Terms of Publication.

The Somerset Herald

is published every Wednesday Morning at $2 00 per annum, if paid in advance; otherwise $2 50 will invariably be charged.

No subscription will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid up. Postmasters neglecting to notify us when subscribers do not take out their papers will be held liable for the subscription.

Subscribers removing from one Postoffice to another should give us the name of the former as well as the present office. Address,

Somerset Printing Company,

JOHN I. SCULL,
Business Manager.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXI. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1872. NO. 8.

Business Cards,

DR. S. M. KIMMEL will continue to practice Medicine, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and surrounding country. Office at the old place, a few doors east of the Glade House. nov. 8, 71.

WILLIAM H. KOONTZ, ATTORNEY AT Law, Somerset, Pa., will give prompt attention to business entrusted to his care in Somerset and the adjoining counties. Office in the Jail building. jy 5-tf.

DR. H. BRUBAKER tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in residence, one door west of the Barnet House. jan. 21, '70.

DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Krieninger's store. apr. 22, '70-tf.

LAW NOTICE.—Alexander H. Colfroth has resumed the practice of law in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in the Recorder's office. jan 20, '70.

KIMMEL & COLBORN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office in residence of J. Colborn. aug. 12-1y.

VALENTINE RAY, ATTORNEY AT LAW and dealer in real estate, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care with promptness and fidelity. aug. 12-1y.

W. J. & H. L. BAER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will practice in Somerset and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to them will be promptly attended to. aug. 12-1y.

DR. WM. COLLINS, DENTIST, Somerset, Pa. Office in the front part of jail, up stairs, where he can at all times be found prepared to do all kinds of work, such as filling, regulating, extracting, &c. Artificial teeth of all kinds, and of the best material, inserted. All operations warranted. june 7, '70.

JOHN H. UHL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOMERset, Pa., will promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. Money advanced on collection. Office in his residence, on Main street. jan. 1, '70.

JOHN O. KIMMEL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties with promptness and fidelity. Office in Court House. feb. 18, '70-1y.

HENRY F. SCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Bounty and Pension Agent, Somerset, Pa. Office in the Court House. jan. 11-tf.

BARNET HOUSE.—

The undersigned respectfully informs the public that he has leased this well known hotel in the Borough of Somerset. It is his intention to keep it in a style which he hopes will give satisfaction to all who may favor him with their custom.

JOHN HILL.
Apr 17 '72

DR. KNEPPER, Physician and Dentist, Berlin, Pa. Will give prompt attention to all cases entrusted to his care. Office one door west of the Traveller House, same as occupied heretofore by Dr. P. C. Musser.

CYRUS MEYERS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will give prompt attention to business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office on Union street, opposite the residence of Ed. Scull. jy. 5-tf.

DR. A. G. MILLER, after twelve years' active practice in Shanksville, has permanently located at Somerset for the practice of medicine, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity.—Office in the tin shop formerly occupied by C. A. Kimmel, where he can be consulted at all times, when not professionally engaged.

Night calls promptly answered.
Apr. 12, '71-1y.

W. R. POSTLETHWAITE, ATTORNEY AT Law, Somerset, Pa. Professional business respectfully solicited and punctually attended to. 20.

J. KOOSER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Somerset, Penna.

DICKERSGILL, LYONS & Co.
MANUFACTURERS & DEALERS IN
LOOKING GLASSES,
Fine Mantle and Pier Looking Glasses and Picture Frames a Specialty.
81 WOOD STREET, PITTSBURGH, PA.
May 29.

SOMERSET PLANING-MILL.—
GOOD & JONES,
Are now prepared to do all kinds of planing and manufacturing of building materials,
FLOORING,
WEATHER-BOARDING,
SASH AND DOORS,
WINDOW & DOOR-FRAMES,
VENETIAN SHUTTERS,
BRACKETS, &c.
Lumber, anything generally used in house building, &c. All kinds of work done to order. Orders promptly filled.
July 19-71 GOOD & JONES.

JAMES PUGH,
MAIN STREET, SOMERSET, PA.
Is now prepared to manufacture all kinds of
WAGONS, SLEIGHS, &c.
He will also promptly attend to
REPAIRING
None but the BEST MATERIAL will be used.
ALL WORK WARRANTED.
All work done in the latest and most approved style, at the
LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.
Somerset, March 6th.

Fairbank's Standard
SCALES,
Of all kinds. Be careful to buy only the genuine.
Scales repaired promptly.
Also, Baggage Barrows, Warehouse Trucks, Improved Money drawers, &c.
FAIRBANK'S MORSE & CO.,
Mar 27 192 Second Avenue, Pittsburg.

W. CUNNINGHAM,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
LAVANSVILLE PA.
Nov. 15, '71-6m.

REYNOLDS, STEEN & CO.,
(Opposite St. Charles Hotel.)
81 Wood Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.,
Importers of Queensware and Manufacturers of Glassware.

