

# COLUMBIA AND BLOOMSBURG GENERAL ADVERTISER.



AND BLOOMSBURG GENERAL ADVERTISER.

LEVI L. TATE, Editor.]

TO HOLD AND TRIM THE TORCH OF TRUTH AND WAVE IT O'er THE DARKENED EARTH."

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**Original Poetry.**

**THE SOLDIER'S DEATH.**

At Freedom, that fearful day,  
A day to be remembered long,  
A day of death and glory,  
Worthy to be remembered long!

How bravely fought our gallant men,  
What daring deeds by them were wrought,  
Contending with overwhelming foes,  
What battle cries were heard that day!

One thousand men gave up the Ghost,  
And on the field of battle died,  
Ten thousand more, with wounds and pain,  
Lay badly wounded, side by side.

All many of these gallant men,  
Have lived a while, but now are dead,  
Though to the list of names they stand,  
They truly are among the dead.

All them, these brave men, were of those  
Who died for their country's good,  
Who died for their country's good,  
Who died for their country's good.

And they, these brave men, were of those  
Who died for their country's good,  
Who died for their country's good,  
Who died for their country's good.

And they, these brave men, were of those  
Who died for their country's good,  
Who died for their country's good,  
Who died for their country's good.

And they, these brave men, were of those  
Who died for their country's good,  
Who died for their country's good,  
Who died for their country's good.

**The Loved Ones at Home.**

How hard 'twas to part with the friends I hold dear,  
From my home and my kindred to roam,  
It seemed that I had left my dear friends behind,  
To bid adieu to the loved ones at home.

But my country, my country, my country,  
And my country, my country, my country,  
My duty, my duty, my duty,  
To meet them in Heaven my home.

And now, though the distance between us is great,  
And greater, the love is the same,  
And in my heart, I have my dear friends,  
And I have my dear friends, my dear friends.

When I think of my dear friends at home,  
And of the love that binds us so true,  
I feel that I am not alone,  
I feel that I am not alone, my dear friends.

When I think of my dear friends at home,  
And of the love that binds us so true,  
I feel that I am not alone,  
I feel that I am not alone, my dear friends.

When I think of my dear friends at home,  
And of the love that binds us so true,  
I feel that I am not alone,  
I feel that I am not alone, my dear friends.

**SPEECH**

**Hon. C. L. Vallandigham,**

**OF OHIO,**

**In the House of Reps., January 14, 1863.**

[CONCLUDED]

And now, sir, can the central States, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, consent to separate? Can New York city? Sir, the trade of the South made her largely what she is. She was the factor and banker of the South—cotton filled her harbor with shipping and her hands with gold. But in an evil hour the foolish, I will not say bad, "men of Gotham" persuaded her merchant princes—against their first lessons in business—that she could retain or force back the southern trade by war. War, indeed, has given her, just now, a new business and trade greater and more profitable than the old. But with disunion that, too, must perish. And let not Wall street, or any other great interest, mercantile, manufacturing, or commercial, imagine that it shall have power enough or wealth enough to stand in the way of reunion through peace. Let them learn, one and all, that a public man who has the people as his support, is stronger than they, though he may not be worth a million, nor even one dollar. A little while ago the banks said that they were king, but President Jackson speedily taught them their mistake. Next, railroads assumed to be king, and cotton once again vaulted largely his kingship. Sir, these are only of the royal family—princes of the blood. There is but one king on earth. Politics is king.

But to return; New Jersey, too, is bound closely to the South, and the South to her; and more and longer than any other State, she remembered both her duty to the Constitution and her interest in the Union. And Pennsylvania, a sort of middle ground, just between the North and the South, and extending, also, to the West, is united by nearer, if not stronger ties, to every section than any other one State, unless it be Ohio. She was—she is yet—the keystone in the great but now crumbling arch of the Union. She is a border State; and, more than that, she has less within her of the fanatical or disturbing element than any of the States—The people of Pennsylvania are quiet, peaceable, practical, and enterprising without being aggressive. They have more of the honest old English and German thrift than any other. No people mind more diligently their own business. They have but one idiosyncrasy or peculiarity—the tariff; and even that is really far more a matter of tradition than of substantial interest. The industry, enterprise, and thrift of Pennsylvania are abundantly able to take care of themselves against any competition. In any event, the Union is of more value, many times, to her than any local interests.

