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## Poetry.

### THE TROUT-BROOK.

From a hollow in the hillside where the rocks are green with bosses
Of those velvets wrought by Nature in her twilight nooks, the mosses,
Cavern-cradled, mad for sunshine, and too full of life to dally,
With a shout of elfin-laughter leaps the brooklet toward the valley.

There it links, a skein of silver, that the rough stones fret and feather
Meadow, thicket, grove, and corn-field, as with loops of light together;
And many a crystal runnel sliding noiseless through the grasses,
Proud to swell its bolder current, pays bright tribute as it passes.

Where it deepens shapes of beauty from the pools and eddies glancing,
Every moment star the shadows where the summer-flies are dancing;
Or on filmy fins, thrice swifter than the pinions of the swallows,
Shoot like meteors from the dark depths up the sun-illumined shallows.

Here it runs through briary arches where the wild rose buds and blushes,
There, unseen, its course is signaled by the bending of the rushes;
And anon where swing at anchor the Nymphæa's green flotillas,
It reposes, silver-curtained, 'neath the foliage of the willows.

As its volume waxes stronger, Thrift, the mercenary zealot,
On the mountain's freeborn offspring puts the fetters of the helot,
And compels to penal service, from its heaven-appointed duty,
Nature's child that filled the valley with light melody and beauty.

From its servile task escaping, all afoam with royal anger,
With a deafening roar it stifles the old mill-wheel's [illegible] clangor,
And through forests, swamps, and gorges, sweeps exulting to deliver
The rich treasure of its waters to its [illegible], the river.

And the angler tracks its mazes through the rock-rifts, through the meadows,
Through embowering vines and creepers, through the sylvan lights and shadows,
With a soul as full of sunshine as the blue vault bending o'er him,
And a heart as pure and joyous as the stream that runs before him.

Lightly swoops his slender lariat, its barbed temptation winging,
Where the streamlets' spangled harlequins from pool or rift are springing;
And Credulity in motley, dreaming naught of fraud unkindly,
To destruction, like a moth-[illegible], rushes furiously and blindly.

Vainly strives the spotted athlete, like a hero, with disaster;
The Magician's wand is potent, and subdues him to its master,
At whose feet, among the tresses, in bright tunic rarely tinted,
Falls the captive, like a sunbeam through a painted oriel glinted.

Of the brothers of the angle cast their lines in pleasant places,
Of the Eden Milton sings of by the brookside there are traces;
Running brooks were Eve's sole mirrors; and to glad her sons and daughters,
Half the brightness of her beauty is still lingering in their waters.

For these scenes through which it journeys the fair stream has many voices,
Now it warbles, now it whispers, now it moans, and now rejoices,
And, the while, its living current turns the valley to a Goshen,
To its ever-changing music adds the poetry of motion.

## Miscellaneous.

### The Schoolmaster of Bonchurch.

Bonchurch, in the Isle of Wight, is a picturesque village on the upper cliffs of Ventnor. Here, some years since, lived a poor schoolmaster, who rented a cottage of two rooms for a dwelling, and a barn for the school. He was self-educated in the common elements of knowledge, and had made the human heart his study; and it was his delight not merely to teach the mechanical parts of reading, writing and arithmetic, but also to influence the moral and intellectual powers of his children, and to strengthen, elevate and purify them. In this aim he had but one text book—the Gospel of the Great Teacher; and in this he learned one lesson in especial—that "it is good to seek to save that which is lost."

Like all of his order, the master, in his school, had to contend with boys who could not learn, and boys who would not. But the boy who gave him the most trouble could and did learn; only he was so intractable in his general conduct, and such an imp of mischief, that it was a ceaseless perplexity with the good master what ought to be done with him. The master had no worldly motive for reclaiming so difficult a charge since he gained not a penny by it; but he felt a Christian yearning toward the lad, who was an orphan, and was not without promise of better things.

"Harry, Harry, look in my face, sir!" exclaimed the master, one day, in his very sternest tones.

Harry lifted up his bold, handsome, and always dirty face, surrounded by a tangled mesh of dark, curling hair, and made a comic grimace; but when his bright eye met that of his master, he glanced aside, as if something pained him.

"Harry Bonner, you were last night stealing neighbor Watson's apples."

"Was I, master?"

His tone of mock innocence and simplicity excited sudden laughter in the school, and the frown of the master could scarcely check it.

"Yes, you were, sir; and I tell you, Harry," said the master solemnly, "if you go on in this way you will come to some sad end."

"I hope not, master."

A stout leathern strap was produced. "Hold out your hand," said the master.

"No, thank you, sir."

"Hold out your hand."

"Rather not, if it's all the same to you, sir."

"I insist."

The hand was held out very firmly, Harry winking hard; the strap descended, and then, with an affected howl, ending in the laugh of a young savage, the culprit went back to his form,—only to plan new offences.

"I feel this is not the way to reclaim that boy," said the master, after school hours, to his sister, an invalid dependent on him, who sat all day in an easy chair, generally employed in knitting dappled-gray worsted stockings; "yet what else am I to do with him; he is excessively hardened, full of courage and cunning; I never met with a boy so precociously wicked; everybody prophesies evil of his future life. He defies restraint. In any quarrel all the boys fear him; but he fears no one. He invents wild fun enough for all the mischievous boys in England. He has robbed every orchard within ten miles; and, really, I often fancy he does it out of mere love of adventure and peril."

"Your strap will do him no good," said the sister, quietly.

"What then will?"

"Patient kindness, and instruction, and time."

"Why, does he not know that I have almost paid his uncle, the blacksmith, to let him come to school; that I send him vegetables out of my garden, every now and then, to keep him in a good humor?"

"Harry knows you are his only true friend, and thinks more of one gentle word from you than of all your blows with your strap. He has far too much of violent usage at home."

"That is true; you are right."

One afternoon, Harry Bonner left his seat at the head of the high form, flung his book aside, and planted himself at the window; whence he enjoyed a view of the sea, and of a man-of-war that had approached near the shore, in order, as Harry had heard it rumored, that its crew of seamen for the French war might be recruited by forcibly impressing men along the coast.

Harry was engaged in easy contemplation of this prospect, when the master espied how he was passing his time.

"What are you doing there, Harry Bonner? Where is your book? Have you learned your lesson?"

"No."

"Then, sir, you shall learn a double lesson before dinner."

"I like double lessons," said Harry, flinging himself back to his place, and learning rapidly a long row of words and meanings.

Before dinner-time had come, the double lesson was perfectly mastered, and hard sums got through,—for sums and lessons were all play to him.

The master looked at him with feelings of pity, regret, and admiration.

"Oh, my boy!" said he, how can you throw away such abilities on mischief and wickedness?"

Harry colored up to his temples; his eye flashed and moistened; he was going to make a passionate reply, but turned short round, and went out of school whistling, with his hands thrust among the marbles and whip-cord in the pockets of his ragged corduroys. Beside the pond in the centre of the village he stopped and looked jealously around, and seeing he was unobserved, he pulled out the marbles and a top from his pocket, and flung them into the water.

"There," said he. "now I shall give up nonsense, and show the master, and show everybody, what I can do. I'm thirteen years old and shall soon be a man, and must look out for myself, as the master says I am clever, and all that; and so I *am* clever, and *have* got abilities; I feel it,—that I do!"

He walked on, still talking with himself; presently he burst out—

"What does uncle hate me for, I should like to know? What harm have I done him? What's he always thrashing me for? Why don't he let me alone?"

Again he went on, every now and then loitering to think.

"I wish," said he, turning his pockets inside out, "I only wish I had some money there."

With this fresh wish on his lips, he went into the dirty cottage of his uncle. It was a homestead that did anything but credit to its occupants. The floor was unswept, the hearth covered with coke and potato peelings; the remnants of a dinner of the meanest kind were scattered over the table. The boy felt disgusted. He looked at his aunt, sitting in a dirty cotton gown and discolored cap in the chimney corner, and compared her to the schoolmaster's suffering sister, who ever looked so neat and clean.

