Raftsman's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 12, 1862. VOL. 8.—NO. 28.

WHY CAN'T I HAVE A BEAU?

O dear! O dear! there's just one thing
I'd truly love to know—
Why can't I have like other girls,
A young and handsome beau?

There's Sallie Jones, and Nattie Smith
And freckled Susie Grow,
A trio like the Gorgon Maids,
Yet each one has a beau!

But here's poor me, as fair a flower
As ever chanced to blow—
My winning voice and sweet beguiles
All fail to catch a beau!

I dress as neat and smile as sweet
As any girl I know,
Yet, as I live, I do believe
I'll never get a beau!

I'm always found in best attire,
Wherever gents may go,
Yet not one chap in all the lot
Asks me to be my beau!

Confound such men, such silly dolfs—
How very dull and low,
To stand and look, to grin and squint—
Afraid to be a beau!

Just list to me, ye gawky clowns,
Now don't you fully know,
That you should be, each one of you,
Some fair young lady's beau?

Then brush your teeth, and oil your hair,
And let your 'stachios grow,
And turn to be a civil man—
A gay and gallant beau!

UP IN THE AIR.

Some few months back I was called in—I am a surgeon by profession—to attend a Senor Tornados, who, despite his name, was as true an Englishman, by birth and parentage, as the parish of Lambeth ever bred and reared. I found him suffering from extreme debility and nervousness, brought on by the over-strained tension of the muscles and sinews. He told me that he was a rope dancer, slack and tight; a tumbler, stiff and loose; and many other things which have escaped my memory.

His family consisted of his wife—a pale, sickly woman, somewhat older than himself—and a very handsome little girl. Accustomed as I was to witness the devotion of women by a sick bedside, and the irritability of male patients, the self-sacrifice of Madame Tornados, and the demonstrative gratitude of her husband for each act of attention, surprised me. He was under my care for some months, and as he recovered, grew talkative and familiar. One evening, as he sat in an easy chair, propped up by pillows, he favored me with the following narrative. I purposely suppress any professional technicalities and acrobatic *argot*, which would be unintelligible to the orninary reader.

"You see, sir," he began, "my father was a hawker over in Lambeth. I never knew my mother, because she died when I was quite young. I don't know how it was I learned tumbling. The first thing I can remember was standing on my head by Westminister Bridge, and a gentleman going by gave me a shilling. 'Now my boy,' the gentleman said, 'do that again,' which I did. 'Now,' said he, 'spring!' which I did, and came on my feet again. That gentleman, sir, was the great Mr. Ducrow. Well, sir, of course, after *such* encouragement from *such* a man, a tumbler I became. I spared neither pains nor trouble, and practised till I became master of my art, and head of my profession.

About seven years ago—I was just twenty-three—I first met James Ranford, who was also in my line and proposed that we should work together. I consented, and we travelled about and exhibited at town halls and assembly rooms, and large rooms at inns; but we did very badly. Ranford had a wife and child, so it fell harder on him. I was forced to lend him what little I could spare, for I could not see a young woman and a little baby go without while I had it, could I?

Well, sir, things got from bad to worse and my partner, being a man of violent temper, took to drink—he was always given to that way—and, I am sorry to say, he used to beat his wife. Sometimes my blood has boiled, and I have walked away for fear that I should interfere. However, I used to cheer up the missus as well as I could, and nurse the little girl, and they both grew to like me very much.

One night at a place called Peddlethorpe, we had no audience at all. We were without money, and were asking each other what we should do, when the squire's son and a lot of young gentlemen came in and asked us to perform for them, which we did; and they gave us a couple of sovereigns, and more than that asked us to supper at the hotel. After supper the squire looked at one of our bills of the day, and said, 'Hollo!' why I see you call yourself Messrs. J. Ranford and W. Keer. No wonder you get no audiences. I suppose these are your real names?' We answered that they were.