But other ties also bind these States—Pennsylvania and New Jersey, especially—to the South, and the South to them. Only an imaginary line separates the former from Delaware and Maryland. The Delaware river, common to both Pennsylvania and New Jersey, flows into the Delaware bay. The Susquehanna empties its waters, through Pennsylvania and Maryland, into the Chesapeake. And that great watershed itself, extending to Norfolk and, therefore, almost to the North Carolina river, does belong, and must ever belong, to common to the central and southern States, under our Government; or else the line of separation will be the Potomac to its head waters. All of Delaware and Maryland, and the counties of Accomac and Northampton, in Virginia, would, in that event, follow the fortunes of the northern confederacy. In fact, sir, disagreeable as the idea may be to many within their limits on both sides, no man who looks at the map and then reflects upon history and the force of natural causes, and considers the present actual and the future probable position of the hostile armies and navies at the end of this war, ought for a moment to doubt that either the States and counties which I have named must go with the North, or Pennsylvania and New Jersey with the South. Military force on either side cannot control the destiny of the States lying between the mouth of the Chesapeake and the Hudson. And if that bay were itself made the line, Delaware, and the Eastern Shore of Maryland and Virginia, would belong to the North; while Norfolk the only capacious harbor on the southeastern coast, must be commanded by the guns of some new fortress upon Cape Charles and Baltimore, the now querulous city, seated then upon the very boundary of two rival, yes, hostile, confederacies, would rapidly fall in decay.

And now, sir, I will not ask whether the Northwest can consent to separation from the South. Never. Nature forbids. We are only part of the great valley of the Mississippi. There is no line of latitude upon which to separate. Neither party would desire the old line of 39 deg. 14, 30 on both sides of the river; and there is no natural boundary east and west. The nearest to it are the Ohio and Missouri rivers. But that line would leave Cincinnati and St. Louis, as border cities, like Baltimore to decay, and extending fifteen hundred miles in length, would become the scene of an eternal border warfare without example even in the worst of times. Sir, we cannot, ought not, will not, separate from the South. And if you of the East who have found this war against the South and for the negro, galling to your hate or profitable to your purse, will continue till a separation be forced between the slaveholding and your non-slave holding States, then, believe me, and accept it, as you did not the other solemn warning of years past, the day which divides the North from the South, that self-same day decrees eternal divorce between the West and the East.

Sir, our destiny is fixed. There is not one drop of rain which descending from the heavens, and fertilizing our soil, causes it to yield an abundant harvest, but flows into the Mississippi, and there, mingling with the waters of that mighty river, finds its way, at last, to the Gulf of Mexico. And we must and will follow it with travel and trade, not by treaty but by right, peaceably, and without restriction or tribute, under the same Government and flag, to its home in the bosom of that Gulf. Sir, we will not remain after separation from the South, a province or appendage of the East, to bear her burdens and pay her taxes; nor hummed in and isolated as we are, and without a sea coast, could we long remain a distinct confederacy. But wherever we go, married to the South or the East, we bring with us three fourths of the territories of that valley to the Rocky mountains, and it may be to the Pacific—the grandest and most magnificent dowry that bride ever had to bestow.

