The Herald.

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S. M. PETTENGILL & CO.,

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☞ In regard to the resumption of active work by the Army of the Potomac, respecting which sundry hints have been casting about recently, Gen. Meade, in his speech at Philadelphia last Tuesday, said: "We are making every effort to improve the present, and, *as soon as the weather moderates and the season will allow*, active operations will be commenced anew and in earnest."

OUR BOOK TABLE.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, FOR JANUARY.—Contents: Aidden Pearls; Seeing Too Much; Watching and Waiting; Kings and Queens of England; Mary; Violations of Truth; and sundry other articles.

This number of the Home Magazine, is embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving—Christmas Eve. Popular as this periodical has been with the lovers of light reading, if the Publishers carry out their plans for the future, it will possess stronger claims to their confidence. During 1864, it will contain three original serial stories, by Miss Virginia F. Townsend, T. S. Arthur, and Mrs. M. A. Denison. We heartily commend it to the public, and hope many of our young readers will embrace an early opportunity to subscribe for it.

BLACKWOOD FOR DECEMBER.—Contents:—The Boatman; Tony Butler—part 2d; Tyndal on Heat; The Navies of England and France from a French point of view; Chronicles of Carlingford; The Perpetual Curate—part 7th; Personal Identities; The Wigtown Martyrs; The Invitation; Books on the American War.

A glance at the above will indicate the character of the present number. It is a difficult matter to take up Blackwood, without neglecting some call of duty. There is such a variety in its pages, that the mind seldom grows weary; and when the last page is turned, one feels a regret that the end has been reached. This cannot be said of every periodical that finds its way to the table of a man of literary taste. We can hardly see how professional men, who are so constantly harassed with busines cares, can do without so valuable a periodical. Many a thought culled from its pages, would infuse new vigor into the sluggish intellect, and arouse it to more energetic action.

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW FOR OCTOBER.—Contents: 1st, Progress of Engineering Science; 2d, Life and Writings of Thomas Hood; 3d, Antiquity of Man; 4th, Co-operative Societies; 5th, Japan; 6th, Anti Papal Movement in Italy; 7th, Frnode's Queen Elizabeth; 8th, The Church of England and her Bishops.

This Quarterly was late coming to hand, yet it has been upon our table several weeks. The merry Christmas times, however, were so full of joy and pleasure, that we could find no time to devote to Quarterlies. We never take up the foreign Quarterlies, but that we feel we are in the presence of the noblest writers in the world. A single paper contains more of solid worth, than can be found in a dozen of the ordinary volumes thrown from the press. If a man wishes to understand the operations of the first intellects of the age, he must read the Quarterlies. In the present number, the article, reviewing the "Works of Thomas Hood," presents the great Humorist in a light that few would expect, from what they have seen of his character, in his writings. It is worth more than the price of the whole volume.

NORTH BRITISH REVIEW, FOR NOVMBER.—Contents: On the Ancient Glaciers and Ice bergs of Scotland; The Leaforth Papers; Recent Geographical Discovery and Research; Pet Marjorie; Clerical Subscription in the Church of England; A voyage to Alexandria, and a Glimpse of Egypt; The Scotch Universities' Commission; Harold Hardrada and Magnus the Good; England and Europe.

It is difficult to lavish too much praise, on some of the papers mentioned above. They make a strong appeal to the reader's common sense. Those who wish to increase their knowledge, expand their intellectual powers, and sweep away the cobwebs from their brain, will not be disappointed by a perusal of the North British.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY FOR JANUARY.—Contents: Governor John Winthrop in Old England; The Planting of the Apple Tree; Ray; House and Home Papers—No. 1; Three Cantos of Dante's "Paradiso;" External Appearance of Glaciers; Stephen Yarrow—A Christmas Story; Memoriæ Positum; My Book; The Minister Plenipotentiary; The Beginning of the End; and Reviews and Literary Notices.

