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IN TIME OF WAR.

There are white faces in each sunny street,
And signs of trouble meet us everywhere;
The nation's pulse has an uneasy beat,
For scenes of battle foul the summer air.

A thrill goes through the city's busy life,
And then as when a strong man stints his breath,
A stillness comes, and each one in his place
Waits for the news of triumph, loss, and death.

The "Extra" falls like rain upon a drought,
And startled people crowd around the board;
Whereon the nation's sum of loss or gain
Is made and hurried chapters are scored.

Perhaps it is a glorious triumph's gleam—
An earnest of our future's recompense;
Perhaps it is a story of a fatal gleam,
Which smiteth like a fatal pestilence.

But whether Fortune darkens all the land,
Or whether Victory sets its blood ablaze,
An awful cry, a mighty throb of pain,
Shall scare the sweetness from these summer days.

God! how this land grows rich in loyal blood!
Poured out upon it to its utmost length,
The license of a people's sacrifice—
The widest offering of a people's strength!

It is the contentment beneath the sun!
The peaceful, purchaseless, and not a word
But bath its little written clear and signed
In some slain hero's consecrated blood.

And not a flower that gems its mellowing soil
But thriveth with the blood of the slain;
Of tears, that cease a nation's straining heart,
When the Lord of battles smites it through and through.

LOVE IN THE BREAKERS.

A STORY OF CAPE MAY.

I do not like fashionable watering places, either on the coast or inland. Yet fate, or my restless wandering spirit, has more than once led me to the "season" at Saratoga, Newport, Cape May, and the now desolate and deserted and once famous "White Sulphur" of Virginia. These who have the sea as I am, know that I am happiest when shut out from the world, its frivolities, its dissipation, and its hypocrisies. I wander in the wilderness of my own mountain home, watching the wild deer in its gambols, the trout sporting in the crystal waters, or the eagle planning the clouds, far, far above the lofty mountain tops.

But to my story.
It was many summers ago when "the spirit moved me" to take a flying visit to Cape May. It was in the height of the season when the Cape, going by steamer from Philadelphia. Grey hotels were crowded; the company was as various as companies at watering places generally are—bellees looking for mates, beaux on the same scent, any quantity of fortune hunters, and a few very low responsible men and women in that vast crowd. The fair sex was not represented, as I thought, by any "killing beauties." I wandered in at three or four of the evening "hops," and made up my mind that I had seen as much beauty at a Mexican fandango, and more in a dance on the green of an Andalusian village, and had seen at a backwoods dance, where one fiddle formed the band, and a Virginia reel the "dancing card."

I saw nothing in the fact to drive away my natural melancholy, and made up my mind to take one good swim in the surf of old Atlantic, and then on the next day to start once more for my backwood home among the glorious old Adirondacks.

So when I took my bathing suit from my trunk, and when the sun began to droop toward the west, I sauntered down to the beach where hundreds were already sporting in the surf—the shrill laughter and petty screams of the fair ones making a fine contrast with the heavy roar of the surf.

For a few moments I hesitated to enter the surf, being more pleasantly engaged in scanning the scene before me. Darley never had a finer chance for sketching from life than he would have had there. A Hogarth could have found only too many types for the caricature opportunities afforded him. For instance, a fat, beef-eating citizen, carrying at least two hundred weight of mortality in his own person, went into the water with a wife on his arm whose lean and lank figure, taller than his own, was a perfect contrast to his own.

And vice versa, a very fat lady and a man as lean as Romeo's apothecary would be seen—the one waddling, duck fashion, the other "tottering" toward it like a half-starved sand-piper.

"Not a handsome woman in the water!" I muttered, as I gazed over and among the crowd.

But at that moment, as if to rebuke me for my lack of gallantry, a vision passed me—she seemed to be too beautiful to be anything but a dream. She entered my spirit as the thought of an instant for the lady was beautiful—gloriously beautiful. One glance of her eyes—glorious, black, bewildering eyes—fell upon me as she passed, and I felt that I had blushed from my head to my feet. She glided and did not seem to walk so close to me that her snow-white bathing robe actually touched me, and the contact threw an electric glow through me in an instant. Tall, her figure could, even in that ungainly garb, be seen to be perfect—her complexion almost as fair as the waves of jelly hair which hung about her white brow and neck; and, to crown all, a look of melancholy upon her perfect features that made my but too susceptible heart ache to be her sympathetic confidant, her comforter, if only such a thing could be.