Then, sir, New England, freed at last from the domination of her sophisters, dreamers and bigots, and restored to the control once more of her former liberal, independent, and conservative civilization, will stand in the way of the reunion of these States upon terms of fair and honorable adjustment. And in this great work

the central free and border slave States, too, will unite heart and hand. To the West, it is a necessity, and she demands it. And let not the States now called confederate insist upon separation and independence. What did they demand at first? Security against abolitionism within the Union. Protection from "the irrepressible conflict" and domination of the absolute numerical majority. A change of public opinion, and consequently of political parties in the North and West, so that their local institutions and domestic practices should no longer be endangered. And now, sir, after two years of persistent and most gigantic effort on the part of this Administration to compel them to submit, but with utter and signal failure, the people of the free States are now or are fast becoming satisfied that the price of the Union is the utter suppression of abolitionism or anti-slavery as a political element, and the complete subordination of the spirit of fanaticism and intermeddling which gave it birth. In any event, they are ready now, if I have not greatly misread the signs of the times, to return to the old constitutionally and actual basis of fifty years ago—three fifths rule of representation, speedy return of fugitives from labor, equal rights in the Territories, no more slavery agitation anywhere, and transit and temporary sojourn with slaves, without molestation, in the free States. Without all these there could be neither peace nor permanence to a restored Union States "part slave and part free." With it, the South, in addition to all the other great and multiplied benefits of union, would be far more secure in her slave property, her domestic institutions, than under a separate government. Sir, let no man North or West, tell me that this would perpetuate African slavery. I know it. But so does the Constitution. I repeat, sir, it is the price of the Union. Whoever hates negro slavery more than he loves the Union, must demand separation at last. I think that you can never abolish slavery by fighting. Certainly you never can till you have first destroyed the South, and then, in the language of Mr. Douglas and afterwards of Mr. Seward, converted this Government into an imperial despotism.

And, sir, whenever I am forced to a choice between the loss to my own country and race, of personal and political liberty with all its blessings, and the involuntary domestic servitude of the negro, I shall not hesitate a moment to choose the latter alternative. The sold question to-day is between the Union with slavery, or final disunion, and, I think, anarchy and despotism. I am for the Union. It is good enough for my fathers. It is good enough for us and our children after us.

And, sir, let no man in the South tell me that she has been invaded, and that all the horrors implied in those most terrible words, civil war, have been visited upon her. I know that, too. But we, also, of the North and West, in every State and by thousands, who have dared so much as to question the principles and policy, or doubt the honesty, of this Administration and its party, have suffered everything that the worst despotism could inflict, except only loss of life itself upon the scaffold. Some even have had to be caused by the hand of the assassin. And can we forget? Never, never. Time will but burn the memory of these wrongs deeper into our hearts. But shall we break up the Union? Shall we destroy the Government because usurping tyrants have held possession and perverted it to the most cruel of oppressions? Was it ever so done in any other country? In Athens? Rome? England? Anywhere? No, sir; let us expel the usurper, and restore the Constitution and laws, the rights of the States, and the liberties of the people; and then, in the country of our fathers, under the Union of our fathers, and the old flag—the symbol once again of the free and the brave—let us fulfill the grand mission which Providence has appointed for us among the nations of the earth.

And now, sir, if it be the will of all sections to unite, then upon what terms? Sir, between the South and most of the States of the North, and all of the West, there is but one subject in controversy—slavery. It is the only question, said Mr. Calhoun twenty-five years ago, of sufficient magnitude and potency to divide this Union, and divide it if it will be added, or drench the country in blood if not arrested. It has done both. But settle it on the original basis of the Constitution, and give to each section the power to protect itself within the Union, and now, after the terrible lessons of the past two years, the Union will be stronger than before, and, indeed, endure ages. Woe to the man North or South, who, to the third or fourth generation, should teach men disunion.

And now the way to reunion: what so easy? Reheld to-day two separate governments in one country, and without a natural dividing line; with two presidents and cabinets, and a double Congress; and yet each under a constitution so exactly similar, the one to the other, that a stranger could scarce discern the difference. Was ever folly and madness like this?—Sir, it is not in the nature of things that should continue long.

