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BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER

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HYMN OF DEATH.

Death is the falling of a cloud,
The breaking of a chain;
The rinding of a mortal shroud
We ne'er shall see again.
Death is the conqueror's welcome home,
The heavenly city's door;
The entrance of the world to come—
The life forever more.
Death is the mightier second birth,
The unavailing of the soul;
The freedom from the chains of earth,
The pilgrim's heavenly goal.
Death is the purer, nobler springs,
The second Eden's bloom;
The robe of light that angels bring,
Our victory o'er the tomb.
Death is the close of life's alarms,
The watch-light on the shore;
The clasping in immortal arms
Of loved ones gone before.
Death is the gaining of a crown
When minis and angels meet;
The laying of our burdened feet
At the Deliverer's feet.
Death is a song from seraph's lips,
The day-spring from on high;
The ending of our earthly sojourn,
The transit to the sky.

STOCK IN HEAVEN.—A few years ago an emigrant fell from a steambark on the Ohio river, and was drowned, leaving his wife and one or two small children, who were on board, in destitute and distressing circumstances. On coming into port, the crew was spoken of among a number of "river men" on the wharf, when one of them with characteristic bluntness observed, "Some boys, let's take a little stock in heaven." At the same time taking from his pocket a couple of dollars as his part of the contribution for the benefit of the poor widow. His example was followed by others, and a handsome present was the result of the rough impromptu exhortation: "Can we not hope that like the angel of Cornelius this act came up as a memorial before God?" It is a glorious truth whether our generous friend of the steambark understood it or not, that we are privileged to take stock in heaven.—"Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven," said Christ. The poor widow who threw in two times became a large stockholder, and her certificate is recorded there and there. Come, let us take stock in heaven.

A Learned Oddity.

The Baltimore correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune gives the following brief sketch of a very singular and eccentric personage whom we met a few evenings since—"His name is Henry Otter. He was born some fifty-two years ago, in Somerset county, Pennsylvania, of German parentage. He came to Baltimore when a boy, and served an apprenticeship to a watchmaker. Working in this city until beyond his majority, he got sick of city life and retired to the country. Having a taste for study, and with only a rude education, he applied himself to books. The taste for literature and science grew upon him, and ever since he has been a laborious student. Solitary and alone, he toiled day and night, until he accomplished a thorough knowledge of Latin, Greek, French, Spanish, Hebrew, German and several other languages.—"This done, he betook himself to the history of sciences, etc., and now ranks among the best scholars of his age. His present favorite study is mathematics, and admits of but two problems which have given him pause—these are squaring the circle, and the solution of cubic equations. He is an astronomer, philosopher, chemist, mathematician, and somewhat of a theologian. In my whole life I have never seen such a singular personage. He lives in a small isolated cottage, apart from society. Peter the Hermit was not so thorough a recluse, nor Diogenes more learned. He rather eschews woman, lives a bachelor, has a fine library of the classics and modern literature, and is happy beyond measure. His expression to me was, that he would not exchange positions with the most favorite crowned heads of Europe. He professes no religion, but respects all, and takes the bible alone as his guide and standard of morality. His personal appearance is remarkably singular. Scarcely a hair can be seen on his head, which shines like a greased pumpkin. He has a high intelligent forehead and a projecting brow, is seen a small, quick, penetrating black eye, full of character and intelligence. He never shaves, has a fine moustache and ample whiskers, with a face vivid in expression. His entire costume would not sell for ten dollars, if put up at public auction. A passer by would suppose him a poor mendicant, and be inclined to extend the hand of charity; and yet he is comfortable in this world's goods—owns no man a farthing, is independent as a king, happy as a lord. His food is literature, and his delight classics; he is, by profession, a skillful repairer of clocks; and after finding his funds getting low, sets out on an expedition through the country on a professional tour of clock mending.

