

Ruffin's Journal

BY S. J. ROW.

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THE DAISY.

The daisy blossoms on the rocks,
And the purple heath;
It blossoms on the river's bank,
That threads the gleam beneath;
The eagle, in his pride of place,
Beholds it by his nest;
And in the mead it cushions soft
The lark descending breast.

Before the cuckoo's earliest Spring
His silver circle knows,
When greenling buds begin to swell,
And zephyr melts the snows,
And when December's breezes howl
Along the moorlands bare,
And only blooms the Christmas rose,
The daisy still is there.

Samaritan of flowers! to it
All races are alike—
The Switzer on his glacier height,
The Dutchman on his dyke,
The seal-skin vested Esquimaux,
Begin with icy seas,
And underneath his burning noon,
The paragon of China.

The emigrant on distant shore,
Mid scenes and faces strange,
Behold it flowering in the sward
Where his footsteps range;
And when his yearning, home-sick heart
Would howl to its despair,
It reads his eye a lesson sage—
That God is everywhere!

Stars ere daisies that beget
The blue fields of the sky,
Behold by all, and everywhere,
Bright prototypes on high,
Bloom on them, unpretending flowers!
And to the waverer
An emblem of St. Paul's content
And Stephen's constancy.

A TALE FOR THE TIMES.

The January sun streamed cheerfully in across the crimson carpet of the snug little room—the fire glowed redly in the grate, and the canary, whose cage hung in the window, trilled and warbled as joyously as if he was in the land of cinnamon and spice groves, instead of the climate of snow and wind. And Mr. Wayne, as he buttoned up his overcoat and fitted on his gloves, preparatory to facing the keen outdoor air, glanced round, very much as though he would prefer staying with the fire and the canary bird.

Just as he resolutely put on his fur cap, the door opened and his wife came in—one of those bright-eyed rosy-cheeked little women, whom it is very easy to spoil, and very difficult to control. The crimson merino dress she wore was the prettiest possible contrast to her peach blossom cheeks, and the white lace frills at her throat and wrists were more becoming than the costliest French embroidery could have been, while her tiny black silk apron, all ruffles and lace, and coquettish pockets, might have been worn for use, but certainly, had rather an ornamental effect!

"Are you off already, Charlie?"
Mr. Wayne nodded. "To be sure, puss. These are times when a man can't watch his business too closely."
"Before you go, I want some money," said the lady, reaching up to arrange her husband's cravat, with rather a conscience-stricken look.

"Money! what for?"
"Mrs. Arnold wishes me to go shopping with her."
"But you don't need to buy anything."
"I know that," said Mrs. Wayne pettishly, "but I want a little money, nevertheless, not to spend, but to carry. What would Mrs. Arnold think if I went shopping with an empty purse?"

Mr. Wayne whistled ominously, and then shook his head, as he sounded the depths of his pocket.
"I haven't a thing but a fifty dollar bill, Mattie!"
"I will take that, sir!" said Mrs. Wayne, demurely.
"Hold on, though—I shall need that for rent next week."
"Well, you may have it—only I want the privilege of carrying it to-day. Don't be so provoking, Charles—one would think I was a child!"

"And you are, in all essentials," said Mr. Wayne, placing the bank-note in her extended palm, and giving her a playful kiss as he took his departure.
"If you please, ma'am, Mrs. Arnold is waiting," said a servant, thrusting her round red face through the open door.
"Tell her I'll be down in one moment."
Mattie Wayne turned the bill from side to side, and looked thoughtfully at it. Had she not better place temptation out of her reach, and leave it at home?

"Nonsense! I shall not spend it!" was the next reflection. Mrs. Wayne placed it in her portmanteau, and ran up stairs to dress.
"It's a great bargain, ma'am," said the shopman, stroking down the rich folds of the cashmere shawl as it hung from the shoulders of the lay figure.
"Take it, Mattie! I never saw anything so cheap," whispered Mrs. Arnold.
"But I really do not need it at present," hesitated Mrs. Wayne.
"You can lay it aside until you do, ma'am," persisted the clerk. "That is the great advantage of these goods—they never go out of fashion. Think of it—a shawl like this for twenty dollars! You won't have another such chance for ten years."
"How I wish I had not bought that India wrapper of mine," said Mrs. Arnold, "I certainly would have preferred this."
"I will take it," said Mrs. Wayne laying down her solitary note, and silencing her conscience with the reflection—"Charles can't help seeing how cheap it is!"
"Mattie, do look at these silks!" exclaimed another lady, who had just recognized Mrs. Wayne, "did you ever see anything with such a lustre and so cheap?"
Mrs. Wayne's eyes sparkled with true feminine rapture, as she glanced at the shining folds, and from that moment she was a lost woman, as far as the change from the fifty dollar bill went. Is it fair to blame her? Let those who cast the first stone who do not know how strong is the influence of crowded emporiums, cheap goods, and advising friends, whose own wealth makes them inconsiderate of their neighbors less than purses.