The Publishers of the Atlantic have held out strong inducements to the public to subscribe for the Atlantic, for 1864. Taking the January Number as a specimen, we think they have thus far redeemed their promise—Every page sparkles with gems of rarest hue. One would suppose that they could hardly invest a periodical with so much genuine beauty, as appears upon the face of the Atlantic.—But, as the reader presses forward, turning over page after page, they seem to be standing before him, casting pearls at his feet.—Bryant's "Apple-Tree" has been going the round of the Weekly Press, religious and secular, since it made its appearance. "The Minister Plenipotentiary" is highly eulogistic of Henry Ward Beecher, but not more so than his commanding talents merit. The "House and Home Papers" show the beautiful and graceful touches of Harriet Beecher Stowe's pen; but one of the richest features of the present number, is the marked ability displayed in the "Reviews and Literary Notices."

When the Press is throwing off daily so much, that weakens the mental powers, and stultifies the moral sensibilities, it is gratifying to know that the public have a high appreciation of our better class literature. The Atlantic, so free from the objections which lie against much of the trash that is eagerly devoured by hundreds, not to say thousands, ought to be upon the centre table of every family, embracing young persons within its circle.

THE RETROGRESSIVE PARTY OF THE COUNTRY.

Do our people recognize, says the Baltimore *American*, the fact that there is a *retrogressive* party in the country—one which, blind and deaf to the mighty march of events which has set the nation a century forward in its career, would drag it back, retard it, insist upon ideas which three short years have, as it were, already stamped with antiquity, demonstrated to be behind the age? Whilst we of Maryland are even now busy devising ways and means to get rid of Slavery, are our people aware that right north of us—in the great Free State of Pennsylvania—are men claiming a high degree of intelligence—men claiming to be patriotic, to be statesmen, who stand up as the conservators and champions of ideas we seek to discard, and who, could they obtain official station, might remand the country to its old evils—to those frightful dogmas which have deluged the country in blood? And yet this is so. A knot of demagogues there, in affiliation with others elsewhere, have not learnt wisdom from all that has happened in the past three years of civil war; they are where the outbreak found them; they will never keep up with the great events of the hour; and, worst of all, they make a merit of this, and claim the public confidence on the strength of it. They are the retrogressive party of the country we repeat. But let us see more definitely who these men are.

The other day a little squad of disaffected politicians met in Philadelphia, and formally nominated George B. McClellan for President, and William B. Campbell, of Tennessee, for Vice President of the United States. The nomination was so noiseless, so utterly void of all enthusiasm, so plainly a failure, that it hardly gained circulation as an item of current news, to say nothing of any more signal heralding of it to the nation; and yet this endorsement of a recently prominent man by some of the worst Copperheads of the day, made defiantly, formally, appears to be all that could be wanting to ruin his chances for the prominent place to which he aspires, as such a step, *by such men*, would destroy the chances of *any man whatever*, as an aspirant in these times for the Presidency.

But it is not so much with the principal candidate thus brought forward we have to do, as with the men who affect to be the representatives of a certain policy in their attempts to get the control of the Government. But to find out what this retrogressive party aim at, we must find out the sentiments of the men they put forward as its representatives and champions.

In the first place, then, the party in Pennsylvania confided the defence of its principles to Judge Woodward, in the late gubernatorial canvass in that State; and at what was considered a critical moment in the political struggle, the new Presidential aspirant—General McClellan—endeavored to gain for him an advantage over Governor Curtin by writing a letter in his favor. The attempt was anything but advantageous to the Copperhead candidate, since he was handsomely beaten; but to know precisely where the latter stands, and by consequence where Gen. McClellan himself stands, let us find out what are the sentiments of Judge Woodward as declared by himself. Let us, in short, see what constitutes retrogression in these times. Here it is from Judge Woodward himself, as declared in a speech made at Independence Square, Philadelphia:

"We must arouse ourselves and *reassert the rights of the slaveholder*, and add such guaranties to our Constitution as will protect his property from the spoliation of religious bigotry and persecution, or else we must give up our Constitution and Union. Events are placing the alternative plainly before us—constitutional Union and liberty according to American law; or else *extinction of slave property, negro freedom, dissolution of the Union, and anarchy and confusion.*"

We repeat it, whilst we of Maryland are endeavoring to get rid of the fragments of that "institution," which the politicians of the South have broken to pieces, here is a man, representing a great party in Pennsylvania, doing his best to gather up the fragments in question, avowing himself a partisan of the revolted slaveholders, and ready—if he could do it—to remand us to old troubles, to old horrors; and, above all, here is General McClellan endorsing him, to be endorsed in turn by his followers and friends, thus making their positions identical in their bid for the support of a loyal people. And this is the retrogression party of the United States—this is the faction the loyal of the land are called upon to put their faith in, to confide the destinies of the country to in the night of storm and bloodshed we are called upon to pass through because of the crimes of Slavery.