POORLY THIS QUESTION.—The Springfield Republican adds to the story of the man, who, when told by his landlord he could not leave his house until he paid his bill, replied, "Good, just put that in writing, make a regular agreement of it; I'll stay with you as long as I live!" The following:—It must have been the same individual who, too poor to get married, was yet so susceptible to let the girls alone, and of whom it was told this circumstance. He was riding with "all of a summer's day" around, ever in the way—dropped an arm around her waist. No objection was made for awhile, and she gradually relieved the side of the carriage of the pressure upon it. But of a sudden, whether from a late recognition of the impropriety of the thing, or the sight of another beau coming, never was known; the lady started with volcanic energy, and with a flashing eye exclaimed:—"Mr. B. I can support myself!"—"Capital!" was the instant reply, "you're just the girl I've been looking for these five years—will you marry me?"

BATTLE OF BUNKER'S HILL.

From "Irving's Life of Washington."

BATTLE OF BUNKER'S HILL.

The sound of drum and trumpet, the clatter of hoofs, the rattling of gun-carriages and all the other military din and bustle in the streets of Boston soon apprised the Americans of their ruddy fortified heights impending attack. They were ill fitted to withstand it, being jaded by the night's labor and want of sleep; hungry and thirsty, having brought but scanty supplies, and oppressed by the heat of the weather. Prescott sent repeated messages to Gen. Ward, asking reinforcements and provisions. Putnam seconded the request in person, urging the exigencies of the case. Ward hesitated. He feared to weaken his main body at Cambridge, as his military stores were deposited there and it might have to sustain the principal attack. At length, having taken advice of the Council of Safety, he issued orders to Col. Stark and Read, then at Medford, to march to the relief of Prescott with their New-Hampshire regiments. The orders reached Medford about 11 o'clock. Ammunition was distributed in all haste—two flints, a gill of powder and fifteen balls to each man.—The balls had to be suited to the different calibers of the guns; the powder to be carried in powder-horns, or loose in the pockets, for there were no cartridges prepared. It was the rude turn-out of yeoman soldiery destitute of regular accoutrements.

In the meanwhile the Americans on Bunker's Hill were sustaining the fire from the ships and from the battery on Copp's Hill, which opened upon them about 10 o'clock. They returned an occasional shot from one corner of the redoubt without much harm to the enemy, and continued strengthening their position until about 11 o'clock, when they ceased to work, piled up their intrenching tools in the rear and looked out anxiously and impatiently for the anticipated reinforcements and supplies.

About this time Gen. Putnam, who had been to head quarters, arrived at the redoubt on horseback. Some words passed between him and Prescott with regard to the intrenching tools which have been variously reported. The most probable version is that he urged to have them taken from their present place, where they might fall into the hands of the enemy, and carried to Bunker's Hill to be employed in throwing up a redoubt, which was part of the original plan, and which would be very important should the troops be obliged to retreat from Bunker's Hill. To this Prescott dejectedly assented, and those employed to convey them, and who were already jaded with toil, might not return to his redoubt. A large part of the tools were immediately carried to Bunker's Hill and a breastwork commenced by order of Gen. Putnam.—The importance of such a work was afterwards made apparent.

About noon the Americans desisted twenty-eight barges crossing from Boston in parallel lines. They contained a large detachment of grenadiers, rangers and light infantry, admirably equipped and commanded by Major-General Howe.—They made a splendid and formidable appearance with their scarlet uniforms and bayonets fixed upon muskets and bayonets and brass field-pieces. A heavy fire from the ships and batteries covered their advance, but no attempt was made to oppose them, and they landed about 1 o'clock at Moulton's Point, a little to the north of Bunker's Hill.

Here General Howe made a pause. On reconnoitering the works from this point the Americans appeared to be much more strongly posted than he had imagined.—He desisted troops also hastening to their assistance. These were the New-Hampshire troops, led on by Stark. Howe immediately sent order to Gen. Gage for more forces and a supply of cannon-balls, those brought by him being found, through some egregious oversight, too large for the ordnance. While awaiting their arrival, freshments were served out to the troops with grog by the baker's, tantalizing it was to the hungry and thirsty patriot to look down from their ramparts of earth and see their invaders seated in groups upon the grass eating and drinking, and preparing themselves by a hearty meal for the coming encounter. Their only consolation was to take advantage of the delay while the enemy were carousing to strengthen their position. The breastwork on the left of the position extended to what was called the Slough, but beyond this the ridge of the hill, and the slope beyond Mystic River were undefended, leaving a pass by which the enemy might turn the left flank of the position and seize upon Bunker's Hill. Putnam ordered his chosen officer, Capt. Knowlton, to cover this pass with the Connecticut troops under his command. A novel kind of rampart, consisting of a row of trees, was suggested by the rustic General. About six hundred feet in the rear of the redoubt and about one hundred feet to the left of the breastwork was a post-and-rail fence set in a low foot-wall of stone, extending down to Mystic River. The post and rails of another fence were hastily pulled up and set a few feet behind this, and the intermediate space was filled up with new mown hay from the adjacent meadows. The double fence it will be found proved an important protection to the redoubt, although there still remained an unprotected interval of about seven hundred feet.

