

The Pirate Florida.

Description of the Vessels.

The Kearsage, which arrived at Boston Monday evening, left St. Thomas on the evening of the 31st ultimo. The Wachusett was in port waiting for coals. The Florida was outside. She also left there the ship James Cheston, one hundred and thirty-three days from Rampoon, put into port in distress, with her crew down with the scurvy. She was supplied with nineteen men from the Kearsage, and would sail in a day or two for New York. The bark Mondamon from Rio was captured by the Florida-off Pernambuco about September 8th, and burned. This was the only American vessel captured by the Florida since her departure from Teneriffe.

The following is a brief account of the circumstances of the capture of the pirate: The Florida arrived at Bahia, Bay of San Salvador, on the night of the 7th ult. Captain Collins, having held a consultation with his officers, determined to sink the Florida in port. Accordingly at about three o'clock the cables were slipped, and the Wachusett steered for the Florida, hitting her on the quarter without doing great injury. Captain Collins now called out to those on board to surrender or he would sink her. This demand was replied to by the First Lieutenant that, "under the circumstances, he surrendered." A hawser was now made fast, the chain slipped, and the Florida towed to sea. In the melee several pistol shots were fired, and accidentally two guns from the Wachusett. Captain Morris and half the Florida's crew were ashore on liberty. No lives were lost. The Florida was taken completely by surprise, seventy of her men, it was known, being on shore, and the others, just returned from liberty, were asleep and half intoxicated. The blow given the Florida by the Wachusett carried away the mizzen-mast and main-yard, which fell on the awning and preventing any one from getting up from below. So unconscious was the officer of the deck of the intention of the Wachusett's Captain that he sang out, "You will run into us if you don't take care." At the same time calling for a light. Twelve officers and fifty-eight of the crew of the Florida were captured. The Wachusett and Florida were to leave St. Thomas on the 2d inst. for New York.

The gunboat Wachusett, which has performed the signal service of capturing the pirate Florida, was built at the Boston Navy Yard in 1861-2. Her engines were built by George Quintard, at the Morgan Iron Works, in this city. The Wachusett is a screw sloop-of-war of the second class, of 1,932 tons register, and carries a battery of ten guns. She was launched on the 10th of October, 1861, and her first service was in the flotilla which aided the army in the operations against Yorktown, Va., in May, 1862. On the 15th of May, 1862, she participated in the attack upon the battery at Drury's Bluff, known as Fort Darling. In 1863 she was the flagship of Admiral Wilkes in the West Indies, and on the 25th of March, of that year, she captured the Dolphin, a blockade-runner; she also captured the blockade-runner Virginia—the sale of both vessels netting over \$60,000. During the present year she has been employed on special duty on the coast of Brazil. Her capture of the Florida will place her name prominently on the page of our eventful history. The following is a list of her officers:—Commander Napoleon Collins, Lieutenant Commander L. A. Beardslee, Surgeon Wm. King, Assistant Paymaster W. W. Williams, Acting Master J. A. Stimpson, Ensign E. M. Sheppard, Acting Ensigns N. Ludlow, C. J. Barclay; Acting Master's Mates, C. R. Haskins, R. Rich, J. Hetherington. Engineers—Chief, W. H. Rutledge; Second Assistants, G. W. Melville, M. Knapp, E. Lincoln; Third Assistants, H. D. McEwen, R. S. Steedman, J. A. Barton; Boatwain, John Burrows; Acting Gunner, John Russell.

The Florida sailed from Liverpool on the 22d of March, 1862, under the name of the Oreto, and arrived at Nassau, N. P., in April, where she received her armament, &c. On the 14th of June, 1862, she was seized by the British steamer Greyhound, but was soon released. On the 9th of August, 1862, she left Nassau, and proceeded to Green Bay, where she was fitted out for a cruiser, her stores, &c., being brought to her by the English schooner Prince Alfred. She ran into Mobile on the 4th of September, 1862, and was struck by shot several times from the guns of the Winona and Onedia, and ran out on the 17th of January, 1863. After doing much damage to American shipping, she went into St. George's Channel, in August, 1863. In September she entered the French port of Brest, and on the 11th of that month was detained by the French Government. Soon afterwards she ran out. On the 10th of July, 1864, she captured the steamer Electric Spark, bound from New York to New Orleans. For a time she was a consort of the Alabama, and acted in conjunction with her in cruising. She was commanded for a long time by Lieut. J. N. Maffit, but for the past year or more she has been commanded by C. Marringault Morris, formerly of the United States Navy. Owing to the many changes in the list of officers of the Florida, no accurate list can be given until the arrival of the Wachusett and her prize.—Pitts. Com.