"Oh, that'll never do," he said. 'You must have an *alias*; you musn't let the public suppose that you are Englismen. It is contrary to the rules of professional etiquette. You must make out that you are foreigners."

Well, at that, all the gentlemen began to laugh; but it was settled before we broke up that night that, for the future, we were to call ourselves "The two Foscari—the spineless Siamese of Syria!"

Well, sir, from that moment Ranford and I began to do well; but I am sorry to say that our good luck only caused my partner to drink the harder, and in consequence, to behave more badly to his wife. His child he certainly was very fond of, partly, I think, because he had only known her for a short time, for Ranford was one of those men who liked new faces. As soon as he met a stranger he was all life and spirit, and he would do anything or go anywhere to oblige him; but when he had known a man for some time, he didn't care for him, but grew cross and contradictory.

At last we got an engagement at a garden near London, where there was a grand gala night every week, on which a balloon ascended. I scraped acquaintance with the æronaut, and one evening I went up with him. The sensation was singular. I cannot describe it; but I liked it very much. The æronaut showed me how he managed to steer through the air, when to throw out the sand, and how to descend. As we were sailing over London, he said to me:

"You couldn't do the slack rope up here, Foscari, could you?"

"Why not?" I said; and as I spoke the idea flashed upon me what a splendid feature in the programme it would be; "Perilous performance of the two Foscari Brothers, who will go through with their inimitable evolutions on a slack wire suspended from a balloon thousands of yards above the surface of the earth!" A balloon, I thought, could bear the weight of two men outside of it. The wire could be fastened to the sides of the car, and when at a sufficient height, we could get out and perform.

As soon as I reached the ground I went to Ranford, who first laughed at the notion and then agreed to it. The proprietor of the garden asked us to name our terms. We did so. He tried to beat us down, but at length consented, and we went up and did it."

I interrupted him by asking if the danger was not extreme.

"Not a bit," replied my patient. "If I fall from a wire fifty feet from the ground, the chances are that I should break my neck; if I fell from a height of fifty miles I could do no more. Then if our feet miss, we have our hands to hold on by. However, we went up, and when we had risen a certain distance we got out of the car and commenced the performance. It seemed odd to me at first, tumbling and swinging in the air, with the gardens and the audience, and the houses and the trees such a depth beneath us; but what struck me as most curious was when we hung head downwards, and looked up at the clouds. I used to feel that the earth could not be so far distant, for high as we had risen, the sky seemed as far off from us as ever.

Our performances gave great satisfaction, and were favorably noticed in the daily and weekly papers. We were told that the act that thrilled the audience most, was the one we performed last before descending. Ranford, who was a heavier man than I, hung head downward, then taking hold of both his hands with both of mine, I swung by their support; and then by way of climax, I let go my left hand and hung only by my right. I never felt the least fear. We knew each other's grip and it was all right.

At first the æronaut went up with us, but after a few times we were able to manage for ourselves so well that had an accident happened to one, the other could have gone safely down.

We were earning a great deal of money but I noticed that Mrs. Ranford lookod paler and more careworn every day, and I knew how her husband was conducting himself by that. She often told me that she wished they were poor again, as he had been much kinder in those times.

One night—I shall never forget it—I was returning home from the gardens, and as I passed the door of Ranford's lodgings, little Evelina's nurse ran out to me and said:

"For heaven's sake, sir, go in. Master and missus have had a dreadful quarrel, and missus is a going to kill herself."

I ran into the house. I found the parlor door open. Mrs. Ranford was in the room alone; her back was towards me, but I could see her face in the large mirror that stood over the chimney piece. She had a razor in her hand, and was about to use it on herself when she caught the reflection of my face in the glass. She stopped, turned round, and fell upon the floor in a fit. I picked up the razor, put it in my pocket, and placed the poor woman on a sofa. Ranford came into the room half drunk, half mad, and scowled at me like a demon.