TIN WARE.
The undersigned is prepared to manufacture all kinds of
TIN AND SHEET IRON WARE.
Constantly on hand a supply of copper and brass kettles, fruit cans and all kinds of
House Furnishing Goods
Usually kept in this line. Shop one door west of Belsheer's store, Main street, Somerset, Pa.
aug. 12-1y. NOAH CASEBEER.

COLE, BROOKS & CO.,
Produce Commission Merchants,
NO. 4 CAMDEN STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.
Our business strictly Commission, not Speculative. Special attention given
TO THE SALE OF BUTTER.
Refer to J. M. Holderbaum, Somerset.,
Messrs. M. D. Miller & Co., Meyers Mills.
Messrs. Meyers & Amwald, Berlin.
Chauncey Brooks, President Western National Bank of Baltimore.
aug 14, '71-1y*

THE NEW FLOUR MILL.
The new Flour Mill built on the site of the
OLD "DENNISON MILL,"
Three-fourths of a mile south of Somerset is completed and running. It has all the latest improvements, and is warranted to do the best kind of work. The highest market price paid for all kinds of grain.
Jan 22 g. VALENTINE RAY.

Hardware.

HARDWARE.

John F. Blymyer

Has re-opened his store a

Few Doors Above the Old Stand,

And offers to his customers and friends a full line of goods at the very lowest prices,

Hardware of Every Description,

IRON,

NAILS

AND GLASS,

Wooden Ware of All Kinds,

COAL OIL LAMPS,

COAL OIL,

CHIMNEYS,

And everything belonging to the Lamp trade.

WHITE LEAD,

LINSEED OIL,

VARNISHES,

BRUSHES,

PAINTS IN OIL AND DRY, AND

PAINTERS' GOODS IN GENERAL.

A large stock of

Table Knives and Forks.

POCKET KNIVES,

SPOONS,

SHEARS

AND SCISSORS,

PORCELAIN LINED KETTLES, &c., &c.

Together with many articles too numerous to mention in an advertisement. He is determined to sell at the very lowest prices. Give him a call.
June 12-72.

LIFE INSURANCE

For Business Men.

"The Reserve Fund Policy."

ISSUED BY THE

BERKSHIRE

LIFE INSURANCE CO.,

INCORPORATED 1851.

Secures Special Protection to

Every Policy Holder.

For example: Suppose you are thirty-five years of age and take a "Reserve Fund Policy" at ordinary life rates.

One annual payment will insure you 2 years and 3 days.

Two annual payments will insure you 4 years and 12 days.

Three annual payments will insure you 6 years and 27 days.

Five annual payments will insure you 10 years and 56 days.

Six annual payments will insure you 12 years and 11 days.

This Protection Applies to any Age,

And is expressly stated in every Policy.

THE ADVANTAGE OF SUCH PROTECTION.

This is to certify that my late husband, Daniel R. Thompson, was insured in the Berkshire Life Insurance Company, Pittsfield, Mass., for $1,000, December 19th, 1870, premium payable quarterly. That two payments were made up to June 19th, 1871, that he died October 13th, four months after he failed to make his payment.

The usual proofs of death were forwarded to the Company, and the full amount of the policy, less the two quarterly payments due at the time of his death, was paid to me by their General Agent in Philadelphia, W. H. Graves, at their office, S. W. corner Chestnut and Eleventh Streets.

(Signed) NETTIE THOMPSON,

W. H. Greene, late of New York, insured a few years since in the Berkshire Life Insurance Company for $3,000; but owing to misfortune in business was unable to make any payment to the Company during one year and five months prior to his decease. I have this day paid (at the New York office of the Company, 271 Broadway, corner of Chambers street), three thousand two hundred and ninety-nine dollars, this being the full amount due to his widow, after deducting the overdue payments and interest.

J. H. FRANCISCUS,
New York, March 11th, '70. Superintendent.

Read the Following List of Claims Paid.

James Joice, New York City, $1,000, payment overdue 4 months.

F. H. C. Hampe, New York City, $1,000, payment overdue 4 months and 5 days.

Mrs. G. B. Hart, Chicago, Ill, $5,000, payment overdue 7 months and 15 days.

H. F. Moore, Boston, Mass., $2,000, payment overdue 5 months and 16 days.

James H. Adair, New Maysville, Ind., $2,000, payment overdue 2 months and 7 days.

Bernard O'Grady, Detroit, Mich., $3,000, payment overdue 2 years, 10 months and 11 days.

Jones D. Estabrook, Fitchburg, Mass., $1,000, payment overdue 3 years, 1 month and 2 days.

GOODCHILD & MARSHALL, Agents,
june 12-72. Somerset, Pa.

The Improved

ELLIPTIC SEWING MACHINE.