WHAT THE SUN DOES.—Leaving out of account the eruption of volcanoes, and the ebb and flow of the tides, every mechanical action on the earth's surface, every manifestation of power, organic or inorganic, vital and physical, is produced by the sun. His warmth keeps the sea liquid, and the atmosphere a gas, and the storms which agitate both, are blown by the mechanical force of the sun. He lifts the rivers and the glaciers up the mountains, and thus the cataract and the avalanche shoot with an energy derived immediately from him. Thunder and lightning are also his transmitted strength. Every fire that burns and every flame that glows dispenses heat and light which originally belonged to the sun. In those

days, unhappily, the news of battle is familiar to us, but every shock and every charge is in application or misapplication of the mechanical force of the sun. He blows the trumpet, he urges the projectile, he bursts the bomb. And remember this is not poetry, but rigid mechanical truth. He rears, as I have said, the whole vegetable world, and through it the animals; the lilies of the field are his workmanship, the verdure of the meadows, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. He urges the blood—he builds the brain. His feetness is in the lion's foot; he springs in the panther; he soars in the eagle; he slides in the snake. He builds the forest and hews it down, the power which raised the trees and wields the axe being one and the same. The clover sprouts and blossoms and the scythe of the mower swings by the operation of the same force. The sun digs the ore from our mines; he rolls the iron; he rivets the plates; he boils the water; he draws the train. He not only grows the cotton, but he spins the fibre and weaves the web. There is not a hammer raised, a wheel turned, a shuttle thrown that is not raised and thrown by the sun. His energy is pouring forth into space, but our world is a halting place where his energy is conditioned.—Prof. Tyndal.

To Charleston.

The new movement of Gen. Sherman from Atlanta to Charleston is reported in a roundabout way, and as a piece of news is by no means authenticated. Still we believe either this or something like it to be true, for several reasons:

That Sherman had abandoned his pursuit of Hood—in other words, that Hood had failed to draw the main army of Sherman decisively away from Central Georgia—has been known for more than a week. North of the Tennessee by Gen. Thomas with force ample to confront Gen. Hood, should that commander risk a crossing. Unless he crossed, his long detour to the West had been made to no purpose. If he crossed, he put his fortune and that of the Confederacy at hazard. Why should he not be left to work his own will?

Again, it is no secret that Sherman deemed his single line of communication insecure. There was but one way—the new here were three paths—to establish a new base that should give him communication by water. If he has gone to Charleston, he has taken the shortest and surest route. From Atlanta to Charleston is three hundred miles and none by the shortest road Sherman can travel. Augusta is about half way. The country is open, fertile, hitherto unwarped by the war. On this country, mainly, the army of Sherman will subsist. There is no serious obstruction to its advance. The only rivers are two branches of the Ocmulgee, the Oconee far to the North, and the Savannah. There can be no serious obstruction to the passage of either, because Sherman may choose his own point of approach. Military force in that region of country there is none, nor is there force which can be sent from Virginia to arrest Sherman's progress. As for Hood's pursuing that is out of the question.—He is in Alabama, a hundred miles from his nearest continuous railway cannot overtake Sherman if he tried, and will not try. Allowing for hindrances, Sherman may reach Charleston in thirty days. In Mississippi he marched on an expedition not unlike this, in column four square, three squares abreast, sweeping over ten miles of country. His army now will have such a swath of desolated country behind it as shall give Georgia and South Carolina a lasting lesson in war.

That this movement, if undertaken, will be successful in its main object, we have no doubt. Sherman can certainly reach the sea-coast of South Carolina in the neighborhood of Charleston. The capture of that city is an incidental and secondary object. The counties which adjoin it—Charleston and Carrollton—will offer serious difficulties to an army of invasion. Intersected by innumerable water-courses, and abounding in swamps, they have all facilities for defense were there but an army to defend them. As for Charleston itself, there will be time enough to erect earthworks before Sherman shall appear, but when once Sherman shall have opened communications with the South Atlantic Squadron, he is master of city and State alike.—N. Y. Tribune.