I expostulated, and tried to reason with him; but he only made me jeering replies, such as, 'Oh, I understand—better than you think for;' 'I'm not a fool!' 'I have got eyes and can see!' and so on, and I left the house with a heavy heart.

Next day the nurse-girl told me that Ranford was jealous, and that he and his wife had quarreled about me. We ascended that night. He never spoke to me nor I to him. We both twirled and tumbled up in the air, without exchanging a word!

When we got down I felt inclined to give him a good thrashing for his unjust suspicions; but I kept my temper for the sake of the poor woman, and so we went on for eight or ten days.

Our next ascent took place on the gala night of the United Order of Ancient Toxopholites. It was a still summer night, without a breath of wind. We ascended till the gardens, and the streets, and the churches looked like Dutch toys, and then got out upon the ropes.

As I took my seat behind Ranford, I noticed that he had been drinking more than usual. He had lately taken to an old way of knitting his eyes, and smiling with his lips tight pressed together, and what with knit brows, white tights, spangled trunks, and the bit of ribbon round his head, with a paste star in the centre, he looked as he sat swinging backward and forward in the air, more like an evil being than a man.

We went through our performance, all but the last trick. As I was swinging from his two hands, the thought came into my head, if he should not hold on!

As I let go with my left hand, and swung only by my right, I heard his voice above me.

"Keer," he said, "are you guilty or not?"

"I asked what he meant."

"You know," he answered. "Confess that you have wronged me; speak the truth? They are your last words! I have but to loose my grip, and down you go!"

I tried to seize the disengaged arm, but he held it above my reach, and put his other in such a position that I could not catch at it, but swung entirely at his mercy.

I leaped to reach the rope with my feet, and so hang by my heels, but I failed. I shut my eyes and prayed Heaven to forgive me. Every act of my past life rushed through my brain; at the same time I was perfectly conscious of everything about me—the blue sky, the quiet evening, the rope, the bottom of the car, and Ranford's head inverted over me. I thought what time I should be falling. I knew how slowly the sand sank from the car, and what a long time I should be dying ere I reached the earth."

I found strength to speak.

"Ranford," I said, "you are mistaken."

"You lie!" he answered.

"If you let go my hand you are a murderer. There will be an inquest."

"I don't care."

"It is known that there was ill-blood between us," I continued. "You may be hanged. Your wife will say you were jealous?"

"*A wife cannot give evidence against her husband!*"

I knew the next moment I should be falling through the air. A spasm shot to my heart. I fancied I saw the bottom of the car rising from me. I felt the grasp of his fingers loosen! With the strength of desperation, I leaped up and caught his wrist with my disengaged hand. I climbed up his body. I knew not how till I reached the perch, and thence into the car, where I lay panting for breath, and trembling like a hare.

He soon followed me.

"I frightened you, didn't I?" he said. "You don't suppose I meant it, do you?"

"I made no answer, but prepared for the descent. While arranging the cordage our hands met. I could not bear his touch. I struck him, and knocked him into the bottom of the car, where he lay growling and swearing till we came to the ground.

Next morning I called on the proprietor of the gardens, and told him all. To my intense astonishment, he flatly refused to cancel our engagement, and said our quarrels were nothing to him; that an engagement was an agreement, and business was business; that the performance drew crowds of visitors, and he insisted on its continuance. I told him that I would not risk my life again, and he threatened me with an action for breach of contract. Shortly after I got an engagement at Glasgow and left London without either seeing Ranford or his unfortunate wife and child.

Two years passed away, during which I heard but little of my partner. While I was performing at Manchester, I heard of an old friend of mine, of the name of Coobie, being at a circus in a neighboring town. I took the train and went over to see him. We dined, and at seven o'clock we went together to the circus. Lounging near the entrance I saw Ranford. He was considerably altered—thinner, and if possible, more evil-eyed than ever.

"I know that man," I said to Coobie.

"I know you do," my friend replied. "He calls himself the excelsior, or champion somersault thrower of the world. He is in the bills for a somersault to-night."