New Draw Feed,

LOCK STITCH.

There are some points in a Sewing Machine that ladies desiring to purchase, should take into consideration, namely:

Lightness of running,
Ease of Management,
Capacity to do the Work Required,
Freedom from Noise, and
Non-Liability to get out of Order.

We claim that the IMPROVED ELLIPTIC possesses all these points, and that it is

THE VERY BEST

FAMILY MACHINE

Now Manufactured.

And we solicit an examination of it. Agents wanted in every county, to whom we will give the most liberal terms.
EATON BROS., 19 Fifth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

A DANGEROUS MAN.

The following from the Galena (Ill.) *Gazette* is so much better than the ordinary run of political campaign poetry, that we publish it entire. It is good enough:

Mr. Sumner says Grant is a bold, bad, dangerous man.—*Newspaper.*

"A bold, bad man is General Grant,"
Said Floyd one gloomy night,
As out from Donelson he crept,
And took his hasty flight.
From Pillow's trembling lips there came
An echo sounding much the same.
And Buckner thought his chief was right,
Nor longer durst maintain the fight;
And from the fort hung stripes and stars.
"That Grant's a dangerous man," said they;
And doubtless think the same this day.

"A bold, bad man is General Grant,"
Said Beauregard one morn,
And from the haughty traitor's brow
The victor's wreath was torn;
And from the field his legions went,
By orders General Grant had sent.
Then Shiloh's field was ours again,
Despite the host of rebel men,
Who came an army boasting loud,
And went a panic-stricken crowd;
For Beauregard and all his men
Perhaps thought Grant was dangerous then.

"A bold, bad man man is General Grant,"
Said Pemberton one day;
"Entreaties are of no avail,
He will not go away.
A stubborn, mulish, dangerous man!
He wants our rebel hides to tan."
And still Grant's cannon raked the town,
Until the rebel flags came down;
And then our banners, rent and torn,
Were through the streets of Vicksburg borne,
The "bold, bad man," that glorious "Fourth,"
Sent gladsome tidings to the North.

"A bold, bad man is General Grant!"
And poor Bragg's eyes were dim
With tears; said he, "I know,
'Tis useless fighting him."
And soon the cheers of Grant's brave men
On Lookout's crest told where and when
The rebel general had to run,
And what that "bold, bad man" had done.
"That Grant's a dangerous man!" he said,
As from the field his army fled.

"A bold, bad man is General Grant,"
Said Lee, "that's plain to see;
He must be very bold, indeed,
To think of whipping me."
Then Petersburg and Richmond fell;
And Appomattox—may be—well,
At last our hero's work was done;
The final victory was won.
Perhaps the people may forget
These things, but then they haven't yet.
They needed then such "dangerous" men,
And think, perhaps, they may again.

"A bold, bad man is General Grant!"
Jeff Davis thought the same,
When running off in crinoline,
He to the "last ditch" came.
A Ku-klux gentle voice was heard,
And—"Grant is dangerous," averred.
It needs must be that this is so,
For all these rebels ought to know.
Then Hall and Tweed—good, honest men—
Say "Grant is bold and bad," and when
Such men declare it, then, forsooth,
Folks know that Sumner tells the truth.

A STORY OF THE REBELLION.

Jacob Thompson's Report to Judah P. Benjamin—The Plot to Burn Northern Cities and Release Rebel Prisoners—Attempt to Capture a War Vessel.

The following is an exact copy of the original report of Jacob Thompson, secret agent of the late Confederate Government, stationed in Canada for the purpose of organizing an insurrection in the Northern states and burning the principal cities. The original paper is now in the hands of the government:

TORONTO, C. W., December 3, 1864.

The Hon. J. P. Benjamin, Secretary of State—Sir: Several times have I attempted to send you communications, but I have no assurance that any one of them has been received. I have relaxed no effort to carry out the objects the government has in view in sending me here. I had hoped at different times to have accomplished more, but still I do not think that my mission has been altogether fruitless. At all events, we have afforded the Northwestern States the amplest opportunity to throw off the galling dynasty at Washington, and openly to take ground in favor of State rights and civil liberty.

This fact must satisfy the large class of discontents at home, of the readiness and willingness of the administration to avail itself of every proffered assistance in our great struggle for independence.

On my arrival here I heard there was such an organization as the "Order of the sons of Liberty" in the Northern States, and my first efforts was to learn its strength, its principles, its objects, and if possible to put myself in communication with its leading spirits. This was effected without much difficulty or delay. I was received among them with cordiality, and the greatest confidence at once extended to me. The number of its members was large, but not so great as Mr. Holt in his official report represents it to be. Its objects were political; its principles were that the government was based on the consent of the parties to it; that the States were the parties and were sovereign; that there was no authority in the general government to coerce a seceding State. The resolutions of 1798 and 1799 were set forth as presenting the true theory of the government. Its organization was essentially military. It had its commanders or divisions, of brigades, of regiments, of companies.