Now, let us ask, what is the secret of this supreme folly? Is it not the case that these men, these demagogues, cannot get rid of the conviction that Slavery, as it exemplified its power in the past, is still a power in the land—an agency to control nominations and elections to the Presidency, as in the olden time? Are they not in this plainly the victims to old ideas—victims to old modes of doing things in the political world; and with the substance of their policy gone, are they not sacrificing themselves to the shadows of the past?—Whilst we here in Maryland are accepting inevitable facts and recognizing Slavery as gone—whilst even the Richmond *Whig* confesses that Slavery has "stabbed itself "to death"—is it not marvellous that in States like Pennsylvania, and New York and Ohio, prominent men can be found standing by it, in effect nursing it, trying to set it upon its feet after it has received mortal hurts, hoping something from its aid again in the future, relying upon its influence to give them back power lost to them *forever*?

To watch such demonstrations as these we have noted, does it not seem as if there was a large class of men in the country who can learn nothing either from observation or experience? and will the people in any case trust these miserable, short-sighted mortals with anything they value? Have they not had ample opportunity, like others, to learn something; to know that *not* retrogression but advancement is the order of the day?—The simplest tyro in statesmanship, with his eyes open to what is occurring, is a safer guide for the future than the most prominent of such men; and when the latter, although eager for power, are found wrecking their hopes and chances by folly the most complete, will they be trusted with greater interests—the interests of millions—in times of trial like the present?

Retrogression must go to the wall—it can stand no chance whatever with the people at this stage of affairs. We must have men of enlarged ideas; progressive men; the reverse of fossils and dreamers over the past. Day by day such are coming to the front, pushing further and further their ambitions, though short-sighted, neighbors into hte back ground. There let them stay. Yet some day they will awaken to their folly; they will awaken to find the Republic has left them far behind in its march of greatness.

Pen and Ink Sketches of the United States Senators.

A Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial, writing an account of the recent debate on Mr. Sumner's resolution requiring an oath of loyalty from Senator and officers of the Senate before entering on their duties, gives the following sketches of a few Senators who were present or prominent on that occasion:

MR. SAULSBURY.—Mr. Saulsbury is a man of very fine personal appearance, about forty years of age. He is above the medium height rather stoutly built. His hair is jet black, his eyes keen, piercing, and well adapted to flashing anger in the face of an opponent.—His face is large, and may be termed handsome. He wears neither whiskers nor moustache. He dresses neatly, in fine broad cloth. He is a good speaker, uses choice language, and enunciates distinctly. He is not altogether free from the imputation of vanity, I should say, from the number of times he looks at the galleries, with an air of "How do you like it? Would'nt my opponent be better off if he hadn't said anything?"

MR. BAYARD.—Mr. Bayard is about twenty years older than his colleague, a very pretty figure, rather inclined to corpulency. His hair is quite gray, and what little there is of it is parted in the middle. Time has furrowed his face quite deeply. He speaks with very little animation, and at time there is considerable whine in his utterance. He was recently re-elected to the Senate, and it now devolves on him to take the recently prescribed oath, or be expelled from that body. He will take the oath, though not with much relish.

MR. SUMNER.—Mr. Sumner's personal appearance has been so often described that I will not make one of my poor attempts to convey to the reader an idea of how this eminent statesman and scholar looks on the floor of the Senate. It would not require a very good judge of human nature to point him out as he sits at his desk, whether reading writing or listening to the remarks of another Senator, as "the noblest Roman of them all." There is something about him that cannot fail to impress any man of ordinary intelligence with the fact that he is no tricky politician, no pseudo statesman, no mere socialist. But when he rises to an impromptu speech, he disenchants you, and you cannot help asking yourself or somebody near, "Is that Sumner? Certainly it cannot be he who is making such a tempt on a trivial subject?" But it is even Charles Sumner, the profound scholar, the great thinker, and one of the poorest off-hand speakers in the Senate. It is because he is such a profound student, and, perhaps, too, that one is apt to expect so much from him, that he impresses you so unfavorably when a question is suddenly sprung upon him, for which he has had no time for thought or research.