While Knowlton and his men were putting up this fence Putnam proceeded with other of his troops to throw up the works on Bunker's Hill, dispatching his son, Capt. Putnam, on horseback to hurry up the remainder of his men from Cambridge.—By this time his company in French and Indian warfare, the veteran Stark, made his appearance with the New-Hampshire troops, five hundred strong. He had grown cool and wary with age, and his march from Medford, a distance of five or six miles, had been in character. He led his men at a moderate pace to bring them into action fresh and vigorous. In crossing the Neck, which was occupied by the enemy's ships and batteries, Capt. Dearborn, who was by his side, suggested a quick step. The veteran shook his head:

"One fresh man in action is worth ten tired ones," replied he, and marched steadily on. Putnam detained some of Stark's men to aid in throwing up the works on Bunker's Hill, and directed him to reinforce Knowlton with the rest. Stark made a short speech to his men, now that they were likely to have warm work. He then pushed on, and did good service that day at the rustic bulwark.

About two o'clock Warren arrived on the heights, ready to engage in their perilous duties, although he had opposed the scheme of their occupation. He had recently been elected a major-general, but had not received his commission, like Pomeroy, he came to serve in the ranks with a musket on his shoulder. Putnam offered him the command at the fence; he declined it, and merely asked, where he could be of most service as a volunteer.—Putnam pointed to the redoubt, observing that there he would be under cover.—"Don't think I seek a place of safety," replied Warren, quickly; "where will the attack be hottest?" Putnam still pointed to the redoubt. "That is the enemy's object; if that can be maintained the day is ours." Warren was cheered by the troops as he entered the redoubt. Col. Prescott tendered him the command. He again declined. "I have come to serve only as a volunteer, and shall be happy to learn from a soldier of your experience." Such were the noble spirits assembled on these perilous heights.

The British now prepared for a general assault. An easy victory was anticipated; the main thought was how to make it effectual. The left wing commanded by Gen. Pigot, was to mount the hill and force the redoubt, while General Howe, with the right wing, was to push on between the fort and Mystic River, turn the left flank of the Americans, and cut off their retreat.

Gen. Pigot accordingly advanced up the hill under cover of a fire from field-pieces and howitzers planted on a small height near the landing-place on Moulton's Point. His troops commenced a discharge of musketry while yet a long distance from the redoubt. The Americans within the works, obedient to strict command, retained their fire until the enemy were within thirty or forty paces, when they opened upon them with a tremendous volley. Being all marksmen, accustomed to deliberate aim, the slaughter was immense, and especially fatal to officers. The assailants fell back in some confusion; but, rallied on by their officers, advanced within pistol shot. Another volley, more effective than the first, made them again recoil. To add to their confusion, they were galled by a flanking fire from the handful of Provincials posted in Charlestown. Shocked at the "deafening" and "maddening" of his troops, Gen. Pigot was urged to give the word for retreat.

In the meanwhile Gen. Howe, with the left wing, advanced along Mystic River, toward the fence where Stark, Read and Knowlton were stationed, thinking to carry this slight breastwork with ease, and so get in the rear of the fortress. His artillery proved of little avail, being stopped by a swampy piece of ground, while his columns suffered from two or three field-pieces with which Putnam had fortified the fence. Howe's men kept up a fire of musketry as they advanced; but, not taking aim, their shot passed over the heads of the Americans. The latter had received the same orders as those in the redoubt, not to fire until the enemy should be within thirty paces. Some few transgressed the command. Putnam rode up and swore he would cut down the next man that fired contrary to orders. When the British arrived within the stated distance a sheeted fire opened upon them from rifles, muskets and fowling-pieces, all leveled with deadly aim. The carnage, as in the other instance, was horrible. The British were thrown into confusion and fell back; some even retreated to the boats.