was late when he came home, and Mattie had not the courage to make her confession at once.
"How is the business world to-day, Charles?" she asked.
He shook his head. "Matters are looking very badly—we business men need every cent we can rake and scrape together. And, by the way, Mattie, I am a little sorry you went shopping to-day. Several men who had advanced me money, think I am able to pay at once, when they have seen you looking at expensive goods down town. And of course I knew you were only looking, for—"

Mattie's face was scarlet.
"I have spent the money you gave me, Charles," said she, "but—"
His look of amazement—almost horror—checked her for a moment, but she went on and related the whole story.
"Can you pardon my folly?"
He rose and walked once or twice across the floor with a disturbed air.
"I shall have to do what I never did before—ask the landlord to wait a month for his rent," he said, with grave annoyance.

"Oh, Charles, if I had only left that money at home!" faltered Mrs. Wayne.
"Mattie," said her husband, sitting down beside her, and taking the little hand that trembled so violently, "I thought how it would be when you wanted the money this morning, to make a show. Never be ashamed of an empty purse, my dear, when you have no need for a full one. This is a hard lesson for you, but I shall not think the fifty dollars thrown away if it teaches you prudence. Hereafter, let us never allude to it again!"
"I shall not forget it, Charles," said Mattie, her bright eyes shining through mist, like a rainbow. She did not—and the fifty dollars was the best investment Charles Wayne ever made.

AN INCIDENT.—An incident occurred during the cannonading of Fort Sumter, which for its peculiarity, deserves particular mention. Roger A. Pryor of Virginia, ex-member of Congress, was one of the second deputation that waited upon Major Anderson. He was the very embodiment of Southern chivalry. Literally dressed to kill, bristling with bowie-knives and revolvers, like a walking arsenal, he appeared to think himself individually capable of capturing the fort, without any extraneous assistance. Inside of the fort he seemed to think himself master of everything—monarch of all he surveyed—and, in keeping with his pretension, seeing upon the table what appeared to be a glass of brandy, drank it without ceremony. Surgeon Crawford who had witnessed the feat, approached him and said: "Sir, what you have drunk is poison—it was the iodine of potassium—you are a dead man." The representative of chivalry instantly collapsed, bowie-knives, revolvers, and all, and passed into the hands of Surgeon Crawford, who, by purgings, pumpings, and pukings, defeated his own prophecy in regard to his fate. Mr. Pryor left Fort Sumter "a wiser, if not a better man."

A BRAVE TEXAS GIRL.—Here is a little item from a late Texas paper showing the old pioneer spirit still pervading the wives and daughters of the backwoodsman—"The party of Indians who passed through Jack Parker and Palo Pinto counties, marking their way with desolation, and striking terror to the stoutest hearts, drew up in front of the residence of Mr. Eubanks, and were holding a parley, and no doubt forming a plan to attack the house. There were no men on the premises at the time. Mrs. Eubanks, her daughter and several small children, were alone. The yard was enclosed with pickets, about six feet high. Miss Mary Eubanks, the daughter, with unequalled presence of mind for one so young, seized a shot gun, put on her brother's hat and placed a bench near the picketing, so as to peep over without exposing her body, and then deliberately fired at the party, which stratagem and heroic conduct doubtless saved her own life and the lives of her mother and little brothers and sisters, as the cowardly scamps immediately fled, no doubt believing the house defended by a body of armed men."

