

# AMERICAN CITIZEN.

"Let us have Faith that Right makes Might; and in that Faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it"—A. LINCOLN.

VOLUME 2.

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## AN ADVENTURE IN CHINA.

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.

For six sultry days had we lain at Hong Kong, doing nothing but growl at the weather and fight the heathen insects.—On the sixth day they tormented us more than ever, and it was about impossible to gain an hour's nap. I was lying in the stern, apart from the rest, and after two hours labor, I began to console myself with the idea that I was going to gain a little sleep after all, when I was startled by a tremendous slap on the back, followed by a short, but menacing exclamation, and on looking up, I saw Joe Grummet, with a face resembling that of a man in the last stage of cholera, furiously scratching his broad, flat foot, owing to the thickness of which, he produced barely more than a tickling sensation. Finding now that there was no chance of getting any sleep at all, I approached him and said: "Joe, let's take a trip on shore to-night."

"Agreed," he exclaimed; "I may as well be eaten up here as here."

None of the others were willing to accompany us; so, about dark we lowered a boat, and pulled lazily for the shore, which we managed to reach in about an hour, and, making the boat fast, we started off, gazing at everything in our path. It was now quite dark, and although there was a moon it gave but a faint light, and objects could not be distinguished at a distance greater than two or three rods. We had wandered on for a mile or two, and had just hinted something about returning, when I heard a noise directly behind us, that forcibly reminded me of "killing hog time" at home. On looking, we saw a greasy Chinaman pounding a youngster finely, who kicked and made the noise referred to. As we saw no signs of the operation ever being brought to a close, we approached to see the fun. Joe gazed a minute with great attention, and then sang out:

"Old dough-head, I guess you have pounded that chap about enough. Sposen you rest awhile?"

The man paid no attention to his advice, but kept at work as industriously as ever. This was too much for Joe, and walking up to him, he gave him a blow that rolled him over half a dozen times. As Joe burst into a hearty laugh, the man sprang up like a bull-frog, and spluttering something, he waddled off, evidently brim-full of vengeance. The boy appeared to be equally frightened, and it did not take him much longer to disappear.

"Joe," said I, "you should have known better than to have done that. You have got us into a nice scrape. That fellow will bring a hundred back with him, and it's my opinion that we had better make ourselves scarce, if we wish to save our necks."

"Fudge! I wouldn't want any better fun," replied Joe, "let 'em come; I'm ready."

"Well, they are, too," I said as I saw about a score of dinky forms shoot around the corner and rapidly approach us. Joe now appeared actually frightened, and began to walk rapidly away, being too full of honor and pride to run. They soon overtook us, however, and the foremost one—whom I recognized as our former friend—approached Joe, and jabbering and gesticulating to the others, he laid his hands on him; but the next instant his skull gave a loud crack, and his jobber was cut square off by a stunning blow from the hand he had felt before. The others now rushed forward at both of us, and, to use a common expression, "we had a time." Right and left they flew from us, and as quickly came at us again. The fact of it is, there is nothing in the world more easily done than knocking a Chinaman down, but a lamentable fact is also connected with the aforesaid truth—namely, he gets over it wonderful quick; and it seemed to us as though their heads were expressly for foot-balls. We kept them off nicely enough for a while, when I saw several approach Joe from behind. I sprang forward and stopped the course of the head one, and at the same time, was thrust against Joe, who mistook me for one of his enemies, and, as quick as thought, gave me a back-handed blow, which of course felled me. At this they all set up a shout, and, before I could rise, there was a dozen binding me. As soon as Joe saw what he had done, he gave up and, amid their cheers, we were borne away.

Through the narrow streets we were hurried for a long distance, and, at last, came to a dead halt. Two of our guard left us, and turned off into a by street, and in a few moments returned.

We were then led in the direction from which they came, and, after going through innumerable windings were finally thrust into a small, dirty, filthy prison.

As soon as I was sure that we were alone, I asked him what he now thought of his first action. He said he would do the same again, had he the opportunity, with a little in addition to it. He would be a fool if he let the first fellow up after knocking him over.

"Well, what's done can't be undone," I answered. "One thing doesn't need proof; we are in a tight fix, with a very small chance of getting out of it."

"What do you s'pose they'll do with us?" said Joe—and I plainly detected his fear.

"Their usual custom is, to put their prisoner, with a heavy weight in a sack, and throw him into the river, and I see no reason why they should take a different course with us."