In the month of June last the universal feeling among the members, leaders, and privates, was that it was useless to hold a Presidential election. Lincoln had the power and would certainly elect himself, and there was no hope but in force. The belief was entertained and freely entertained and freely expressed that by a bold, vigorous, and concerted movement the three great Northwestern States of Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio could be seized and held. This being done the States of Kentucky and Missouri could be easily lifted from their prostrate condition and placed on their feet, and this in sixty days would end the war.

While everything was moving smoothly to a supposed successful consummation, the first interruption in the calculation was the postponement of the meeting of the Democratic Convention from the 4th of July to the 29th of August, but the preparations still went on, and in one of the States the 20th of July was fixed as the day for the movement.—But before the day arrived a general council of the order from the different States was called, and it was thought the movement on the 20th of July would be premature, and the 16th of August was fixed on for a general uprising. This postponement was insisted upon on the ground that it was necessary to have a series of public meetings to prepare the public mind, and appointments for public peace meetings were made—one at Peoria, one at Springfield, and one at Chicago. On the 16th the first one was at Peoria, and to make it a success I agreed that so much money as was necessary would be furnished by me. It was held, and was a decided success. The vast multitudes who attended seemed to be swayed by one leading idea—peace. The friends were encouraged and strengthened, and seemed anxious for the day when they would do something to hasten the great goal of peace.

About this time that correspondence between our friends and Horace Greeley made its appearance. Lincoln's manifesto shocked the country. The belief prevailed over the North that the South would agree to a reconstruction; and the politicians, especially the leading ones, conceived the idea that on such an issue Lincoln could be beaten at the ballot-box. At all events, they argued, the trial of the ballot-box should be made before a resort was made to force, always a *dernier resort.* The Springfield meeting came off, but it was apparent that the fire exhibited at Peoria had already diminished. The whole tone of the speakers was that the people must rely on the ballot-box for redress of grievances. The nerves of the leaders of the order began to relax. About this time a large lot of arms were purchased and sent to Indinapolis, which was discovered, and some of the leading men were charged with the design to arm the members of the order for treasonable purposes. Treachery showed itself at Louisville. Judge Bullet and Dr. Kaffus were arrested and sent to Memphis. The day on which the great movement was to be made became known to Mr. McDonald, candidate for Governor of Indiana, and believing it would mar the prospects for election unless prevented, he threatened to expose all the parties engaged unless the project was abandoned. Thus the day passed by and nothing was done. The Chicago Convention came. The crowd was immense. The feeling was unanimously for peace. A general impression prevailed that a reconstruction could be had, and that it was necessary to so far pander to the military feeling as to take General McClellan to insure certain success. This nomination, followed as it were by divers disclosures and arrests of persons who were prominent members, totally demoralized the "Sons of Liberty." The feeling with the masses is as strong as ever. They are true and brave, and I believe are willing, but they have no leaders. The vigilance of the Administration, its large detective force, the large bounties paid for treachery, and the respectable men who have yielded to the temptation, added to the large military force stationed in these States, make organization and preparation almost impossible.

A large sum of money has been expended in fostering and furthering these operations, and it now seems to have been to little profit; but in reviewing the past I do not see how it could have been avoided, nor has it been spent altogether in vain. The apprehensions of the enemy have caused him to bring back and keep from the field in front at least sixty thousand men to watch and browbeat the people at home. In this view of the subject the same amount of money has effected so much in no other quarter since the commencement of the war.

In July last, Capt. Charles H. Cole, of Gen. Forrest's command, made his escape from prison. He represented to me that he had been appointed a lieutenant in our navy. I sent him around the lakes with instructions to go as a lower deck passenger, to familiarize himself with all the chanels and different approaches to the several harbors, the strength of each place, the depositaries of coal, and especially to learn all that he could about the war steamer Michigan, and devise some plan for her capture or destruction. This duty he performed very satisfactorily. He was then instructed to return and put himself in communication with the officers of the Michigan, and feeling his way, to endeavor to purchase the boat from its officers. For a time he thought he would succeed in this, if he could give the guarantees of payment of the sums stipulated, but by degrees the question was dropped.

He asked permission to organize a force to board and take her. This was done, and Acting Master John Y. Beall was sent to him to aid the organization and assist in carrying out the enterprise. Their plans were well conceived, and held out the promise of success. It had been previously ascertained from escaped prisoners from Johnson's Island that an organization existed among the prisoners on the island for the purpose of surprising the guard and capturing the island. The presence of the steamer Michigan, which carried fourteen guns, was the only obstacle. Secret communications were had, by which they were advised that on the night of the 19th of September an attempt to seize the Michigan would be made. On that night Capt. Cole, who had previously established the friendliest relations with the officers of the steamer, was to have a "wine drinking" with them on board, and at a given hour Acting Master Beall was to appear on a boat, to be obtained for that purpose, with a sufficient body of Confederate soldiers, to board and take the steamer. Should they capture the steamer, a cannon shot sent through the officers' quarters on Johnson's Island was to signify to the prisoners that the hour for their release had come. Should they take the island, boats were to be improvised, and Sandusky was to be attacked. If taken, the prisoners were to be mounted and make for Cleveland, the boats co-operating; and from Cleveland the prisoners were to make for Wheeling, and thence to Virginia. The key to the whole movement was the capture of the Michigan.