"You know sir, that a treble somersault means standing on a spring board, throwing your heels up, and turning completely round three times in the air before you light upon your feet. I need not say that it is a very difficult thing to do."

I said to Coobie; "it's odd that a man who drinks so hard should be capable of such a feat."

"His engagement depends on it," was the reply; "we're full in every other line."

"The governor told him that he'd sign articles with him for that, but not for anything else. Eh! he sees you."

I turned around and saw Ranford walking quickly from us. I entered the circus; and was accommodated with a seat in the orchestra. I could not help thinking of my old partner, and had a strange nervousness upon me as if something was about to happen; but the feeling wore off when Ranford came into the ring. The audience applauded loudly, for he had thrown a treble somersault twice before, and was a favorite in consequence.

"I saw that he was not sober, and I noticed that he had the same little star upon his forehead that he wore the last time we made an ascent together. While the grooms were altering the position of the spring-board, he walked up to the orchestra, and, with the old devlish smile upon his face, said to me:

"You *can't* keep away, then, can you? You *will* come!"

"Ranford," I whiswered, "you're not yourself to-night; take my advice—don't throw the treble!"

"He swore an oath, and then burst into a loud laugh."

"You wan't me to fail, do you?" he said. "Fail when you're here! Hi—youp la!"

"He ran up on the spring-board, bowed, and kissed his hands. The music began. He threw several single somersaults, the a double one; then he stopped, and crossed his arms and looked at me. The audience was very enthusiustic, and he again repeated the performance and stopped again. There was more applause. Then he turned towards me, smiling as if he said, 'Now'—and went to work a third time. He got the spring and over he went—once, twice. My heart rose in my mouth, for I saw that he had no room to turn a third time. His head came down with a horrible *thud* among the tan and saw-dust; and he lay in the ring, doubled up and dead!"

A surgeon came out of the boxes, who said that his neck was broken, and that death must have been instantaneous. I fainted. When I came to, I saw his body being carried out of the ring.

"Well, sir, I was pitched upon to be the bearer of the sad news to the widow. I'll pass over that. I was surprised to find that in spite of his cruel usage, she was still very fond of him. I kissed the child, who had grown a fine little girl, and returned to Manchester the next day. I attended the funeral, of course. Ranford hardly left a pound behind him. I gave the widow an address that would always find me, and told her to whenever—when—if she wanted—that is, whenever she required assistance."

"First the poor thing tried to set up a school for children, but that failed, and knowing that she must sometimes be pressed I often sent to her. I don't know how it came about, but, after a long correspondence and a courtship, I married her; and here she comes with my beef tea—and here comes Evelina, for that's the very woman, sir, and that's the very little girl and a real beauty she is!"

A LARGE APPLE.—The biggest apple on record is said by the Stockton (Cal.) *Argus*, to have been grown last year near Vancouver, Clark county, Washington Territory. It was of the "Gloria Mundi" spices, measured nineteen and a half inches in its largest circumference, and weighed forty five and a half ounces, or two pounds thirteen and a half ounces. Sixteen of these apples would make the standard weight of a bushel, forty-five pounds, and not more than twelve of them would really go within a bushel measure at once. This is one of the most extraordinary fruit-growths yet discovered on the western coast, where the turnips singly fill a peck measure, and the pumpkins need to be cut in two before they can be put into a cart.

A new bank is to be started at Mount Joy, Lancaster county, Pa., under the provisions of the Free Banking Law of the State. It is to be called the "Farmers' Bank of Mount Joy," and to start with a capital of $100,000, with the privilege of increasing the same to any amount not exceeding $300,000.

Writing is a good recipe for melancholy. Luther drove the devil away by throwing his inkstand at him, and an inkstand may put the blue devils to flight.

AN EVENTFUL YEAR.