MEN AND MONEY.—The Suffolk Bank of Boston offered the State \$100,000 and the United States \$100,000. Old Massachusetts is pouring forth men and money to the contest for freedom, forming a plan to attack the house, when she sent more men into the field than all the Southern States together. Little Rhode Island shows the same high spirit. The Legislature unanimously voted \$500,000 for the war, the banks have offered \$125,000 to the State, and a single firm in Providence has offered \$100,000. Pennsylvania, too, is doing her duty. Men are plenty, and money is offered freely. The Philadelphia banks have taken \$500,000 war loan at par, and three as much could be had. A Pittsburg bank has offered \$100,000 to the State. John Covode offered \$50,000; and a number of citizens of Pittsburg, and in other parts of the State, have offered like sums. So it is in all the free States; men and money are offered freely, and without stint. Wo unto the traitors of the land, who dare to oppose the freemen of the North, when once fully aroused.

A SALT JOKE.—A good joke is told on a member of one of the volunteer companies which went down to Pensacola. We think it was a Mississippi company, and is said to be a fact. Being accustomed to fresh water, living in the interior, and not having been in the Gulf of Mexico before, he was in blissful ignorance of its briny properties. Getting up in the morning, as usual, to perform his daily ablutions, he drew a bucket of water, sat it down near his commode, and retiring for soap and towel. Returning with the articles, he sponged into the bucket of water, hands and face. The consequence can be imagined. Recovering from the shock, and rubbing his burning eyeballs, he exclaimed, "I can whip the d—d rascal that salted this water! A man can't draw a bucket of water, and leave it a few moments, without some prank is played on him." Dashing the water aside, he left amid the shouts and jeers of his companions who had been silently watching him. He soon found out his mistake.

A teacher asked a bright little girl, "What country is opposite to us on the globe?"
"Don't know, sir," was the answer.
"Well, now," said the teacher, "if I were to bore a hole thro' the earth, and you were to go in this end, where would you come out?"
"Out of the hole, sir," replied the pupil, with an air of triumph.

A CURIOUS STORY.

A New York correspondent of the Buffalo Commercial furnishes that paper with the following curious and romantic statement, the entire truth of which is vouched for by the writer, who also gives the names of Governor Morgan and the Chief Police as additional guarantees of its correctness.

In 1856 Thomas Shotwell, a young man of respectable family, and the son of a wealthy manufacturer of Leeds, England, became acquainted with and married Julia Tillotson, the only daughter of another rich manufacturer of Sheffield. The union was sanctioned by the fathers and mothers of both parties, and for a few months the course of true love ran smooth, and preparations were made by the young couple to set up for themselves, upon the funds expected from their respective "governors;" but a year after the wedding, the elder Shotwell succumbed to the financial pressure—he became bankrupt—and his family worse than beggars. The young wife's father, finding his son-in-law penniless, set about devising some means to get rid of him, quietly but effectually. The army in the East were in want of recruits, so a commission was purchased for young Shotwell, and he was assigned to the Regiment of Horse. Old Tillotson, finding himself free from the incubus of a "poor relation," devised how he should make the separation between his daughter and her husband perpetual. He first procured to be published in the Service Gazette a report of the death of the younger Shotwell, and a conspiracy with the clerk in London, succeeded in interception all communication between the youngsters.

In less than a year after the publication of young Shotwell's death, his supposed widow was induced to marry again, and this time to a worthy and wealthy sea captain named Post, engaged in the American trade, whom she accompanied to New York in March last. They had scarcely been there one month when her second husband died, leaving her a fortune of some \$12,000. For some reason Mrs. Post remained in this city, and boarded at a well known and fashionable English boarding house on Twenty-fourth street, where we will leave her to give a history of her first husband after his arrival in India. Not being able to obtain any intelligence from his wife, whom he truly and devotedly loved, he gave way to his passions, and endeavored to drown his griefs in dissipation. The first news he received from his wife was that she was in New York. A career of dissipation followed this intelligence, and in a drunken brawl he attacked and maimed a superior brother officer who playfully rallied him on his domestic troubles, for which he was court martialled and sentenced, but upon the circumstances of the case being made to the Governor General, his sentence was suspended, but he was cashiered and dismissed from the service. He, too, found an asylum in New York, almost simultaneously with his former wife.

Having never been schooled to labor, and having no vocation by which to earn a living—a stranger in a strange land, outlived by his own government—his case excited the sympathy of Mr. Wight, of the Park Hotel, who generously gave him a home until he could be put in a condition to earn for himself a living. He finally was offered and accepted a place as porter in a large dry goods house in Dry street, but his continued dissipation entirely unfitted him for his business, and he remained but a short time, his discharge necessarily following.