There was a general pause on the part of the British. The American officers availed themselves of it to prepare for another attack, which must soon be made. Prescott mingled among his men in the redoubt, and were all in high spirits at the severe check they had given "the regulars." He praised them for their steadfastness in maintaining their post and their good conduct in reserving their fire until the word of command, and exhorted them to do the same in the next attack.

Putnam rode about Bunker's Hill and its skirts to rally and bring on reinforcements which had been checked or scattered in crossing Charlestown Neck by the raking fire from the ships and batteries.—Before many could be brought to the scene of action the British had commenced their second attack. They again ascended the hill to storm the redoubt; their advance was covered as before by the Provincials of Charlestown, which had annoyed them on their first attack by a flanking fire, was in flames by shells thrown from Copp's Hill and from marines from the batteries. Being built of wood, the place was soon wrapped in a general conflagration. The thunder of artillery from batteries and ships; the bursting of bomb-shells; the sharp discharge of musketry; the shouts and yells of the combatants; the crash of burning buildings, and the dense volumes of smoke which obscured the summer sun, all formed a tremendous spectacle. "Sure I am," said Burgoyne in one of his letters—"Sure I am, nothing ever has or ever can be more dreadfully terrible than what was to be seen or heard at this time. The most incessant cannon fire, the discharge of guns that over was heard by mortal ears as those in the redoubt.

The American troops, although unused to war, stood undismayed amidst a scene where it was bursting upon them with all its horrors. Reserving their fire, as before, until the enemy was close at hand, they again poured forth repeated volleys with the fatal aim of sharpshooters. The British took the first shock, and continued to advance; but the incessant stream of fire staggered them. Their officers remonstrated, threatened, and even attempted to go down on their knees, but the havoc was too deadly; who ranks were mowed down; many of the officers were either slain or wounded, and among them

several of the staff of General Howe. The troops again gave way and retreated down the hill.

All this passed under the eye of thousands of spectators of both sexes and all ages, watching from afar every turn of a battle in which the lives of those most dear to them were at hazard. The British soldiery in Boston gazed with astonishment and almost incredulity at the resolute and protracted stand of raw militia, whom they had been taught to despise, and at the havoc made among their own veteran troops. Every canon of wounded brought over to the town increased their consternation; and General Clinton, who had watched the action from Copp's Hill, embarking in a boat, hurried over as a volunteer, taking with him reinforcements.

A third attack was now determined on, though some of Howe's officers remonstrated, declaring it would be downright butchery. A different plan was adopted. Instead of advancing in front of the redoubt, it was to be taken in flank on the left, where the open space between the breastwork and the fortified fence presented a weak point. It having been accidentally discovered that the ammunition of the Americans was nearly expended, preparations were made to carry the works at the point of the bayonet; and the soldiers threw off their knapsacks, and some even their coats, to be more light for action.

Gen. Howe, with the main body, now made a feat of attacking the fortified fence; but while a part of his force was thus engaged, the rest brought some field-pieces to enfilade the breastwork on the left of the redoubt. A raking fire soon drove the Americans out of this exposed place into the inclosure. Much damage, too, was done in the latter by balls which entered the sallyport.

The troops were now led to assault the works; those who approached were as before galled by the fire. The Americans again reserved their fire until their assailants were close at hand, and then made a murderous volley, by which several officers were laid low, and General Howe himself was wounded in the foot. The British soldiery this time likewise reserved their fire, and rushed on with fixed bayonets. Clinton and Pigot had reached the southern and eastern sides of the redoubt, and it was now assailed on three sides at once. Prescott ordered those who had no bayonets to retire to the back part of the redoubt, and fire on the enemy as they appeared on the parapet. The first who mounted exclaimed in triumph, "The day is ours!" He was instantly shot down, and so were several others who shouted about the same time. The Americans, however, had freshened their ranks, their ammunition was exhausted; and now succeeded a desperate and deadly struggle, hand to hand, with bayonets, stones and the stocks of their muskets. At length as the British continued to pour in, Prescott gave the order to retreat. His men had to enter their way through two divisions of the enemy who were getting in rear of the redoubt, and they received a destructive volley from those who had formed on the captured works. By that volley fell the patriot Warren who had distinguished himself throughout the action. He was among the last to leave the redoubt and had scarce done so when he was shot through the head with a musket ball and fell dead on the spot.

