

# Kaffman's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

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## COMING HOME.

O Brothers and sisters, growing old,  
Do you all remember yet  
That home, in the shade of the rustling trees,  
Where once our household met?  
Do you know how we used to come from school,  
Through the summer's pleasant heat;  
With the yellow fennel golden dust  
On our tired little feet?  
And how sometimes in an idle mood  
We loitered by the way,  
And stopped in the woods to gather flowers,  
And in the fields to play;  
Till warned by the deepening shadows fall,  
That told of the coming night,  
We climbed to the top of the last, long hill,  
And saw our home in sight!  
And brothers and sisters, older now  
Than those whose life is o'er,  
Do you think of the mother's loving face,  
That looked from the open door?  
Alas, for the changing times of time;  
That home in the dust is low;  
And that loving smile was hid from us,  
In the darkness long ago!  
And we have come to life's last hill,  
From which our weary eyes  
Can almost look on that home that shines  
Eternal in the skies.  
So, brothers and sisters, as we go,  
Still let us move as one,  
Always together keeping step,  
Till the march of life is done:  
For that mother who waited for us here,  
Wearing a smile so sweet,  
Now waits on the hills of paradise  
For her children's coming feet!

## GOING DOWN HILL.

A LIFE PICTURE.

Not long since I had occasion to visit one of our courts and while conversing with a legal friend, I heard the name of John Anderson called.

"There is a hard case," remarked my friend. I looked upon the man in the prisoners dock. He was standing up and pleaded guilty to the crime of theft. He was a tall man, bent and infirm, though not old. His garb was torn, sparse and filthy; his face was all bloodshot and bloodshot; hair matted with dirt, and his bowed form quivering with delirium. Certainly I never saw a more pitiable object. Surely that man was not born a villain.

I moved my place so as to obtain a fairer view of his face. He gazed upon me a single instant, and then covering his face with his hands, he sank powerless into his seat.

"Good God," I involuntarily ejaculated, "I had half expected his name, when he quickly raised his head, and cast at me such a look of agony, that my tongue was tied at once. Then he covered his face again.

I asked my legal companion if the prisoner had counsel. I then told him to do all in his power for the poor fellow's benefit and I would pay him. He promised and I left. I could not but see the man tried; tears came into my eyes as I gazed upon him, and it was not till I gained the street and walked some distance, that I could breathe freely.

John Anderson! Alas! he was ashamed to be known as his mother's son. That was not his real name, but you shall know him by no other. I will call him by the name that stands upon the record of the court.

John Anderson was my school mate, and it was not many years ago—not over 20—that we left our Academy together; he to return to the home of his weary parents, I to sit down for a few years in a dingy sanctum of a newspaper office, and then wander off across the ocean. It was gone some four years, and when I returned I found John was a married man. His father was dead and left John a princely fortune.

"And C—," he said to me as we met at a railroad station, "you shall see what a bird I have caged. My Ellen is a lark, a robin, a very princess of all birds that ever looked beautiful or sang sweetly."

He was enthusiastic, but not mistaken; for I found his wife all that he had said, simply omitting the poetry. She was one of the most beautiful women I ever saw. And so good, too, so loving, so kind. Aye, she so loved John that she really loved all his friends. What a lucky woman to find such a husband.

John Anderson was as handsome as she—tall, straight, manly, high browed, with chestnut curls, and a face as faultlessly noble and beautiful as art ever copied. And he was good, too, kind, generous and true.

I spent a week with them and I was happy all the while. John's mother lived with them, a fine old lady as ever breathed and making herself constantly joyful by doting on her darling boy, as she always called him. I gave her an account of my adventures by land and by sea in foreign countries, and she kissed me because I loved her darling.

I did not see John again for four years. In the evening I reached his house. He was not in; but his wife and mother were there to receive me, and two curly-headed boys were at play at Ellen's chair. I knew at once they were my friends' children. Everything seemed pleasant until the little ones were abed and asleep and then I could see that Ellen was troubled. She tried to hide it, but a face so used to a sunshine of smiles could not conceal a cloud.