With bitterness in my heart against the heavy man who could be privileged to gape upon such an angel, I turned to see what heaven was attending the goddess of my heart's sudden adoration.

There was no masculine present—not one so near as myself. She entered the water alone, not timidly or with a shrinking step, but like a calmly proud Diana, when no prying Acon was near.

Involuntarily I followed, though at a respectful distance. I watched her every motion, as she advanced farther into the foamy "yeast of waters."

Moving out until more than half her queenly form was immersed in the briny waves, she stood, and gently bowed her head to the great breakers as they rolled in snowy wreaths upon her. Oh, how I wished that I was but—just one of those breakers! Would I not dash that queenly form in my chaste embrace, and bear it away to some lone "isle of beauty" to be mine, mine forever? Yes, I would!

But a hoarse shout from the men, and a cry of warning, and a thousand screams from rosy lips turned suddenly white, called me from the wild dream which was taking possession of me. My queenly vision had gone farther out than the rest; so had I, when a roller of three the usual length came tumbling in upon us. In a moment she was hidden from my view; the next second I was under a hundred tons of water, or so it seemed.

Half-strangled, I buffeted my way to the top of the water, only to find that the "underdog" had swept me outside of the surf, beyond the outermost breaker, and that the tide was bearing me seaward.

I thought no more of my queenly vision. At that instant I saw her face—black of despair upon her beautiful face—within a few feet of me, just sinking; for

Forty Thousand Negroes in Washington.

By the following extract from the proceedings of a meeting held on the 19th inst., in Washington, it will be seen how much the condition of the negro has been ameliorated by the aid of his philanthropic friends. Such things, under the shadow of the Federal Capitol, may serve to indicate the state to which the unhappy "freedmen" have been reduced in other parts of the country. The *National Intelligencer* more than confirms the statements made by the chairman of the meeting, Rev. William Channing.

Mr. Channing read a report setting forth the startling and most heart-rending condition of these wretched outcasts under the shadow of the National Capitol. In June last the census showed at least 30,000 colored population in this District, nearly all in the confines of this city. There are now not less than 40,000. There are at least 900 families of these poor people in the city. A few of these have been able to build shanties, paying for the miserable ground on which to place them \$25 and \$30 a year. Not more than twenty-five of these families pay for their hovels less than \$100 a year, and not more than fifty pay less than \$5 monthly rent.

The following cases are reported as those which met the visitors in every direction: An old woman on Eleventh street was found with the melting snow dripping through her hair upon her pale face. She was sick; had buried two children; no fire, fuel, or food, and no means to get any; was hungry; had begged a match to light in the night, so that the night might not seem so long.

In another hovel near by was a mother and her child, and a sick man, and a girl, twenty-four hours without food. A girl nine years old washing rags gathered from the mud to sell.

A few squares away, Sally Clayton, daughter of an old and wealthy man, was found with an unclean infant, food not fuel, and in a perishing condition.

An old man, many years a preacher while in slavery, sleeps in a hovel on a board, with a stick of wood for a pillow; no food nor fuel; no shirt. His collar was broken and he cannot work.

In a shanty on the island were six children huddled in rags together like a flock of sheep. The mother, Mrs. Jackson, is recently dead. No food nor fuel.

A girl of sixteen, in a stable, in a stable smaller than two stalls, with two families, an old man, a cripple, and a girl twelve years old, with the consumption; a young child dying of starvation; a sick mother, and another old man; a plank for the sickle, and a sick mother, with rags on them; for the children, a widow fifty years old, their only support; \$12; no fire nor food.

On Sixteenth street, a woman ninety years old, in a stable; no light, no food, no fuel.

What the report had been read, Mr. Channing requested Mrs. Griffin, the agent of the association, who has been laboring among these pitiable human beings some months, to express her views on the matter. They need everything. They fled from slavery, taking nothing but a few rags on their backs. Food, fuel, clothing were all equally needed, and the report stated likewise.