The passion for change and improvement that had been silently taking root in Harry's breast was momentarily becoming more developed. All at once he said to his aunt—

"Aunt, can you give me a little money—ever so little?"

"Money!" She looked at him in utter surprise. "What do you want with money?"

"Never you mind; only see, though, if I don't pay you back some day, and plenty to it."

A violent blow from behind sent the boy reeling against the wall. There stood his savage uncle, with his fist doubled, and his face distorted with intoxication.

"I'll teach you to ask for money," said he, and other blows and fierce abuse followed.

The boy started forward into the centre of the room, and gazed with steady boldness into the tyrant's face, and said—

"You have done nothing but ill use me, since my father died. I have never done you any harm, and I shan't bear any more of it."

The blacksmith caught up a heavy stick.

"Will you not?"

"No, I will not; so take care what you are about."

"I'll break your spirit, or I'll break every bone in your body."

"You won't do either."

"We'll try that."

The blacksmith rushed forward to grasp Harry by the collar, and Harry sprung to meet him with wild resistance. They stood foot to foot and hand to hand, wrestling for the mastery, when the door opened, and the schoolmaster of Bonchurch entered. Instinctive reverence for the good man made the blacksmith pause, and the boy broke from him trembling violently, and now subdued to tears.

"I am sorry to see this," said the master. "What is the matter?"

The blacksmith muttered something, and his wife took the stick from his hand.

"They are always quarreling;" said she.

"What have I done?" exclaimed Harry; "but it don't matter, master; I like you—you have been good to me, and I shall think of it; but as for him—I hate him and despise him, and I have nothing to thank him for; and after this day I will never see his face again, nor eat of his bread."

In an instant the lad was gone.

Some hours after, the master returned home, and the first thing he did was to take his strap from the table and put it in the fire.

His sister smiled, but said nothing.

Afterward they conversed together respecting the poor boy, and the master expressed some uneasy apprehensions as he repeated Harry's words on going off. Those apprehensions increased when it afterward became known through the village that Harry Bonner was missing, and could not be found.

At dusk the villagers were traversing the road with lights—that old upper road, which, viewed from the lower cliffs, appeared but as a lofty terrace out on the green mount side.

At that time, the now flourishing town of Ventnor had scarce begun to exists; only a few houses relieved the picturesque wildness of the scenery, amid which the shouts of the villagers formed an exciting accompaniment to the dash of the waves among the numerous breakers, and the fury of an equinoctial gale.

Up and down the steep acclivities of that old road, winding about the face of the upper cliff, did the villager continue moving with their lights until long after midnight, for the parting threat of the boy had caused a general belief that he had committed some rash act—perhaps thrown himself over the cliffs, or into the sea.

What else could have become of him? He had neither money, nor food, nor clothes, nor friends, nor any hope of help of any kind that any one knew out of Bonchurch. One person hinted at gypsies, another at smugglers, and the bold, energetic character of the boy made the master fancy it might be possible that he had joined one or the other. But gypsies had not been seen in Bonchurch for many months, and the smugglers of that part of the island were well known to the residents, and on good terms with them, and they denied any knowledge of the boy.

Gradually the search ceased, except on the part of the schoolmaster, who walked in every direction, inquiring and examining. But at last, he, too, lost hope; and as he stood in Ventnor Cave when a stormy night was darkening around, and the winds and the waves raged in fearful unison, he felt a melancholy conviction that Harry Bonner was lost forever.

*Twenty years* rolled away, and the disappearance of the boy was still a profound mystery.

The blacksmith had died of intemperance, and no one lamented him. The schoolmaster's sister needed nothing more in this world. Most of Harry's schoolmates were dead, and of those who survived, scarcely any remained in the village. All was changed, but still the schoolmaster lived in his humble cottage, and kept school, but he was grown old, and solitary, and infirm; and so poor that he was almost reduced to a shadow with hard living.

In his best days he eked out his little income by cultivating a few vegetables and common fruit; and this was still his resource when he could hobble out on fine days into his patch of garden ground.

His spirit had been unusually depressed by the decline of his strength, his poverty, his forlorn condition, and the memory of his sister, when at sunset, one day, he stood at his school-room window, looking toward the sea. The lattice was open, for the weather was warm, and his withered face felt refreshed by the breeze that played over it.

But that which chiefly detained him there, and held him in a kind of fascination, was the unusual appearance of a ship of war, one of the most imposing size, moored near Ventnor.

The old man's memory was quickened by the spectacle, and he thought of Harry Bonner, who on the day of his disappearance, had been detected by him watching just such a vessel from this window, while his neglected book was thrown aside on the form.

Gazing and musing the master stood while the shadows of twilight gathered over the scene; the masts and rigging of the chief object of his attention grew indistinct, darkness came quickly, and with it a storm which had been in preparation some hours.

The master hastily closed the lattice as a flash of lightning broke in upon his musings. He turned to leave the school-room and to enter his cottage; but what figure was that which, amidst the obscurity, appeared seated on the identical spot, on the chief form, where Harry Bonner sat when he learned with such surprising rapididity his double lesson, after watching the man-of-war from the window?

The schoolmaster had grown nervous and rather fanciful, and I know not what he imagined it might be; but his breath came quick and short for an instant, and then he asked in a faint voice, "Who is here?"

A manly voice replied, "*Only Harry Bonner!*"

The lightning lit up the whole of the large, dreary-looking school room, and revealed to the schoolmaster the figure of a naval officer, on whose breast glittered decorations of rank and honor.

Darkness instantly succeeded, as the officer started from the form and grasped the hand of the master with a strong and agitated pressure; then the two moved quickly and silently together into the cottage while the thunder crashed overhead.

The excitement of the moment confused the faculties of the old man; and as the officer, still holding his hand with that fervent grasp, gazed in his eyes by the dim light of the cottage fire, he uttered some incoherent words about Harry Bonner and the ship and the double lesson; but when he beheld the officer cover his face with his disengaged hand and weep his brain rallied its disordered perceptions. He lighted a rush-light that stood on the mantle-shelf, and as the officer withdrew his hand slowly from his face, the master passed the light before those brown and scarred, yet handsome features, in whose strong workings of feeling, if in nothing else, he almost recognized his long-lost but unfortunate scholar.

The officer suddenly clasped the old man's hand. "My dear old master!" he exclaimed.

The old man was too weak for the sudden surprise; he put his hand to his brow, gazed vacantly, gasped for breath, and his lips moved without a sound.

The officer placed him tenderly in the old wicker chair, in which the knitter of the dappled-grey worsted stockings used to sit; then the old man grasped one of his arms, and looking up, said mournfully and shook his head; she is not here. She said to the last Harry Bonner would be found some day; and now she is not here."

"Dead, is she?"

"Oh, yes."

There was a short silence, solemn and sad.

"And why hast thou hidden thyself all these years?" asked the master.

"I have been redeeming the past. I have been working my way from rags and infamy to this"—touching with an air of dignity, his gold epaulette and the insignia that glittered on his breast—"and I have been gathering this," showing a full and heavy purse, "to revenge myself for the stick and strap, and make thy latter days happy."

"The change seems wonderful to you, no doubt," continued the officer, after an agitated pause; "it it wonderful to myself, but it is to you I trace it. Your benevolent instructions, your patient endeavors to reclaim me, your observations on my wickedness, your encouraging praise of my abilities—all appealed to my heart and conscience, and stimulated and roused me to resolve on going to sea and trying to lead a new life. The sight of the man-of-war from the window and the last flogging I had from the blacksmith, decided me. I ran down the cliffs, I told my tale to a boat's crew of the war-ship; I was taken on board as cal in boy. The ship sailed directly. I rose step by step. I have been in many battles, and here I am, a commander of the vessel you were viewing when I entered the school-room and found my way to the old seat.