But why speak of ways or terms of reunion now? The will is yet wanting in both sections. Union is consent and good will and fraternal affection. War is force hate, revenge. Is the country tired at last of war? Has the experiment been tried long enough? Has sufficient blood been shed, treasure expended, and misery inflicted in both the North and the South? What then? Stop fighting. Make no

armistice—no formal treaty. Withdraw your army from the seceded States. Revoke both armies to a fair and sufficient peace establishment. Declare absolute free trade between the North and South. Buy and sell. Agree upon a Zollverein. Recall your fleets. Break up your blockade. Liqueur your navy. Restore travel. Open up railroads. Re-establish the telegraph. Reunite your express companies. No more monitors and iron-clads, but set your friendly steamers and steamships again in motion. Visit the North and West. Visit the South. Exchange newspapers. Migrate. Intermarry. Let slavery alone. Hold elections at the appointed times. Let us choose a new President in sixty-four. And when the gospel of peace shall have descended again from heaven into their hearts, and the gospel of abolition and of hate been expelled, let your clergy and the churches meet again in Christian intercourse, North and South.

Let the secret orders and voluntary associations everywhere reunite as brethren once more. In short, give to all the natural and all the artificial causes which impel us together, their fullest sway. Let time do his office—drying tears, dispelling sorrows, mellowing passion, and making herb and grass and tree to grow again upon the hundred battle-fields of this terrible war.

"But this is recognition." It is not formal recognition, to which I will not consent. Recognition now, and attempted permanent treaties about boundary, travel and trade, and partition of Territories, would end in war fiercer and more disastrous than before. Recognition is absolute disunion; and not between the slave and the free States; but with Delaware and Maryland as part of the North, and Kentucky and Missouri part of the West. But wherever the actual line, every evil and mischief of disunion is impelled in it. And for similar reasons, sir, I would not at this time press hastily a convention of the States. The men who would now hold states in such a convention, would come together full of the hate and bitterness inseparable from a civil war. No, sir; let passion have time to cool, and reason to resume its sway. It is not thirty years of desperate and most wicked patience and industry to destroy or impair the magnificent temple of this Union. Let us be content if, within three years, we shall be able to restore it.

But certainly what I propose is informal, practical recognition. And that is precisely what exists to-day, and has existed, more or less defined from the first—Flags of truce, exchange of prisoners, and all your other observances of the laws, forms, and courtesies of war are recognition. Sir, does any man doubt to-day that there is a confederate government at Richmond, and that it is "beligerent"? Even the Secretary of State has discovered it at last, though he has written ponderous folios of polished rhetoric to prove that it is not. Will continual war, then, without extended and substantial success, make the confederate States any less a government in fact?

"But it confesses disunion." Yes, just as the surgeon, who sets your fractured limb in splints, in order that it may be healed, admits that it is broken. But the Government will have failed to "crush out the rebellion." Sir, it has failed. You went to war to prove that we had a Government. With what result? To the people of the loyal States it has, in our hands, been the Government of King Stork but to the Confederate States, and King Log. "But the rebellion will have triumphed." Better triumph to-day than ten years hence. But I deny it. The rebellion will at last be crushed out in the only way in which it ever was possible—"But no one will be hung at the end of war." Neither will there be, though the war should last half a century, except by the mob or the hand of arbitrary power. But really, sir, if there is to be no hanging, let this Administration, and all who have done its bidding everywhere, rejoice and be exceeding glad.

And now, sir, allow me a word upon a subject of very great interest at this moment, and most important it may be in its influence upon the future—foreign mediation. I speak not of armed and hostile intervention, which I would resist as long as but one man was left to strike a blow at the intruder. But friendly mediation—the kindly offer of an impartial Power to stand as a dayman between the contending parties in this most bloody and exhausting strife—ought to be met in a spirit as cordial and ready as that in which it is proffered. It would be childish to refuse. Certainly, it is not consistent with the former dignity of this Government to ask for mediation; neither, sir, would it befit its ancient magnanimity to reject it. As proposed by the Emperor of France, I would accept it at once. Now is the most auspicious moment. It is the speediest, easiest, most graceful mode of suspending hostilities. Let us hear no more of mediation of cannon and the sword. The day for all that has gone by. Let us be statesmen at last. Sir, I give thanks that some, at least, among the Republican party seem ready now to lift themselves up to the height of this great argument, and to deal with it in the spirit of the patriots and great men of other countries and ages, and of the better days of the United States.