The women needed clothing. They cannot get employment. People spurn them from their doors, refusing entrance to creatures half covered with filthy rags. She spoke of the women as brave and determined. They had come here in dejection and in the face of every form of discouragement had done the most of them well and many of them nobly. Their destitute families are to be turned into the street immediately for non-payment of rent. A man and four children have already been turned out of doors, and another family, mother and three children, all barefooted. Almost every family has a sick person.

The New York *Express* prints the above extract, and adds:

We might quote at greater length from the proceedings of this meeting, but we must content ourselves with the foregoing. The negroes here described are but a type of the class all over that portion of the Southern country visited by our armies, and especially in Louisiana, on the Mississippi, where the negroes are to be found in over 30,000 negroes destroyed in and near New Orleans since the war began—but we forbear.—Philadelphia Age.

LINCOLN'S REPLY TO A DIPLOMAT.—Lincoln is equal to any occasion, no matter how momentous. His intercourse with the representatives of foreign nations has caused the growth of a degree of respect for Americans hitherto unknown. Witness the following from the Boston *Watchman and Reflector*:

About two years ago, when the Prince of Wales was soon to marry the Princess Alexandra, Queen Victoria sent a letter to each of the Sovereigns, informing them of her son's betrothal, and among the rest to President Lincoln. Lord Lyons, her Ambassador at Washington, who is an important document in person. At the time appointed he was received at the White House, in company with Mr. Seward.

"May I please hold in my hand an autograph letter from my royal mistress, Queen Victoria, which I have been commanded to present to your excellency?" he said. It informed us that her son, his Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, is about to contract a matrimonial alliance with her Royal Highness, the Princess Alexandra, of Denmark.

After continuing in this strain for a few minutes, Lord Lyons tendered the letter to the President and awaited his reply. It was short, simple and expressive, and consisted of the following words:

"Lord Lyons, go to and do likewise."

Blackwood's *Magazine* has the following story, purporting to be original with Mr. Lincoln. It appears that before Virginia seceded a committee of gentlemen waited upon him to see if something could not be done to avoid the impending catastrophe:

It was just after the taking of Fort Sumter, and Lincoln's having called out 75,000 men to coerce the South. "But what would you have me do?" said Mr. Lincoln.

"President," replied one of the deputation, "I would beg you to lend me your finger and thumb for five minutes."

Meaning, of course, that he wished him to write something that should stir the prevailing excitement. But Mr. Lincoln did not choose to understand him. "My finger and thumb?" he repeated. "My finger and thumb! What would you do with them?" "Blow your nose," said the deputation, retired in disgust, and Virginia seceded.

QUER CASE AND BAD FIX.—Undoubtedly in wars such as we have now on hand many more such cases as the following occur than we hear of. The *Altoona Tribune* of the 8th says:

It appears that with one of the companies organized in this place, (for the nine months' service,) in the summer of 1862, went a man who left a wife and small family. On the bloody field of Antietam he fell, was buried, and his wife afterwards had his body disinterred; brought home and re-interred in the family grave. A year afterwards the man was again killed, and in due time a child was born, the fruit of the second marriage. When the call for 50,000 troops was being filled up, last fall, the second husband enlisted and is now in the army. A short time since the first husband returned, alive and well, having been taken prisoner at Antietam, instead of being killed. He had been held by the rebels until the late exchange at Savannah. Of course, the parties are in a bad fix; but still will agree that the soldier who was once killed twice buried, starved two years in rebel prison, and yet came home alive, is certainly entitled to his wife. "Truth is stranger than fiction." The query is, who was buried in the cemetery?

New Jersey is out of debt and claims a balance due her from the United States of \$940,037. Her railroad monopoly pays the expenses of her State Government, and her people are not burdened with local taxes.

The Old Straw Bed.

The old straw bed—its tick and rag. In which has never-crawled a beg; It is of thee, old bed, I sing; For often to my wandering
Thou' life's dull walks have I been led, To muse upon—the old straw bed.