One year ago, on the 4th of March, Abraham Lincoln entered upon the duties of the Presidential office, and the dread inheritance, left by James Buchanan, of a Government almost destroyed, an army and navy filled with traitors, a treasury nearly bankrupt and a rebellion fully ripened. The year has been eventful and exciting beyond any other in our history. The rebellion has swollen to enormous proportions, has appeared to threaten the total destruction of the nation, had its victories, on which it grew more blatant and pompous, has reached its culmination, and now, happily, on the first anniversary of the new Administration, is shrinking away, chastised and cowed, before the triumphant advance of the Federal arms. Even its chosen chieftain, humbled by the defeats of his forces, is constrained to confess that he and his associates have undertaken more than they can accomplish.

The first year of a rebellion, in a nation that has so long exulted in its domestic peace and prosperity, is necessarily a year of immense trial. The first blows of the civil war were almost stunning. The monstrous idea of a rising against a Government like ours was appalling to the loyal. The first guns fired upon the honored flag of our nation shocked every honest heart. The preparations for resistance, tempered as they had to be with a certain forbearance, as towards erring children who would see their error, were feeble. The magnitude of the movement against the Union was not at first comprehended. The fall of Fort Sumter was needed to stir up loyal hearts of the nation, and to open all eyes to the mighty work that had to be done. Then came the hurried call to arms, the hasty organization of an army, the impatient clamor of the ignorant for an advance, the precipitate battle of Bull Run, with its dismal sequel of rout, panic and disgrace, suffered at the very moment of victory. This was the lowest point to which the American people were ever sunk. The days of shame and sorrow that succeeded that unaccountable calamity can never be forgotton.

From that dark period, the cause of the Union has been rising. A new and a mightier army has been created—an army mightier than any other on earth. A navy has been created, also, far surpassing any we have ever had before. These great arms of defence have begun their work, and the victories of Hatteras, Port Royal, Roanoke, Fort Henry and Fort Donelson, attest the gallantry with which they are perfoming it. Thanks to them, we are able to refer to the first anniversary of Mr. Lincoln's installation with buoyant spirits, confidently looking forward to the early suppression of the rebellion and to the restoration of the Union in greater strength and glory than ever.

Two States which the rebel President claims as belonging to the Southern Confederacy—Missouri and Kentucky—are as completely and securely in the Union as is Pennsylvania. Tennessee is nearly brought back into the fold; local elections have taken place in some of her towns, at which avowedly Union candidates have been chosen; the stars and stripes have been raised at numerous points, and people have shouted and wept for joy at the sight of their glorious folds once more waving over them. Tennessee may be regarded as once more safe for the Union. Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas, Mississippi, Florida, Virginia and North Carolina, are destined to be brought back in the same way before a very long time, and the rebellion, brought to bay at last in Georgia, Alabama or South Carolina, will there receive its death wound.

To have lost so much and yet recover so much in one year, is something for President Lincoln and his friends to exult over. They may also exult at the prospect of recovering all the rebel States before the second anniversary of his inauguration arrives. The year of greatest trial is over. We have had the last of our serious reverses, and henceforward we are destined to have a succession of victories. We have accustomed ourselves to the idea that the Union is to be saved by fighting, and we await, with less of awful dread than formerly, the shock of armies meeting. We have grown inured, also, to the idea that this war is to be paid for at a heavy price; we contemplate a great national debt as no great national affliction, and we clamor for Congress to hurry and tax us, so that we, who are not in the field, may at least contribute our share of the expenses of the war for the Union.