At length John came. His face was flushed and his eyes looked inflamed. He grasped my hand with a happy laugh, calling me "old fellow," "old dog," said I must come and live with them, and many other extravagant things. His wife tried to hide her tears, while his mother shook her head and said:

"He'll sow these wild oats soon. My darling could never be a bad man."

"God grant it," I thought to myself, and I knew that the same was upon Ellen's lips.

It was late when we retired and we might not have done so even then, had no John fallen asleep on his chair.

On the following morning I walked out with my friend. I told him I was sorry to see him as I saw him the night before.

"Oh," he said with a laugh, "oh, that was nothing, only a little wine party. We had a glorious time. I wish you had been there."

At last I thought I would say no more but that it did myself. I knew his nature better than he did himself. His appetites and pleasures bounded his own vision I know how kind and generous he was—alas—too kind, too generous.

"John, could you have seen Ellen's face last night you would have trembled. Can you make her unhappy?"

He stopped me with—"Don't be a fool! Why should she be unhappy?"

"Because she fears you are going down hill," I replied.

"Did she say so," he asked with a flushed face.

"No; but I read it in her looks," I replied. "Perhaps a reflection of your own thoughts," he suggested.

"Surely I thought so when you came home."

"Never can I forget the look he gave, so full of reproach, of surprise and of pain."

"C—, I forgive you, for I know you to be my friend, but never speak to me like that. I going down hill? You know better. That can never be. I know—my own power, and I know my wants. My mother knows me better than Ellen does."

Ah! that that mother been as wise as she was loving, she would have seen that the wild oats which her son was sowing would grow up and ripen only to furnish seed for re-sowing. But she loved him—loved him almost too well, or, I should say too blindly.

But I could say no more. I only prayed that God would guard him, and then we conversed on other subjects. I could spend but a day with him but promised to correspond often.

Three years more had passed, during which John Anderson wrote to me at least once a month, and oftener sometimes; but at the end of that time his letters ceased coming, when I received no more for two years, when I again found myself in his native town. It was early in the afternoon when I arrived, and I took dinner at the hotel.

I had finished my meal, and was lounging in front of the hotel, when I saw a funeral procession wind into a distant church-yard, I asked the landlord whose funeral it was.

"Mrs. Anderson," he said, and as he spoke I noticed a slight drooping of the head as if it cut him to the soul.

"What? John Anderson's wife?" I ventured.

"No," he said, "it is his mother," and as he told me this he turned away. But a gentleman near by, who had overheard the conversation, at once took up the theme.

"Our host don't seem inclined to converse on that subject," he remarked, with a shrug, inquiring, "Did you know John Anderson?"

"He was my schoolmate in boyhood, and my friend in youth," I told him.

He then led me aside and spoke as follows: "Poor John! He was the pride of the town six years ago. This man opened his hotel at the time and sought custom by giving wine suppers. John was present at many of them, the gayest of the gay, and most generous of the party. In fact he paid for nearly all of them. Then he began to go down hill ever since. At times true friends have prevailed upon him to stop but the stops were of short duration. A short season of sunshine would glance upon his home and then the night came more dark and dreary than before."

"He said he never could get drunk again but still he would take a glass of wine with a friend! That glass of wine was but the gate that let in the flood."

Six years ago he was worth sixty thousand dollars. Yesterday he borrowed fifty dollars to pay his mother's funeral expenses. That was his last dollar. He told me so. She saw her son—her "darling boy" as she always called him—brought home many times drunk. And even she bore blows from him! But now she is at rest. Her "darling boy" wore her life away, brought her grey hairs with sorrow down to their grave."

"Oh! I hope this may reform him."

"But his wife?" I asked.

"Her heavenly love has held her up thus far, but she is only the shadow of the wife who six years ago," he returned.

My informant was deeply affected, and so was I. I consequently said no more.

During the remainder of the afternoon I debated with myself whether to call on John at all. But finally I resolved to go though I waited until after tea. I found John and his wife alone. They had both been weeping, though I could see at a glance that Ellen's face was beaming with hope and love. But oh! she was changed—sadly! painfully so. They were glad to see me, and my hand was shaken warmly.

"Dear C—, don't say a word of the past," John urged, shaking my hand a second time. "I know you spoke the truth five years ago. I was going down hill. But I have gone as far as I can here. I stop at the foot. Everything is gone but my wife, I have sworn—and my oath shall be kept—Ellen and I are going to be happy now."