Joe sprang up from the earth where he was sitting, without saying a word.—He stood for a few minutes, and by the faint moonlight I saw that he cast his eyes up at the window pretty often. Finally he asked me whether I had my knife with me. On feeling in my pocket, I found it and I gave it to him asking him, at the same time, what he intended to do with it.

"Just wait a minute, and I will tell you," he said. "Stand up here by the wall, and let me get over your shoulder, as I want to look at that window a little while."

After a little trouble he managed to balance himself, and, as he stood, his breast came up to the window. He examined it a moment, and then said that although the bars were firm and solid yet they were made of wood, and he immediately commenced cutting the lower one. I held him until the pain grew insupportable, and then we changed places. As Joe took his place the second time, he gave the bar a powerful wrench, which separated it, and by the time he again took his place the second one was nearly off. In this way we wrought till about midnight, when the last bar was gone, and Joe with a light heart, sprang to the ground.

"I calculate," said he "that there will be a little more trouble before they get us again. There is no time to lose, and I will give you my plan. After one of us gets through the window, the other must remain for two important reasons. First, it would be impossible for two of us to escape after getting out; and the second reason is, that if one gets out of here the other can't. Now I can help you out, and you can take one of these clubs and defend yourself well; and then if our boat is gone, you must take another, and hasten to the ship and get a dozen of the boys, and come back and kick up a row. It's a mighty slim chance, I know, but it is the one for us. If you are retaken, why that is all. If you cannot get back here in time, never mind. There are not many who will miss old Joe Grummet, except his mother. You can write to her and tell her that I died like a sailor."

"No," I replied, "it is now midnight, and what is done must be done quickly. There is but one method of escape. One of us, as you say, must remain here.—Should I leave, I should most certainly be captured. You are able to run much faster than I, and are able to fight your way the best. There is one plan; you must go, and I must stay. It is just a loss of time to argue the matter. You know as well as I do that this is the best means; and time is precious. So don't wait any longer."

"Well, I'll go; though it seems cruel to leave a shipmate in distress. Help me up. Good-by!"

A press of the hand and the next instant he was at the window. He squeezed himself through, and then hanging for a second by his hand, he said:

"Good-by, again. Keep a good heart. I will do all I can for you."

I heard him strike the ground, and listened to his footsteps as they died away in the distance. I began now to reflect upon my situation. My chance was small indeed. I knelt down on the damp earth and offered up a prayer, and when I arose I felt comforted. I sat down in one corner feeling drowsy and weary, and in spite of the circumstances around me, fell asleep.

Rang went the door chatter, chatter, sounded their voices and, as I looked up about a hundred eyes and mouths seemed to be before me. As soon as they saw that one had escaped, they seemed to become perfectly crazy. Some ran up and seized hold of me; others examined the window while others appeared to start in pursuit. Soon, however, they brought me out, and, with a score at each side of me, commenced moving. I began to think it was time for Joe to turn up; but nothing met my eyes except the hateful faces of the Chinese. On, on we marched until we reached the outskirts of the town. Soon we came to a stop before a large platform, which

jutted out over the water. One of them appeared with a large sack, and I doubted not their intentions. The cold drops came upon my brow, and I shrieked for Joe. They appeared to enjoy my agony, and hesitated a moment. I thought they might relent; but at a word from one who appeared to be the leader, the sack was brought forward. I screamed, and tried to escape, but I was forced in. I felt it tied over me. There was a swinging in the air—a splash. I held my breath—uttered a short prayer—and the next moment became insensible.

When I came to myself I was lying on my back, in a narrow way, with an old coat over me. I opened my eyes and saw that I was in a boat—and who should I see but Joe Grummet, with most astonishing grin on his broad face. I raised myself up, and on looking around, saw Fred Sanders, with a grin, if possible, exceeding Joe's. There they sat and grinned at me, and they at each other. Soon they gave a smothered laugh, and told me to lie down. I was burning with curiosity, and, after a provoking silence, Joe told me the whole circumstances of my rescue.

"You see," he commenced "after I made tracks. I hadn't gone more than two yards after a confounded fellow undertook to head me off, but I gave him a crack which broke my club, at the same time in union with his head. I beat around the town for about an hour, and found that I had lost my way. I was about to give up when I ran square up to our boat. I jumped in and made for the ship. As I came on deck I found them all asleep. I concluded to take but one of them with me, and didn't wake up any but Fred. As he had often been in Hong Kong, and knew considerable about it, I took him along. He said he knew where they would throw you over, and at what time they would do it. We reached here about daybreak, and rowed under this platform. We heard you bawl out for old Joe Grummet, not knowing that your friend was so near. We saw you strike the water, and, as you sunk, I let myself under the water. You were only a few feet from the edge of the platform, and I easily brought you under it. We were afraid that they might hear us; but they made such a racket that they couldn't hear themselves. We brought you up and here you is." And Joe gave another grin.