A Baptist Association in Georgia has made a most incendiary, not to say taunting, attack upon the Confederate Government. Led away by a foolish notion that man should not put under those who have been joined by God, these Baptists have solemnly resolved that a marriage was ordained for the whole human race, without respect to color; and that it ought to be maintained in its purity, among all classes of people. This is all very amiable upon the part of the Baptist Association; but these fanatical reformers should have had the fear before their benevolent eyes of asserting too much. If the marriage of Slaves is to be sacredly respected, what is to be done with the fruit of marriage? If husband and wife are not to be parted, why father and son, mother and daughter? These nice notions will never do. Should they be reduced to practice, what will become of the trade of men-merchants, who sell assorted lots of human goods, including the fine, bright, healthy, warranted and promising invoices of boys and girls? This Slavery is a most uncompromising master, and the logic by which it is sustained must be pitiless—must shrink from no conclusion, must fear no frightful barbarity, must compromise with no domestic relation; for any admission of impertinent humanity into the scheme will prove fatal to its whole consistency. If Slavery be right, then it is right to separate husband and wife, parent and child, brother and sister. A slaveholder is honest, pious, benevolent, equitable, if you only grant him his promises, and the opposite of all these if you take away a single one of them. So the Georgia Baptist Association had better be careful how it is carried away by fine sentiment. That should be left to the chicken-hearted Yankees.—N. Y. Tribune.

The American Citizen.



THOMAS ROBINSON,
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BUTLER PA.

WEDNESDAY NOV. 16, 1864.

Liberty and Union, Now and Forever, One and Inseparable.—D. Webster.

A letter written by Geo. W. Fair, to Wm. R. Patterson, was on our look for publication, and was by some means mislaid, while we were in attendance at the Harmony Convention. As a trick, it would be a small business. We hope it may yet turn up.

The Herald of last week, promised to present to its readers on a future occasion, the name of a person laying claim to respectability who acted improperly on Tuesday evening of last week. Whenever the Herald fulfills its promise, we will offset its expose by producing the name of another "laying claim to respectability," belonging to the educational department, who played the part of a "gallant knight" most admirably.

It is with great pleasure that we bear testimony to the fact that, throughout the exciting campaign through which we have passed, James Bredin Esq., Chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee, officially, and as a private citizen, conducted himself as a peaceable and worthy citizen; never exhibiting any of those angry passions which so often inflame the social, as well as the political circle. While we wholly differed with him in his political positions and sentiments, we respect his gentlemanly manner, and the coolness and moderation of his counsel.

While the Administration was obliged, by Military necessity, to make great advances in the adoption of principles in the Administration of the Government. The opposition, and particularly the peace-shriekers, declared that those were not the principles upon which the party came into power, and that they would be repudiated on the first opportunity. The party met at Baltimore, in June last, and avoided a more radical set of principles than before; and the people have spoken in their favor by a more emphatic voice than ever. Surely the people are progressing faster than parties.—They are determined that this Union shall be saved from destruction, and when saved, that it shall be worth handing down to future generations, as the result of the great sacrifices which its preservation cost.

Then, "Worth, not birth, shall rule mankind, And he acknowledged stronger."

Then churches shall take the place of auction blocks. Then Republicanism shall be, not only a name, but a reality all over the land.

The Result.

Our neighbor of the Herald announced last week, that if subsequent news would be more favorable to them than the first announcements, which seemed to be against them, he would issue an extra.—It is, therefore, lucky for him (considering the high price of paper,) that subsequent news has not been of such a character as to require him to issue said extra. The fact is, the Union ticket went thro' like a perfect hurricane; as the incomplete returns in our last paper indicated. The only States left to "Little Mac" and his Chicago friends, were Kentucky, Delaware and New Jersey; the whole aggregate of whose population is one third less than Pennsylvania! and being entitled to but 21 votes in the Electoral College, to Pennsylvania's 26; while Lincoln's Electoral vote is 210! The enormous majority given for McClellan and Seymour in New York city (about 37,000) seemed to put the State in doubt, but the rousing majorities polled on the right side in the rural districts overcame it, and gives the State to Lincoln and Fenton, (Governor,) by about 9,000. In all the other Union States, the majorities are decided. We will lay them before our readers as soon as they are officially announced.

The Election.

The Election in the borough of Butler and throughout the county, so far as we have been able to learn, passed off quietly on Tuesday. In the borough, during the night, after the polls had been closed, a number of the Abolition party, after becoming pretty well intoxicated, induced some of the returned soldiers to join them, when they made some boisterous demonstrations on the street, fired off their pistols, threatened the "Copperheads," &c. The demonstration did not last long however, as peaceable citizens of all parties interfered and prevented an outbreak.

