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Poetry.

Tubal Cain.

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might,
In the days when earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright,
The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
As he fashioned the sword and the spear.
And he sang: "Hurrah for my handiwork!
Hurrah for the spear and the sword!
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well,
For he shall be king and lord."

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade
As the crown of his desire.
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
And spoils of the forest free.
And they sang: "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew!
Hurrah for the smith, hurrah for the fire,
And hurrah for the metal true!"

But suddenly change came o'er his heart,
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done;
He saw that man with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind,
That the land was red with the blood they shed,
In their lust for carnage blind.
And he said: "Alas! that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow-man!"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smouldered low.
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high.
And he sang: "Hurrah for my handiwork!"
And the red sparks lit the air;
"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made,"
And he fashioned the first plowshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined the brand,
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
And plowed the willing lands;
And sang: "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!
Our staff and prop and friend he!
And for the plowshare and the plough
To him our praise shall be.
But while upon this earth we dwell,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plough,
We'll not forget the sword!"

DO IT WITH YOUR MIGHT, BOYS!

Whatsoever you find to do,
Do it, boys, with all your might!
Never be a little true,
Or a little in the right.
Trifles even
Lead to heaven;
Trifles make the life of a man;
So in all things,
Great or small things,
Be as thorough as you can.

Help the weak if you are strong,
Love the old if you are young;
Own a fault if you are wrong,
If you're angry, hold your tongue,
In each duty
Lies a beauty,
If your eyes you do not shut,
Just as surely
And securely
As a kernel is a nut.

Love with all your heart and soul;
Love with eye, and ear, and touch
That's the moral of the whole,
You can never love too much!
'Tis the glory
If the story
In our baby school begun,
Our hearts without a
Never doubt it,
Are as worlds without a sun!

If you think a word would please,
Say it, if it is but true;
Words may give delight with ease,
When no other gift will do.
Words may often
Soothe and soften,
Gild a joy or heal a pain;
They are treasures
Yielding pleasures
It is wicked to retain.

Miscellaneous.

Lafitte, the Pirate.

Lafitte was a native of Bordeaux. He kept for several years a store on Royal street. He boarded for some time at ——, where I took my meals and frequently met him. He was a handsome man, with black hair and eyes, fair complexion, and wore, as was then fashionable, narrow whiskers coming down each cheek and around the chin. He was an excellent linguist, and at table would converse fluently with individuals from every port in Europe—with the Bordelais in his native patois; with English, Spanish, Italians, each in their own language. But French was the language he commonly used, and this he spoke grammatically and like a man of education, but always with a patois accent.

Lafitte commenced his unlawful career by smuggling during the embargo. Among other things, he smuggled in (1815) still remain alive. He subsequently fitted out three vessels as privateers, under the flag of the Republic of Colombia, and attacked the commerce of Spain. In six months the Colombian Government was changed, Lafitte's papers were no longer valid and his large outfit became probably a dead loss. He continued his cruises, and became a pirate. I believe he attacked none but Spanish vessels. I remember when three Spanish vessels were brought into Caillou Islands, near Last Island; they were laden with a certain Spanish wine and the citizens of the Attakapas went out to see them, and purchased part of the cargo.

In 1814, when the English made their descent upon the coast of Louisiana, they made an offer to Lafitte to join them, which he refused. He sent their proposals to John R. Grimes and Abner Duncan, volunteer aids to General Jackson—imprisoned citizens, who had known Lafitte in his reputable days, and he offered through them to lend his services to aid the American cause.—These gentlemen cautiously introduced the subject to Jackson, and produced his papers, and induced him to consider his offer. Lafitte stipulated for a pardon for himself and his men, sixty in number. It was settled that they should surrender. He informed Jackson that he must be surrounded by a number three times larger than his own band. "My men," said he, "will never give up if there are only two to one."

All was done as was agreed upon. He was surrounded; he surrendered, was placed in prison, and his pardon granted. To him and to his men was given the command of some guns at the battle of Chalmette. They were good gunners, and their pieces made great havoc among the enemy. They were placed near the swamp; the enemy advancing diagonally a little towards the centre, the pirates' guns had full sweep of them.

After the battle of New Orleans, but little is known of Lafitte and his men. They determined to seek some land where the story of their crimes had not penetrated. They quitted New Orleans and went to Galveston Island—some say for the purpose of colonizing it, others say to dig up treasures buried there. The last is probable; men of their profession are notoriously reckless, and prodigal of their means; pirates and robbers never save. If they had treasures to bury it is safe to conjecture that they would select some spot more convenient to their usual haunts than Galveston Island, when in adverse weather it must have taken several days to make the trip, and which, from its very remoteness, must have been exposed to be plundered by faithless members of the band.