And now, sir, whatever may have been the motives of England, France, and the other great powers of Europe, in withholding recognition so long from the confederate States, the South and the North are both indebted to them for an immense pub-

lic service. The South has proved her ability to maintain herself by her own strength and resources, without foreign aid moral or material. And the North and West—the whole country, indeed—these great powers have served incalculably, by holding back a solemn proclamation to the world that the Union of these States was finally and formally dissolved. They have led us to every motive and every chance for reunion; and if that has been the purpose of England especially—our rival so long interested more than any other in disunion and consequent weakening of our great naval and commercial power, and suffering, too, as she has suffered, so long and severely because of this war—I do not hesitate to say that she has performed an act of unselfish heroism without example in history. Was such indeed the impartial tribunal of posterity. In any event, after the great reaction in public sentiment in the North and West, and followed after some time by a like reaction in the South, foreign recognition of the confederate States could avail little to delay or prevent final union; if, as I firmly believe, reunion be not only possible but inevitable.

Sir, I have not spoken of foreign arbitration. That is quite another question. I think it impracticable, and fear it as dangerous. The very Powers—or any other Power—which have hesitated to aid disunion directly or by force, might as authorized arbiters, most readily pronounce for it at last. Very grand, indeed, would be the tribunal before which the great question of the union of these States and the final destiny of this continent for ages, should be heard, and historic through all time, and ambassadors who should argue it. And if both belligerents consent, let the subjects in controversy be referred to Switzerland, or Russia, or any other impartial or incorruptible Power or State in Europe. But at last, sir, the people of these several States here, at home, must be the final arbiters of this great quarrel in America; and the people and States of the Northwest, the meditators who shall stand, like the prophet, betwixt the living and the dead, that the plague of disunion may be stayed.

Sir, this war horrible as it is, has taught us all some of the most important and salutary lessons which ever a people learned. First, it has annihilated, in twenty months, all the false and pernicious theories and teachings of abolitionism for thirty years, and which a mere appeal to facts and argument could not have untangled in half a century. We have learned that the South is not weak, dependent, unenterprising, or corrupted by slavery, luxury, and idleness, but powerful, earnest, warlike, enduring, self-supporting, full of energy, and inexhaustible in resources. We have been taught, and now confess it openly, that African slavery, instead of being a source of weakness to the South, is one of her main elements of strength; and hence the "military necessity," we are told of abolishing slavery in order to suppress the rebellion. We have learned, also, that the non-slaveholding white men of the South, millions in number, are immovably attached to the institution, and are its chief support; and abolitionists have found out, to their infinite surprise and disgust, that the slave is not "pining for freedom," nor pining in silent but revengeful grief over cruelty and oppression inflicted upon him, but happy, contented, attached deeply to his master, and unwilling—at least not eager—to accept the proffered boon of freedom which they have professed him. I appeal to the President for proof. I appeal to the fact that fewer slaves have escaped, even from Virginia, in now nearly two years, than Arnold and Cornwallis carried away in six months of invasion in 1781. Finally, sir, we have learned, and the South too, what the history of the world ages ago, and our own history might have taught us, that scruple insurrection is the least of the dangers to which she is exposed. Hence, in my double rate judgment, African slavery, as an institution, will come out of this conflict fifty fold stronger than when the war began.

The South, too, sir, has learned most important lessons; and among them, that personal courage is a quality common to all sections, and that, in battle, the men of the North, and especially of the West, are their equals. Hitherto there has been a mutual and most unadvised mistake upon both sides. The South overvalued its own personal courage, and undervalued ours, and we too readily consented; and at the same time she exaggerated our exaggerated strength and resources, and undervalued her own; and hence the original and fatal mistake of the military policy of the North, and which has already broken down the war by its own weight—the belief that we could bring overwhelming numbers and power into the field and upon the sea, and crush out the South at a blow. But twenty months of terrible warfare have corrected many errors, and taught us the wisdom of a century. And now, sir, every one of these lessons will profit us all for ages to come; and if we do but reunite, will bind us in a closer, firmer, more durable Union than ever before.