On it I've had some strange, wild dreams; On it I've passed thro' by-gone scenes; On it I've tossed from side to side, Like storm-tossed ship upon the tide; For like a furnace was my head, While dreaming on the old straw bed.

Yet, still this bed I shall revere; For when the night was dark and drear, And I could not before me see, Old bed thou' proved a friend to me, And offered to me that repose, Wherein I might forget my woes.

And when thou wert made up all right, Ere Will and I would say "good night," Another "bump!" we would take For "sund' lang' air" and friendship's sake; With wild fancies in my head, I'd lay me on the old straw bed.

The Habits of President Lincoln.

Rev. Mr. Adams, of Philadelphia, in his recent thanksgiving discourse, speaking of an early morning call upon Mr. Lincoln, made the following interesting statement: Morning came, and I hastened my toilet, and found myself at a quarter to five in the waiting room of the President. I asked the usher if I could see Mr. Lincoln. He said I could not.

"But I have an engagement to meet him this morning." "At what hour?" "At five o'clock." "Well, sir, he will see you at five." I then waited and for a few minutes, and hearing a voice as if in grave conversation, I asked the servant, "Who is talking in the next room?" "It is the President, sir." "Is anybody with him?" "No, sir, he is reading the Bible."

"Is that his habit so early in the morning?" "Yes, sir, he spends every morning from four o'clock to five in reading the Scriptures and praying."

To the Editor of the *Boston Courier*: The above extract, which I clip from an evening paper, "puts me in mind of a story."

A few years since a somewhat distinguished pugilist resided in this city, who had the misfortune of always being in debt. To relieve himself from his difficulties, he got up a subscription among his pupils for a gymnasium, which in due time was erected, and at first proved quite successful, but after a while the interest in it began to flag, and the pupils were becoming fewer and fewer. In order to recuperate, and fill his school once more, he called on several clergymen, and told them of the wonderful benefits that would accrue to their physical condition, if they took regular gymnastic exercises, and invited them to call and see his gymnasium, on a certain day, at nine o'clock in the morning. The clergymen went accordingly, and on entering found our pugilist friend seated at a desk, at the upper end of the hall, habited in the tight costume of a gymnast, with a large Bible before him, reading aloud, and one or two pupils (who happened to be present, and had been let into the joke) standing in a reverent attitude. After finishing the chapter, he closed the book, and looking up, appeared, for the first time to be aware of the presence of the clergy whom he had invited. He apologized to them; stating that it was his universal custom to read a chapter in the Bible every morning before the commencement of gymnastic exercises. We need not tell the result; the clergymen were charmed, and at once entered their names as pupils, preached the necessity of physical exercise, recommending the gymnast to all their friends, which soon gave the professor, once more, a school full of pupils. This was said to have been the first time old Jack ever opened the Bible.

PACIFICISM FIRST.—A Michigan lawyer tells the following story: "Several years ago I was practicing law in one of the many beautiful towns in Wisconsin. One very warm day, while seated in my office at work, I was interrupted by the entrance of a boy, the son of one of my clients, who had walked into town six miles, in a blinding sun, for the purpose of procuring a Bible. He had been told, he said, that there was a place where they gave them away to people who had no money. He said he had no money, and was very anxious to get one of the books, and asked me to go with him to the place where they were kept. Anxious to encourage him in his early piety, I left the brief on which I was, and went with him over to the stand of a Presbyterian deacon, who had the much coveted books in charge. I introduced him to the deacon, telling him the circumstances. He praised the boy very highly; was delighted to see a young man so early seeking after the truth, etc., etc., and presented him with the best bound Bible in his collection. Bubby put it in his pocket, and was starting off, when the deacon said, 'Now, my son, that you possess what you desired, I suppose you feel happy?'

"Well I do, old man; for between you and I, I know where I can trade it for a plaguey good fiddle!"

Church-goers in New York are exercised about an eccentricity perpetrated by the venerable pastor of the celebrated "Brick Church." It appears that the society called a popular young preacher to act as associate pastor, and at the same time slightly curtailed the senior pastor's salary. Whereupon the latter gentleman promptly put an advertisement in the *Times* offering for sale his library and household furniture, "in lots to suit purchasers," to meet, as he intimated, "a pressing exigency." Considering that the old gentleman has the reputation of being worth more than a hundred thousand dollars, and his youthful and beautiful wife is twice as wealthy, there was quite a bobbery kicked up at short notice, and the society is scandalized by this imputation of having impoverished their faithful old shepherd.