"And I hope," said the master, earnestly, "I hope, my dear Harry, you are thankful to that Providence which has guided your wandering feet through paths so strange and difficult."

"I trust I am," rejoined the officer with profound reverence. "And now, does my uncle live?"

"He and your aunt died fifteen years since."

"I am sorry for it. I should have liked to have talked with them of our past errors—their's and mine. It would have gratified me to have done something for them, and to have heard them retract some of their harsh words to me. How my heart warmed to the old village when I entered it just now! I could have embraced the mossy palings; I could have knelt down and kissed the very ground. But I was so impatient to see if *you* lived that I paused nowhere till I reached the school door and found you gazing at *my ship*."

"You have brought back the *heart* of Harry Bonner," said the master, 'whatever has become of his vice."

"You shall find I have; for whatever money can procure, or affection and gratitude bestow for your health and comfort, shall be yours from this hour, my dear old master."

### Barbara Freitchie.

In his address before the Grand Army of the Republic, when they put flowers on the graves of the dead of the Federal army at Arlington, Hon. S. H. Fisher, Commissioner of Patents, alluded to the "flag" as "the flag which Barbara Freitchie waved." If the "flag" has no more substantial claim than this, then is the flag in a bad way, and had best, to borrow Mr. Greeley's poetry, be torn down as a "flaunting lie." Barbara Freitchie never had any flag to wave. Below will be found what Mr. Whittier says of Barbara Freitchie, with the "real facts" between the stanzas. After narrating the march of the Confederate army into the City of Frederick, the poet says:

Up rose Barbara Freitchie then,
Bowed with her four-score years and ten.

She didn't rise up at all. She remained in bed, where for four months she had been confined with what she called "an orful rheumatiz in her bones," of which she died soon after. Indeed, the old woman didn't know that the Confederate army had passed through at all till after they had gone. Continues the poet:

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down,
In her attic-window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Being in bed asleep, suffering from rheumatism, not having left her mattress since her last "spell," never leaving it till carried to her grave, no men "having hauled down" any flag, there being, too, no flag in her house, which likewise had no "attic window," but only a hole in the roof, and the lumber-room itself being approached only by a ladder, which had been removed, the conspicuous exactness of the verses is obvious. But listen to Mr. Whittier:

Up the street the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.
Under his slouched hat, left and right,
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.
"Halt!" the dust brown ranks stood fast,
"Fire!" out blazed the rifle blast.
It shook the window-pane and sash,
It rent the banner with seam and gash.
Quick as it fell from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.
She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will;
"Shoot, if you must, this old grey head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.
"Who touches a hair on you grey head,
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

The Confederate army passed through Frederick at 4 o'clock in the morning. No part of it went by Barbara Freitchie's house. The portion which marched nearest to that place where the corps of Stonewall Jackson, and they and he, at 4 o'clock A. M., came quietly through a street five blocks below the humble house of Barbara Freitchie. Every single incident in the stanzas quoted is pure fiction, and very good fiction it is. Barbara Freitchie, whose bed-ridden state has been described, was a daughter of a Casper Freitchie, *hanged* in the Revolutionary war for being a Tory; otherwise, however, the family always have been and are respectable, worthy folk, of German extraction. Her children still live in Frederick, and are well-to-do and as well thought of as are any of those who deserted the cause of their section and favored the invaders of the South. The historical house was a miserable little one-story affair, as has been described, which has recently been one-half washed away by a flood, the other half being sold by the heirs to the corporation, which needed the site to allow for a necessary enlargement of the banks of a creek. Mr. Whittier is understood to have been imposed upon by a nephew of his, an officer on the staff of a Federal general, who had a prolific imagination, only inferior to that of the poet himself. Such are the facts in the case of Barbara Freitchie, ascertained by a gentleman who had occasion to visit Frederick within a fortnight.

### A Grand Rush for Gold.

Letters from Elko, Nevada, to the California papers report a grand rush to some gold mines, both quartz and placer, which have been discovered eighty-three miles distant from Carlin. They are situated in the northern part of Elko county, on the north slope of the divide between the waters of the Owyhee and north fork of the Humboldt river. The specimens brought into Elko are said to be the richest ever found in the State. White Piners declare that some of the specimens are just like the ores of White Pine, and the colors of gold panned out in the creeks of the new El Dorado have set old California placer-miners on the go. Every man in Elko who is able to get a horse leaves for the new diggins, and it is thought the rush will equal that to White Pine.

### A LEAF FROM HISTORY.

**Statement of Edman Spangler, a Victim of Edwin M. Stanton—Record of Military Justice in 1865—How an Innocent Man Was Treated During His Trial—Prison Life on the Dry Tortugas—Tortugas Inflicted Upon the Prisoners by Army Officers—Disgraceful Page in Our Annals.**

[Correspondence of the N. Y. World.]

WASHINGTON, June 23.

Edman Spangler, who was tried and sentenced by a military commission in May, 1865, on a charge of being engaged in the plot to assassinate President Lincoln, and pardoned by President Johnson, has prepared the following statement, asserting his innocence of all knowledge of the crime, and detailing the cruelties practised on the prisoners before and after conviction. Spangler was a scene-shifter at Ford's Theatre, and was on the stage when John Wilkes Booth shot Mr. Lincoln and jumped from the box. He also at times took care of Booth's horse. The evidence against him was of the flimsiest character, not being even circumstantial, for it did not appear in that trial, or in the subsequent civil trial of Surratt, that Spangler had any connection whatever with any of the other so-called conspirators. Most everybody believed him innocent then, and the Military Commission doubted his guilt by sentencing him to six years at the Dry Tortugas, and giving the others a life term. The Military Commission was organized to convict, *and it convicted*. Abundant testimony is now at hand to show the vast amount of perjury of that trial—perjury exacted by fear and dictated by malice. Spangler's allusion to the witness Weichman being in the abduction plot is important. Weichman's testimony, it will be remembered, hung Mrs. Surratt. The following is the statement sworn and subscribed to:

STATEMENT OF EDMAN SPANGLER.

I have deemed it due to truth to prepare for publication the following statement—at a time when I hope the temper of the people will give me a patient hearing—of my arrest, trial, and imprisonment, for alleged complicity in the plot to assassinate the late President Lincoln. I have suffered much, but I solemnly assert now, as I always have since I was arraigned for trial at the Washington Arsenal, that I am entirely innocent of any fore or after knowledge of the crime which John Wilkes Booth committed—save what I knew in common with every body after it took place. I further solemnly assert that John Wilkes Booth, or any other person, *never* mentioned to me any plot, or intimation of a plot, for the abduction or assassination of President Lincoln; that I did not know when Booth leaped from the box to the stage at the theatre, that he had shot Mr. Lincoln; and that I did not, in any way, so help me God, assist in his escape; and I further declare that I am entirely innocent of any and all charges made against me in that connection.—I never knew either Surratt, Payne, Atzerodt, Arnold, or Harold, or any of the so-called conspirators, nor did I ever see any of them until they appeared in custody. While imprisoned with Atzerodt, Payne, and Harold, and after their trial was over, I was allowed a few minutes exercise in the prison yard. *I heard the three unite in asserting Mrs. Surratt's innocence, and acknowledge their own guilt, confining the crime, as they did entirely to themselves,* but implicating the witness, Weichman, *in knowledge of the original plot to abduct! and with furnishing* information from the Commissary of Prisoners' Department, where Weichman was a clerk.