Have now, Mr. Speaker, finished what I desired to say at this time, upon the great question of the reunion of these States. I have spoken boldly and freely, not wisely, it may be, for the present, or for myself personally, but most wisely, for the future and for my country. Not counting censure, I yet do not shrink from it.

My own immediate personal interests, and my chances just now for the more material rewards of ambition, I again surrender as hostages to that great hereafter, the echo of whose footsteps already I hear along the highway of time. Whoever, here or elsewhere, believes that war can restore the Union of these States; whoever would have a war for the abolition of slavery, or disunion; and he who demands southern independence and final separation, let him speak, for him I have offended. Devoted to the Union from the beginning, I will not desert it now in this the hour of its sorest trial.

Sir, it was the day-dream of my boyhood, the cherished desire of my heart in youth, that I might live to see the hundredth anniversary of our national independence, and, as orator of the day, exult in the expanding glories and greatness of the still United States. That vision lingers yet before my eyes, obscured indeed by the clouds and thick darkness and the blood of civil war. But sir, if the men of this generation are wise enough to profit by the hard experience of the past two years, and will turn their hearts now from the bloody intents to the words and acts of peace, that day will find us again the United States. And if not earlier, as I would desire and believe at first upon that day at the great work of reunion be consummated; that thenceforth, for ages, the States and the people who shall fill up this mighty continent, united under one Constitution and in one Union, and the same destiny shall celebrate it as the birthday both of Independence and the Great Restoration.

Sir, I repeat it, we are in the midst of the very crisis of this revolution. If, today, we secure peace and begin the work of reunion, we shall yet escape; if not, I see nothing before us but universal political and social revolution, anarchy, and bloodshed, compared with which the Reign of Terror in France was a merciful visitation.

**Col Wright and Vallandigham.**

These two gentlemen had quite a passage at arms, in the National House of Representatives on Wednesday of last week. The speeches are too long for our columns we therefore quote two or three paragraphs of the running debate in which are condensed the peculiar views held by each of the speakers, on the war question. There is a point made in these quotations which ought to satisfy some of these virtuous "straight outs" and bigoted Republicans, that Vallandigham was a strong supporter of Stephen A. Douglas for the Presidency.

Mr. VALLANDIGHAM. I ask the gentlemen to permit me to say that, in spite of repeated corrections, the gentleman bases his argument all the way through, upon the assumption of a position on my part against the whole tenor of my speech. I am for the reunion of all these States, and a hundred more that may be carved out of the limits of this Union. I beg the gentleman not again to misrepresent me upon that point.

Mr. WRIGHT. I have no disposition to misrepresent the gentleman from Ohio.

Mr. Speaker, my policy, as I said a moment ago, when I was interrupted, is the restoration of all the States and Territories, organized and unorganized, that once were united under our national flag. I desire to see them all one people, one Government, one Union, with one destiny and one liberty pervading the whole. That is the kind of reconstruction I want. I desire to see no peace on any other terms; I want no armistice. Let me suppose a case. Suppose there is such a peace declared as the gentleman from Ohio would ask, or such a peace as those who, two years ago, were supporting Breckinridge for the Presidency—

Mr. VALLANDIGHAM. The gentleman surely does not mean to indicate that I supported Breckinridge.

Mr. WRIGHT. Certainly not. The gentleman supported Douglas, as I supported him. I did not allude to the gentlemen.

**THE MARCH TO THE GRAVE.**—What a mighty procession has been marching toward the grave during the past year, more than 35,500,000 of the world's population has gone down to the earth again. Place them in long array, and they will give a moving column of thirteen hundred to every mile of the globe's circumference! Only think of it; ponder and look upon this astounding computation! What a spectacle, as they "move on" tramp, tramp, forward upon this stupendous dead march!