On the evening of the 19th, by some treachery, Cole was arrested, and the messenger who was to meet Acting Master Beall at Kelly's Island did not reach him. Disappointed, but nothing daunted, Acting Master Beall having possession of the Philo Parsons, a passenger steamer running from Detroit to Sandusky, he went on his way toward Johnson's Island. Having landed at Middle Bar Island to secure a supply of wood, the steamer Island Queen, with a large number of passengers and thirty-two soldiers, came alongside, and lashed herself to the Parsons. An attack was at once resolved upon. The passengers and soldiers were soon made prisoners, and the boat delivered up to our men. The soldiers were regularly paroled. The passengers were left on the island, having given their promise not to leave for twenty-four hours, and the boat was towed out into the lake and sunk.

The Parsons was then started directly for the Bay of Sandusky.—Here the men, for certain reasons not altogether satisfactory, but possibly fortunately, refused to make the attack on the Michigan. Beall returned and landed at Sandwich, C. W., and the men scattered through the country. Most of them have returned to the Confederate States, but a few days since Acting Master Bennet G. Burley was arrested, and the trial is now going on for his delivery under the extradition treaty. If we had Cole's, Beall's, or his own commission, I should not fear the result. As it is they will have to prove that they acted under my order, and that will in all probability secure his release, but it may lead to my expulsion from the Provinces. At least I have it from a reliable source that this last proposition has been pressed upon the Canadian authorities, and they have considered it. Should the course of events take this direction, unadvised by you, I shall consider it my duty to remain where I am and abide the issue. I should prefer, if it be possible, to have your views on the subject. Capt. Cole is still a prisoner on Johnson's Island.

In obedience to your suggestion, as far as it was practical, soon after my arrival here I urged the people of the North to convert their paper money into gold and withdraw it from the market. I am satisfied this policy was adopted and carried into effect to some extent, but how extensively I am unable to state. What effect it had on the gold market it is impossible to estimate; but certain it is that gold continued to appreciate until it went to 290. The high price may have tempted many to change their policy, because gold soon afterwards fell in the market to 150. When it was 180, and exportation of gold was so small that there appeared to be little demand for it. Mr. John Porterfield, formerly a banker of Nashville, but now a resident of Montreal was furnished with $100,000 and instructed to proceed to New York to carry out a financial policy of his own conception, which consisted in the purchase of gold and exporting the same, selling it for sterling bills of exchange, and then converting his exchange into gold. This process involved a certain loss, the cost of transshipment.

He was instructed by Mr. Clay and myself to go on with his policy until he had expended $25,000, with which he supposed he would ship directly $5,000,000 and induce others to ship much more; and then if the effect upon the gold market was not very perceptible, he was to desist and return to Canada and restore the money unexpended. By his last report he had caused the shipment of more than $2,000,000, at an expense of less than $10,000, but it seems that a Mr. Lyons, who had been a former partner of Mr. Porterfield, was arrested by General Butler on the ground that he was exporting gold, and although Mr. Lyons had no connection with Mr. Porterfield in his transactions, yet he thought it prudent to return to Canada, and while he retains the unexpended balance of the $25,000 to carry out his instructions, he has restored $75,000. I must confess that the first shipment had a marked effect on the market. I am inclined to the belief this theory will work great damage in the Federal finances if vigorously followed up, and if no untoward circumstances should interfere with the operation.

Soon after I reached Canada a Mr. Minor Major visited me, and represented himself as an accredited agent from the Confederale States to destroy steamboats on the Mississippi river, and that his operations were suspended for want of means. I advanced to him $200 in federal currency, and soon after several boats were burned in St. Louis, involving an immense loss of property to the enemy. He became suspected, as he represented to me of being the author of this burning, and from that time both he and his men have been hiding, and consequently have done nothing.—Money has been advanced to Mr. Churchill, of Cincinnati, to organize a corps for the purpose of incendiarism in that city. I consider him a true man, and although as yet he has effected but little, I am in constant expectation of hearing of effective work in that quarter..