I was arrested on the morning of the 15th of April, 1865, and with Ritterspaugh (also a scene shifter) taken to the police station on E street, between Ninth and Tenth. The sergeant, after questioning me closely, went with two policemen to search for Peanut John (the name of the boy who held Booth's horse the night before) and made to accompany us to the headquarters of the police on Tenth street, where John and I were locked up, and Ritterspaugh was released. After four hours' confinement I was released, and brought before Judges Olin and Bingham, and told them of Booth bringing his horse to the theatre on the afternoon of the 14th of April (1865.) After this investigation I said: "What is to be done with me?" and they replied: "We know where to find you when you are wanted," and ordered my release. I returned to the theatre, where I remained until Saturday, when the soldiers took possession of it; but as the officer of the guard gave an attache and myself a pass to sleep there, we retired at 10 P. M., and at 1 A. M., a guard was placed over me, who remained until 9 A. M., Sunday morning, when I was released. I did not leave the theatre until Sunday evening, and on our return this attache (Carland by name) and myself were arrested by Detective Larner. Instead of taking us to the guard-house he said he would accompany us home to sleep there, but we all went to Police Headquarters on Tenth street, and when Carland asked if we were wanted, an officer sharply said "No." I returned to the theatre that night, and remained the next day till I went to dinner, corner Seventh and G. streets. That over I remained a few minutes, when Ritterspaugh (who worked at the theatre with me) came, and meeting me, said: "I have given *my* evidence, and would like now to get some of the reward."

I walked out with Ritterspaugh for half an hour, and on returning to lie down left word that if any one called for me to tell them that I was lying down. Two hours after I was called down stairs to see two gentlemen who had called for me. They said that I was wanted down street. On reaching the sidewalk they placed me in a hack and drove rapidly to Carroll Prison, where I was confined a week. Three days afterwards Detective, or Colonel Baker came to my room, and questioned me about the sale of a horse and buggy (which belonged to Rooth), and I told him all about it freely and readily. On the day following I was called into the office of the prison in order to be recognized by Sargeant Dye, who merely nodded his head as I entered and then he left. (Dye subsequtntly testified that he was sitting on the steps of the theatre just before Booth fired the shot, and to seeing mysterious persons about.) I was allowed on the fourth day of my imprisonment to walk the prison yard, but from that evening I was closely confined and guardod until the next Saturday at midnight, when I was again taken to the office to see a Detective, who said: "Come, Spangler, I've some jewelry for you." He hand-cuffed me with my arms behind my back, and guarding me to a hack I was placed in it and driven to the Navy Yard, where my legs were manacled and a pair of Lillie hand-cuffs placed on my wrists. I was put in a boat and rowed to a monitor, where I was taken on board and thrown into a small, dirty room, between two water closets, and on to a bed of filthy life-preservers and blankets, with two soldiers guarding the door. I was kept there for three days. I had been thus confined three days on the vessel when Captain Munroe came to me and said: "Spangler, I've something that must be told, but you must not be frightened. We have orders from the Secretary of War, who must be obeyed, to put a bag on your head." Then two men came and tied up my head so securely that I positively could not see daylight. I had plenty of food, but could not eat with my face so muffled up. True, there was a small hole in the bag near my mouth, but I could not reach that, as my hands were wedged down by the iron. At last, two kind-hearted soldiers took compassion on me, and while one watched the other fed me. On Saturday night a man came to me and, after drawing the bag so tight as to nearly suffocate me, said to the guard, "Don't let him go to sleep, as we will carry him out to hang him directly." I heard them go up on the deck, when there was a great rattling of chains and other noises; and while I was trying to imagine what was going on, and what they intended to do, I was dragged out by two men, who both pulled me at times in opposite directions. We, however, reached a boat, in which I was placed, and were rowed a short distance. I could not say then where we stopped, for my face was still covered. After leaving the boat, I was forced to walk some distance, with the heavy irons still on my legs. I was then suddenly stopped, and made to ascend three or four flights of stairs; and as I stood at the top waiting, some one struck me a severe blow on the top of the head, which stunned and half threw me over, when I was pushed into a small room, where I remained in an unconscious condition for several hours. The next morning some one came with bread and coffee. I remained here several days, suffering torture from the bag or padded hood over my face. It was on Sunday when it was removed and I was shaven. It was then replaced. Some hours after General Hartranft came and read to me several charges; that I was engaged in a plot to assassinate the President, and the day following I was carried into a military court and still hooded before all of its members. I remained but a short time, when I was returned to my cell for another night and day and then again presented in this court. Mr. Bingham, Assistant Judge-Advocate, read the charges against me, and asked if I had any objection to the court, and I replied "No," and made my plea of "not guilty." They then wished to know if I desired counsel, and, when I answered affirmatively, General Hunter, the president of the court, insisted that I should not be allowed counsel. He was, however, overruled, but it was several days before I was permitted legal aid, the court in the meanwhile taking evidence with closed doors. On every adjournment of the court, if only for an hour, I was returned to my cell and the closely-fitting hood placed over my head. This continued till June 16, 1865, when I was relieved from the torture of the bag, but my hands and limbs remained heavily manacled.

On one Sunday, while I was confined at this place (the Washington Arsenal), I was visited by a gentleman of middle stature, rather stout, with full beard and gold framed spectacles. He noticed my manacles and padded head. I afterwards learned that he was Mr. Stanton, the Secretary of War. It is proper to state that when the hood was placed on me, Captain Munroe said it was by order of the Secretary of War. My first thought was that I was to be hung without trial, and the hood was preparatory to that act.

The first time that I ever saw Mrs. Surratt was in the Carroll Prison yard, on Capitol Hill. I did not see her again until we were taken into court the first day at the arsenal. My cell was on the same corridor with hers, and I had to pass it every time I was taken into court. I frequently looked into her cell, a small room about four feet wide by seven feet long. The only things in her cell were an old mattress laid on the bricks and an army blanket. I could see irons on her feet, as she was generally lying on the mattress, and was the last one brought into court. She occupied a seat in court near the prison door. The seat was twelve inches high, and the chains between the irons on her feet were so short that she always had to be assisted to her seat. She was so sick at one time that the court was compelled to adjourn.

On the 17th of July, about midnight, I was conveyed to a steamboat, and arrived the next day at Fortress Monroe, and was thence taken to the gunboat Florida. The irons on my arms were temporarily removed, but Captain Dutton, in charge of the guard, ordered heavy Lillie irons to be placed on me, when General Dodd, chief officer in charge, more humanely countermanded his order, and had the irons again removed from my arms. I was placed for security in the lower hold of the vessel, and compelled to descend to it by a ladder. The rounds were far apart, and, as the irons on my feet were chained but a few inches apart, my legs were bruised and lacerated fearfully. The hold where I was confined was close and dirty, but after two or three days I was allowed on deck in the daytime, but was closely guarded. I was allowed to speak to no one of the crew. We arrived at Fort Jefferson, on the Dry Tortugas, and were handed over to Colonel Hamilton, commanding, who placed me until the next day in a casemate. The next day I was brought before Colonel H., who informed me that he had no more stringent orders concerning me than other prisoners confined there.

I managed to get along comfortably for a while, though to some of the prisoners the officers were very cruel. One man by the name of Dunn, while helping in unloading a government transport, got hold of some liquor and imbibed too freely; for which he was taken to the guard house and tied up to the window frame by his thumbs for two hours. General Hill then ordered him to be taken down and be made to carry a thirty-two pound ball, but as the hanging had deprived him of the use of his thumbs, he was unable to obey. The officers, however, put two twenty-four pound balls in a knapsack, and compelled him to carry them until the sack gave away from the weight of the iron. He was then tied up by the wrists and gagged in the mouth by the bayonet from 8 P. M. until the next morning. He was then taken down and thrown into the guard house, but was so exhausted that he had to be removed to the hospital. It was decided to amputate three of his fingers, but this was reconsidered. He lost, however, the use of his thumb and two fingers. This punishment was inflicted by Major McConnell, officer of the day, and was carried out by Sergeant Edward Donnelly.