While the Americans were thus slowly dislodged from the redoubt, Stark, Read and Knowlton maintained their ground at the fortified fence, which indeed had been nobly defended throughout the action.—Pomeroy distinguished himself here by his sharp shooting until his musket was shattered by a ball. The resistance at this hastily-constructed work was kept up at length until Colonel Prescott had left the hill, thus defeating General Howe's design of cutting off the retreat of the main body which would have produced a scene of direful confusion and slaughter.—Having effected their purpose, the brave associates of the fence abandoned their weak outpost, retiring slowly and sparing the ground inch by inch with a regularity remarkable in troops many of whom had never before been in action.

The main retreat was across Bunker's Hill, where Putnam had endeavored to throw up a breastwork. The veteran sword in hand, rode to the rear of the retreating troops regardless of the balls whistling about him. His only thought was to rally them at the unfinished works. "Halt! make a stand here!" cried he, "we can check them yet! In God's name, form, and give them one hot more!"

Pomeroy, wounding his shattered musket as a truncheon, accompanied him in his efforts to stay the retreat. It was impossible, however, to bring the troops to a stand. They continued to pour down the hill to the Neck, and across it to Cambridge, exposed to a raking fire from the ships and batteries, and only protected by a single piece of ordnance. The British were too exhausted to pursue them; they contented themselves with taking possession of Bunker's Hill, were reinforced from Boston, and threw up additional works during the night.

BROOM CORN.—This plant is a native of India, and was introduced into the country by Dr. Benjamin Franklin, who found a seed in an imported wharf and planted it; and from this small beginning, arose this valuable product of industry. Jolly bodies suggest that the reason why married people call their wives "dear," is because they are so expensive to keep.—Somebody ought to broomstick the man who would make such a remark. A young gun in Shenendady, suffering from a too strong sensation of the more tender feelings, deines his complaint as an attack of lassitude. The Equinox, says Bayard Taylor, are afraid of a windy day, lest their souls should be blown away.

New York City is getting to be an old village, as it was incorporated one hundred and ninety years ago, in the 14th June, 1665.



DECLARATION.

By the Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, JULY 4, 1776.

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect for the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; and that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundations on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established, should not be changed for light and transient causes; and, accordingly, all experience hath shown, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed.—But, when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies, and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former systems of government. The history of the present king of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object, the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these States. To prove this let facts be submitted to a candid world:

He has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good. He has forbidden his Governors to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his assent should be obtained; and, when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them. He has refused to pass other laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of representation in the legislature; a right inestimable to them and formidable to tyrants only. He has called together legislative bodies in places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their public records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved representative houses repeatedly, for opposing, with manly firmness, his invasions on the rights of the people. He has refused, for a long time after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected; whereby the legislative powers, incapable of annihilation, have returned to the people at large for their exercise; the State remaining, in the mean time, exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without, and convulsions within.

He has endeavored to prevent the population of these States; for that purpose, obstructing the laws for the naturalization of foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migration hither, and raising the conditions of new appropriations of lands. He has obstructed the administration of justice, by refusing his assent to laws for establishing judicial powers.

He has made judges dependent on his will alone, for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries. He has erected a multitude of new offices, and sent hither swarms of officers to harass our people, and eat out their substance. He has kept among us, in times of peace, standing armies, without the consent of our legislature.