The poor fellow burst into tears. Ellen followed suit, and I kept them company. I could not help crying like a child. My God what a sight! The once noble, true man so fallen—became a mere broken glass—the last fragment only reflecting the image it once bore; a suppliant at the foot of hope, begging a grain of warmth for himself and wife!

And how I had honored and loved him still! Oh! how I hoped—aye, more than hoped—I believed he would be saved. And as I gazed upon that wife—so trusting, so loving, so true and so hopeful, even in the midst of living death I prayed more fervently than I ever prayed before, that God would hold him up, lead him back to the top of the hill. In the morning I saw the two children—grown to two intelligent boys; and though they looked pale, yet they smiled and seemed happy when their father kissed them. When I went away, John took me by the hand, and the last words he said, were:

"Trust me, believe in me now; I will be a man henceforth while life lasts."

A little over two years had passed when I read in the newspaper the death of Ellen Anderson. I started for the town where they lived as soon as possible, thinking I might help some one. A fearful presentment possessed my mind.

"It was John Anderson?" I asked.

"Don't know, I'm sure. He's been gone these last three months. His wife died in the mad house last week."

"And the children?"

"Oh, they both died before she died!"

I staggered back and hurried from the place. I hardly knew which way I went but instinct led me to the churchyard.

I found four graves which had been made in three years. The mother, wife and two children slept in them.

"And what has done this?" I asked myself. And a voice answered from the low sleeping place:

"The demon of the wine table."

But this was not all the work. No, no!

The next day I saw what—Oh, God!—was far more terrible! I saw it in the city court room. But this was not the last.

I saw my legal friend the day following the trial. He said John Anderson was in prison. I hastened to see him. The turnkey conducted me to his cell—the key turned in a large lock; and a ponderous door with a sharp creak swung upon its hinges, and I saw a dead body suspended by the neck from a grated window!

I looked at the horrible face; could see nothing of the face of John Anderson there, but the face I had seen in the court room was sufficient to connect the two; and I knew that this was all that remained of him that I loved so well.

And this was the last of the demon's work; the last act in the terrible drama. And from the first spark of the red wine it had been down, down, down! until the foot of the hill had been reached!

When I turned away from the cell and once more walked amid the flashing saloons and revel halls, I wished that my voice had power to thunder the life story of which I have been a witness, into the ears of still living men.

DEATH OF A VENERABLE LADY.—Says the Doylestown (Pa.) Democrat: Under the obituary head will be found a notice of the death of Jane Richardson, who had almost reached her 90th year. She resided at the house of her nephew, Joshua Richardson, in Atleeborough. Her death occurred on Sunday, and until the Friday previous she exhibited no signs of failing health, which had been remarkably good. It is not many months since we visited this old lady, and had a pleasant interview. She was blessed with an excellent memory, and retained many incidents of her early life connected with the stirring times of the revolutionary war, and being in full possession of all her faculties, she related them with much enthusiasm and great pleasure. She had a vivid collection of many incidents that occurred during the winter the Hessians were captured in Trenton, by General Washington. She told us that on Christmas evening, 1776, after the battle of Trenton, the soldiers came straggling in, but indifferently clad, and some with but parts of shoes to their feet, leaving bloody foot-prints upon the frozen snow and upon the floors. Two poor fellows, cold and weary, crept into the bake-oven, which is still standing, and which was still warm from recent use, and passed the night there without molestation; others laid down upon the hearth and floors and slept. In the sitting room stands a clock that has occupied the same corner, numbering the seconds, for more than a hundred years, around which the soldiers stacked their guns. She told us of the visit of Lafayette to the house. At the battle of Brandywine, Chester county, September 11, 1777, Lafayette was wounded and carried to Old Chester, and conveyed from thence to Philadelphia that night, by water; from Philadelphia he was taken to Bethlehem, via Atleeborough, where he spent a few days. A table remains in the house upon which Lafayette sat while his wounded limb was dressed, and accidentally sitting upon the leaf it was broken. "Aunt Jane," as she was familiarly called, will be greatly missed. She was an object of much solicitude in the neighborhood—everybody knew her and loved her. Peace to her ashes.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—An accident occurred at a crossing near the Green Tree, on the Pennsylvania road, on Tuesday the 14th, Mr. David C. Lee, accompanied by his daughter, was crossing the track near the Green Tree, when, just as the horse had passed over the engine, struck the carriage, crushing it into fragments. Mr. Lee was thrown on the ground, and caught by the door of the carriage, where, in a state of insensibility, he was carried about four hundred yards. The engineer did not even know his whereabouts. The cars were stopped and Mr. Lee was taken off and carried to the Green Tree, where he remained insensible for some time. His chief injuries seemed to be about the throat and jaws, but no bones were broken. The daughter was thrown off the track, but so close that the wheels passed over a portion of her clothes and matted. She supposed herself under the cars and lay with her face close to the ground till they had passed along. She had a severe flesh wound on her arm and was badly bruised about the face. This is one of the most singular accidents and wonderful escapes ever chronicled in the history of railroad casualties.