The soldiers who participated in the disgraceful demonstration, we believe, are all members of the 78th regiment, and it is said that they were encouraged by some of the prominent members of the Abolition party.

To-day, Wednesday, about 11 o'clock, a fight occurred, or rather Col. Lowry, was struck with a poker, by F. S. Magee, the landlord of the Jack Hotel, and considerably injured. The fight grew out of the demonstration of last evening.

Col. Lowry, is one of our best citizens.

He was highly insulted by the boisterous party last night, which may have induced him to act somewhat imprudently.—But those who encouraged and participated in the disgraceful demonstration of last night are responsible for all disturbances which have occurred and for all that may follow.

Most respectable persons seemed, to labor last night and to-day, to prevent a general outbreak. But there are some persons, one in particular, laying claim to respectability, to whom we will refer hereafter, who seemed to encourage riotous demonstrations.

Just now quietness is restored and we trust that this state of affairs will continue.

The above is from the Herald of last week. We omitted saying anything specific in our last issue, because at that time we might not be in possession of all the facts necessary, to do justice to all parties concerned, as also to see from what standpoint our neighbor over the way, would effect to look at it. Had his notice of it been truthful, though not complete, we might have felt at liberty to pass it with a slight notice, as it is however, we feel differently. We don't believe that the demonstration of the previous evening had anything to do with it whatever. Of that we have this to say; that a few of the returned soldiers of the 78th, became a little excited on Tuesday evening, about 10 o'clock, or perhaps a little later, they started down main street in rather a boisterous manner, singing, "We'll rally round the flag boys" and occasionally giving a hearty hurrah for Lincoln, and a few emphatic curses on Copperheads, the latter was given while passing Col. Lowry's, two pistols were fired off during this demonstration, besides which we know of nothing offensive on their part, during the entire evening, that could be construed by Col. Lowry or his friends into an assault or a menace—his name was not used, nor was his house either entered or threatened.

It is proper to remark, that, while all good citizens were desirous of peace, and opposed to this evening, as on all others, to the use of offensive language, there was no language used on this occasion, even by those young soldiers, more offensive than had been used by the opposition, on former occasions, to Administration men. On one occasion an honorable and high minded citizen—as he is an able and earnest clergyman, was grossly insulted, on his way from church, the party offending was doubtless under that influence which hotels too generally furnish, when reason returned he was sorry, and made the "amend honorable"—a sufficient apology. We have no doubt, had any one felt personally aggrieved, and made complaint, these young men would have at once made amends. But to their credit be it said, they yielded to the persuasion of their friends, and retired in a short time.

Another consideration in their favor is, they had just returned home from a hard service of three full years—they had right to expect, therefore, that so long as they let other people alone they should be allowed to enjoy themselves in their own way, without being looked upon with suspicion from any quarter.

This cannot be said of the Col. who, under the influence, as we believe, of false friends, whose names we now withhold, but who most finally be held to account for this whole matter, or at least so much of it as will not be properly chargeable upon the Col. remained on the street quite late. Had the soldiers intended an assault on the Lowry House, which certainly never entered their minds, it would have been much better for the Col. and his friends (?) to have staid within the house, than to have become so noisy on the street. We are inclined to believe that whatever fears were entertained by Col. Lowry, as to the intentions of the soldiers; were based upon his knowledge of the provocations he had held out to their friends—which we will not relate at present.

We don't believe, however, that this affair of the boys had anything to do with this matter. Robert Lemon, an invalid soldier, came home on the stage on Tuesday, and desired to be driven down to the Magee house—he was finally driven down, but went back to find some bundle that had been left at the Lowry house, as he supposed, some words ensued between the Col. and him.