Another poor prisoner named Brown, was once excused by the doctor from work on the plea of illness, but the Provost Marshal insisted and finding him too ill and lacking strength made him carry a thirty-two pound ball. He staggered under the weight and was compelled from weakness to put it down. He was then taken to the wharf and with his legs tied together and his hands tied behind him, a rope was placed around him and he was thrown into the water and then dragged out. This was done three or four times, he begging for mercy most piteously. He was finally jerked out of the water and ordered to return to his ordinary work. The poor wretch crept off apparently thankful for any escape from such torments. Captain Joseph Rittenhouse was officer of the day, and his orders were carried out by Corporal Spear.

During the latter part of last October I was placed in irons and compelled to work with an armed sentinel over me. I did not know the reason for this, for I was unconscious of having given offense, and had conformed to every regulation. I was then closely confined and allowed to communicate with no one for four months. The pretence for this, I afterwards learned, sprang from an attempt of Dr. Mudd to escape.

Colonel St. George Leger Grenfel, aged 65 years, was taken sick and went to the Doctor to get excused from work. The Doctor declined to excuse him. He then applied to the Provost-Marshall, who said that he could not excuse him if the Doctor couldn't. Grenfrel then tried to work and failed.—They then took him to the guard-house, tied him up for half a day, and then took him to the wharf, tied his hands behind him, tied his legs together, and put a rope around his waist.—There were three officers, heavily armed, who drove spectators from the wharf; I could see and hear from my window. The Colonel asked them if they wore going to throw him into the water and they answered, "Yes."—He then jumped in, and because he could not sink, they drew him out and tied about forty pounds of iron to his legs, and threw him into the water again, and after he had sunk twice they pulled him out again, and compelled him to go to work. The officers who had him in hand were, Lieutenant Robinson, Lieutenant Pike, and Capt. George W. Crabb, assisted by Sergeant Michael Gleason, and assistant military storekeeper G. T. Jackson, who tied the iron on his legs. Captain Samuel Peebles tied up Grenfel for saying that "he was capable of doing anything." Colonel Grenfel was forced to scrub and do other menial work when he proved he was so ill as to have refused to eat his rations for a week. All of the officers hated Grenfel on account of a letter which appeared in a New York paper, which they said Grenfel wrote, about tying up the prisoner Dunn—which letter was truthful, as others and myself were witnesses to the details it related. One very stormy night Grenfel, with four others, escaped in a small boat and was evidently drowned near the fort. His escape was discovered and the storm was so severe that it was deemed too dangerous to pursue them, although a steamer was at the wharf. Grenfel frequently declared his intention of running any risk to escape, rather than, to use his own words, "to be tortured to death at the fort." These are only two or three instances of the many acts of cruelty practiced at the fort. During my imprisonment at Fort Jefferson I worked very hard at carpentering and wood ornamental work, making a great many fancy boxes, &c., out of the peculiar wood found on the adjcent islands; the greater portion of this work was made for officers. By my industry in that direction, I won some favor in their eyes. I was released in March of the present year by Executive clemency.

(Signed) EDMAN SPANGLER.

### Writing for Money.

Has the general public any idea of the labor involved in the production of the light literature dished up for its amusement? any notion of the wear and tear, physical and mental, on the unhappy men who are compelled to seek a precarious subsistence by administering to the entertainment of a not too appreciative *clientele*? It has been the lot of the present writer for some years past to eke out a very small income by occasional contributions to the press and the magazines; and my experience, so far as it goes, teaches me that the writer of the ephemeral literature of the day is proportionately at once the hardest worked and worst paid of any of the "working classes," not excepting that unhappy and long-suffering specimen of humanity, the agricultural laborer. I do not, of course, speak of the man who has made his reputation, whose name is known and whose fame is recognized, but of the worn and weary *hack*, or the unfortunate outsider, who has his way to make—who, having put his hand to the plough cannot turn back, but must either work or starve. He it is whose brains must always move on in the groove appointed by his taskmaster—who cannot choose his own course, but must drag along under harness which galls him, not hoping to reap the harvest of fame and success until a long drudgery of apprenticeship has taught him the virtue of waiting.

He must write well, too, or he will neither be read nor fed; while the man who has a *name* may relax his mind, while he fills his pocket with the veriest trash that can be conceived as flowing from imagination of an intelligent being. I have read poetry, for instance, which was worthy of the name, and was rejected; and I have seen verses purchased at fabulous prices which, but for the names attached to them, would have been considered rubbish unworthy of a schoolboy.

It is not that I *complain* much of this. To have gained the name is a work of labor and of years. I do not even complain that some who have labored as long and as well should fail where others succeed; literature is, to some extent, a lottery, in which the prizes presuppose numerous blanks. My object rather is to deprecate the over-severe indignation often expressed against the man who sells his brains for bread—the man who, without actually selling his *opinions*, consents to write upon matters which are indifferent to him in the sense required by his employer. I know that I shall be met by an angry denial that many such men exist; that it is to be hoped, for the sake of the dignity of literature, that there are but few such persons, and they but the hangers-on of the profession—the camp-followers of the noble army. But I distinctly state that there are many such—that they are to be found even among officers, and that the rank and file abounds in them.

And how can it be otherwise when men have but their pen on which to rely for their daily requirements? It is not *pleasant* to have to turn your attention to a matter which does not interest you; still less agreeable it is to take your cue from a master. But it is necessary to live; and so long as a writer does not violate his personal honor by advocating a cause which in his conscience he condemns, he is no more worthy of reproach than an advocate who holds a brief on behalf of a criminal.

No one who has not experienced the feeling can conceive the annoyance that it sometimes is to a writer to have to write upon a distasteful subject. He has met with some sickening disappointment maybe, and his heart is heavy. He would naturally choose, therefore, if he had a choice, and *must* write, some light and cheerful, even comic, subject. But the inexorable will of his editor requires him to contribute a political article or a statistical review; and, much against his taste, he is fain to comply. I remember some years ago, having been for some time "out of luck," I received instructions to contribute a paper to a well-known magazine upon a subject of great importance which was then agitating the public mind. I was much interested in the matter, and, fortifying myself with the facts in the British Museum, I set to work, and at the end of three days' hard work I had completed what I considered a very fair dissertation upon the subject. My disgust may be imagined when, on taking my paper to the office, I learned that I was too late. Of course there was nothing for it but to return to my lodgings, and there hold a committee with myself on ways and means, for, truth to say, my next day's dinner had depended on the result of my labor. I was on the point of turning disconsolately into bed when a knock at the door ushered in a printer of my acquaintance, who, hastily informing himself that I had no objection to work, introduced me forthwith to the sub-editor of a weekly news paper, who was in a state of distraction at the non-arrival of a "leader" he had expected, and for which space had been reserved. I speedily obtained from him the materials necessary for the production of my article, set to work, and, in less than two hours, had completed—satisfactorily to him—the quantity of "matter" which he required, pocketed my guinea with much satisfaction to myself, and the next day—dined.

Sometimes it is almost impossible to write. When suffering from gout it is difficult, and I suppose it must be at least equally hard when a man is laboring under deep mental affliction. A case of the latter sort occurs to my memory, which, so far as I was concerned, had rather a ludicrous termination. A friend of mine named Smith had in an evil hour adopted literature as a profession, and, to add to this imprudence, had married a ballet-girl. Much against his inclination he was compelled to allow his wife, after the first year of their married life, to resume her engagement on the stage. Being very young and inexperienced, and withal exceedingly pretty, she succumbed to the temptation of a brilliant offer, and left him. The very day she took this fatal step Smith had obtained a lucrative appointment on a daily newspaper. On the evening of the same day, I, utterly ignorant of what had occurred, called upon him. I often recall the haggard look and the almost desperate air with which he received me. He was sitting at his table, with papers and books before him, his head resting upon his two hands. He explained briefly and tearlessly his good and his bad fortune. I neither congratulated him on the one nor condoled with him on the other, contenting myself with simply asking him how I could help him.

"This leader must be sent to-night," he said, "and I *can't* do it."

"All right, old fellow; what is it?" I asked.

"It's something about the X. Z. list; but I don't know what."

