the Penitentiary and those in the hospitals at Arequipa perished in the ruins. The whole city is completely destroyed. The port of Ohala, 175 miles to the north, had all its buildings shook down, but as the houses fell, the people saved themselves by running to the high ground. Not only did the buildings fall, but the sea in many places came in, destroying as many as the earthquake. The village of Tacabo was inundated, completely washed out, and 500 persons drowned. The villages of Tiabaya, Vitor, Mallendo, Mejia, and all the other small towns within the range of 200 miles, were all inundated and destroyed, or the houses shook to dust and ruin. In many places the earth opened, and all the level land was submerged by the sea. The valuable silver mines, twenty in number, in the interior were completely sunk. The solid earth opening, and huge waterspouts coming up. In Ilo the earth opened, and as the houses sunk down a solid column of water came up full fifteen feet in height. In Tacua over fifty houses were shook down at the first shock. In Moquequa over 150 persons were found buried among the ruins. Nor was the earthquake confined to the Southern coast. Casma, a village to the north, lies submerged under four feet of water, and many women and children were drowned who had taken refuge in boats. Cobija suffered lightly. As the houses, which are built at a height of fifty feet above the sea, tottered and tumbled over the bluff into the sea, the people ran for safety back to the high hills and so escaped. Lucumbo, also to the north, is one complete ruin. But the most horrible calamity befel the two cities of Cuzco and Cerro D'Pasco—the former containing 40,000 inhabitants. These cities are built near and over the silver mines, and it seems that the very ground on which they stood was one hollow cavern. These caves opened at one wide chasm, and swallowed up the cities, and the ill fated population, at one deep and awful opening. They literally fell down into this immense hollow. A number of horsemen rode into Lima and reported the catastrophe, and, as the mines themselves were entirely destroyed, we shall probably hear of other towns being destroyed. Cuzco has not "one stone left standing upon another," and most of its population were killed. In addition to the list of horrors, a dreadful fire broke out at Guayaquil, and burned down thirty houses and stores—all the principal buildings—so what the earthquake spared the fire has devoured. It is a sad fact that the news of the shock of the earthquake was felt all over Peru at 5 P. M., Thursday, the 13th, and that there were three shocks, lasting about seven minutes in all. The commotion caused by the sea at Callao was the dying out of this terrible earthquake. Words fail to give an adequate description of the loss of life, property and of the total destruction that it has created. Already the people in Lima, Callao, and other places, are collecting money for the surviving sufferers.

Gen. Kilpatrick relates a singular and horrible sight that occurred at Arica, on the south side of the ruined city. As the earth opened and yawned, there came up *five hundred mummies*, who stand in long lines facing the sea, every one of the skeletons in plaited sandals, and buying the dices flat on the ground and burying the faces flat in the very earth which groaned and opened around them. Parents crying for their children; mothers screaming to their husbands; and a blinding cloud of dust and brim stone, and the crash of tumbling houses, the roar of the terrible earthquake, and the shrieks of the wounded dying in the falling ruins. In Moqua the ground opened, and as it closed again instantly it caught the ill-fated people, leaving them partly projected from the earth. Here are to be seen *hands* protruding, feet and heads sticking out above the earth. The top of a head, and even the whole head and neck of some of the people, fingers and arms, with the bodies to which they belong shut into the gaping earth! What horrible deaths must these have been!

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The Treasurer's report shows the net earnings for the year ending June 30, 1868, to have been over four million dollars.

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THOS. ALLEN, President, St. Louis, Mo.

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