The Col. also took offence at something he had said afterwards (communicated to him by one of those young gentlemen (?) who seem to consider themselves the Col's body guard.) We saw him patrolling the street in search of him, at quite a late hour in the night, others saw him quite early in the morning.—The Col. evidently wanted a fight, he grossly insulted Sheriff Bracknridge, offered \$20, for the sight of certain parties—prominent Republicans, had been down street several times on Wednesday morning, and in Magee's. About 11 o'clock, a. m., he again entered Magee's bar-room—(there is no more peaceable man, nor better landlord in our town than Mr. Magee) and inquired of him where Robert Lemon was, Magee told him he was not in the house, the Col. insisted that he was, (Lemon was not about the house at the time) the other denied. The Col. finally turning to Magee, said he could whip Sheriff Scott, Plummer Jack, Robt. Lemon or himself, and would give five dollars a head to have them meet him on

the street! Magee reminded him that he was a Landlord—that he kept a hotel in this place, and that he professed to be a gentleman. The Col. making a belated demonstration, pressed his fist against Mr. Magee's breast, whereupon the latter told him to leave the room and took up the poker to enforce his order. The Col. at once seized the poker with both hands; Magee caught him with his left hand, by the throat. After a short struggle for the poker, it fell, both letting it go, after which Magee followed up his first advantage, and using his right fist inflicted considerable punishment upon the Col. In the midst of the unfortunate affair, Sheriff M'Cauless came in and succeeded in taking Lowry away, with the assistance of Marshall Campbell and others. We were much shocked to see the bad feeling manifested by some, as they ran to the scene of conflict, in their picking up stones as they ran. We have said some things which we certainly would not have said, had it not been for the fact that the Herald falsely stated that Lowry was struck with a poker.

We have left unsaid many things which might truthfully be said. But as we are informed, Sheriff Scott has made information against him for assault and battery, as also Mr. Magee, for assault and battery and surety of the peace, we have no doubt a judicial investigation will give the facts to the public. If it shall result in vindicating the law and reassuring the citizens in the enjoyment of peace and safety, which were likely to be taken away, it will have accomplished a good thing.

"Poik Sample."

For the last two months the flood of matter pressing us for publication, has been so great that we have been very reluctantly compelled to withhold much that it would have given us pleasure to have published, and to abridge much that we would rather give in detail. Many kind friends have furnished us with valuable correspondence from the army, some of which were of a political character, and when therefore unavoidably delayed, they became unusable; others have been devoted to the honor of the fallen brave—these never lose their value. Below, therefore, we give an extract from a letter devoted to the last earthly scene of the "fallen brave" whose name heads this article—he was the son of James Sample, Esq., of Crauberry township, this county. He died, after having served his country faithfully, at the tender age of 18 years and 23 days.

"I will now endeavor to give you, as far as I am able, a statement of how that noble young soldier, who is now sleeping beneath the southern soil, came to an untimely end.

As I have previously stated how we arrived at Malvern Hill, I will say no more as regards our journey to the noted place. But before we reached the battle-field, we heard that familiar, but unpleasant roar, the din of battle. Ere long we came in sight of the place where the contending parties were dealing death in the most efficient way, formed in line, dismounted, watched the fighting go on for a short time, then our division fell back a short distance, and our right was covering the retreat, we were at this time mounted, and formed in line, facing a piece of woods, the front rank was ordered to advance which they did a short distance, halted a short time, and then advanced into the woods. During the time, the front rank first halted, was when the sharpshooters fired, the balls whistled beneath, over and at all sides of us, and the first one that I saw take effect, was one in Isaiah's horse's fore leg, at the same instant the horse caused Isaiah to appear to fall forward, and I being alongside of him, reined back, and at the same time we both dismounted, and our ears were filled with the screams of poor Polk, who was in the same rank with us, (rear rank,) and about three rods to our left. We both ran to his assistance, and by the time I got to him they had him up, (two of the company, Hugh Miller, of Butler, and Hugh Stewart, of Allegheny and Isaiah, he being the first one that got to him). When the bullets began to come in pretty thick, Polk said to some of the boys "Let us dismount," and in the act of dismounting he was pierced through the small of the back, a little to the left of the spine. The Doctor said that the ball penetrated his abdomen. When I came up and took hold of him, I asked him where he was wounded, said he, "O, my back is broken, and I have no feeling in my legs." The next thing he called for was water, which we got as soon as possible. He then said he was killed, and wanted to know how far it was to the ambulance, and that appeared to be his greatest desire, but the poor fellow did not live to see one.

We had not carried him more than fifty rods, until we could see that death had taken hold of him, and the thread of life from that time, still grew weaker, until he gradually fell asleep in our arms. By this time an ambulance made its appearance, and after carrying him a short distance after he had expired, we put his body into it, and then we mournfully followed his body to the lonely spot, where it was, under the circumstance, respectfully interred. His wound bled inwardly.

We greatly miss him, for he was a joyful boy, and one that he highly esteemed.