"The X. Z. list! What on earth's that?"

"Well, it's a class of officers in the navy, and the initials refer to an Order in Council with which these officers are dissatisfied; the *Navy List* will explain all about it. I *can't* write. For God's sake, help me!"

So I sat down to study the *Navy List*, and by dint of considerable research discovered that a flagrant act of injustice on the part of the Admiralty of the day had been perpetrated against the officers on the list referred to. Having written to that effect, I dispatched the article to its destination; and a very good sound article it looked, I thought, as I read it in the paper the next morning, and I have reason to believe that it was considered so by better judges than myself. Only, as it turned out, I had made one slight mistake. Smith's instructions had been to *defend* the Admiralty. In his grief he had forgotten to tell me the line of argument I was to use, and I had made a most fierce onslaughter upon their lordships.

As to my friend, I induced him, after a few days, to write a paper for *Punch pour se distraire*—"the poor have no other medicine." It was a success; and though his wife's faithfulness laid him low for a time, he soon began to distinguish himself in his profession, and is now known and recognized as one of the most brilliant and caustic writers of the day.

But it may be asked, If the troubles and the humiliations and the disappointments and the poverty of an unsuccessful press or magazine writer be such as herein described, why don't these educated men give up literature, and take to some more certain and more lucrative employment? To which I can only reply that it is impossible.—Some men like it, some don't; but if a man once chooses literature as his profession, he must stick to it. Like every other calling, it requires perseverance and talent.

### Portrait of a Famous Queen of Washington Society.

A Washington correspondent writes us as follows:

"Sitting the other night in the theatre, there was pointed out to me for the first time the once famous and fashionable Adele Douglas, the woman about whose beauties and graces the young ladies of every city in the country heard and talked; around whom ten years ago polite society here encircled like an eddy. As I looked toward the seat indicated by a friend, I saw a woman dressed in plain black, Roman matron cast of face and head, still fine and graceful looking, with the full ten years upon her celebrated beauty, and suggesting it only as a faded ribbon calls up a forgotten romance of a by-gone fashion. Not observed more than the ordinary, she sat there quietly, looking not beyond the face of her husband for the looks and smiles that in the old time made her eyes the center of every assembly. The contrast of the picture with the one in memory recalled *her* romance, as real and vivid a one as the best out of George Sand. Your lady readers of twenty-five remember the name of her family well enough. It was that of Cutts, and old Southern stock here, that by the rule and grace of chivalry, was accounted good though none of its members ever grew to much wealth or prominence, and Adele's father held for his life time nothing more than a respectable position in a Government department here. Her mother's family was poor, and ran back for a generation or two in the District. So the daughter's fortune, as Spanish say, was the dower of beauty, and not much besides. But this she improved with grace and manners, and a tolerable education at the Catholic Seminary in Georgetown, and came out on society here a commanding, courtly aired, conquering belle—the rarest thing that ever happens to girls born in Washington. She starred a year or two as she was. Then, when hearts enough had melted and knees had gone down like stubble before her stateliness, the elegant and powerful Douglas bent too, and she lifted him up with her hand. The "Little Giant" was the pet and the lion of the Senate, a prince in wealth and power, and she was of blood royal by the gift of beauty. It was a coalition that Washington "High Life" could not resist, so Adele Cutts became the elegant Mrs. Senator Douglas, *the* Douglas, the queen *regnant* of society, the glass of fashion into which the polite world looked for its manners. Douglas and Breckinridge, who quarreled during their days in the Senate, where Damon and Pythias then, and built side by side for their residences the splendid row of buildings in this city, since more famous for the residence of Grant and now for Sherman. Mrs. Douglas gave her receptions there. To be admitted to them was to be in company; to be secluded was not to be known. A wave of her dainty fan in those days might have condemned you from the *ton* as effectually as the patrician Roman ladies turned the gladiator to death with their thumbs. The queen of "Douglas Row" made no pretentions to wisdom or brilliancy, but Senators and foreign ministers have scarcely found since at the gay Capital a reception room so graceful and attractive as hers. She received everybody there, and never a breath of scandal blew over her fair reputation. She was enviable. When she lay sick in her luxurious home, the town was in commotion as over a stricken empress, and Franklin Row, the Capitol and hotels vied with each other in sending condolence and kind enquiries for her health. She was not less the centre of society in her Western home. Everybody gave her receptions when she came to Chicago Douglas's bride. Some one has described her to me standing, one of the first nights, among the ladies of the dressing room a head taller than any, nonchalantly drawing on her kids, preparatory to the parlors, her magnificence admired by all. Her fine taste modulated everything. From a poor girl she went into enjoyment of the rich Senator's wealth step by step—nothing sudden or bizarre. All this was a romantic episode of five years. Then she became the widow of Douglas, in proper mourning, with the episode behind her. But widowhood, De la Ramee tells us, is the best cosmetic, and she emerged, two or three years later, from her weeds, upon the arm of her second choice of husband, a quiet soldierly gentleman, from a quiet department bureau here in Washington, and stole off with him and her heart—they say—into a quiet, beautiful home, and we catch a gimpse of her now-a-days faintly and rarely. Her home is an elegant one, *petite* and cosy, a gift of Douglas to her mother, and not far away from the palatial one she entered so often, long years ago, with her more loved companion. Passing it sometimes in the evening, you catch the glimmer of soft lamps through closely drawn curtains. We will not tear them aside, though they say that behind them are beautiful children playing, and more happiness than ever the stately, courted Mrs. Douglas knew.

### A Romantic Love Story.

The Count de St. Croix, belonging to one of the noblest families in France, became engaged, after a long courtship to a lady his equal in position and fortune, and famous for her beauty.—Shortly after the happy day was appointed which was to render two loving hearts one, the Count was ordered immediately to the seige of Sebastopol; so he girded on his sabre, and at the head of his regiment marched to the battle-field. During the Counts absence it happened that his beautiful affianced had the small pox; after hovering between life and death; she recovered, but found her beauty hopelessly lost.—The disease had assumed in her case the most virulent character, and left her not only disfigured, but seamed and scarred to such an extent that she became hideous to herself, and resolved to pass the remainder of her days in the strictest seclusion.

A year passed away, when one day the Count, immediately upon his return to France, accompanied by his valet, presented himself at the residence of his betrothed, and solicited an interview. This was refused. He, however, with the persistence of a lover, pressed his suit, and finally the lady made her appearance, closely muffled in a veil. At the sound of her voice the Count rushed forward to embrace her, but stepping aside she tremblingly told him the story of her sorrow, and burst into tears. A heavenly smile broke over the Count's handsome features, as raising his hand above, he exclaimed: "It is God's work! I am blind!"

It was even so. When gallantly leading his regiment to attack, a cannon ball passed so closely to his eyes that, while it left their expression unchanged, and his countenance unmarked, it robbed him forever of sight. It is almost unnecessary to add that their marriage was shortly after solemnized.

It is said that, at this day, may often be seen at the Emperor's receptions an officer leaning upon the arm of a lady closely veiled, and they seem to be attracted to the spot by their love of music.

### Romance of the Crevasse.

A romance of the Chicot Noir crevasse is told in the New Orleans papers. The belle of a neighboring county seat on the banks of a river was assiduously courted by two eligible young gentlemen, to one of whom she gave her heart, but to the other her parents insisted upon giving her hand. She vainly remonstrated, but the day was fixed, the party assembled, and the unfortunate girl, in a bewildered and half unconscious state, compelled to "stand up" for the ceremony. Just as the clergyman approached that part of the service which required her assent, there came a roar and a crash. The river had burst its banks close to the house. The guests fled in terror, the bride fainted before she had said "I will," and the rejected suitor, rushing in, carried her off, and before night had her safely married. The other, who had promised on his part to love and cherish, without receiving the reciprocal pledge, thinks of prosecuting.

Gen. Canby issued an order yesterday extending the Stay law in Virginia to January 1st., in cases where one year's interest on the debt is paid before August.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Herald.