A YANKEE TRICK IN MISSOURI.—The following is told of Major Hovey, of the 24th Indiana regiment, in connection with Gen. Pope's recent exploit in Missouri: While at some point near Clinton, Major Hovey, took 100 men, put them in wagons, so as to hide them from view, and he putting a few stragglers to walk, as if guarding the train, he started out. Secession, shot-guns in hand, hiding in the brush, saw the cortege, and supposing it a Federal wagon train, poorly guarded, and hence an easy as well as a legitimate prize. Reasoning thus, Secession walked from the brush, presented its shot gun and demanded a surrender. That demand was instantly met by fifty men rising from the wagons, presenting a row of glittering muskets, and requesting a similar favor of astonished and now mortified Secession. Secession generally complied, and worked off its ill-humor by cursing such "mean Yankees." In this way many a petulant rebel was confounded, and in two cases, where fight was preferred rather than surrender, the sons of chivalry were made to bite the dust.

AN HONEST LIFE.—The poor pittance of seventy years is not worth being a villain for. What matter is it if your neighbor lies in a splendid tomb? Sleep you with innocence. Look behind you through the track of time! A vast desert lies open in retrospect; wearied with years and sorrow, they sink from the walks of man. You must leave them where they fall; and you are to go a little further, and you will find eternal rest. Whatever you may have to encounter between the cradle and the grave, every moment is big with events, which come not in succession, but bursting forcibly from a revolving and unknown cause, fly over this orb with diversified influence.

GILDED PEWS.—The pews of Rev. Harry Ward Beecher's church, Brooklyn, N.Y., were sold at auction last week and brought \$12,000, and 40 remained unsold. The highest premium paid was \$100. Times must be good in Gotham. We can get good preaching in this part of the country for much less money.

## A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE TIMES.

Chronology of the Rebellion, &c.

The great Rebellion of the Slaveholders, foreshadowed and threatened by the South, came into active existence immediately upon the announcement that Abraham Lincoln had been elected President of the United States.

November 10th, 1860—Bill introduced in South Carolina Legislature to raise and equip 10,000 volunteers—James Chestnut, Senator from South Carolina, resigned—South Carolina Legislature ordered the election of a convention to consider the question of Secession.

11th—Senator Hammond, of South Carolina, resigned.

14th—Alex. H. Stephens spoke at Milledgeville in opposition to Secession, but favored a State Convention.

15th—Senator Toombs spoke for Secession at Milledgeville, Georgia—Gov. Letcher, of Virginia, called an extra session of the Legislature—Senator Toombs spoke in opposition to Mr. Stephens, and Mr. Stephens in a few days after gave in his adhesion to rebellion—Great public meeting at Mobile, and adoption of the famous Declaration of Causes for Secession.

17th—Great Secession meeting in Charleston, S. C.

18th—Georgia Legislature voted \$1,000,000 to arm the State, and ordered the election of a convention—Major Anderson ordered to Fort Moultrie, to relieve Col Gardiner, ordered to Texas.

19th—Gov. Moore ordered an extra session of the Louisiana Legislature.

20th, 22d, 23d—General Bank suspensions in Richmond, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia, Trenton, and the Southern States.