Under the circumstances it is not strange that he should commit crime; a forgery of his employer's name, his arrest and trial therefor, his conviction thereof, and sentence and imprisonment followed in September last. On the day he left the city of calls "I visited the boarding house of Mrs. P., on Twenty-fourth street, and while there accidentally saw a Bible upon the centre table, the very copy of the one entrusted to him by the convict Shotwell. He took up the book, opened it, and upon the fly leaf read these words: "Julia, from Thomas, Leeds, England."

Here was a mystery, and just such an one as a reporter delights to contemplate and investigate. So, calling the landlady to one side, he asked her concerning the ownership of the book, explaining his curiosity by stating that he possessed one precisely like it, whose history was a peculiar one, and as he understood there were but two books of the same pattern in existence, he desired to know if these were the two exclusives. He was informed that the book was borrowed from a lady guest for adornment of the centre table for his occasion; and what was more, was told that the copy would not probably be subject to an explanation of the coincidence. Sending up his card he was soon shown into Mrs. P.'s presence, and with the characteristic freedom (not impudence) of a reporter, proceeded to explain the cause of his visit—to learn the history of that Bible, assuring the lady that his visit was not prompted by an idle curiosity. Mrs. P., without reserve, gave such information as was desired; and in an after conversation gave the reporter to understand that her affection for her first husband, whom she still believed to have died in India, was unchanged.

The reporter soon left, and it is unnecessary to state that his next calling place was at the house of Mr. B., the agent of a well known European banking firm in this city. The story of the two Bibles was soon told, and of course Mr. B. was deeply interested. He immediately called upon Mrs. P., and kindly and carefully made known to her the story of her husband's misfortunes, accompanying the intelligence with a promise, if she desired it, that no pains should be spared to secure his pardon. What was her answer? No one who knows woman's heart can doubt. She did de-

sire it, and with heroic devotion set about accomplishing it. In company with Mr. B., she visited the victimized merchant, the District Attorney, the Judge of the Court and the jury, and telling the story of his and her wrongs, obtained letters from each to the Governor, soliciting the convict's pardon. Armed with these documents, she proceeded to Albany last week, and had an audience with Governor Morgan, the result of which was, that with a lighter heart and her husband's pardon, she took the cars for Sing Sing, and on Monday last had the pleasure of walking out of the prison doors arm in arm with the husband whom she had long mourned as lost to her forever.

The couple, thus strangely re-united, immediately took passage at New York for England, where they intend to reside hereafter.

OLD LETTERS.—Never burn kindly letters. It is so pleasant to read them over when the ink is brown, the paper yellow with age, and the hands that traced the friendly words lie folded over the heart that prompted them, under the green sod. Above all, never burn love-letters. To read them in after years is like a resurrection of one's youth. The elderly spinster finds in the impassioned offer she foolishly rejected twenty years ago, a fountain of rejuvenescence. Glancing over it, she realizes that she was once a belle and a beauty, and beholds her former self in a mirror much more congenial to her last than the one that comforts her dressing-room. The "bird-wind indeed" derives a sweet and solemn consolation from the letters of the beloved one, who has journeyed before her to the far-off land, from which there comes no messages, and where she hopes one day to join him. No photograph can so vividly recall to the memory of a mother the tenderness and devotion of the children who have left her at the call of Heaven, as the epistolary outpouring of their filial love. The letter of her true son or daughter to a true mother, is something better than an image of the features set in a reflex of the winter's sun. Keep all loving letters. Burn only the harsh and cruel ones, and, in burning, forget and forgive them.

CHOOSING HUSBANDS.—When a girl marries why do people talk of her choice? In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred has she any choice? Does not the man, probably the last she would have chosen, select her? A lady writer says: "I have been married many years; the match was considered a good one, suitable in every respect—age, position, and fortune. Every one said I had made a good choice. I loved my husband when I married him, because he had by unwearied assiduity succeeded in gaining my affections; but had choice been my privilege, I certainly should not have chosen him. As I look at him in the easy-chair, sleeping before the fire, a huge dog at his feet, a pipe peering out of the many pockets of his shooting-coat, I cannot but think how different he is from what I would have chosen. My first penchant was for a clergyman; he was a latter-day, and cared but little for me, though I have not forgotten the pang of his desertion. My next was a lawyer, a young man of immense talent, smooth, insinuating manners; but he, too, after walking, talking, dancing, and flirting, left me. Either of those would have been my 'choice'; but my present husband chose me, and, therefore, I married him. And this, I cannot help thinking, must be the way with half the married folks of my acquaintance."