He was a messmate of three of us that bore him off the field. How greatly we miss him when we gather round our frugal meals—then is when his name is spoken, and not without praise and high respect. One thing we know that he died true to his country and calling. He was truly a brave young hero, and we hope that he is now receiving his reward for his good actions and conduct. We, his comrades, when our work is done here below, wish to meet him in that better world above, where there is no sorrow.—His name will long be remembered and cherished by us all. He appeared to have a presentiment of his coming fate, for he told me while the battle was going on at St. Mary's Church, but before our line was brought into action, while standing behind a couple of large pines, that he came out with the expectation of never getting home, although he might, he said: "We had letters from Cranberry to-day, stating that on the 26th, there was a picnic at Sample's school-house, and at night they occupied the barn." I expect about the time they were in their greatest gloom was the time our brave boy fell. It appears as though some think of care little of what does or might take place.

Now three of our number "are mouldering in the grave," and perhaps more for any thing we know from that tip.

Army Correspondence.

HEAD QUARTERS, CO. B. 12TH REGT., WASHINGTON STATION, FREDERICK CO., NOV. 16, 1864.

MESSRS. EDITORS: Dear Sirs:—I embrace this early opportunity of letting you know the result of the election in our company. We polled in all 91 votes, of these 73 were Lincoln, and the balance "18" McClellan. In this company there are five counties represented, viz: Butler, Allegheny, Armstrong, Summerset and Venango.

The above all voted with the company. I could name several who voted at other places on detached duty, and in the hospitals. The election went off quietly, and very satisfactorily, and now every one, is looking with the utmost anxiety, to hear the result of the election. The health of our company is much better now than it was some time ago. We have not been training any for some time. We have been principally engaged in building winter quarters, throwing up breastworks and planting stockades. The boys are mostly in good health and spirits, and able for their rations; also ready for every duty. But not wishing to intrude on your columns, I remain ever yours, W. C. R.

Education.

"The education for the common mind, just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

You can see the truth of this poetry in the struggle before you. There stands your brother over there just the other side of that picket line—he was born in the same country, under the same Constitution, and acknowledges a common parentage with yourself. He is your brother, and he thinks with you, this is a cruel war. He wishes you well, the same as you wish him well. Often I have taken them by the hand, and often I have charged them. They are a foe worthy of your steel, and a brother worthy of your affection. But why is it that we are at war? Why do we not live as brothers should live?—Merely because we have been differently educated. Had you been educated to a beautiful plantation, on the banks of the James, with 500 slaves to do your bidding, and while you lived in luxury and ease, you had been taught by a prostituted press, that slavery was a divine institution, and by a John C. Calhoun that a State had a right to secede from this Union at any time, and by a Buchanan, that the United States had no right to coerce her, thus educated, in a struggle like this you would wear gray clothes, and have that musket in your hand fighting to destroy what to-day you fight to defend.

Again, had that rebel soldier been educated as some honest mechanics' son, to believe labor the only true nobility. Had he been taught by Jefferson, "That all men were born free and equal," and by the fathers of the republic, that "the Constitution was the supreme law of the land," and was ordained, "to form a more perfect Union, established justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and to our posterity," he would to-day, be like your posterity, the noble defender of the Union, the supreme law of the land, and the blessings of liberty it was ordained to secure.

This is the cause—now for the cure. The twig has been bent, and has been against you, when it was young, the weight of slavery was laid on it, and the hand of the slave propagandist bent it to his fancy, and now you have the bent oak of 40 years to deal with, you are striving to bring it back to the plumb line of nature, which is freedom, and of the constitution, which is Union. First by your herculean labors, you strove to straighten the oak while the weight of slavery was weighing it down, you at last found the folly of that, and now with slavery cut loose, you have some chance of success. You can never give the tree up and let it fall, for by so doing, you endanger your own life. Your roots have intermingled together in the common soil of the Constitution, and the fall would destroy alike that source of our mutual existence and happiness. You can never

let it fall across the Mississippi, which has watered alike the roots of both. You cannot permit the palmetto to grow, and the Copperhead to hiss, where once stood your brother oak ready to protect and defend you. No! Cut loose the weight which has thus bent your brother down and let him straighten up, then let the young sprouts be educated to the strict growth of Constitutional liberty, and our country is saved.