Barren Galveston Island it is uncertain whither they went. It is said that Lafitte sailed to South America. The absence of all intelligence is a proof that he was ashamed of his past career, and changed his name and profession as he had intended, and led a new life.

I have heard it stated that he has a daughter living now (1863) in New Orleans.

Lafitte was no sailor; he never commanded a vessel. He equipped them, paid their expenses, sold the cargoes of captured vessels, and was the financial manager. The vessels at sea were commanded by a captain employed by him, named Dominique, a rare and skillful sailor, small, fair, with a kind and pleasant face, a perfect picture of Cooper's Red Rover. A citizen of St. Martin, the late Abner T. Miller, related to me the following: That once he carried into Cuba from New Orleans a cargo of flour, which he sold for twenty thousand dollars; but bills of exchange were not in use between Havana and New Orleans, or at any rate he could procure none, and that he was forced to bring back the money in the schooner that had taken the flour; that he packed the dollars carefully in crates like oranges, taking a few filled with the latter for use at sea, and for his household at home. When near the coast of Florida, his vessel was boarded by pirates, and Dominique, whom Mr. Miller had known in New Orleans, stepped aboard. He greeted Mr. Miller kindly, and this gentleman, as may be guessed, was all courtesy.

"Well, Miller, what have you on board to-day?"

"Nothing but a little rum and a few crates of oranges."

"Why, didn't you sell that flour?"

"Yes, Dominique; but you did not think I was going to bring the money back while you've got a vessel? And I sold the flour badly; it was a poor speculation. I wish I had let it alone. What I made I left in Cuba."

"Well, let me see."

Mr. Miller led him down and showed him the crates, and even opened one, containing oranges, of course.

"Well, Mr. Miller, you have nothing that I want, except a few oranges and a little rum for my men. Let me have those and I will let you go on."

With the greatest alacrity Mr. Miller had the oranges and rum handed into the boat, which now departed with Dominique and those of his men who had accompanied him.

Years passed away; the war with England broke out. Dominique surrendered with the band, and being an excellent gunner, was placed in command of two important guns. It was some days ere the English advanced.—Mr. Miller was stationed in another part of the lines. One afternoon he sauntered down to Dominique's station. Seated there upon some timber, they conversed familiarly. Dominique made some allusion to Mr. Miller's visit to Cuba; the other laughed. "Dominique, do you know I cheated you then? Those were crates of gold and silver, except those I gave you. I had twenty thousand dollars in the others."

Dominique was silent for a moment or two; then, to Mr. Miller's surprise, he seized his hand and shook it heartily. "I am glad of it, Mr. Miller!" he exclaimed; "I am delighted! Do you know," in a low, impressive tone, "if my men had known that, you would have walked the plank." I could not have restrained them. They would have robbed you, killed you, and sunk your vessel."

Dominique lived till a few years past in the parish of Iberville. He was not known, and lived unmolested and to a great age.

Progressive Spiritualism.

Camp-Meeting at Oakington, Md.—Novel Proceedings—Speakers and Mediums Present.

Reported for the Baltimore *Sun* of the 26th.]

Until of late years Spiritualism has had but little hold in this country save in the North and East, and thirty-three years ago, when a man who preached Spiritualism in New York was arrested for insanity, it was with difficulty that he could save himself from being sent to lunatic asylum. Since then the doctrine of departed spirits having converse with their friends upon this mundane sphere has been slowly but steadily gaining ground, and now, in many of the States, believers are becoming quite numerous, especially in the East and West.

The congregation has extended itself into Maryland, and in Baltimore there are two distinct congregations, one presided over by Mrs. Hyser, who believe more in the physiology of Spiritualism than in test manifestation; the other presided over by Moses Hull, under whose auspices the camp-meeting is now being held.

The grove in which the camp is held is well known as having been used as a national camp-ground by the Methodist denomination only a short time ago, and subsequently by the Union colored camps. And now beneath the wide spreading oaks of this beautiful grove the Spiritualists are at present holding sweet communion with departed spirits, and profess to meet face to face those who long ago have passed from the scenes of time, and recount with pleasure the joys of older days, and look hopefully forward to the period when they too shall be "changed," as they call death, and be transferred from this to a higher existence.

The camp ground is substantially the same as left by the Methodists about a year ago. There are only about ten tents erected on the place, one of which is occupied by Moses Hull, who has charge of the camp, and has inscribed the word "Moses" over the entrance to his tabernacle. The letters of the inscription are made of different colored leaves, which, it is claimed, were put up by a medium while under the influence of the spirits. Another of the tents is nicely festooned in front with evergreens and flowers, and has up a placard announcing "Spirit pictures for sale here."