Previous to the arrival of Lieutenant Colonel Martin, Lieutenant Headley brought an unsigned letter from you. All the different places where our prisoners are—Camp Douglas, Rock Island, Camp Morton, Camp Chase, and Elmira—had been thoroughly examined, and the conclusion was forced upon us that all efforts to release them without an outside co-operation would bring disaster upon the prisoners and result in no good. All projects of that sort were abandoned, except that at Camp Douglas, where Capt. Hines still believed he could affect their release. We yielded to his firmness, zeal and persistence, and his plans were plausible; but treachery defeated him before his well laid schemes were developed.

Having nothing else on hand Col. Martin expressed a wish to organize a corps to burn New York city. He was allowed to do so, and a most daring attempt was made to fire that city, but their reliance on the Greek fire has proved a misfortune. It cannot be depended on as an agent in such work. I have no faith whatever in it, and no attempt shall hereafter be made, under my general directions, with any such materials.

I knew nothing whatever of the raid on St. Alban's until after it transpired. Desiring to have a boat on whose captain and crew reliance could be placed, and on which arms could be sent to convenient portions for arming such vessels as could be seized for operations on the lakes, I aided Dr. James T. Bates, of Kentucky, an old steamboat captain, in the purchase of the steamer Georgian. She had scarcely been transferred, when the story went abroad that she had been purchased and armed for the purpose of sinking the Michigan, releasing the prisoner's on Johnson's Island, and destroying the shipping on the lakes, and the cities on their margin. The wildest consternation prevailed in all the border cities. At Buffalo two tugs had cannon placed on board, five regiments of soldiers were sent there, two of them represented to have been drawn from the army of Virginia. Bells were rung at Detroit, and churches broken up on Sunday. The whole lake shore was a scene of wild excitement. Boats were sent out which boarded the Georgian and found nothing contraband on board, but still the people were credulous.

The bane and curse of carrying out anything in this country is the survillance under which we act. Detectives or those ready to give information stand at every street corner. Two or three cannot interchange ideas without a reporter.

The Presidential election has so demoralized the leaders of the Sons of Liberty that a new organization, under new leaders has become an absolute necessity. This is now going forward with great vigor and success. The new order is styled "The Order of the Star." There is a general expectatton that there will soon be a new draft. It is purely military, and wholly independent of politics and politicians. It is given out among the members that Stonewall Jackson is the founder of the Order; and the name has its significance from the stars on the collars of Southern officers.

There is no reason to doubt that the masses to a large extent of the North are brave and true and believe Lincoln a tyrant and usurper. During my stay in Canada a great amount of property has been destroyed by burning. The information brought to me as to the perpetrators, is so conflicting and contradictory that I um satisfied that nothing can be certainly known. Should claims be presented at the war office for payment of this kind of work, not one dollar should be advanced on any proof adduced until all the parties concerned may have an opportunity for making out and presenting proofs. Several parties claim to have done the work at St. Louis, New Orleans, Louisville, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, and at Cairo, within the last few days.

Dr. K. S. Stewart, of Virginia, has reached this place very mysteriously and informs me he has a plan for the execution of something which has received the sanction of the President. He is in want of money and states to me that you have given him a draft on me for $20,000 in gold, which has been lost on the way. He has sent back to Richmond for a renewal. He has rented a large house and moved his family into it. I cannot doubt his word, but of course, I do not feel authorized to advance him money without your authority or that of the President. I have however been constrained to advance him $500 in gold on his written statement that unless the money was placed in his hands, the lives and liberty of high Confederate officers would be imperilled.

Owing to the ill health of Mr. Clay we separated at Halifax, and since then we have not lived together, though we have been in consulting distance. As the money was all in my name, which I supposed to be controlled by us jointly, and as he desired to have a sum placed in his hands, and at all times subject to his personal control, I transferred to him $83,614, for which I hold his receipt, and for which he promises to account to the proper authorities at home. Including the money turned over to Mr. Clay, all of which he has not yet expended, the entire expenditure as yet on all accounts is about $300,000. I still hold three drafts for $100,000 each, which have not been collected. Should you think best for me to return, I would be glad to know in what way you think I had best return with the funds remaining on hand. I infer from your personal in the New York *News*, that it is your wish that I should remain here for the present, and I shall obey your orders. Indeed, I have so many papers in my possession which, in the hands of the enemy, would utterly ruin and destroy very many of the prominent men of the North, that a due sense of my obligation to them will force on me the extremest caution in my movements.

For the future, discarding all dependence on the organizations in the Northern States, our efforts in my judgment, should be directed to inducing those who are in the North, and who utterly refuse to join the army to fight against the Confederate States, to make their way South to join our service. It is believed by many that at least a number sufficient to make a division may be secured in this way for our service before spring especially if our army opens up a road to the Ohio. Some are now on their way to Corinth, which at present is the point of rendezvous. Also, to operate on their rilroads and force the enemy to keep up a guard on all the roads, which will require a large standing army at home; and to burn, whenever it is practicable, and thus make men of property feel their insecurity and tire them out with the war.