"As soon as it was dark we rowed out of our hiding-place, and in due time reached the ship, and surprised the crew with a little story; and it's fun to hear old Joe tell about the time he had with "them infernal yaller heads."

Speech of President Johnson.  
WASHINGTON, April 18.—Gov. Oglesby, of Illinois, in introducing the Illinois delegation, spoke in high praise of Mr. Lincoln, and expressed in behalf of the delegation the fullest confidence in Mr. Johnson's abilities to conduct the affairs of the nation, and pledged him the earnest support of his State and country.

President Johnson replied:

I have listened with profound emotion to the kind words you have addressed to me. The visit of this large delegation to speak to me through you these words of encouragement, I had not anticipated in the midst of the saddening circumstances which surrounded us, and the immense responsibility thrown upon me. The expression of the confidence of individuals, and still more of an influential body like that before me, representing a great commonwealth, cheers, and strengthens my heavily burdened mind. In an hour like this of the deepest sorrow, how is it possible to embody in words the feeling of my bosom. I could not command my life to utter them.

Perhaps the best reply I could make, and the one most appropriate to your kind assurances of confidence, would be to receive them in silence. The throbbings of my heart since the sad catastrophe which has appalled us, cannot be reduced to words; and, oppressed as I am with the new and great responsibilities which have devolved upon me, and saddened with grief, I can with difficulty respond to you at all. But I cannot permit such expressions of confidence reposed in me by the people to pass without acknowledgment to an individual like myself; who has never claimed much, but who has, it is true, received from a generous people many marks of trust and honor for a long time.

On an occasion like this, the manifestation of the public feeling, is well timed and peculiarly acceptable. Springing from the people myself, every pulsation of the popular heart finds an immediate answer in my own. By many men in public life such occasions are often considered merely formal; to me they are real.—Your words of countenance and encouragement sink deep in my heart, and I ever afterward, I could but gather

them strength to carry out my convictions of right.

Thus feeling, I shall enter upon the discharge of my great duty, firmly and steadfastly, if not with the signal ability exhibited by my predecessor, which is still fresh in our sorrowing minds. Need I repeat that no heart feels more sensibly than mine this great affliction. When I say on this occasion I shall indulge in no party spirit of anger, no feeling of revenge. But we have beheld a notable event in the history of mankind. In the midst of the American people, where every citizen is taught to obey the law and observe the rules of Christian conduct, our Chief Magistrate, beloved of all hearts, has been assassinated; and when we trace this crime to its cause—when we remember the source whence the assassin drew his inspiration, then look at the result, we stand yet more astonished at this most barbarous, this most diabolical assassination. Such a crime as the murder of a great and good man, honored and revered, and beloved, and the hope of the people, springs not at once from a solitary individual of ever so desperate wickedness. We can trace its cause through successive steps, without my enumerating them here, back to that source which is the spring of all our woes. No one can say, that if the perpetrator of this fiendish deed be arrested, he should not undergo the extreme penalty the law knows how for the crime. None will say that mercy should interpose. But is he alone guilty? Here, gentlemen, you perhaps expect me to present some indications of my future policy. One thing I will say, every era teaches its lesson. The times we live in are not without instruction.—American people must be taught—if they do not feel already that treason is a crime and must be punished—that the Government will not always bear with its enemies; that it is strong not only to protect but to punish. When we turn to the criminal code and examine the catalogue of crimes, we there find arson laid down as a crime with its appropriate penalty; we find theft and robbery and murder given as crimes, and there too we find last and the highest of crimes, treason.—With other and inferior offences our people are familiar. But in our peaceful history treason has been almost unknown.—The people must understand that it is the blackest of crimes, and will be surely punished. I make this allusion not to excite the already exasperated feelings of the public. Public justice should guide our action at this particular juncture, and it well records with sound public morals. Let it be engraven on every heart that treason is a crime, and traitors shall suffer its penalty. While we are appalled and overwhelmed at the fall of one man in our midst by the hand of a traitor, shall we allow men, I care not by what weapons, to attempt the life of the State with impunity? While we strain our minds to comprehend the enormity of this assassination, shall we allow the nation to be assassinated? I speak in no spirit of unkindness. I leave the events of the future to be disposed of as they arise, regarding myself as the humble instrument of the American people. In this, as in all things, justice and judgment shall be determined by them, and I do not harbor bitter or revengeful feelings towards any.