The year through which we have passed, with all its trials and sorrows, developed traits in the American people that had been lost sight of, in our long course of peace and prosperity. No purer, loftier or more earnest patriotism was ever witnessed than that of the loyal citizens; and it has been especially a cause of rejoicing, that in the outburst of this patriotism, party spirit has been forgotten, and Democrats, who opposed Mr. Lincoln, have rallied to the flag as enthusiastically as Republicans who voted for him. It is the cause of country, and not that of a party, that all are engaged in. If there have been cases of disloyalty among us, they have proved insignificant and harmless. If there have been instances of peculations in the huge war business that has been going on in the country, they are exceptional, and those that committed them are treated with a scorn that is a sufficient warning to others. The people, as a mass, have been as devoted and true as any people ever were to any cause. Women and children have been as faithful as men, and the deeds done by them for the sake of the country and its defenders, are as honorable as those done in the field by the brave men who have taken up arms. The people have resisted and spurned the clamor of politicians and intriguers. They have not suffered it to weaken their faith in the noble young general who has created the army, has planned the campaign that has already been made illustrious by numerous victories, and is now preparing to strike the greatest and most decisive blows with his own hand.

It is cheering to be able to reflect on all these things on this anniversary, and to gather from the reflection new hope and confidence. It is grateful to the heart, also, to bear testimony to the purity, honesty, wisdom and firmness of the man who was one year ago raised to the Presidency. Mr. Lincoln's course has fully proved the wisdom of the people in choosing him as their chief magistrate. He has made what his friends all promised, an honest, discreet and conservative President. Not one of his predecessors ever had a hundredth part of the difficulties that have surrounded him. He has borne himself nobly through them all, and we really believe that if an election were to take place now, he would have a majority far greater than that by which he was elected. He can begin now to see his way clear through the troubles that beset him, and we hope to able to congratulate him, before many months, on being the President of a restored, a peaceful and a happy Union.

AN INCIDENT OF FORT DONELSON.

Since this war commenced we have had repeated instances of the fidelity and heroism of run-away slaves in the Union cause, and of the black ingratitude with which they have been treated by men wearing the American uniform, but who are traitors to every noble and just sentiment, leaving humanity out of the question. We have now two instances, well authenticated, of the great value contrabands have been to the federal cause, one of whom, we are happy to say, did not meet with the astounding treachery so many have experienced. The first case occured at Port Tobacco, Md. A slave of a man named Cox came within Gen. Hooker's lines and gave valuable information, but was afterwards delivered up to Cox, who whipped the slave to death on reaching his home—an account of which has heretofore been published. The second instance in which a slave gave valuable information is as follows:

"I will narrate one incident of the siege of Fort Donelson, which has heretofore been unpublished, but which depends for its verity upon the statement of an officer high in rank. On Saturday night, February 15th, it will be remembered that Floyd and his brigade escaped from the Fort by means of a transport. It was but a brief time after the great thief's abrupt departure that a contraband belonging to one of Floyd's officers escaped from the rebels and came within our lines where Lauman's Brigade was stationed. He brought to Gen. Grant the news of Floyd's escape, and minutely described the manner in which it was accomplished, and the number of men who had escaped. His statement was at first doubted, but subsequent events confirmed the negro's announcement. The next morning the garrison offered to capitulate, and upon the strength of the contraband's announcement, and the knowledge of its truth, General Grant sent to General Buckner his demand for an unconditional surrender, and his threat to immediately move upon their works if the demand did not meet with compliance. The demand was acknowledged, the garrison, equipments and stores fell into our hands, and the Stars and Stripes waved over the shattered walls of Donelson through the faithfulness of that African. That negro is now the servant of the officer who imparted to us the information. On his way down the river to Cairo, the boat struck at a landing to wood up. Several Tennesseeans were at the landing, who recognized the negro, or pretended to do so, and claimed him as the property of a Union man. The captain of the boat was for giving him up, but the officer at once assumed the basis that possession was nine points of the law, and established the remaining point by a judicious display of a six shooter, accompanied with an invitation to take the contraband. Union owner or no Union owner, by virtue of the valuable information imparted to our forces the negro had earned a title to himself apart from his inalienable rights, and having won his spurs was justly permitted to wear them. No one will blame the officer for his action, which was based upon humanity as well as gratitude. Indeed the whole matter shows upon what fortuditious circumstances success depends, and defines in this case pretty clearly the point where the flood in the tide of men's affairs was taken and led on to fortune."