24th—Vigilance Associations organized by citizens of Lexington district, S. C. [This district extended all over the South, and thousands of northern men and women were driven out of the country with threats, and often with personal violence.]

29th—Vermont Legislature refuses, 125 to 58, to repeal the Personal Liberty Bill—Mississippi Legislature voted to send commissioners to confer with the authorities of the other slaveholding States.

DECEMBER 1st—Florida Legislature voted to elect a convention—Great Secession meeting at Memphis.

3d—A John Brown anniversary meeting in Boston broke up—Meeting of Congress—President Buchanan's message denied the right of Secession; it was fiercely attacked by Senator Clingman of N. C., and defended by Crittenden of Kentucky.

4th—The President sent Mr. Treseott, of South Carolina to ask a postponement of action until Congress could decide upon remedies—Mr. Iverson of Georgia, made a disunion speech in the Senate, predicting the Secession of five if not eight States before the 4th of March, Senator Seward of Delaware, spoke for the Union, and reproved Iverson.

5th—Election for delegates in South Carolina. All the candidates were immediate secessionists.

6th—John Bell of Tenn., published a letter in favor of the Union—Democratic State Convention in Maryland. Regulations passed deploring the hasty action of South Carolina—The committee of 33 announced by the Speaker, it was 16 Republicans, and 17 secessionists.

10th—Howell Cobb Secretary of the Treasury, resigned—Louisiana Legislature met in extra session, voted to elect a convention, and appropriated \$500,000 to arm the State—General debate begun in Congress on the state of the nation. It very soon became apparent from speeches by Iverson, Wigfall, and other Southerners, that the secessionists did not intend and would not have any compromise—Senator Clay, of Alabama, tendered his resignation.

13th—Great Union demonstration in Philadelphia—Extra session of the Cabinet on the question of reinforcing Fort Moultrie; the President opposed it, and carried his point.

14th—Lewis Cass, Secretary of State resigned because the President would not send reinforcements South.

17th—South Carolina convention assembled. Gov. Pickens took ground for immediate Secession—Speech of Senator Wade, foreshadowing the policy of the new administration.

15th—The famous Crittenden Compromise introduced. It was this: To renew the Missouri line of 36 30; prohibit slavery North and permit it south of that line; admit new States with or without slavery, as their constitutions provide; prohibit Congress from abolishing slavery in States, and in the District of Columbia so long as it exists in Virginia or Maryland; permit free transmission of slaves by land or by water in any State; pay for fugitive slaves rescued after arrest; repeal the inequality of commissioner's fees in Fugitive Slave act; and to ask the repeal of Personal Liberty bills in the Northern States. These concessions to be submitted to the people as amendments to the Constitution, and if adopted never to be changed—Jacob Thompson, Secretary of the Interior, went to Raleigh to persuade the North Carolina Legislature to vote for Secession.

19th—Senator Johnson of Tenn., made a strong Union speech on Crittenden's bill—Gov. Hicks, of Md., refused to receive the Mississippi commissioner; the commissioner addressed a Secession meeting in Baltimore.

20th—South Carolina Convention unanimously adopted a Secession ordinance, the news of which was hailed with enthusiasm throughout the Southern States—The committee of 13 appointed in the Senate—Caleb Cushing reached Charleston with a message from President Buchanan, guaranteeing that Maj. Anderson should not be reinforced, and asking the Convention to respect the Federal laws. The Convention refused to make any promises, and Mr. C. returned after a stay of 5 hours.

22d—North Carolina Legislature adjourned. A bill to arm the State failed to pass the House—The Crittenden propositions voted down in the committee of 13.

23d—The robbery of the Indian Trust Fund discovered at Washington.

24th—Withdrawal of the South Carolina delegates from Congress.

26th—Evacuation of Fort Moultrie by Major Anderson.

27th—The Palmetto flag raised in Charleston—Forts Pinckney and Moultrie occupied by State troops.

29th—Mr. Floyd tenders his resignation as Secretary of War—President Buchanan accepts it.

30th—Arsenals in South Carolina seized by State troops.

31st—Exciting session of the Senate—Mr. Benjamin, of Louisiana, delivers a violent secession speech.