The attempt on New York has produced a great panic which will not subside at their bidding.

This letter, though long, does not, I am aware, report many things of minor importance which have occurred durieg my sojourn in Canada, but I shall omit them at present. Very respectfully, your obedient servant.

[Signed] J. THOMPSON.

The original copy bears the following indorsement in the handwriting of J. P. Benjamin, Confederate Secretary of War:

Received 13th February, 1865.
J. P. B.

Call around and see us when you have time or otherwise.

Sydney Smith.

Sydney Smith's conversation was the conversation of a man mad with spirits; of a man, to use his own expression, who must either talk, laugh or burst; the conversation of a man whose intellect bred analogies and picturesque imagery as the sun breeds clouds. Take him when or where you might, you never took him by surprise; and most of the brightest illustrations of his wit, like Douglass Jerold's were those that he struck out on the spur of the moment. His reply to the Archbishop of York—"I hear, Mr. Smith, you do not approve of much riding for the clergy." "Why, my lord; perhaps there is not *much* objection, provided they do not ride too well, and stick out their toes professionally"—was very keen; for Sydney Smith could never sit a horse, and his diocesan was one of the finest horsemen in a province where every boy was born in a saddle, and rides by instinct. There was a touch of the courtier as well as of the wit in his reply to the lady who, arguing in a large party that it was always high tide at London Bridge at twelve o'clock, appealed to him with, "Now Mr. Smith, is it not so?" "It used not to be so, I believe, formerly, but perhaps the Lord Mayor, and Aldermen have altered it lately." He traced out the analogies of things with marvelous quickness. A man at his side reckons the amount of his ground-rent at $5 a foot. "Ah, the price of a London footman six foot high, thirty guineas a year." Upon a couple of talkers, "there is the same difference between their tongues as between the hour and the minute hand; one goes ten times as fast, and the other signifies ten times as much." If you masthead a sailor for not doing his duty, why should you not weathercock a parishioner for refusing to pay tithes?" Of a New Zealand attorney—"There is a New Zealand attorney, just arrived in London, with 6s. 8d. tattooed all over his face, and of illusions—"We naturally lose illusions as we get older, like teeth, but there is no Cartwright to fix a new set into our understandings. I have, alas, only one illusion left, and that is the Archbiscop of Canterbury. Combining a vivid imagination with this brilliant gift of hitting upon analogies, with these high spirits, and this remarkable fluency of expression, Sydney Smith was, as a talker, irresistible; and except Macaulay, he generally talked every guest at a table into silence. His habit was, as he said, to fire right across the table, and to talk upon any subject that happened to be started, rarely starting anything of his own. Byron calls him, in Don Juan,

"The loudest wit I e'er was deafened with."

and that is the general testimony. *

His intellect was like an electric coil; you touched it, and it flashed out in sparkling corruscations at the touch. The conversation at one of Rogers' breakfasts turns upon American birds. "My dear Rogers," says Smith, "if we were both in America, we should be tarred and feathered; and, lovely as we are by nature, I should be an ostrich and you an emu."

Sir Charles Lyell's book is brought on the carpet, and people wonder what sort of a spectacle our era will present to the Sir Charles Lyell of the next geological epoch. "Yes, imagine an excavation on the site of St. Paul's: fancy a lecture, by the Owen of some future age, on the thigh bone of a Minor Canon, or the tooth of a Dean—the form, qualities, knowledge, tastes, propensities, he would discover from them."

Of art and polish, as art and polish were understood by Macaulay, you find no traces in Sydney Smith. His daughter calls him a sort of rough rider of subjects; and the phrase is an apt one. He never troubled himself with the metaphysics of a question; he never troubled himself with its trivialities. Taking up only those topics of talk that were of the directest personal interest; those topics that were under discussion in the House of Commons, in Cathedral chapters and at every dinner table, Sydney Smith selected their most telling points and then sat down to work these up with his own vigorous understanding, from what I may call the common sense point of view. And his style is, in its way, perfect. It is the exact mirror of his thought. He wrote as he talked: wrote, that is, with the dash of a man of keen wit and of high intelligence, rarely revised his manuscript, and left most of his contributions to the *Edinburgh Reviews*, to chance and Jeffrey.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

A Clean Shirt.

A good story came in with the overland train on Monday night. Among the passengers was a young man possessed of a judicious spirit of economy and a pardonable share of vanity. The judicious economy was made manifest to the other occupants of the car by the fact that the young man wore plain clothing and a single cheviot shirt all the way from Chicago, and for the pardonable vanity—well, how that became apparent is where the joke comes in. He had only been to the East on a visit, and the girl he had left behind him had been notified in advance of his approach, and, in company with a few other friends was to meet him at Niles station.