MR. FESSENDEN is one of the keenest debaters in the Senate—always prepared, no matter what subject is brought up; always to give sound, logical views, no matter what the topic under discussion is. The most difficult antagonist to overcome, and the safest guide to follow.

MR. MCDOUGALL hails from California; was elected as a Union man, but has taken to Peace Democracy and bad whiskey; is very eccentric, and usually very drunk; comes into the Senate chamber booted and spurred for a horse race or cavalry raid.

MR. SHERMAN—The young Senator from Ohio, the rising man of the Senate, has a high appreciation of the value of time, and never attempts to argue a point when he knows he cannot hope to change a vote by so doing—Makes but few speeches and good ones. Is energetic and zealous in the discharge of every duty assigned to him.

BEN WADE—Rough, unpolished, but honest and capable. Talks strongly when he does talk, which is seldom. Is said to be somewhat of an anti slavery man.

MR. POWELL—Evidently intended for a farmer, and not for a Senator. Is very fond of quibbling, and has a word to say against everything proposed by the Administration party. His remarks would be more acceptable if more grammatical.

JIM LANE—Very quiet and unobtrusive for a jayhawker. Is not very often heard from, yet was heard from once too often when he attempted to make a reformation in Wall street.

MR. SPRAGUE will not make a very profound impression as a statesman or an orator. He has more wealth than genius, and can accomplish more with the former than the latter.

MR. LANE, of Indiana—Honest and faithful. Not very ambitious, and not very desirous of public applause. A good worker, but not an extraordinary speaker.

MR. HENDRICKS—A peaceable member of the Peace party. Says little but always votes wrong.

A Bishop Basted.

Somebody has written a brief and capital satire upon Bishop Hopkins' Letter defending slavery upon Bible grounds. By substituting the word Polygamy for Slavery, the exact value of the Bishop's argument is exposed—For if slavery be a good thing because Jewish patriarchs had slaves, polygamy is equally lovely because they had harems. And if slavery be tolerable because Christ did not verbally condemn it, polygamy must be desirable because he did not even allude to it all

In fact, what is called the Bible argument deserves only such treatment as the ridicule, the contempt, and the sarcasm which are so delicately dealt it by this little squib. If we are to excuse our sins by those of the Jewish patriarchs, and if the whole spirit and tendency of Christ's teaching are to go for naught because he did not chance to specify some offence, there is no absurdity that may not be defended, and no crime that may not be justified.

The slavery party treats the Bible exactly as it does the Constitution. The whole meaning and scope are ignored, in order to make a fight upon a doubtful word or phrase. Does Bishop Hipkins seriously wish to see in the United States the policy and civilization of the ancient tribes in Judea? Does he propose, since he gives his right hand to Calhoun, to insist upon Brigham Young's taking his left? Solomon was called the wisest of men. Does the Bishop think it logically follows that a man grows in wisdom as he increases his harem, and that perfect wisdom requires a man to have, like Solomen, seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines?

It is just as logical to say that as to say that a man may rightfully buy and sell human beings, and tear children from parents, and wives from husbands, and scourge them to work without wages, and deny them all mental light, and doom them to abject submission to a despotic will, because the old Jews held slaves. Nor can we see the force of the argument which commends slavery to a Christian because Abraham had slaves, when Christ had none. To say that he did not forbid it is to quibble, because verbally he condemned very few sins. Did he condemn burning a neighbor's barn? No; no more than he condemned enslaving him. But he bade us love our neighbors as ourselves; and he told us that all men were our neighbors.

The Bishop of Vermont announces a book in which he proposes to establish the right of slavery from the Bible. Let him be entreated to obstain. He is judging in advance. The Eastern crimnal did not know until he moved that his head had been sliced off, so smoothly had the sharp sword cut it. Does the good Bishop not know that he has been taken upon a toasting-fork and scorched at the fire of common sense?—*Harper's Weekly.*

AN AWFUL DISASTER IN CHILI.

Conflagration of the Church of the Jesuits in Santiago.—Nearly Two Thousand Persons Burned to Death.—Full and Terrible Particulars.—Noble Conduct of the United States Minister and Other Citizens of the United States.—Excitement Among the People of Santiago.—Demolition of the Church Demanded by the People and Decreed by the Government.—Correspondence Between the United States Minister and the Government of Chili.