In general terms I would say, that public morals and public opinion should be established upon sure and inflexible principles of justice. When the question of mercy comes before me, it will be considered calmly, judiciously, remembering that I am the Executive of the nation. I know men love to have their names spoken of in connection with acts of mercy, and how easy it is to yield to this impulse. But we must not forget that what may be mercy to an individual is cruelty to the State. In the exercise of mercy there should be no doubt left that this high prerogative is not used to relieve a few at the expense of many. Be assured I shall never forget that I am not to console my own feelings alone, but to give an account to the whole people.

In regard to my future course I will now make no pledges. I have been connected somewhat active with public affairs, and to the history of my past public acts, which is familiar to you, I refer for those principles which have governed me heretofore, and will guide me hereafter.

In general I will say, that I have long labored for the amelioration and election of the great mass of mankind. My opinion as to the nature of popular government having long been cherished, and constituted as I am, it is now too late in life for me to change them. I believe that government was made for man, and man for government. This struggle of the people against the most gigantic rebellion the world ever saw, has demonstrated that the attachment of the people to their government is the strongest

defense that human wisdom can devise. So long as the rich man feels that the interests of the government are his interests, so long as the public heart turns in the right direction, and the people understand and appreciate the theory of our government, and love of liberty, our constitution will be transmitted unimpaired.

If the time ever comes when the people shall fail, the Government will fail, and we shall cease to be one of the nations of the earth. After having preserved one form of free government and shown its power to maintain its existence through the vicissitudes of nearly a century it may be that it is necessary for us to pass through the ordeal of intestine strife to prove that this Government will not perish from internal weakness, but will stand able to defend itself against all foes and punish treason.

In the dealing of an inscrutable Providence, and by the operation of the Constitution, I have been thrown unexpectedly into the position. My past life and especially my course during the present unholy rebellion, is before you. I have no principles to retract. I defy any one to point to any one of public acts as variance with the fixed principles which have guided me through life. I have no professions to offer. Professions and promises would be worth nothing at this time. No one can foresee the circumstances that will hereafter arise. Had any man gifted with prescience four years ago, uttered and written down in advance the events of this period, the story would have seemed more marvelous than anything in "The Arabian Nights."

I shall not attempt to anticipate the future. As events occur, and it becomes necessary to act, I shall dispose of each as it arises, deferring any declaration or message until it can be written paragraph by paragraph in the light of events as they transpire.

The members of the delegation were then severally introduced to the President by Gov. Oglesby.

THE BOOTHE FAMILY.  
John Wilkes Boothe is the third son born in America of the eminent English tragedian, Junius Brutus Boothe, whose strange career abroad and in the United States, whose alternate eminence and obscurity, and whose remarkable gifts as an actor are fully remembered at this day by the theatrical community, although he has been dead nearly thirteen years. The quieter part of his life in this country was passed upon his farm in Hartford county, some fifty miles distant from Baltimore, Maryland, and here, we believe, his children, several sons and daughters, were born. The oldest daughter died at an early age. The first son, J. B. Boothe, jr., has been for many years a popular actor, recently appeared, in connection with his brothers, in a performance of "Julius Caesar," at the Winter Garden Theater. The second son, Edwin Thomas Boothe, is the distinguished and esteemed tragedian. John Wilkes—named after the British statesman, from the elder Boothe's mother was lineally descended—is the third; and a fourth, Joseph, not associated with the theatrical profession, is at present residing in one of the Southern States. Mr. Boothe's oldest surviving daughter is the wife of the well-known comedian Mr. John S. Clark. His widow, with other daughters, resides with Mr. Edwin Boothe, in this city.

The life and career of John Wilkes Boothe, who is now only twenty-six years old, have been marked by but few memorable incidents. He adopted the stage as a profession in 1856, making his first appearance in Philadelphia. Since then he has played various "star" and "stock" engagements, mostly in Southern and Western cities, with considerable success. His acting is said to have been mainly characterized by extreme piousness, violence and extravagance, although not wanting at times in the true and earnest feeling which is an attribute of the whole family. He has once or twice appeared before New York audiences, but with only moderate success. It is stated that he has been personally very popular among his comrades; a fact which has determined disunion sentiments would not be likely to contradict, the vast majority of actors in this country, North and South, being either avowed or covert friends of the rebellion. His habits, we are told, were always extremely irregular, and his dissipations so excessive as to interfere with his progress in his profession, which, indeed, he virtually abandoned about a year ago, having since devoted himself to speculations in the oil stocks of Pennsylvania.—N. Y. Tribune.