He has affected to render the military independent of and superior to the civil power. He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation: For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us: For protecting them, by a mock trial, from punishment, for any murders which they should commit on the inhabitants of these States: For cutting off our trade with all parts of the world:

For imposing taxes on us without our consent: For depriving us, in many cases, of the benefit of trial by jury: For transporting us beyond seas to be tried for pretended offences: For abolishing the free system of English laws in a neighboring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government, and enlarging its boundaries, so as to render it at once an example and instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these colonies: For taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, and altering fundamentally the powers of our governments: For suspending our own legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever. He has abdicated government here, by declaring us out of his protection, and waging war against us. He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coast,

burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

He is, at this time, transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries to complete the works of death, desolation and tyranny, already begun, with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the head of a civilized nation.

He has constrained our fellow-citizens, taken captive on the high seas, to bear arms against their country, to become the executioners of their friends and brethren, or to fall themselves by their hands.

He has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers, the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions.

In every stage of these oppressions, we have petitioned for redress, in the most humble terms; our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A prince whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people.

Nor have we been wanting in attention to our British brethren. We have warned them from time to time of attempts made by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them, by the ties of our common kindred, to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They too, have been deaf to the voice of justice and consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity, which denounces our separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind, enemies in war, in peace, and friendship.

We, therefore, the representatives of the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, in GENERAL CONGRESS assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the World for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name, and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare, That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, FREE AND INDEPENDENT STATES; that they are absolved from all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that, as free and independent States, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which independent States may of right do.—And, for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other, our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

ADVANCE OF HOMIOPATHY.—A popular English writer and homoeopathic physician, Dr. Wilkinson, has written a letter to a member of the Board of Regents of Michigan, preparatory to the appointment of a Professor of Homoeopathy in the University of that State, in compliance with a recent act of its Legislature. In his letter he says that most of the crowned heads of Europe consult homoeopathic medical advisers; that more than sixty peers and peer's sons have petitioned for a trial of homoeopathy by the government at the seat of war; and that a large and increasing proportion of the generals, admirals and prominent English statesmen are of the same medical faith.

WHY FEMALES FAVOR PROHIBITION.—In an address delivered by him at a temperance meeting in Brooklyn, Mayor Hall made the following statement:—"More than three hundred ill-used wives have called upon me since the first of January, to complain of their drunken husbands who squandered all their money in rum, and left them without the means of support." He estimated the total expenditure for rum in Brooklyn, during the course of a year, at near three millions of dollars.

COURTES COURSE OF TRADE.—A three-masted schooner was loaded last week at Ludus Bay, Lake Ontario, with wood at \$2 38 per cord, to be sold in Chicago, Ill., where it is held at five or six dollars. This is a strange cargo to carry westward for a thousand miles.

The following is from the pen of Walter Savage Landor:—"The dumps of autumn sink into the leaves and prepare them for the necessity of the fall; and thus insensibly are we, as years close around us, detached from our tenacity to life by the gentle pressure of recorded sorrow."

GOOD OLD AGE FOR A NEWSPAPER.—The Newport (Rhode Island) Mercury closed its ninety-seventh year of publication on the 12th inst. It is, we believe, the oldest newspaper in the United States, if not in the world.

COLORADO "WOMEN'S RIGHTS."—Zelpha Shum, a "lady of color," has been preaching in various Primitive Methodist Chapels in England, and her discourses are said to be much admired.

Archbishop Hughes has repeatedly crossed the ocean without injury to his sacred person, but recently, says the Philadelphia Times, he has "put his foot into it" in attempting to cross some Brook in New York.

A COOL STATEMENT.—The Nrenenberg (Germany) Courier, states under the heading of Stuttgart, that the corporation of Helsingin, in the province of Horb, have sold their poor-houses to the Jews, and sent their poor to America.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

DAYTON, Ohio, June 18, 1865.

I wrote you last from Pittsburg. Since that I have passed over the Ohio and Pennsylvania Railroad to Crestline, thence by the Cleveland and Columbus and other intersecting roads to this place, a distance of over 300 miles, stopping by the way as pleasure or convenience suggested.