Visions of rapture floated through his brain, and seating himself in a secluded corner of the car, he poured forth his spirit's gladness in a gush of melody, somewhat as thus:

"Home again, home again,
From a foh-loh-reign shore;
And oh! It fills my so-o-ul with joy
To me-he-eat my friends once more."

Suddenly he hushed his notes of joy and reached for his carpet-bag.

The appalling idea flashed across his mind that the shirt which had done him so much good service—which had clung to him during the toilsome march across two thousand miles of mountain, plain and desert—was not exactly the thing to appear in if one wished to intensify an already good impression. It certainly wouldn't be the clean thing he said to himself—it wouldn't be justice to the shirt. So he resolved to change it. But how? The car contained several lady passengers, and they watched everything that was going on around them with an assiduity that did honor to their sex. Ah, ha! strategy, my boy!" said this resolute young man unto himself. "The tunnel—we are approaching the tunnel. With good management I can do the deed in the long tunnel just beyond Sunol;" and with a heavenly smile on his manly features he gracefully lifted his carpet bag from the floor, unlocked it, and drew forth a snowy shirt, with a nice frilled bosom. Then from another recess drew he a packet containing a pair of handsome sleeve-buttons and a pair of studs, which were quickly adjusted in their proper places.

Casting a careful glance from the window, he saw that the train was not far from the tunnel where the metamorphosis was to take place, and so he turned his back on the other passengers, and began to loosen sundry buttons—in short, prepared to shuck himself. Presently the eventful moment came. The iron horse plunged into the dark recesses of the tunnel, and the car was shrouded in impenetrable darkness. Presently a ray of light gleaned in fantastic shapes along the rugged wall of the tunnel, and by its faint glimmer a struggling figure was discernible in the direction of the young man's seat. As the light became stronger, its gyrations became more frantic. Its great long arms, encased in white, thrashed wildly about as though in agony of despair, and finally when with a shriek of joy the engine dashed into the dazzling sunlight, it sank into its seat, apparently crushed with mortification and chagrin.

The ladies screamed with terror and hid their blushes at the unusual apparition. Strong men crushed their handkerchiefs into their mouths and nearly choked with emotion. The figure reclined motionless on the soft cushion, until some one with more courage than the rest advanced to ascertain who and what it was. Finally the terrible truth was revealed. The white cover was lifted, and from beneath appeared the features of our young friend, clothed with crimson's richest hue. The mystery was soon explained. He had gotten the Cheviot off, but alas! in his hurry and excitement he had forgotten to undo the collar fastening of the white frilled front. Horror! It would not go over his head!

"History Repeats Itself."

The following I find in a Sandwich Island paper which some friend has sent me from that tranquil far-off retreat. The coincidence between my own experience and that here set down by the late Mr. Benton is so remarkable, that I cannot forbear publishing and commenting upon the paragraph. The Sandwich Island paper says:

"How touching is this tribute of the late Hon. T. H. Benton to his mother's influence. My mother asked me never to use tobacco; I have never touched it from that time to the present day. She asked me not to gamble, and I have never gambled. I cannot tell who is losing in games that are being played. She admonished me, too, against liquor drinking, and whatever capacity for endurance I have at present, and whatever usefulness I may have attained through life, I have attributed to having complied to her pious and correct wishes. When I was seven years of age she asked me not to drink, and then I made a pledge of total abstinence; and that I have adhered to it through all time, I owe to my mother."

I never saw anything so curious. It is almost an exact epitome of my own moral career—after simply substituting a grandmother for a mother. How well I remember my grandmother's asking me not to use tobacco, good old soul! She said: "You're at it again, are you, you whelp! Now don't ever let me catch you chewing tobacco before breakfast again, or I lay I'll blacksnake you within an inch of your life!" I have never touched it at that hour in the morning from that time to the present day.

She asked me not to gamble. She whispered and said. "Put up those wicked cards this minute!—two pair and a Jack, you numbskull, and the old fellow's got a flush!"

I have never gambled from that day to this—never once—without a "cold deck" in my pocket. I cannot tell who is going to lose in games that are being played unless I deal myself.

When I was two years of age she asked me not to drink, and then I made a resolution of total abstinence. That I have adhered to it and enjoyed the beneficent effects of it through all time, I owe to my grandmother—let these tears attest my gratitude. I have never drank a drop from that day to this, of any kind of water.—*Mark Twain.*

Beavers.

A correspondent writing from Idaho says that this Territory is certainly the home of the beavers, and I believe in all the world besides there are not so many beavers as there are in Idaho. Every stream seems to swarm with them, and they may be seen frequently in the waters. The statement, often made, that they never show themselves, is all a mistake. I believe that every stream that empties into the Bear River is checked in its course by beaver dams, and those which are found near the Portneuf River, a tributary of the Snake River, are very remarkable. These dams are in Portneuf Canon, and are in a petriged state. They are from 50 to 60 feet in length, with a fall of water over two of them, at the centre, of from three to four feet,