—Intelligence from Savannah, Ga., reports very few really loyal persons, and that much of the professed loyalty is mere pretence. It is stated that none of the white clergymen pray for the President,

## COMMUNICATIONS.

CAMP LOWELL, VA., }  
April 9, 1865. }

EDITOR CITIZEN—Dear Sir: After a lapse of near two months, I thought you might want to hear from at least a portion of the fifth heavy. Well, since I last wrote you we have had stirring times. Our victorious armies are driving the rebels into their last ditch, where I hope they will be covered up in oblivion, and only remembered as a thing of the past, and like the traitor Arnold, only with contempt. This rebellion has been a big thing, but, like the river in a flood, it is going down, and methinks the end draweth nigh, as our gallant armies are slowly but surely bringing it to successful termination; and with the fall of Richmond and the capture of Lee's army, this war must speedily come to a close, and our brave boys, who have endured all the hardships and honors of war, once more get home to their families and friends. But, alas! how many brave men are there who have sacrificed their lives on the altar of their country, and now fill a soldier's grave in an enemies country. But their memories shall live in the memories of a grateful nation for their devotion and self sacrifice of every thing that was dear to themselves, their lives, to sustain one of the best governments the world ever produced, and which can never be blotted out, as the honorable and lamented Ellsworth said in an address to his men, when they were about leaving their happy Western homes to fight the battles of the nation. But like many others, he fell by the hand of the nation's enemy, (Jackson,) but like thousands of other brave boys, his memory and deeds will live in the people's memories while they live, and generations to come.

We had a big time out here in honor of the capture of the rebel capital. In Washington we had a number of speeches, flags flying, and bands discoursing the popular airs of the day. A soldier could not pass a saloon, but the ladies, God bless them, would vie with each other in their kindness to us in having us eat and drink all we wanted free, as everybody was so rejoiced to think the rebellion was about over. The streets were one continual jam. The city was swarming with citizens and soldiers. Old men, who had not been out for months, were out, and all the cry was glorious. Hurrah for Grant, Sherman and Sheridan. Cheers after cheer were given for them, and groans for the Confederacy and Davis. The people treated the soldiers with marked respect. Every house was thrown open for their reception, and every delicacy of the season spread before them with a lavish hand, and America's fair daughters pressed us continually to eat plenty in honor of our great success, and the certain downfall of the rebellion. All honor to the ladies of our capital. May they all live to see the end of this wicked rebellion, in the good wishes of all the brave boys now in arms. The excitement was great all day, and in the evening there was a grand display of fire works. The continual booming of cannon and the cheering of the people will ever be remembered by those who witnessed it. There was a continual roar from ten o'clock until near four, and in the evening the sky was all ablaze with fire works. It was a splendid spectacle for those who witnessed it, but greater will be the rejoicings when this war will be brought to a close, and peace once more spreads her wings and returns to our nation. May we never be troubled with war again; is the wishes of every true and loyal man; and may traitors and Southern sympathizers at home live only as things of the past, in the minds of the people, and treated accordingly, both at the ballot box and in civil life.

Our regiment was paid a short time ago, and are in good spirits. We were over to Flint Hill on grand review. There were four regiments on review, and all looked fine, but the 5th got the praise for neatness and discipline. Our Colonel was well pleased with our appearance, not having seen the regiment together since we left Fort Reno, last fall. The men are well pleased with the Colonel, and if he wants to raise another regiment after our time is out, he can get nearly all to enlist again. In fact all our officers are kind and obliging to the men, while on duty, but on duty, they do not notice any one. That, you are aware, is military.

We have fine times now, the weather is fine, the fruit trees are out in full bloom, grass is coming up, reminding us that spring has come and stern winter gone. I don't care where we are, we are busy at work on our defenses. We are going to add our breast-works, which will not be a small job, but it is no use now, the war is near over. The Confederacy is played out.

I asked a rebel citizen the other day what he thought of Richmond now. He

replied that it was all day with them, and for his part, he was glad of it.

We had, on the day Richmond was taken, five rebels come in and give themselves up. They belong to the notorious White and Moseby gang. One of them was a Pennsylvanian.