Maxims for Young Men.

1. The world estimates men by their success in life, and by general consent, success is evidence of superiority.

2. Never, under any circumstances, assume a responsibility you can avoid consistently with your duty to yourself and others.

3. Base all your actions upon a principle of right; preserve your integrity of character, and in doing this, never reckon the cost.

4. Remember that self-interest is more likely to warp your judgment than all other circumstances combined; therefore look well to your duty, when your interest is concerned.

5. Never make money at the expense of your reputation.

6. Be neither lavish nor niggardly; of the two, avoid the latter. A mean man is universally despised, but public favor is a stepping-stone to preternatural; therefore, generous feelings should be cultivated.

7. Say but little—think much, and do more.

8. Let your expenses be such as to leave a balance in your pocket. Ready money is a friend in need.

9. Keep clear of the law; for even if you gain your case, you are generally a loser.

10. Avoid borrowing and lending.

11. Wine-drinking and smoking cigars are bad habits; they impair the mind and lead to a waste of time.

12. Never relate your misfortunes, and never grieve over what you cannot help or cannot prevent.

"WISPERING JOHN."—In the place known as the "upper end" of my country there resides a John R.—. This title he has gained from the fact that he always talks (even in common conversation) like a major general on parade, or to use the common expression, "like as if he was raised in a mill."

This gentleman, who, by the way, is "one of them," mounted his horse one of the coldest mornings last week, before daylight, for the purpose of riding down to M.—. He rode up to the hotel just as the boarders and travelers had done their breakfast.

He dismounted, walked in to the bar-room, and spoke to the landlord in his usual whispering tone:

"Good morning, Mr. L.—; how do you do?"

"Very well, Mr. R.—; how do you do?"

"Oh, very well, but I am so very cold I can hardly talk."

Just then a nervous traveller, who was present, ran up to the landlord, and catching him by the coat, said:

"Mr. L.—, have my horse caught as soon as possible."

"What's the matter, my dear sir—has anything happened?"

"Nothing upon earth, only I want to get away before that man chaws."

SPIRITUAL ADVICE BY A PHYSICIAN.—Old Dr. C. was known as a skillful physician, blunt and downright, but not addicted to church-going. Mr. S., the sick tradesman, sent for him. The pulse was examined, the pills dealt out, and the directions given. But as the doctor was taking up his saddle-bags, Mr. S. turned to him with a pious look, and said:

"I have a solemn request to make of you, Doctor C."

"What! of me? a solemn request of me?"

"Yes, sir; it concerns my salvation, and I hope you won't refuse it."

"Why, bless you, Mr. S., that don't come in my line; send for the minister."

"But hear me. I feel that I am a very sick man, and if at any time you see I am going to die, I want you to let me know at least three days beforehand."

"But what in the world do you want to know that for?"

"Oh, I don't know that I am prepared to die, and I shall want at least two or three days to prepare."

"Oh, well, make your preparation—make your preparation, Mr. S., and if you don't die, it will not be lost to your customers."

Cure for Small Pox.

The German Reformed Minister has received a letter from a friend in China, in which it is stated a great discovery is reported to have been recently made by a surgeon of the English army in China, in the way of an effectual cure of small pox. The mode of treatment is as follows:

When the preceding fever is at its height, and just before the eruption appears, the chest is rubbed with croton oil and tartaric acid. This causes the whole of the eruption to appear on that part of the body, to the relief of the rest. It also secures a full and complete eruption and thus prevents the disease from attacking the internal organs. This is said to be now the established mode of treatment in the English army in China, by general orders, and is regarded as a perfect cure.

FARMERS WHO DON'T READ THE NEWS-PAPERS.—The worst instance of ignorance, resulting from not taking the papers, we have heard of lately happened the other day. A farmer wanted to sell his place, and asked \$3,500 for it. Another farmer offered him \$3,000 in gold for it, but he would not take it, insisting that he must have the price. A few days after a buyer came along, and gave him \$3,500 in paper money for the farm. Had he taken the \$3,000 in gold, the principal with the premium at this time, would have amounted to \$8,800. (Some men are born wise, and some otherwise.—Exchange.)