Here we see that Grant's brilliant success depended wholly upon the information brought by this poor chattle, and that he was not punished for it, by sending him back to his master, was owing to the manly stand of the officer whose servant he was; otherwise he would ere this have filled a myrtyr's grave. We have no doubt our cause has lost immensely, by the pitiful prejudices of pro-slavery officers, who will not employ the most natural and reliable means in their power to obtain information.

REBEL ATROCITIES IN EAST TENNESSEE.—The horrors of rebel supremacy in East Tennesse have not yet been told. A member of the Forty-ninth Indiana regiment, now at Cumberland Ford, says that three hundred refugees, East Tennesseeans, have enlisted within a week, from whom he gathers the following almost incredible stories of the barbarities inflicted on the Union men by their rebel tyrants: One man sixty-five years old, attaked by a large force, refused to surrender, and after being mortally wounded, having first slain four of his assailants, was propped up on the road side and sixty balls fired into his body. Another was hanged without trial, and his son compelled to sit beneath the gallows and witness the agonies of his dying father. Two others, unobtrusive quiet citizens, were called at midnight from their beds, and in the presence of their wives and children brutally shot down, and not content with this villainy, their homes were striped of everything. Even the wearing apparel was taken from their wives and little ones, and they turned naked into the street. Many equally brutally instances are related by honest, candid men, whose testimony none could doubt. Such are the sufferings of a people whose only crime is a refusal to become *traitors*.

TIT FOR TAT.—Here is a story told by the Providence Post: "A clergyman, from a town near Providence, and one of his elderly parishioners were walking home one icy day last winter, when the old gentleman slipped and fell flat on his back. The minister, looking at him a moment and being assured he was not much hurt, said to him: "Friend, sinners stand on slippery places." The old gentleman looked, as if to assure himself of the fact, and said, 'I see they do, but I can't.'"

THE NEW INDIANA SENATOR.—A special dispatch from Indianapolis says: "Senator Jo. Wright made a terrific Union speech. His dissection of the "8th of January" anti-war platform was scathing and unmerciful. His remarks were very patriotic, and altogether free from partisan feeling. The anti-war faction denounce him bitterly, but ninety-nine men in every hundred in that State, indorse Wright and approve the appointment."

Wool is now higher than it has been for 44 years. This is owing to the large demand for army goods and to the advanced prices of cotton. It will not soon fall so low again as it has been of late years.

THE WAR—INCIDENTS AND NEWS.

WASHINGTON, March 4.—M. Barreda has presented his credentials to the President, and been received as minister resident of the republic of Peru. The latter in his reply, said that the United States had no enmities or animosities and interests which conflict with the welfare, safety, rights or interests of any other nation. Their own prosperity, happiness and aggrandizement are sought most safely and advantageously through the preservation not only of peace on their own part, but peace among all other nations. But while the United States are thus a friend to all other nations, they do not seek to conceal the fact that they cherish an especial sentiment of friendship for, and sympathize with those who like themselves, have founded their institutions on the principles of equal rights of men and of such nations those more prominently which being neighbors of the United States are co-operating with them in establishing civilization and culture on the American continent. "Such being the general principles," said the President, "that govern the United States in their foreign relations, be assured, sir, that this Government will deal justly, frankly, and if it be possible, even liberally with Peru whose liberal sentiments towards the United States you have so kindly expressen." It will be recollected that the former minister from Peru was dismissed by Buchanan, owing to the non-compliance of that Government with certain imperative demands of our own. The address of President Lincoln contains expressions of friendship, indicative of the general policy of the administration towards all nations.