Nothing more at present, but remain, Yours, truly,  
H. S. SYPIAN,  
Co. I, 5th H. A.

For the American Citizen.

Mr. Editor:—Having been urgently solicited by several citizens of Butler co., to have a list of the roll of my company published in the Butler papers; I concluded that, as this is a wet day, and will be relieved of all duty, except those detached, to copy from the roll-book a list, and send it to you, which if you have room, you may publish.

The company was raised in Allegheny City, and the earliest enlistment dates from February 14th, and the latest Feb. 25th, 1865. The company organization dated from the 27th day of Feb. 1865.

ROLL.  
Captain—R. J. Boggs.  
1st Lieut.—Alex. Gillespie.  
2d " —Lewis Gansz.  
1st Sergeant—Charles Hoffman.  
2d " —John Kay.  
3d " —Samuel Beers.  
4th " —Henry Dresher.  
5th " —Frederick Barry.  
1st Corporal—Christy Robb.  
2d " —James Barton.  
3d " —Theophilus Graham.  
4th " —Thomas R. Williams.  
5th " —Nicholas Krauer.  
6th " —B. F. Coverst.  
7th " —William Duncan.  
8th " —Samuel A. Davis.\*  
Musicians—A. G. Nixon.\*  
" —Detmor P. Boggs.  
" —Philip Cradle.  
Teamsters—James Potts,  
" —Robert Bedillion.  
Commissary—W. H. Martin.

PRIVATE.

Alexander, Jos. H.\* Lawall, John Alexander, Jacob S. Lutz, Jacob Augustine, Jacob Michel, Christ. cook. Armstrong, Wm. M. Michel, Edward Armstrong, Joseph Mochel, Michael Bauman, Frederick Muder, John H. Bohn, Charles Miller, Levi Bartley, Washington Martin, Augustus N. Bartley, Williamson Morgan, J. H. des'r, Bartley, Naaman McIntyre, George Beckman, Irwin Marberger, George Black, Lewis M'Ginley, John Behm, William F. Maxler, Francis Cradle, Philip Maxwell, James A. Critchlow, John C. Neely, Thomas Dushar, William Phillips, Joseph S. Dambart, John Pearce, David E. Duncan, Philip Powell, Wilson Davis, Henry Sefton, Edward Dushar, Jacob Pilgrim, Frederick Dunbar, Alex. T. Raabe, Charles Dunbar, Daniel Raabe, Christian Foreman, James Reddick, Charles Fry, George Rogers, Charles Grubbs, Patterson Ramsey, William Garvin, James R. Ruby, Andrew Graham, William Roth, Alfred J. Gold, William Reuger, Valentine Gilleland, John W. Rice, John B. Gorhring, Lewis Sefton, Edward Heller, Erdman Schroth, Christian Heckert, Amos Schuster, Gottlieb Hays, George Schaffer, George Hays, James Shelly, Martin Hamor, Adrian C. Spang, Isaiah R. Hoon, James D. Trimble, Samuel Johnston, Daniel Thompson, James Kuhn, James Thornburg, Sam'l R. Kirker, Martin L. Tomay, Francis Kaltenbaugh, Jacob Vandivort, Milton, Kennedy, Peter Whitner, Valentine Lezner, J. G. Zwanziger, J. cook.

\*A. G. Nixon appointed Drum Major, and transferred to the non-commissioned staff. Samuel A. Davis, detailed as Q. M. Clerk. Joseph H. Alexander, discharged.

The name of George Shell does not appear on the roll, from the fact that he deserted before the organization roll was completed.

The above if a correct roll of Co. F, 75th Penna. Vol., stationed at Nashville, Tennessee; and any person writing to any member of this company, will direct as above indicated.

R. J. Boggs, Capt.,  
Co. F, 75th P. V.  
Nashville, April 9, 1865.

—In a recent issue, the London Spectator, the ablest of the English weeklies, in an article on President Lincoln, referring to Macanley's celebrated comparison of Washington to John Hampden, says: "If that high eulogium was fully earned, as it was, by the first great President of the United States, we doubt if it has not been as well earned by the Illinois peasant proprietor and village lawyer, whom, by some divine inspiration or providence, the Republican caucus of 1860 substituted for their nominee for the President's chair." It adds, speaking of his message to Congress on the 4th of March, that it contains "a grasp of principle, a dignity of manner, and a solemnity of purpose which would have been unworthy of neither Hampden or of Cromwell, while his gentleness and generosity of feeling toward his foes was almost greater than we should expect from either of them."