But how foolish the policy of those who now, when you, by your labors have almost straightened it, would again attach the dead weight of slavery to the top of the tree,—the very weight which first bent it down. We cannot agree with McClellan that this dead weight of slavery should have been kept attached to the bended oak, while thousands of your brothers were dying to straighten it. We can not agree with the Democracy, that it had a right to bend down, it bent down under the heavy weight, and it is our solemn duty, to raise off the dead weight, straighten up our brother, and above all, never let the dead weight fall upon the sprouts, the rising generation of the South and bend them down, and leave to your children the bloody task of straightening them up. No, lift off the dead weight forever, and let this young forest of liberty rejoice.—This is the remedy. SIMON.

Our House.

"There is a place called 'Our House' which every body knows of. The sailor talks of it in his dreams at sea. The wounded soldier, turning in his uneasy hospital bed, brightens at his word—it is like the dropping of cold water in the desert, like the touch of cold fingers on a burning brow. 'Our house,' he says feebly, and the light comes back into his dim eyes—for all homely charities, all fond thoughts all parities, all that man loves on earth or hopes for in heaven, rise with the word.

"Our house" may be in any style of architecture, low or high. It may be the brown old farm house, with its tall well-wooded, or the one-story gambrel-roofed cottage, or the large, square, white house, with green blinds, under the wing-sung elms of a century, or it may be the log cabin of the wilderness, with its one room—still there is a spell in the memory of it beyond all conjurations. Its stone and brick and mortar are like no other; its very clapboards are dear to us, powerful to bring back the memories of early days, and all that is sacred in home love.

There is no one fact of our human existence that has a stronger influence upon us than the house we dwell in—especially that in which our earlier and more impressive years are spent. The building and arrangements of a house influence the health, the morals, the religion. There have been houses built so devoid of all consideration for the occupants, so rambling and hag-hazard in the disposal of rooms, so sunless and cheerless, and wholly without snugness or privacy, as to make it seem impossible to live a joyous, generous, rational, religious family life in them.

There are, we shame to say, in our cities things called houses, built and rented by people who walk erect and have the general air manner of civilized and Christianized men, which are so inhuman in their building that they can only be called snares and traps for souls—places where children cannot well escape growing up filthy and impure—places where to form a home is impossible, and to live a decent Christian life would require miraculous strength.

A celebrated British philanthropist, who had devoted much study to dwellings of the poor, gives it as his opinion that temperance societies were hopeless undertakings in London, unless these dwellings underwent a transformation. They were so squalid, so dark, so comfortless, so constantly pressing upon the senses foulness, brain and inconvenience, that it was only by being drugged with gin and opium that their miserable inhabitants could find heart to drag on life from day to day. He had himself tried the experiment of reforming a drunkard by taking him from one of these loathsome dens and enabling him to rent a tenement in a block of model lodging houses which had been built under his supervision. The young man had been a designer of figures for prints; he was of delicate frame, and a nervous, susceptible temperament.

Shut in one miserable room with his wife and little children, without the possibility of fresh, pure air, with only filthy, fetid water to drink, with the noise of other miserable families resounding through the thin partition what possibility was there of doing anything except by the help of stimulants, which for a brief hour lifted him above these miseries? Changed, at once to a neat flat, where, for the same rent as his former den, he had three good rooms, with water for drinking, house service, and bathing freely supplied and the blessed sunshine and air coming in through windows well arranged for ventilation; he became in a few weeks a new man. In the charms of the little spot which he could call home, its quiet, its order, his former talent came back to him, and he found strength in pure air and water, and those pure roots of which they are emblem, to stand burning and stupefying stimulants.—"House and Home Papers" in Atlantic Monthly.

He was a messmate of three of us that bore him off the field. How greatly we miss him when we gather round our frugal meals—then is when his name is spoken, and not without praise and high respect. One thing we know that he died true to his country and calling. He was truly a brave young hero, and we hope that he is now receiving his reward for his good actions and conduct. We, his comrades, when our work is done here below, wish to meet him in that better world above, where there is no sorrow.—His name will long be remembered and cherished by us all. He appeared to have a presentiment of his coming fate, for he told me while the battle was going on at St. Mary's Church, but before our line was brought into action, while standing behind a couple of large pines, that he came out with the expectation of never getting home, although he might, he said: "We had letters from Cranberry to-day, stating that on the 26th, there was a picnic at Sample's school-house, and at night they occupied the barn." I expect about the time they were in their greatest gloom was the time our brave boy fell. It appears as though some think of care little of what does or might take place.

Now three of our number "are mouldering in the grave," and perhaps more for any thing we know from that tip.