Upon the front of another tent is a placard bearing the words "Bachelor's Hall—Private." Another one of the tents is arranged somewhat after the style of a rural summer-house, and is used principally for children to play in. In the rear of the line of tents is a boarding tent, in charge of Mr Bishop, of Baltimore. In front of the tents the stand and seats are arranged, the latter having a capacity of seating about 800 persons. The stand has no pulpit, and is partly covered with canvass.

Speakers and mediums are present from Baltimore, Philadelphia, Harrisburg and other places.

The singing is conducted by Mr. Geo. Brown, of Baltimore, the instrument used by him being a violin, and the hym-book, "The Spiritual Harp." The singing is one of the features of the camp, and by its soothing effects it is claimed that the spirits are induced to take possession of the mediums, and get them under what is termed "the influence."

Yesterday was what is called Lyceum Day, a day especially set apart for the entertainment of children connected with the Sunday-school or lyceum of the Spiritual congregation, which occupies Raine's Hall. It was expected that a lyceum from Philadelphia would participate in the exercises, but owing to a heavy rain-storm prevailing in that city yesterday morning, the children could not turn out. A large number of persons, however, went from Baltimore, including nearly a car-load of children. The exercises connected with the lyceum entertainment were very interesting.

The chief marshal of the occasion was Mr. E. G. Granville, of Baltimore, with Mr. Levi Weaver as conductor. Messrs. Jacob Weaver and John H. Weaver also took leading parts in the exercises. When the train which left Baltimore at 7:25 reached Oakington station, the party on board were met by a delegation from the camp-ground, and forming in line, with the smaller children in front, the procession moved to the camp-ground, headed by the Port Deposit Brass Band.

Next to the band the national ensign was carried by Mr. John H. Weaver, and a beautiful flag of white silk was borne by a lady, inscribed in gilt letters the word "Guardian," which is known as the guardian flag. Previous to the procession starting, the children went through a semi-military drill.

Upon arriving at the camp the procession was marshaled in front of the stand, where the lyceum was dismissed for a time. The band took a position and during the day discoursed good music at proper intervals. The stand was tastefully decorated with flowers and evergreens.

Shortly after the lyceum had been dismissed, Moses Hull, familiarly known upon the ground as "Brother Moses," ascended the rostrum, and stated that they would hold a social chat.

He here took occasion to refer to the rules of the camp, and stated that no whiskey or other intoxicating liquors were to be sold or drunk upon the ground. Spiritualists, he said, scarcely ever dealt in that kind of "spirits."—Smoking was not allowed, because its effects were distasteful to their mediums, and might spoil what otherwise might be a good address. He wanted all who felt the spirit to be operating with them to get up and speak.

Mr. Hull concluded by introducing Mrs. H. T. Stearns, a lady about 40 years of age, with pleasant address, entertaining manners and good delivery, who addressed the audience. She had been in the habit of attending grove meetings, but this thing of carrying their houses and beds with them was a new thing to her, and she was not altogether pleased with it. Spiritualism, she said, was so large and grand that it covered all of God's people, and all find in it or under it a home. There were in some of the States more Spiritualists than all other faiths together. There was a great demand now for test mediums. They claimed to be philosophical, and held that religion is a science of the soul.—She advised them all to participate in the meeting, and if they could not all talk they could sing.

After music by the band, Mr. Hull announced that the hour for forming the lyceum had arrived, and advised the audience to keep their seats while it was forming. It was no breach of order, he said, to talk or sing, so they did not swear, lie or steal.

The children, being marshaled in front of the stand, were seated, and after some preliminary exercises an address of welcome was delivered by Miss M. Florence Hull, concluding with reciting a portion of a poem, much loved, as she stated, by President Lincoln, commencing:

"If you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet," &c.

Mr. Hull, on behalf of the camp-meeting, extended a welcome to the children of the progressive lyceum. A portion of an interesting poem was ready by Mr. and Mrs. Hull, after which the children went through some interesting calisthenic exercises, Miss Amanda Hazley being stationed on the stand, and led the exercises with considerable aptness.

The children then took their seats, and an address was made by A. A. Wheelock, who said, that in order that Spiritualism might be successful, he deemed it essential to work with children. They could thereby serve God truly, because they could benefit humanity, and the only way to serve God truly, he said, was by doing something for humanity.

Music was a great medium through which to interest children; music to the child was intoxication. The physical nature should be cultivated, and they could not serve God right until their bodies are right, hence the exercises of the lyceum. Under these influences old men get young again. The organization of lyceums should be a radical "new departure."

After the address, Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn, a sprightly little speaker and medium, with curly hair, delivered an impromptu poem, composed on "the children's lyceum, while under the influence." Before proceeding she seemed to undergo some perceivable change in her physical appearance, and whether the poem was impromptu or not, it was well composed and jingled pleasantly. Mrs. Allyn delivers impromptu dramatic dialogues, which are said to be one of the most difficult tests. The audience was now dismissed for dinner, and during the interval an address was made by Dr. Seely, who endeavored to show that Spiritualism was taught in the Bible.