THE DESPOTISM OF SOUTH CAROLINA.—There are no popular elections in South Carolina, to this day. The poor whites have never been permitted to vote; and even those who have the required property qualification—a freehold of fifty acres, or a "town lot"—only choose members of the Legislature. The Legislature elects all the state officers and the Judges, and also appoints the electors who cast the vote of the State for President. To keep the poor whites from all share in the government, it is provided, that no one shall be eligible to a seat in the Legislature, who does not own five hundred acres of land and ten negroes. This is the leading State in rebellion against the free institutions of the country, and these are the principles of government a few of our heretofore leaders, professing, but counterfeiting pure Democracy, want to sustain.

DISCOVERY OF ANCIENT COINS IN NEW ORLEANS.—The New Orleans papers report the discovery of a collection of old coins in an ancient Spanish house in the Second District of that city. The story runs to the effect, that an old negro woman had complained frequently to her mistress about an evil spirit which haunted the place, floor, walls and ceiling of the kitchen, to her great terror and the destruction of her rest at night. On Sunday night, March 24th, this woman locked herself in the kitchen, with her little grand-son, and began a search for money, which she naturally associated with the spirit. She dug under the hearth and discovered a heap of old silver the value of which had been estimated by a broker at \$1,670. Who buried the money must remain a mystery. The money, of course, falls to the lady living in the house.

USES OF SCRIPTURE HISTORY.—God certainly had a purpose in making history and biography the broad basis of all Scripture. It is not manifest that, by putting so large a portion of his Word into this narrative form, he thereby sought to attract and interest the youthful mind? If so, it is well to profit by the indication. It is wise to follow, in our own instructions, the Divine pattern thus set us. Religion never speaks more gracefully than when she speaks by example. It is chiefly through the living voice of example that she speaks to the young in all the Scriptures. To inculcate Bible truths, through Bible characters, whether from the pulpit, the press, or the teacher's chair, is to adopt the Bible's own method of instruction. And certainly it is one which experience proves to be the most effective, as it is the most pleasing.

UNION SPEECH OF GEX. WOOL.—General Wool made a patriotic speech at Troy, N. Y., on April 15. He closed by saying: "My friends, that flag must be lifted up from the dust into which it has been trampled, and placed in its proper position, and again set floating in triumph to the breeze. I pledge you my heart, my hand, and all my energies to the cause. The Union shall be maintained. I am prepared to devote my life to the work, and to lead you in the struggle."

THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH.

There are few thoughtful Americans who have not felt for many years that the Gordian knot of slavery would at some time or other be cut by the sword, but have hoped that that period might be more distant than time has proved. But it is a remarkable fact that some of our distinguished statesmen have seen the truth more clearly, and though, from patriotic motives, they did not openly express their presentiments, they signified them to intimate friends in confidential intercourse. In some cases these views have been made public since the death of those who entertained them. Amongst the various instances of this sort we may refer to Col. Benton's observation to a friend, that the vast expense put upon Capitol buildings was with the view that they should early become the property of the Southern Confederacy. Mr. Madison told a friend of his, who now relates the circumstance, that he would live to see the United States rent to pieces by the question of slavery.