### AN INTERVIEW WITH ANDY JOHNSON.

**HIS OPINION OF GRANT.**

**Terrible Denunciation of the President.**

**BUTLER'S CUNNING.**

**The Famous Stanton Quarrel.**

WASHINGTON, June 27, 1869.

Ex-President Johnson arrived here this evening and was waited upon soon after reaching the Metropolitan Hotel by your correspondent, who found the ex-President comfortably quartered in one of Shelly's best parlors, and looking quite fresh and hearty. Andrew Johnson, plain citizen, received your correspondent with the same cordiality and kindness that distinguished him so highly while an occupant of the White House.

"Glad to see you, sir," said the ex-President, at the same time handing a chair to your correspondent and sitting down himself. "Sit down, sir."

Correspondent—I came to pay you my respects, Mr. Johnson, and, at the same time, to learn if there was any particular object in your visit.

Andy Johnson—Nothing public, sir. I have some private business to attend to here, and I have also a son at Georgetown College, the only son left to me now. I came to see him and attend the Commencement of that college.

Correspondent—I believe, Mr. Johnson, you are the first President since the time of John Quincy Adams who has revisited the Capital after retiring from the White House.

Andy Johnson—(laughing)—Really, sir, I don't know that is. My attention was never directed to the point before. It may be so, however.

Correspondent—Well, Mr. Johnson, to change the subject, what do they now think of this administration down in Tennessee?

Andy Johnson—I don't know that you ought to ask me such a question. People would be very likely to attribute an unfavorable opinion from me as prompted by improper motives. You know very well, sir, for you were familiar with my views while I was President, what my estimate of Grant was, and I don't know of anything that has since occurred that has caused me to change my mind the slightest. I know Grant thoroughly. I had ample opportunity to study him when I was President, and I am convinced he is the greatest farce that was ever thrust upon a people. Why, the little fellow—excuse me for using the expression, but I can't help pitying him—the little fellow has nothing in him. He hasn't a single idea. He has no policy, no conception of what the country requires. He don't understand the philosophy of a single great question, and is completely lost in trying to understand his situation. He is mendacious, cunning and treacherous. He lied to me flagrantly, by God, and I convicted him by my whole Cabinet; but that even would have been tolerable were it the only instance, but it was not. He lied on many other occasions. I tell you, sir, Grant is nothing more than a bundle of petty spites, jealousies and resentments. And yet they say Grant is a second Washington. Only think of it, when you compare him with Washington or Jefferson where is he? Why he is so small, you must put your finger on him. He, a little upstart, a coward, physically and intellectually, to be compared to George Washington! Why, it makes me laugh. I have more pity for the man than contempt, for I have no spite against him. But I fear for the country when such a man is likened to the father of his country. Why, just look at the inaugural of Washington. He speaks about his fear and trembling in accepting the Presidency, even after all his experience and success. But this little fellow Grant, an upstart a mere accident of the war, a creature without the ability to comprehend the philosophy of a single great question, says in his inaugural, "I know the responsibility is great, but I accept it without fear." Is that like Washington or Jefferson? Pshaw! It's monstrous to think of. Grant, I tell you, sir, has no ideas, no policy. Why, Washington considered that a man's greatness was measured by his morality, by the standard of his soul. And I have always considered that the more soul a man had, the more he developed the soul or intellect within him, the more Godlike he became.—But, sir, Grant has nothing. Physically and mentally and morally he is a nonentity. Why, sir, his soul is so small that you could put it within the periphery of a hazel nutshell and it might float about for a thousand years without knocking against the walls of the shell. That's the size of his soul. Just look at the man sitting at a Cabinet council. He has no idea, no policy, no standard, no creed, no faith. How can he guide the people? How can he impress any great improvements or moral ideas upon the nation? He has no object to look forward to, no leading aim to draw the people towards any particular end. He sits there with his Cabinet. One member has bought him a house in Philadelphia, another has given him $65,000, another has given him a carriage, and so on. It is degrading to the office of President of the United States to have such a man there. They talk about his generalship. Well, he was a mere incident of the war. Men and arms were supplied in abundance, and his forces were so massive that they simply crushed out the rebellion. It would have been done had Grant never been born.—Therefore he was a mere incident. But the little fellow has come to think he is somebody really. I can't help pitying him when I think how well I know him and what an infinitesimal creature he really is. I often think that about the fittest place for Grant is at some place in the country where there are cross roads. I have been at those places and have often noticed the scenes. At one corner perhaps there is a small blacksmith shop. At another corner of the cross roads there is a grocery store, and at another a house where the squire meets to settle cases. Well, I have often noticed at such a junction of several roads that when the squire's business is over some fellows will propose a horse race, and to give interest to the thing a barrel of cider and perhaps a half gallon of whiskey will be staked on the result. His ideas are of the cross roads order, and he has not a thought above that.

Correspondent—What do you think of the general situation now?

Andy Johnson—Well, I think we are tending to despotism or anarchy, unless a proper direction is given to the disorderly elements at work. We are threatened with an aristocracy of bondholders. A moneyed aristocracy, they say, is the most detestable; but a credit aristocracy, which is only the shadow of the substitute for money, is worse still; for it is the moneyed aristocracy diluted and adulterated. I say the bondholder is a credit aristocrat. Here is the producer, raising his wheat or his corn.—What is it worth to him? He sells it for the credit of the bondholder. The bondholder gives his credit to the producer in exchange for the latter's goods, and says "You may take our credit, but we will put the gold and silver into our pockets and take your produce also." When by and by the producer finds the credit valuless, what will he be worth? When the great revulsion comes, what will be our condition? Where is all the gold and silver that has been dug from our own soil and coined in our own mints? Where is it all gone? Can you tell me sir? I don't speak of such as we imported, but what we coined ourselves—that vast amount dug out of our own earth. Why, it is locked up in the vaults of the credit aristocracy. Now, sir, it is a singular thing that no country yet has ever paid off a great national debt without repudiation. It may startle you to hear it, but it is true. Look over history and you will find I am right, and wherever you will find a permanent national debt, one that has not been paid off, you will find there is no freedom. Spain is not free, France is not free, Russia is not free, England is not free, because each of those countries has a permanent national debt. It is in the nature of things, for wherever there are power and moneyed aristocracy there is always a desire for a union between the two. Here we have an executive power controlled by the bondholders. Grant is ruled by a miserable set of hucksters and bondholders. He is in their hands completely, and therefore we are in danger. The country is in peril for the bondholders are striving to rule the government. The people ought to be made to understand this condition. The people need to be indoctrinated with the truth, and you, gentlemen of the press, can do it. You write a great deal and all that, but sometimes you write things and shoot off to the public without due consideration.—

You do a good deal of harm, and it takes a good deal of time to remove the effect. Now you have an opportunity to do good by explaining these matters to the people through the press. The farmer and producer, no matter how humble, are always disposed to do what they think right. You can show them the right. They have an interest in doing what is best, but you must explain what the best course is, and then they will adopt it. So you must make them understand what produce is worth and what the credit of the bondholder is good for. You must give a proper direction and these will follow.

Correspondent—What do you regard as the proper course for the crisis?

Andy Johnson—Why, sir, I sometimes wonder whether there be not some strange hallucination over me. I put my hand to my head and ask myself if I am sane. I find myself use arguments that were deemed sensible and irresistible by some of the greatest minds of the country, and yet they are unheeded, perhaps laughed at. I have found myself obliged to think deeply, when I was President, over great constitutional questions. I have called to my aid the most capable minds in the country, and have drawn from them their advice and wisdom, and then comparing all, and adding what little might arise in my own mind, I have endeavored to present a close cogent, logical statement to the people, and yet I have seen such arguments fall upon the public mind just like water on a duck's back. They rolled off without making an impression, as drops of water from the back of a duck. I have been almost stunned at the apathy in the public mind. Talk of the constitution and liberty, or rights that used to be held sacred and inviolable, and you are deemed scarcely worthy of an answer other than laughter. What we want, what the country demands, is solid, constitutional government. Take my own State of Tennessee, and I only use it as an illustration, there all the wealth, all the element that pays the taxes, that combines the intelligence and respectability of the State, is deprived of the ballot. Fifty thousand negroes, with twenty thousand whites, make a government there for one million two hundred thousand people. Seventy thousand out of a voting population of two hundred thousand make the laws, while that seventy thousand does not represent the wealth, respectability or intelligence of the State. Seventy thousand voters enslave one hundred and thirty thousand voters and a population of twelve hundred thousand.