JANUARY 1st, 1861—First symptoms of life in the Buchanan Administration—The frigate Brooklyn and another war vessel ordered to Charleston.

2d—The Legislature of Little Delaware passed a joint resolution in opposition to Secession—Act of Secession passed by Mississippi.

3d—Fort Moultrie, North Carolina, Fort Wilmington and the United States Arsenal at Fayetteville seized by order of Gov. Ellis, of North Carolina—United States forts and property seized in Mississippi—Forts Pulaski and Jackson, near Savannah, seized by order of Gov. Brown of Georgia; fort Pulaski cost \$923,000, and mounts 150 guns; fort Jackson cost \$80,000, and mounts 14 guns—The Commissioners of South Carolina left Washington on their return home; the cause of this movement was that the President returned to them a communication which he deemed to be couched in such terms as would not warrant its retention.

4th—This day was devoted to humiliation, fasting and prayer for our national transgressions, in accordance with the recommendation of President Buchanan; business was almost suspended, and the churches were crowded with worshippers in all parts of the country—Fort Morgan, in the harbor of Mobile was taken possession of by State troops; this fortification cost the Government \$1,212,000, and mounts 132 guns—The United States Arsenal at Mobile was taken by the Alabama State troops; it contained a few arms, 1500 barrels of powder, 300,000 rounds of musket cartridges, and other munitions of war.

5th—The South Carolina Secession State Convention adjourned subject to the call of the President—The Star of the West leaves New York with reinforcements for Fort Sumter.

6th—Extra session of the Legislature of Virginia convened at Richmond—The State Convention of Alabama met at Montgomery—State Convention of Mississippi met at Jackson—Legislature of Tennessee met at Nashville.

8th—Jacob Thompson, of Mississippi, resigned his position as Secretary of the Interior in President Buchanan's Cabinet—Forts Johnson and Caswell were taken by the State troops of North Carolina.

9th—The steamship Marion, belonging to the line of New York and Charleston steamers, was seized at Charleston by the State authorities—The steamship Star of the West, Capt. McGowan, which had been chartered in New York to convey troops and supplies to Major Anderson at Fort Sumter, was fired into by batteries erected by the State of South Carolina at the entrance of Charleston harbor; the Star of the West was struck twice, and being an unarmed vessel was forced to retire—The State Convention of Mississippi passed an ordinance for immediate secession, by a vote of 84 to 15.

10th—Forts St. Philip and Jackson, on the Mississippi river, and Fort Pike on Lake Ponchartrain, together with the United States Arsenal at Baton Rouge, were seized by the State troops of Louisiana—The President transmitted a special message to Congress on the affairs of the country.

11th—The ordinance of secession passed the State Convention of Alabama, by a vote of 61 to 39—The Florida State Convention passed the ordinance of secession by a vote of 62 to 7—Philip P. Thomas, of Maryland, who was appointed Secretary of the Treasury on the 11th of December, 1860, in place of Howell Cobb, resigned his position, and the President appointed John A. Dix, of New York, in his place—The steamship Marion, which had been seized at Charleston, by order of the State authorities, was released.

12th—The steamship Star of the West returned to New York, having two shot holes in her hull, which she received by being fired into in Charleston harbor—Fort Barancas and the United States Navy Yard at Pensacola, Florida, were seized by Alabama and Florida troops—Otha R. Singleton, Wm. Barksdale, Reuben Davis, John McRea and Lucius Q. C. Lamar, the five members of the House of Representatives from Mississippi, formally withdrew from the Congress of the United States.

15th—The bill for calling a State Convention in Virginia passed the Senate by a vote of 45 to 1, and the House unanimously—U. S. Coast Survey schooner Dana seized by the State of Florida.

17th—Hon. J. Holt nominated Secretary of War.

19th—The State Convention of Georgia adopted the secession ordinance, by ayes 208, nays 89.

21st—Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, Benj. Fitzpatrick and Clement C. Clay, Jr., of Alabama; David L. Yates and Stephen B. Mallory, of Florida, formally withdrew from the Senate of the United States—The Post Office Department discontinued the Post Office at Pensacola, Florida—George L. Houston, Sydenham Moore, David Clapton, Jas. L. Pugh, S. L. M. Curry and James A. Stallworth, members of Congress from Alabama, withdrew from the House of Representatives.