There is one point in all this that cannot be too constantly remembered or too strongly dwelt upon. It is that such an event could not have come at a more opportune moment for the North. It comes a moment of extraordinary strength, when an unusual deficiency of grain abroad, and a great superfluity of it here, enables us to make large exports of Northern produce. Consequently, when a stringent money market checks all imports, and gives us the price of our exports in balance, these exports having been on Northern account, the specie is the property of the North, and affords us a basis of extraordinary strength for carrying on our operations. Add to this that the probability of another short crop abroad, and of another abundant one here, gives us a prospect of keeping down exchanges over a long period of time, and of retaining immense quantities of specie in this country to strengthen every movement. Nor is this all by the investing laws of trade, what specie is now in the South must come North, and this is a tendency which all of Jeff. Davis' financiering cannot avert, and, in fact, will only precipitate; for the rebel Administration, destitute of money, and unable to pay its soldiers and adherents, must at least make a pretence of paying—must pay in promises to pay—in paper. Now, it is the nature of a bad currency, when supported by Government authority, invariably to drive out good money. And the specie reserves of the Southern banks, now carefully hoarded, will be drawn out by Mr. Davis, on one pretext or another, and will find their way North to pay for provisions which the Southern States must have, or starve. In fact, a great deal of the specie will be sent North by its present owners, as a mere matter of precaution, and to get it out of the reach of Mr. Davis' clutches. Five millions are already in the North, for safe keeping in this way. The deficiency of money is already felt most acutely at the South, and we see it in no way more strikingly indicated than in the absurd sources to which, in their desperate embarrassment, they look for it. At the outset of Secession, South Carolina attempted to raise money in Philadelphia, and was greatly disappointed at her want of success. The Montgomery Administration fully expected to obtain large sales for their bonds in Wall street, where they were to have greatly the preference over those of the United States. Such a thing as their exclusion from the New York Stock Board probably never entered the heads of the rebels as a possible contingency. An equally severe disappointment was caused by the announcement that a similar exclusion awaited them in London, where the rules of the Stock Board perpetually exclude the securities of all communities which have been guilty of confiscation or repudiation. Money is right and left, no credit abroad, no money at home, where do they now put their faith? In the expectation of "large loans from British ship-builders."

Some men would never suppose that the English Government would allow its subjects to aid and abet traitors, and thus bring the two Governments into collision. But sanity is not a characteristic of the people of the Gulf States at the present moment. It is another element of strength in the North, at this juncture, lies in the new tariff, which will operate, to some extent, as a check to imports, at the same time that its higher rates will place in the hands of Government an undiminished amount of revenue. At the same time it throws manufacturing business into the hands of our establishments in preference to those of Europe.

It is difficult to would have been our condition if this collision had come at a moment when the North was suffering under excessive imports, with grain high here and abundant abroad—when the South was rich—when a bad tariff had stimulated imports and checked domestic manufactures. This is now so far from being the case, that there has been for a quarter of a century no period when the North was better able to go through this trial undefeatedly. And what are its first results? Southern commerce annihilated—banks insolvent, many with only three or four cents in specie to the dollar of circulation—that circulation already at fifty per cent. discount, and rapidly declining—public and private credit utterly annihilated, even the suspicion of secession sufficing to bring down the stock of a Border State like Virginia to its present pitiable figure—cotton forced to find new avenues to market, and to pay freights to Northern railroads—threatened, too, with damaging competition from new fields of production abroad and substitutes at home, whereas in the North specie is so abundant as to be a drug—banks almost everywhere solvent—the Government tendered supplies of men and money far beyond its wants—and commerce increasing, so that the arrivals at New York far exceed those at any previous time.

We are far from wishing to underrate the fearful crisis which is upon us. But we say—and in saying it, we repeat the words of a distinguished officer—that excepting their stolen arms and their secret conspiracies, no States could be worse prepared for war than these now in rebellion, and no States, not habitually provided with a standing army, in a better condition for war than the Free States of North America.

There are twenty-three special mail agents in the Union, about one half of which have been filled by the present Administration.

A young girl generally loses her freshness by mingling in fashionable society, as a bright stream does by mingling with the sea.

TERRIBLE CRUELTY.—The Montreal papers teem with accounts of cruelty shown to prisoners in the jails of Canada East. Alluding to the Isle-aux-Noix Reformatory, the *Advertiser* says: "Poor boys have been flogged there with rods cut green from the woods (six dozen each), until the flesh was ploughed out of their bodies, literally cut out in pieces, and when the poor sufferers begged for mercy's sake that the punishment might be inflicted upon their backs, even that was denied them, and the strokes so delivered that they would strike the hardest under the arm and around the breast. The Warden standing by all the while, and repeatedly giving orders to 'strike hard.' One poor boy in particular received eight lashes, after he was perfectly insensible, and remained in a state of unconsciousness for twenty-five minutes after he was flogged and he was let down on the floor. Another boy has been known to faint three or four different times from exhaustion and cruel treatment. It is also true that persons have been selected to inflict corporal punishment upon prisoners, against whom they were well known to harbor feelings of strong hatred. Others have been confined in dark cells for three months, chained to the walls with two feet of chain, and are described as in a state bordering upon insanity."