TO HON. GIDEON WELLES:—Cairo, March 3, 1362.—Lieut. commanding Shirk has this moment arrived from the Tennessee river, and brings full despatches from Lieut. commanding Gwin, of the gunboat Tyler, a synopsis of which is, that the gunboats proceeded up to Pittsburg, near the Mississippi line, where a rebel battery was opened upon them, consisting of six guns, one of them being rifled, which were soon silenced by the gunboats. Ninety mounted men landed under cover of the gunboats, and charged upon the enemy, driving them some distance, until they were strongly reinforced, when our party withdrew to the boats. Then three rebel regiments opened upon the gunboats, but were repulsed with great slaughter. The causulties on our side amounted to five killed and missing and five wounded. Lieutenants commanding Gwin and Shirk, with their commands, have behaved ed with great gallantry and judgment. An election for town officers has just taken place in Harding county, Tennessee, which resulted in two hundred votes for the Union and 13 for secession. A. H. FOOTE, Flag Officer.

FLOYD IN HIS TRUE CHARACTER.—A prominent gentleman of Albany, who enjoyed the extreme felicity of a *tete-a-tete* with Gen. Buckner at Congress Hall in that city, on his way to Fort Warren, furnishes us with an interesting incident illustrative of the character of Floyd, the great thief and "confidence man" of the southern confederacy. Gen. Buckner said that, after Fort Donalson had become invested by our troops, and all reasonable hope of escape cut off, Floyd magnanimously proposed to his fellow officers to make their escape under cover of darkness, and leave the soldiers under their command to their fate. This remarkable proposition Gen. Buckner and his associates indignantly rejected. Buckner is very bitter against Floyd, and denounces him as a poltroon and knave of the most aggravated type.

BUCKNER AND TILGHMAN.—A Rochester paper, describing the arrival of Gens. Buckner and Tilghman in that city, on their way to Fort Warren, says that when they arrived at the hotel the bookkeeper brought in the register for the party to sign their names. Gen. Buckner signed it first, and then passed the book to Tilghman, saying, "Floyd, he wants your autograph." Tilghman playfully replied, "Don't call me Floyd; I am a better man than Floyd ever was." Tilghman's first name is Lloyd. He writes a bold, heavy hand, on the "Hancock" order.

CAIRO, March 3.—Columbus has been evacuated and burned by the rebels. The gunboat Benton, with Gen. Cullum and Commodore Foote, went down the river to-day on a reconnoissance, and found that the rebels had fled, having removed their guns, and laid the town in ashes. Everything was destroyed that could not be carried away. The rebels retreated to Fort Randolph. The whole town of Columbus is nothing but ruins. The guns have also been removed from the island below.

ST. LOUIS, March 4.—Gen. Halleck, in his army order, says: "On the recommendation of the Governor and several Judges of the State it is directed that all licensed attorneys, counsellors and procters be required to take the oath of allegiance prescribed by the 6th section of the ordinance of the State Convention, passed Oct. 16, 1861. Judges of the State courts will refuse to present any one to practice within the courts who refuse or neglect to take such oath.

GOING ASHORE.—A Roanoke correspondent of the Buffalo *Courier* says; I have just returned from the island. I have been there two days, have seen and talked with genuine Secesh. They are the greatest set of men I ever saw. Talk about green Yankees—they can't begin with these men. They are the most miserable looking set of men I ever saw They think we are going to take away their religious rights, and even imagined we were going to take them to New York and hang them.

CHARLESTON, VA., March 3.—From 600 to 2000 barrels of flour, belonging to the rebels, have been seized and stored here. A woolen mill owned by Davis, which has been manufacturing clothing, was also seized, with a considerable stock of goods. Richard Washington, a brother of the late John A. Washington, is now confined at Harper's Ferry.

The gallant Second Kansas, that was so badly cut to pieces at Springfield, has been transformed into a cavalry regiment, with full ranks.

Rations have been contracted for to feed the 7,000 rebel prisoners to be confined at Camp Douglas, near Chicago, at 11¼ cents per diem.

Mrs. Partington, in illustration of the proverb that "a soft answer turneth away wrath," says that "it is better to speak paragorical of a person, than to be all the time flinging epitaphs at him, for no good comes to nobdy that speaks no good of no one.