Life is short and time is fleeting,  
And our hearts though strong and brave  
Still like muffled drums are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave!

**THE LETTER.**—A father wrote to his son at boarding school, the following letter:

"MY DEAR SON—If you are well, then we are all well. I send you with this letter my old coat—get a new suit made of it.

"Your dear mother sends you, without my knowledge, five dollars. Spend the money for some useful purpose; then it will please me. But if you don't, you are an ass, and I your most affectionate FATHER. W. S.

"The Rebellion has diminished our exports the past year one hundred and thirty four millions of dollars compared with 1861.

**A Horrible Spectacle.**

The Mankato (Minnesota) Record brings us full details of the execution of the thirty-eight Indians at that place on Friday, Dec. 26, by order of President Lincoln. So great was the excitement in the vicinity and so large the crowd of spectator flocking to the scene, that martial law was declared as early as Wednesday. On Monday before the execution, Colonel Miller read to the condemned Indians the death warrant of the President.

The day before the execution, the Indians were conversed with as to their past crimes and coming death. Some of them were much affected, and many of them protested their innocence, claiming that they had been falsely accused, or misinterpreted when on trial. They said that the guilty had generally escaped, while they, relying on their innocence, had been left to die.

The general justification urged by them was that they were compelled, in order to save their own lives, to accompany their chief in his attacks upon the whites, and of this there seems to be no doubt.

At ten o'clock the condemned were marshaled in procession and marched through files of soldiers to the gallows, which had been so constructed that all the culprits could be hung at once. They marched eagerly and cheerfully to the fatal spot. As ascended the scaffold they changed a death song, which was truly hideous, although it seemed to inspire them with fresh courage. One young fellow, who had been given a cigar by one of the reporters, just before marching from their quarters, was smoking it on the stand, puffing away very coolly, during the intervals of the hideous "Hi-yi, hi-yi-yi," and even after the end was drawn over his face, he managed to get it up to his mouth and smoke. Another was smoking his pipe. The noose having been promptly adjusted over the necks of each, all was ready for the fatal signal. The scene at this juncture was one of awful interest. A painful and breathless suspense held the vast crowd which has assembled from all quarters in witness the execution. Three slow, measured, and distinct beats of the drum, and the rope was cut, the scaffold fell, and thirty-eight lifeless bodies were dangling between heaven and earth. One of the ropes was broken, and Rattling Runner fell to the ground. The neck had probably been broken, as but little signs of life were observed, but he was immediately hung up again.

The bodies were then cut down placed in four army wagons, and taken to the grave prepared for them, among the willows on the sand bar, nearly in front of the town. They were all deposited in one grave, thirty feet in length by twenty in width and four in depth, being laid on the bottom in two rows, with their feet together and their heads to the outside. They were simply covered with their blankets, and the earth thrown over them.

**ANECDOTE OF POPE.**—One day, as Pope was engaged in translating the "Iliad," he came to a passage which neither he nor his assistant could interpret. A stranger, who stood by, in his humble garb, very modestly suggested that, as he had some little knowledge of Greek, perhaps he could assist them.

"Try it, try it," said Pope, with the air of a boy who is encouraging a monkey to eat red pepper.

"There is an error in the print," said the stranger looking at the text. "Read as if there was no interrogation point at the end of the line, and you have the meaning at once."

Pope's assistant at once improved upon this hint, and rendered the passage without difficulty. Pope was enraged—he could never endure to be surprised in anything. Turning to the stranger he said, in a sarcastic tone:

"Will you please to tell me what an interrogation is?"

"Why, sir," said the stranger scanning the ill shaped poet, "it is a little crooked, contemptible thing that asks questions."

Since the removal of McClellan the Army of the Potomac has moved, according to the Venango Spectator, on an average about twenty-two inches and a half per week.

A Washington dispatch to the New York Times says one hundred officers, absent without leave, were on Thursday stricken from the rolls.

"Look out for paint," as the girl said when the fellow went to kiss her.

Zeal without knowledge, is a without light.