A NOBLE HORSE.—Grant Thorburn says: "One saw a horse in the neighborhood of New York drawing a load of coal, twelve hundred weight, in a cart. The lane was very narrow. The driver, some distance behind, was conversing with a neighbor. The horse, on a slow walk, came up to a little child sitting on its hind quarters in the middle of the road, gathering up dust with his little hands, and making mountains out of mole-hills. The horse stopped—he smelled of the child—there was no room to turn off. With his thick lips he gathered the frock between his teeth, laid his gently on the outside of the wheel track, and went on his way rejoicing. And well might he rejoice—he had done a noble deed."

PATENT ARMS.—It is well understood that Colt and others, holding patents from the United States, have for a long time past been supplying the South with arms of the most effective kind. As those men are protected in their manufacture of arms by letters patent granted by the United States, it is the duty of Congress at once to revoke their patents, and make the manufacture of patent arms free to all. Among the first acts of the Congress should be the revocation of the patents of all who have supplied rebels with arms. There are men who would learn a useful lesson by such discipline as that. Let us have a free right for all to make the best arms!

NORSE.—Cornelius Underhill, Esq., is among those of the wealthy citizens of New York who have offered to place money, ships, and all they possess at the disposal of the Federal authorities to sustain the Government in the crisis now upon us. This is not spoken of as anything peculiar, for nearly all are of one mind in New York; but Mr. V. has probably more property than can be made immediately serviceable in the contest, and more that is threatened by the system of piracy just set on foot by Jeff. Davis, than perhaps any other of our millionaires, and he proffers it all to uphold the Union and the Constitution.

TOO NEAR THE HEDGE.—In a village in Picardy, after a long sickness, a farmer's wife fell into a lethargy. Her husband was a willing, good man, to believe her out of pain; and so, according to the custom of that country, she was wrapped in a sheet and carried out to be buried. But, as luck would have it, the bearers carried her so near the hedge that the thorns pierced the sheet, and waked the woman from the trance. Some years after she died in reality, and as the funeral passed along, she would never every now and then call out—"Not too near the hedge! not too near the hedge, neighbors!"

PRIVILEGING.—Jeff. Davis has issued his proclamation in response to that of the President offering commutation of pardon and reprieve to such as may apply for them. Every man caught under his letters of marque will be liable to be hanged as a pirate. Nevertheless, our ship owners should be on their guard. Every port in the confederate States ought to be blockaded forthwith. If there are not national vessels enough to do it, let the Government call for privateers. Counter-irritants will cure some diseases.

KENTUCKY.—An immense Union meeting was held at Louisville on Thursday week. Speeches were made by Mr. Guthrie, formerly Secretary of the Treasury, the venerable Judge Nicholson and others. Resolutions were unanimously passed declaring that the Confederate States had commenced war with the Federal Government; that Kentucky is loyal to the Union; that Secession is a remedy for no evil; that Kentucky will not take part against the Federal Government, but will maintain a neutral position.

A LITTLE HISTORY.—Cassius M. Clay, Minister to Russia, has offered his services to the Secretary of War, either to raise a regiment or to serve as a private soldier in the ranks. Mr. Cameron said to him, "Sir, this is the first instance in history that ever I heard of where a foreign Minister volunteered to serve in the ranks." "Then," said Clay, "let's make a little history." A company of 100 volunteers was raised and put under Clay's command.

IMPRESSION MADE BY NORTHERN FEELING.—The boldly assumed attitude of the free States, and the extinction of all party lines, carry terror into the ranks of the conspirators; and many who preached secession a week ago, are now convinced that it is all wrong.

SOUTHERN OBSESSION.—Prominent Southern men in Washington openly say that the Confederacy committed a serious mistake in opening the fire upon Fort Sumter, as it will cause a reaction against them by the conservative, Union, and peace men of the South.

It is said that Huntington, the forger, is allowed to travel pretty much where he pleases, instead of being kept closely in Sing Sing. The other night he was recognized in Laura Keane's theatre, New York.

Of an earthly music, that which reaches the farthest into heaven is the beating of a loving heart.