After dinner the audience were invited to be seated and be quiet, and they would be favored with some test manifestations by Mr. Reilly, a young test-medium. Mr. Reilly first sang a song or hymn, and after getting "under the influence," communicated with a number of persons in the audience, to whom the "spirit" desired to speak. This passed off very well, but all of a sudden a medium in the audience was taken possession of by the spirit of an Indian chief, and after sitting almost as a statue for some minutes, with the muscles of his face contorted to imitate savagery, his head began to move from side to side. He jumped up and commenced to whoop in true "big Indian" style, and for fifteen minutes the ground like a raving maniac. The scene that followed beggars description. Ladies and children became frightened, and whenever the embodied spirit of the Indian would make a movement a general stampede followed.

Those who believed in spiritual manifestations did not seem to be alarmed, though one of the speakers who had been a spiritualist for about 12 years, remarked that he never before saw such a manifestation. The person possessed of the "Indian" continued to jump around the ground like a kangaroo for about a half or three-quarters of an hour, hugging men, women and children, without uttering anything but fearful Indian whoop, and striking his hand upon his breast, would put himself in the attitude similar to the "red man" when preparing for battle. About the same time other spirits seemed to take possession of a number of the mediums, men and women, present, who were gesticulating, speaking and gesturing in a number of places around the grove, which was for all the world like Bedlam let loose. Finally one of the mediums, a lady, and, by the way, one of the fairest-looking mediums upon the ground, came to the spot where the *Sun* reporter was looking on in bewilderment. She frantically embraced the blushing reporter, and told him that he had big sticks in his head.

Explaining the term by adding that she meant knowledge, and that he would give his knowledge as "light for all" through the columns of the *Sun*. She offered to give the reporter a history of his life, but as the reporter did not think that such a revelation would sound so well in the ear of the large crowd which had by that time assembled around them, he preferred she would postpone her "revelations" until some other time. The manifestations were finally broken up by a summons from Mr. Hull for the assembling of the lyceum. The band commenced playing Shoo-Fly, but were stopped, in consequence of the tune not being suited for marching. Upon the children being seated in front of the rostrum, an exhibition took place, in which Miss Amanda Hazeley, Miss Yost, Misses M. Florence and Cynthia Hull, Miss Minnie French, of Philadelphia, Miss L. Englong, Miss Ida Henry, Sallie Henry, Kate Forrest, and Master Edward Wright creditably participated. A collection was taken up, and after this was the grand march, which was very impressive, the children being supplied with United States flags and other small flags of different colors. After marching up again before the stand the lyceum was dismissed, and this closed the regular exercises until 7 o'clock in the evening. The remainder of the afternoon, up to about 6 o'clock, the time for leaving for the carg, was spent by the children in pic-nic style, they, with some of the larger people engaging in what is known as "kissing plays."

Hard Work.

All classes of men complain of "hard work." The carpenter thinks it "too bad" that he is obliged to work so hard for a living, while his neighbor, the physician, can ride in his carriage to attend patients, or leisurely deal out medicine to his sick.

The physician thinks it hard work to be in readiness to obey calls at all hours of the day and night; to travel in cold and heat, through mud and storms, and not even be allowed one hour in the twenty-four which he can positively call his own time. He envies his friend the carpenter, who, when the day's work is done, can turn to his family and rest in peace.

The blacksmith feels that a harder lot in life has fallen to him, as he strikes at the anvil, though the long day, while on the opposite side of the street, his neighbor, the lawyer, seems to be called to the performance of no harder work than writing at his table, or reading of his law books.

But the lawyer, as his glance falls upon the blacksmith, thinks of the years spent in study to fit him for the profession, of other years of strenuous mental exertion and constant application to gain a reputation, of the still incessant toil necessary to attain it, of his frequent unavoidable contacts with most hardened villians, of the revolting relations of crime he is compelled to hear, of the hundreds of suffering, innocent victims who plead with him to succor them from powerful oppressors, but whom he can not aid. With a sigh he turns away from the whistling, singing, jolly-faced, and brawny-armed blacksmith, and feels it a harder work to hammer and weld the iron, and blow the bellows of the law in such a manner as shall always keep the fires of his reputation burning before the world.

So it is in the various branches of trade, and in all professions. Each is apt to think his neighbor's business light work compared to the duties incumbent upon him to perform. But it is not so. The merchant and the mechanic, the clergyman and the farmer, have all work to do, either mental or physical, of equal importance to the general body politic, and requiring equal exertions. The grumbling about hard work is of no benefit to us, but decidedly foolish and wicked.