The Rev. Mrs. Antoinette L. Brown Blackwell has emerged from her domestic seclusion, and is hammering away again in public as a lecturer, talking about "men and women." She has a grievance, of course. It is that "women are denied the right of state-ship." This is frightful!

THE PHILADELPHIA COMMERCIAL LIST says a fortunate individual is thereby over \$2,000, and shares of all stock which cost \$140,740, and is now worth \$328,000, on which he has received, in nine months, 44 per cent., amounting to \$96,800!

A NEWLY MARRIED MAN DOWN EAST says if he had an inch more happiness, he could not possibly live. His wife is obliged to roll him on the floor and put him to keep him from being too happy.

THE FOLLOWING, from that eminent and distinguished man, Washington Irving, stamps him as a "copperhead" of the worst kind:

"RELIGION AND POLITICS. A cunning politician is often found skulking under the clerical robe, with an outside all religion and an inside all politics. Things spiritual and things temporal are strangely jumbled together, like poisons and antidotes in an apothecary's shelf; and instead of a devout sermon, the church-going people have often a political pamphlet thrust down their throats, labelled with a pious text from Scripture."

CHIEF JUSTICE'S DECISION.—The first decision of Chief Justice Chase, in Supreme Court of the United States, was that West Virginia is legally a State. The decision was given on the question of placing the name of that State on the list which calling the docket. We do not believe it is a State, nevertheless.

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CHIEF JUSTICE'S DECISION.—The first decision of Chief Justice Chase, in Supreme Court of the United States, was that West Virginia is legally a State. The decision was given on the question of placing the name of that State on the list which calling the docket. We do not believe it is a State, nevertheless.

Civil War.

If the experience of the past is any criterion for the future, there is not much that is encouraging to our people in connection with the termination of the rebellion. The Boston *Commercial Bulletin* has been reading up history of late and discovers that "great civil wars have often been long wars, their length depending in many cases upon the sincerity of the parties to the contests, men seldom fighting well or stubbornly unless they are thoroughly attached to their principles. The Peloponnesian war was in some respects of the nature of a civil contest, as it was waged between men of the same race, and who had been united to a very great extent, years before, to resist foreign invasion; and one man of note at least saw its closing scenes who would remember Marathon, Sparta and Athens were the heads of the two principal branches of the Hellenic races, the Dorians and the Ionians, and were more than once united, though they were deadly enemies in the Peloponnesian war, which was carried on for twenty-seven years, and was the real cause of the ruin of Greece. That terrible civil contest which led to the destruction of the Roman Republic had more than one stage, or war, in its very long course, with intervals of peace, which parties employed as breathing times. The decisive stage came when Caesar crossed the Rubicon, and Rome hardly knew what peace meant for the next twenty years, when the success of Octavius over Antonius prepared the way for the *pax Romana*, which gave general tranquility to the empire for many generations. It was like taking a long holiday after a long period of severe labor. Civil war grew out of peace that has long been unbroken, and they are followed by periods of profound repose, during which the materials of future convulsions are accumulated. It is in the moral world as it is in the physical world, in which the pleasantest weather is but the precursor of the severest storms. As the calm of the elements follows and precedes the most fearful developments of Nature's energies as a destroyer, so in the life of a nation there is most to be feared when, apparently, quiet reigns, and war is the last thing that need be feared. Our experience has added a new proof to the many that previously existed of the truth of this remark.

"The greatest civil war that England has ever had was that contest which is known as the Wars of the Roses, or the Wars of York and Lancaster. It occurred in the fifteenth century, and it lasted, tho' with considerable periods of peace, for some thirty years. It opened at the first battle of St. Albans, in 1455, and lasted to the battle of Bosworth, in 1485. It was of a most ruthless character, and the greatest battles ever fought on English ground then took place. Almost two centuries later, England had another domestic contest, which is called *pax Romana*, "the Great Civil War," and which extended over all the