Correspondent—What do you think will be the result of the contest in Tennessee?

Andy Johnson—I think Senter will be elected. Thousands who remained quiet before are now actively at work in the State. Thousands who kept away from the polls are now making themselves heard and are determined upon being heard if they be not allowed to vote. They will talk and talk until they make public sentiment unanimous for justice and fair play. That is what is being done in Tennessee now.—Even old Brownlow is coming around, wishing to be on the winning side and seeing the change coming. You notice he opposes further proscription. He does this not from principle, but from policy. It is precisely the same way in Virginia and other Southern States. I tell you, sir, if this country is to be kept from despotism, anarchy or imperialism, the nucleus has to come from the South, when restored. It will be small at first, but mark me, sir, it will come that way. Grant would see this if he had an idea in his head, but he has not. He has no political creed at all. I would rather have a good heretic than a man without any faith. I would place more dependence on such a man. As I said before he is a mere incident. There has been a great social upheaval and Grant is left on the top and thinks there is something in him. It is precisely like a volcanic disturbance. The natural condition of the earth is broken up, strata after strata is broken through, things are displaced and turned upside down and what should be at the bottom is thrown high up. That is just Grant's case. Why, Ben Butler had a wonderfully correct idea of Grant. He used to come to see me much at one time time and expressed the profoundest contempt for Grant. His estimate of Grant was about the same as my own. He thought Grant could be made do anything, that be could be made a complete tool and that if he desired he could have himself invited to Grant's house. It happened precisely so, afterward, just as Butler boasted. You remember Butler was invited to Grant's house, and it was brought about by Butler himself. Butler understands Grant thoroughly. I have no hesitation in declaring that Grant is a mean, avaricious, cunning, spiteful man—a complete bundle of petty jealousies, spites and lies. He has no courage. I made him fairly quail before my glance at that Cabinet meeting when I asked him about that famous correspondence concerning Stanton. I asked him question after question, and he quailed.—When I finished he stood up, took his hat in his hand, and in a mean, sneaking way, said, "Gentlemen, have you any more questions to ask?" and slunk out of the room. I convicted him of lying and cowardice then, and you remember all about it, sir, for you published it at the time.

### THE PRESIDENT'S FAMILY AND THE CUSTOM HOUSE.

**Gen. Grant's Brother-in-Law Puts his Finger in the Pie—Collector Grinnell Required to Submit—Interesting Struggle for the Profits of the General Warehouse Business.**

In May last, Judge Dent, the brother-in-law of the President, sent from Washington to New York a man named Harvey, then a clerk in the Treasury Department, to nose out what profitable jobs there were about the Custom House in this city, and to inform himself regarding the influential men of New York whose political strength could be combined with his personal influence and so carry with them all the pecuniary benefits of the Collector's patronage.

Harvey arrived in New York, and the first placer he discovered was the general order business. His first effort was to get himself introduced to a well-known warehouseman, and to learn from him all the workings of the general order system. This warehouseman was then taken to Washington by Harvey and introduced to Judge Dent. The Judge wanted to know all about the business, what it was worth, and how it was managed, as he was bound to control it, and *if Grinnell did not give it to him another Collector should be appointed who would.*

The Judge was so well satisfied that there was money in the project that he wanted to post off to New York that night, but concluded to wait until he could get letters to Collector Grinnell from all the Cabinet, which would at once settle the matter and secure the rich prize.

Harvey in the mean time, having been appointed "inspector of cigars" by Collector Grinnell, took up his quarters at the office in the Appraiser's stores, where, in the course of business, he became acquainted with the carting firm of Keyes, Deane & Co. more familiarly known as Collector Smythe's "pets."

The "pets," learning that Harvey was a confidential pioneer of Judge Dent, got very intimate with him and opened up to him a series of jobs all full of money, impressing Harvey with the notion that the most influential man in the city with Grinnell is one Mr. John Maralius, whose intimacy with the late Collector Draper being very close had made him superintendent of warehouses, a position which he filled with great credit to himself.

Collector King did not view the Superintendent so favorably, and dispensed with his services. Maralius retired from public life taking with him, as mementoes of his past sacrifices for the public good, certain silver plated badges which had been disposed of to the licensed cartmen of the city.

Harvey, satisfied that this was the man for Dent's purposes posted Maralius off to Washington to be near the grand mover of the project.

It became necessary that some man should be associated with them, of great political strength, whose name would satisfy the political public and impress Collector Grinnel.

Keyes, Deane & Co., agreed to furnish such a man, and join with them Mr. Wm. H. Albertson as the tower of strength, politically (if not financially), as Mr. Albertson had once the honor of being defeated as a candidate for Sheriff of this county, but had polled a large vote.

The shrewd and observing Harvey was satisfied that the firm of Dent, Maralius, Albertson, Keyes, Deane & Co., were sufficiently powerful, and concluded that the services of the warehousemen first engaged were no longer of any value, and that in lieu of the twenty-five per cent. of profits which was offered them for the general order business, they could take the whole of that, and control besides the public store and general order carting, the labor contract, and anything else that could be worked to advantage.

The firm are now besieging Collector Grinnell, while the head of the concern remains in Washington, to arrange matters with the Treasury Department.—*N. Y. Sun.*

### An Insane Bridegroom.

On Tuesday a wedding-party arrived at the Delevan House, Albany, from Lake George. They were from New York, and had been on a tour of about one week's duration. The married couple were accompanied by a sister of the bride and some other acquaintances, and all seemed happy enough until they reached Albany. During the day the bridegroom manifested a decided repugnance to his wife. He threatened to use her violently if she came near him. His strange conduct led his friends to think he was insane, and this idea was strengthened by the fact that he had been in that condition some five or six years ago. All attempts to reconcile the man to his wife were in vain. No one could quiet him at all, except the bride's sister. When she came near him he would sit down and cease to be boisterous for a time. He rapidly grew worse, however, and in the evening locked himself in his room, and threatened to shoot any person who might make the attempt to enter. His friends were alarmed at this state of affairs, and called upon Mr. Leland to interfere. He did so, and was compelled to force the door before gaining admittance. The man was found to be raving crazy. More help was called for, and after a desperate struggle, the insane man was bound with cords to prevent him from doing injury to himself and others. The whole party took the night train for New York. The bride was inconsolable in consequence of the sad condition of her husband. She wept bitterly, and her friends and others who saw her feared that she too might become insane. Altogether it was a sad ending of a honeymoon.

### The Geology of Tennessee.

The report on the geological survey of Tennessee shows that State to be rich in mineral resources. A cave in Sevier county furnishes salt and alum by the cart load. In the same region are gold-bearing quartz veins. In East Tennessee are extensive beds of marble. The coal measures are coextensive with the table land, occupying an area of fifty-one hundred square miles, and underlie more than one-eighth of the surface of the State. The coal beds are often three, four, five, and sometimes nine feet in thickness. The quality of the coal is generally good. It is not often highly bituminous. Of the iron deposits the report says that their variety, amount and fine quality entitle the State to rank among the first as an iron-producing region.—Copper, lead and zinc occur at many points in East and Middle Tennessee, but generally in unimportant quantities. Gold has been found in Blount, Monroe, and Polk counties, but not in paying quantities.