We are made to work. God constituted us with bones, sinews, strength, and in every way, by mental and physical endowment, adapted for the performance of labor. Labor is called worship; the weather in the mental or physical sphere of action, he who labors the most perseveringly, the most efficiently for the good of himself and welfare of his fellow-men, must be accounted the most faithful and acceptable worshipper.

Thomas Hooker, who was superintendent of the New Jersey life saving stations under Jackson's administration, died recently at Tom's River.

A Mysterious Victim.

A Woman Packed in a Trunk—The Body Checked for Chicago—Accidental Discovery of the Remains—Find the Criminals.

A plain cab, drawn by one horse, stopped before the principal door of the Thirtieth-street, Hudson River Railroad Depot, last Saturday about 2:30 P. M.—Its occupant, a young woman of small stature, plainly dressed, alighted upon the sidewalk and nervously handed some money to the driver, who thereupon drove away as if in a great hurry. Hundreds of carriages had thus come and gone during the day, and this incident was naturally unnoticed by the by-standers. The woman paused a moment on the side-walks, as if thinking intently. A number of boys were standing near, waiting for opportunities to carry baggage for passengers, and one of them attracted her attention. She called him and said that a wagon would soon come with a trunk, which she wanted him to help carry into the baggage-room. The boy, who was known to his companions as "Paddy," readily assented to the engagement, and told the woman that it would be necessary for her to purchase a ticket before she could get a check for the trunk from the baggage-master. He then led his employer to the ticket office, where she purchased a ticket for Chicago. The boy, who was very observant, saw that she gave the ticket agent $40 and received $18 change, the price of the ticket being $22.

Returning to the side-walk, the woman led the boy to a truck which had been driven up before the window of the baggage-office during their absence.—This truck was a very small one, with three bars painted red on each side, and also with the name "Tripp," painted upon one of its hinder wheels. The trucked trunk was old, of slight stature, and wore the blue overalls of a common cartman. He was greeted by the woman as an old acquaintance. A cheap packing-trunk of small size was on the truck. The woman remarked to the boy that this trunk contained a good deal of valuable wearing apparel, and should be carefully lifted. On attempting to raise it, the lid nearly came off, and the woman anxiously asked the boy if he could not purchase a rope. "Paddy" bought a strap of the baggage-master for $1 and brought it to her. The trunk was then securely fastened, carried into the baggage-room, and placed upon the counter. The baggage-master was hurried, and, upon being shown the ticket, quickly handed the woman a check, and, attaching another to the trunk, flung it upon a pile of others. The boy received his compensation and walked carelessly with the woman out of the Avenue, meanwhile thinking if very curious that a passenger should come to the depot so early in the afternoon, when the Chicago train started at 8 o'clock in the evening. The woman left the boy upon reaching Ninth avenue, after engaging him to meet her early the next morning at Thirtieth street, at 7:30 and show her what car to take. She went down Ninth avenue, and was last seen by "Paddy" walking with great haste.

Meanwhile the trunk was moved about here and there in the reckless manner of baggage-men, until finally it was thrown out of the baggage-room upon a platform, from which the trunks are placed in the luggage-car.—Doubtless from this rough handling the lid was in some manner loosened, for a porter leaning over to lift the trunk, noticed a nauseous stench proceeding from it. Robert Vandeward, the baggage-master, was called to the place by the porter, and resolved to open it. The lock was very fragile, and upon the first pressure gave way. The lid was lifted, and upon the top an ordinary quilt was seen, under which a thick blanket was found. Upon removing these, a horrible sight met the eyes of the baggage-master.

In the bottom of the trunk, with the head resting upon the knees, was the body of a young woman. The trunk was only two feet six inches long and 15 inches deep, and yet a body over 5 feet in length had been forced into it. To do this the friends had placed the corpse upon its right side, doubled up the legs and bent the head forward. The girl could not have been over 18 years of age, and was an unusually beautiful "blonde" with fine features and a complexion of extraordinary clearness. Her long auburn hair of a shining color, hung in heavy tresses over her shoulders and hid her breast. Her hands, though small and slender, showed that she had labored. No cuts or marks of assault were found upon the body, although there were slight signs of decomposition about the pelvic region.

Capt. Gulvey of the Twenty-first Precinct Police was informed of the discovery, and immediately began hunting for a Coroner. He succeeded, about 9 o'clock in the evening, in finding Coroner Young, by whom an order was signed for the removal of the body to the Morgue. During this time hundreds of persons, many of them elegantly dressed, had been permitted to gaze upon the body.