The former road, leaving the Ohio river at Beerser, has its route through the more northern counties of the States, passing by Salem, Alliance, Canton, Millison, Worcester, Mansfield, and other growing towns, and through a country bearing evidence of excellent agricultural development. At Crestline, the Ohio and Indiana intersects with it and the Cleveland and Columbus road, carrying the traveler literally through "the woods" to Fort Wayne, Indiana, and thence by other roads to Chicago and the Great West. For, be it remembered, "the West" is a phrase about equally definite as to locality with the famous "down East" of the Yankees. We in Pennsylvania talk of Ohio as "the West," while here, some 600 miles from home, you scarcely get a glimpse of its ever-receding habitation. Nothing so much surprises the traveler from our Eastern States, accustomed to associate ideas of newness and undeveloped resources, if not of rudeness, with our conceptions of Western life, as to witness the beauty, activity, enterprise, and social conveniences and refinement so amazingly characteristic of nearly all the towns through which he passes. It needs personal observation to realize the evidences of the present greatness of this Western world in all the elements of social, political and physical progress and the clear forebodings of still vaster greatness in the future, when the almost indefinite expanse of territory stretching to the far-off Pacific, shall be teeming with life, and business, and industry.

It is astonishing to observe the facility with which Railroads are here constructed, intersecting each other every here and there, and stretching over the State their net-like interweavings, bewildering the traveler as to his proper route, even with map and guide-book in hand. From this place, for instance, where nine years ago there was not a single railroad, there are now no less than seven leading North and South, East and West, with intermediate points, and all running twice or three daily trains. At Crestline, where the Cleveland and the Ohio and Pennsylvania roads intersect, the passenger lights upon a marshy wilderness, the innumerable stumps of trees but recently felled, clearly indicating that the station is but one of many. And yet he is already met by equally clear indications that but a year or two will produce a thriving and populous town. Streets are already laid out and houses being built mostly on piles, in consequence of the marshy soil, and probably intended as temporary expedients to accommodate a present want. So at Forest, a point some forty miles west of Crestline, where the Ohio and Indiana and the Mad River and Lake Erie roads intersect. A single house is now all that greets the eye of the traveler. A year or two, will develop a thriving town. Indeed these Western towns spring up as it were by magic, and what is better, beauty and architectural taste spring up with them. Villages of yesterday are now large cities teeming with busy, active life.

You may have heard of Dayton as "one of the handsomest towns in the West." I expected much of it, but confess that my anticipations were far below the reality. Accustomed to the comparatively narrow streets and compactly built rows of red brick houses, scarcely ever varying in shape or style, of our Eastern towns, one is not prepared to witness the beauty, elegance and varied architectural taste so characteristic of most Western places, and especially that from which I write. Containing a population of over 20,000, Dayton lies in a beautiful and rich valley through which flows the Miami River. The streets are unusually wide and finely paved. Main street—that in which the principal wholesale and retail houses are located—is over one hundred feet in width. The sidewalks are of corresponding width and generally paved with large blocks of grey limestone, which is found in large quantities in the neighborhood, and furnishes admirable building material. The quarries develop beautiful strata of limestone of various thickness, from four to five inches to two and three feet in thickness. Each layer being of uniform thickness, the stones require little or no dressing, to reduce to the requisite size in length and width. I saw some slabs as they came from the quarry full six feet in width and some thirty feet in length, with a uniform thickness of about fifteen inches. The facility with which these stones are worked causes them to be used for paving, steps, sills, gate-ways, posts,—entire buildings being frequently put up from them.

But that which gives to Dayton its distinguishing beauty, aside from the width and cleanliness of the streets, is the taste evinced in the construction of the private and public buildings, and the embellishment of the yards and lawns which almost invariably surround them. The buildings are generally large and showy, in every style of architecture, presenting a variety and freshness unknown in Eastern cities. Besides this, almost everywhere in the city, the taste of the occupant, with various shade trees, fancy cedars, trailing vines, and roses. The first aim of the builder would seem to be, the possession of sufficient ground to enable him to put his building in the center, and then have "elbow-room" enough to prevent being cramped by his neighbor. Thus it seldom happens that you find dwellings in contact, beautiful green lawns stretching between, and giving to the whole city a rich rural aspect. From the top of the Court-house—a tall, stately building of solid limestone, roof and all—the town presents a lovely aspect at this season of the year. Strutting out over the valley to a distance almost twice as great as would be occupied by one of our compactly built towns of equal population, it presents the appearance of an extended green meadow all