23d—Peter D. Love, Martin J. Crawford, Thomas Hardeman, Jr., Lucius J. Gartrell, John W. Underwood, James Jackson, John J. Jones, members of Congress from Georgia, left the House of Representatives. Joshua Hill, also one of the members from Georgia, refused to go with the others, but formally tendered his resignation—The Louisiana State Convention met at Baton Rouge.

24th—The United States Arsenal at Augusta, Ga., was surrendered to the State authorities.

25th—The personal Liberty bill of Rhode Island was repealed.

26th—The secession ordinance of Louisiana passed the State Convention by a vote of 113 to 17.

27th—The Grand Jury of the District of Columbia presented charges against John B. Floyd, of Virginia, Secretary of War in President Buchanan's Cabinet, for mal-administration in office and conspiring against the Government.

28th—The revenue cutter McClellan surrendered at New Orleans, by Capt. Underwood—The Pacific Railroad bill was passed by Congress.

30th—The President signed the bill for the admission of Kansas into the Union, and she became the thirty-fourth State.

31st—The United States Mint and Custom House at New Orleans were seized by State authorities, and the officials took the oath under the ordinance of the Secession Convention.

tion. In the mint there was over \$889,000 of Government money, and in the Sub-Treasury nearly \$122,000.

FEBRUARY 1st—The Texas convention passed the ordinance of secession, by a vote of 166 yeas to 7 nays.

2d—Surrender of the United States revenue cutter Mobile by Capt. Morrison.

4th—A Peace Conference, consisting of delegates from Virginia, Maryland, Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, New York, Ohio, Missouri, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Illinois, Connecticut, New Hampshire, Vermont, Delaware, Rhode Island and Massachusetts, convened at Washington, and elected ex-President John Tyler, of Virginia, President. The conference resolved to sit with closed doors—A convention of the Seceded States convened at Montgomery, Ala., and elected Howell Cobb President—Election held in Virginia for delegates to the State Convention. A large majority of the delegates chosen were known as Union men, that is men opposed to immediate Secession. The vote on the question of referring the action of the Convention back to the people resulted in a majority of 56,000 in favor of reference.

5th—John Slidell and Judah P. Benjamin, United States Senators from Louisiana, withdrew from the Senate—Miles Taylor, Thomas G. Davidson and J. M. Landrum, members of Congress from Louisiana, withdrew from the House of Representatives under instructions from the Secession Convention. J. E. Bonigny, the member from the first district (New Orleans) announced that he would not obey the instructions of the Convention.

7th—The city of New Orleans was illuminated in honor of Secession. The people were out in great crowds, and there was general rejoicing.

8th—The barques Adjutant and D. Golden Murray, brigs W. R. Kirby and Golden Lead, and the schooner Julia A. Hallock, all belonging to New York, were seized at Savannah by order of the authorities of the State of Georgia. The seizure was a retaliatory measure arising out of the taking of arms in New York, belonging to citizens of Georgia, by the Metropolitan Police—The Little Rock (Ark.) Arsenal, containing nine thousand stand of arms, a large amount of ammunition and forty cannon, including Capt. Bragg's battery, were surrendered to the State authorities of Arkansas.

9th—The Southern Congress, at Montgomery, Ala., elected Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, President, and Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, Vice President of the Southern Confederacy for one year. The Constitution of the United States, with amendments, was adopted—The vessels seized at Savannah, Ga., were released by order of the Governor, on receipt of intelligence that the arms seized in New York had been given up—The President approved and signed the twenty-five million loan bill.

11th—Mr. Lincoln, President elect, leaves Springfield, Illinois, and commences his journey to Washington.

12th—The Congress of the United States counted the votes for President and Vice President. The following was the result: President—Lincoln, 180; Breckinridge, 72; Bell, 39; Douglas, 12; Vice President—Hamlin, 180; Lane, 72; Everett, 39; Johnson, 12—The Virginia State Convention met in Richmond. John Janney was chosen President.

18th—Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, was inaugurated at Montgomery, Alabama, as the President of the Southern Confederacy.