At Police Headquarters, in Mulberry street, Inspector Walling examined all the records of the past three months, but found no account of a missing girl corresponding to the victim. On the information furnished by the cabman, who knew only "Paddy," but whose true name was found to be Alexander Parks, Inspector Walling examined the list of truckmen but found that there was only one cartman in the city of the name of Tripp, and he easily cleared himself from all suspicion. Orders were then sent out to arrest a truckman named Tripp and the order was obeyed, but, after a detention of several hours, he was released, Parks positively asserting that he was not the man.

Baffled in this direction, Inspector Wallings issued, about 5 a. m., a general order to the police to examine all trucks in the city, to discover, if possible, the one described by Parks. This search was also unsuccessful, word coming from all the precincts that no truck of the kind could be found. The police were, however, successful, yesterday morning, in finding the man who drove the cab on the mysterious errand, in the person of a livery-man who keeps a stable in Twenty-third street, near Third avenue. The cabman told the police that, about 2 o'clock on Saturday, he returned to his stable and found waiting there a woman who wished to go to the Hudson River Railroad depot. In the course of the ride she revealed that she acted strangely upon getting out of the cab. As for describing her, he said that was beyond his power, as he did not scan her closely, and regarded her as he would any other common passenger.

The body of the young woman was removed to the Bellevue Hospital Dead-House about 10 o'clock on Saturday night. Here it was taken from the truck and placed in a common pine coffin. No effort was made to preserve it upon ice, for identification or for the photographers. The body when found in the railroad depot showed few signs of decay, but six hours in the dead-house converted it into a loathsome object. The face and neck swelled into horrible proportions, and the upper portion of the body turned almost black from rapid decomposition. When the photographers at last arrived, about 3 yesterday afternoon, the face was so changed that they deemed it useless to take a picture, as she could not have been recognized by her dearest friends.

Deputy-Coroner Cushman arrived at the Morgue at 11 A. M. yesterday and made a careful post-mortem examination of the body. He believed the woman had been dead three or four days. On opening the abdominal cavity he found it filled with liquid, and showing signs of peritonitis. The womb was large and contained evidences that a fetus had been expelled. Dr. Cushman was of the decided opinion that death was caused by acute peritonitis, resulting from an abortion.

The police are making every effort to discover the authors of the horrible outrage, but as yet without the slightest success. The failure of the photographers to obtain a portrait is regarded by the detectives as a hard blow to their enterprise, and the absence of any trace of the truckman as almost the end of hope for any discovery. A clue furnished by ex-Deputy Coroner Shine is attracting some attention. Dr. Shine was visiting Dr. Nagle, July 8, in the room appropriated at Police Headquarters for the Bureau of Vital Statistics, when an elderly lady entered. She said that the niece of a friend in Canada had come to the city a few weeks before with the intention of putting herself under some eminent physician's care for treatment of a tumor in the stomach. The girl, after spending some time in looking around, had told her that she had at last found a physician in Oak street. A week afterward the girl had left the house and had then been absent four days, causing great alarm to her relatives. Dr. Nagle asked the lady the name of the physician in Oak street, and on being informed by her, looked through the list, but was unable to find any doctor of the name having an office there. Dr. Nagle then asked for a description of the girl's personal appearance, and the lady said that she was of a light complexion, with golden hair, and a lovely face. The lady gave her address in Bond street.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

NEW YORK, Aug. 28.—The mystery of the corpse found in the trunk at the Hudson river depot is clearing up. The truckman who brought it has surrendered himself, and the police, acting on information given by him, have arrested the notorious abortionist, Dr. Jacob Rosenzweig, alias Asher, from whose house the trunk was taken. The people attempted to lynch the Doctor as he was being conveyed to the Tombs, and he was saved with difficulty by the police. He denies all knowledge of the affair.

The Wisconsin Democracy.

Remarks of Hon. James R. Doolittle, upon Accepting the Nomination for Governor.

Mr. Doolittle, upon being declared the unanimous nominee of the Democracy of Wisconsin, for Governor in the convention at Madison, on Wednesday, came forward and made an admirable speech of acceptance. In the course of his remarks he said:

The views and purposes of the Democratic party, and of all who opposed the adoption of those amendments, have been frequently called in question, and that by Senator Morton and speakers of the Administration party. They say, in substance, because the Democratic party opposed military reconstruction and voted against those amendments in Congress and the State Legislatures, it intends when it comes into power—and come it will—to disregard those amendments and set them aside. In saying this, they assert what they cannot know to be true, and they assert what we know cannot be true. Long before Mr. Vallandigham said anything upon the subject, the address of the Democratic members of Congress declared to the country: "We earnestly entreat our fellow-citizens in all parts of the Union to spare no efforts to maintain peace and order; to carefully protect the rights of every citizen; to preserve kindly relations among all men, and to discountenance and discourage any violation of the rights of any portion of the people secured under the Constitution or by any of the amendments." As to Mr. Vallandigham, it might have been a new departure, but to Democratic members of Congress, the leaders of the party, it was no new departure.—How could the Democratic party disregard or set aside those amendments if they would? But three ways can be conceived or have been suggested. First, by obtaining a decision of the Supreme Court declaring them void. The present construction of that Court makes the thing impossible, and no Democrat would propose to reconstruct the Supreme Court to reverse its decision.—They honor the Judiciary too much to do that. Besides it is almost certain that upon all such political questions, depending upon the results of elections, the Judiciary would feel bound to accept and follow the declarations of the political power. Congress and the Executive thought the Supreme Court could neither take judicial notice of events depending upon the elections except as they are declared, nor frame an issue to try the question of fact whether a Constitutional amendment has or has not been ratified by the Legislatures of three-fourths of all the States, after the same has been proclaimed duly ratified by the proper officer under the forms of law. Second, by proposing a new amendment to set them aside directly. This would be a legitimate mode, but is wholly impracticable. Beyond question, more than one-third of the States would vote against it, and three-fourths are required to carry it. The attempt to do so would renew the agitation of the negro question in another form, but could bring no practical result. Besides, all parties, North and South, are unwilling to open that question. The negro is free, and never will be enslaved; the negro suffrage has become a fixed fact—a thing accomplished. Third, the only other possible mode is the military one of using the army to control elections and to change the Constitution. Radicals like Senator Morton might consistently adopt this mode, for they do not hesitate to put the army above the Constitution and civil law in order to control or decide elections; but no man who still cherishes the doctrines of the old Democratic-Republican school of Jefferson and of Jackson would dare to use the standing army for any such purpose. Besides, the attempt to use a way negro suffrage by force would lead to a bloody struggle—probably to civil war—and without doing any good would involve greater evils than now exist. I should not have dwelt upon this subject so long but for the constant efforts of our Radical opponents to place us in a false position, and to charge us with the purpose of dealing with the Constitution as they themselves have done, viz: To reconstruct it by the sword and to renew civil strife. And now, gentlemen, let me inquire, What are the issues and duties of the present hour? I, in relation to these amendments we cannot expect a decision of the Supreme Court to annul them; we do not propose a new amendment to set them aside, and least of all by the sword. But the question arises: How will you remedy the unbearable evils which now rest upon the Southern States? You know the disfranchisement of hundreds of thousands of the most intelligent whites, and the universal suffrage of the blacks, led by adventurers of the standing army have subjected the people to the worst form of government, and robbed, burdened, and humiliated them beyond description. In the language of the Democratic Congressional address: "Our hopes for redress are in the calm, good sense of the sober second-thought of the American people. We call upon them to be true to themselves and to their past, and, disregarding party name and minor differences, to insist upon a decent equilibrium of power; the restriction of Federal power within its just and proper limits, leaving to the States that control of the domestic affairs that is essential to their happiness, tranquility, and good government." Will you ignore that and leave them without remedy? No, gentlemen, but the remedy we propose is one to cure and not to aggravate the disease—to appeal to the reason and returning sense, the justice, magnanimity, and fraternal feeling of the North and South in favor of amnesty. In this appeal large numbers—thousands upon thousands—of liberal Republicans, like Brown and Schurz, of Missouri, have already joined. The negroes themselves at the South will join in demanding amnesty for their late masters. The example of Missouri cannot long be resisted. The Choctaws and Cherokees, in their treaties of peace six years ago, gave universal amnesty, and their example should shame Christian white men out of a policy resting on unfeigned hate or unmanly fear. The sentiment must become really universal amnesty, and we believe of Congress will vote for the bill. Although late in coming, it will tend to restore fraternal feeling. It will certainly restore intelligence and character at the South; give it a voice once more in the management of its local affairs, and restore to those States what they have not had for years—a republican form of government. Gentlemen, among the other important issues of the present the greatest is: Whether our government is to be in substance—if not in form—revolutionized; whether the Federal Government is to remain as our fathers made it, based upon a written Constitution, limiting and defining its powers and reserving the mass of powers not delegated to the several States and to the people; or whether it is to become a government of unlimited and centralized power; in a word, whether the United States shall continue to be a union under the Constitution, or become a centralized despotism at Washington to be governed by the secret resolves of a caucus, and by the President at the head of the army? Our faithful representative at Washington says: "Under the pretence of passing laws to enforce the fourteenth amendment, and for other purposes, Congress has conferred the most despotic powers upon the Executive, and provided an official machinery by which the liberties of the people are menaced, and the sacred rights of local self-government in the States ignored, if not tyrannically overthrown, modeled by the sedition laws, so odious in history." They are at variance with all the sanctified theories of our institutions, and the construction given by these Radical interpreters to the fourteenth amendment is, to use the language of an eminent Senator—Mr. Trumbull, of Illinois—"annihilator of States." Under the last enforcement bill, the Executive may, in his discretion, thrust aside the Government of any State, suspend the writ of habeas corpus, arrest its Governor, imprison or disperse its Legislature, silence its judges, and trample down its people under the armed heel of his troops. Nothing is left to the citizens or State which can any longer be called a right. All is changed into mere suffrance. As sure as we live this is the great issue and danger upon us now. Everybody feels that a revolution is going on in that direction. The very ground is giving way under our feet. Radicals admit it; some avow and justify it, and some of the best friends of republican government fear that the revolution has already gone too far to be arrested. But, gentlemen, let us not despair; truth will rise again. In the nature of things, in our system of government, two forces are always at work like the two forces in our planetary system, the one tending to draw all planets to the centre, the other to take them out of the system altogether.—They have been constantly struggling with each other from the beginning and from before the beginning. As a compromise of forces, the planets were made to revolve in their orbits around the sun, so by a wise compromise and balance of forces in our political system a composite form of government was made. To the Federal Government were given certain definite and delegated powers necessary to the Union, to the common defence, and the general welfare. All the remainder, except just enough to carry into effect the powers delegated, were reserved to the States and the people. With men of extreme views and radical tendencies it seems almost impossible to comprehend a limitation of rights and powers. To illustrate: With the Radicals of the South—and I might add some at the North—before the war, the Federal Government had no rights as the States were bound to respect. The war, I think, has cured, or ought to cure that delusion, but I fear it has given rise to another; for, since the war, the Radicals of the North seem to think the States have no rights the Federal Government is bound to respect. And this last delusion is almost as dangerous to liberty as the first. Extreme follows extreme. The pendulum from one side of the arc swings always to the other, and the higher it rises on the one side the higher it rises on the other. The rebound from the war began. The Southern Radicals' idea of a proper government for the States in the hand of those who control this administration, fast driving all power into the Federal Government. I repeat, in my opinion, gentlemen, the real issue, paramount over all others at this moment, is whether the true republican form of government of our fathers shall give way to centralization and despotism, which has already made long strides in that direction. The great duty of the Democratic party and all who love republican liberty is to bury all the issues of the past, and unite in an honest, earnest, self-sacrificing effort to arrest the further progress of that revolution. We believe only that by a change of administration; by restoring, as far as the Constitution will allow it, to State Legislatures, State Judiciaries, State Executives, and State military forces the defence and maintenance of the rights and liberties of the people, which centralized power has robbed them of, we will effectually destroy; by placing the civil above the military power in all the States; by reducing the standing army, that standing menace of all republics, with its life tenures, aristocratic tendencies, and extravagant expenditures, and by preventing its further interference with the freedom of elections.

News Items.

Thirty-five dead bodies have been recovered from the wreck of the steamer Ocean Wave, near Mobile.

The number of deaths from the Eastern Railroad disaster has reached 32. It is believed that several of the injured will die.

A train was thrown from the track of the Southside Railroad of Long Island, yesterday, but fortunately no one was injured. "Negligence of the switchtender" is reported as the cause.

At Memphis, Captain J. Theodore Adams, a dry goods clerk, was shot dead by J. W. S. Browne, a pressman, whose daughter he had betrayed and refused to marry. Browne gave himself up.

At Washington, on Tuesday afternoon, Geo. H. McNaen, aged 11, was killed by lightning. Mrs. Locket was also struck by lightning about the same time, and it is feared will lose her eyesight.

Governor Senter, of Tennessee, has issued circulars to the Governors of all the States and Territories inviting their cooperation in securing a full representation at the National Agricultural Congress to meet at Nashville on the 3d of October.

At Washington, on Monday night, a man named John Clary was found by a detective on a street corner, with his throat cut and bleeding profusely. His wound was dressed, and he was taken home, but refused to give any information which would lead to an arrest.

A despatch from Charleston last night reports a "few new cases" of yellow fever, and three deaths among those previously reported. It adds that "opinion is still divided as to the probability of the disease assuming the proportions of an epidemic."

At Alameda, Cal., on Tuesday night, a man named Engelbrecht found in his back-yard a man named Patton, who was formerly a suitor for Mrs. Engelbrecht. Several shots were exchanged, and both were wounded—Engelbrecht mortally. Patton is in jail.

William Hickman was arrested in Utah Territory on Monday, charged with murdering a Spaniard named Rubio. He was formerly a Mormon of good standing, and the "Gentiles" say that his arrest will lead to disclosures implicating the Mormon authorities in other crimes.

A report published some time since of the capture by Indians of a train near Fort Sill, Indian Territory, the killing of several persons, and burning the train, proves to be entirely false.

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