From The Valparaiso Mercury, Dec. 17.

A catastrophe gigantic, horrible, unexampled in the annals of our country and perhaps of the world, has absorbed every one's mind for many days past.

We will use the utmost brevity in relating the calamity to our foreign readers.

Ever since the newly-invented mystery of the Immaculate Conception of Mary was declared at Rome, in 1857, the church of the Company, formerly belonging to the Jesuits, has become the focus of devotion of a vast Sisterhood called the Daughters of Mary, in which, on payment of so much a year, almost all the women of our capital were enrolled.

Every year from the 8th of November to the 8th of December, the day of the Immaculate Conception, lasted a splendid festival, in which orchestral music, singing, and astonishing prodigality of incense, of lights of oil, liquid gas, wax, and every luminous combustible in the world, glittered and flamed in every part, in the cornices, in the ceiling, and particularly on the high altar. Every night the churched blazed with a sea of flame, and fluttered with clouds of muslin and gauze draperies. It could only be lighted up in time by beginning in the middle of the afternoon, and the work of extinguishing was only ended when the night was far advanced. In 1858 they thought of adopting hydrogen gas, but the engineer's plan, though convenient and safe, was rejected.

A priest named Ugarte, whose mind maritory had marked for its own, headed that Sisterhood from the beginning, and worked his way down to such a depth of superstition, that one of his least extravagence was the invention of a Celestial post office trick by which the Daughters of Mary might correspond with the Virgin in writing. At the entrance of the temple the sons of a robust faith deposited in sealed letters their wishes and their prayers. Every Wednesday that letter box for eternity was placed before the high altar, and Ugarte, who acted as postman between the Mother of God and her daughters, exhibited to the divinity those offerings—of course keeping that singular correspondence to himself.

This same mountebank got up a religious raffle for the favor of the Virgin in a recent instance two prizes being drawn by a skeptical Minister of State and a woman whose character was not dubious. The old times of pagan indolatry had resuscitated in the center of exaggerated Catholicism.

The church of "the Company," built in the latter party of the seventeenth century possessed a spacious nave, but a roof that dated only fifteen years ago, of painted timber. The only door of easy access for the congregation was the principal one in the center, the small doors leading into the aisles, being opened only half-way and obstructed by screens.—Near the high altar there was a little door communicating with the sacristy.

A few minutes before 7 in the evening of Tuesday, the 8th of December more than 3,000 women and a few hundred men knelt in that church crammed to overflowing. However that did not prevent a compact mass of fanatics from attempting to fight their way in from the steps, because it was the last night of the Month of Mary, and no one could bear to lose the closing sermon of the priest, Ugarte, who always succeeded by his exciting declamations in drowning in tears that place so soon to be a sea of fire. Then Eizaguirre, the Apostolic Nuncio and favorite of Pius IX, the fonder of the American college at Rome, was to preach also. It is said that Ugarte, wounded in his feelings as chaplain of the "Daughters of Mercy," because Eizaguirre had told him that the illuminations of his church could not be compared with what he had seen in Rome, exclaimed with enthusiasm: 'I will give him, when he comes to preach, such an illumination as the world has never seen." Nobody can deny that Ugarte has kept his word!

Indeed, the lighting of all the lamps and candles had hardly finished when the liquid gas in a transparency on the high altar, set on fire its woodwork and wrapped in flame a kind of tabernacle wholly composed of canvas, pasteboard and wood. In less than two minutes the altar, about 23 yards high and 10 broad, was an inextinguishable bonfire.

The advance of the fire was perhaps even more rapid than the panic of the audience—When the fire had flown from the altar to the roof, the whole flock of devotees rushed to the principal door. Those near the lateral doors, were able to escape at the first alarm; others and particularly the men, gained the little door of the sacristy, and lastly, those near the chief outlet forced their way through the throng, even still struggling to get in, and indeed part of which did get in, even in the face of the fire, stimulated by the desire of getting a good place, which on this occasion meant a good place to die in. Then, the flames having crept along the whole roof, and consequently released the lamps of oil and liquid gas from the cornices to which they were strung, a rain of liquid, blue fire poured down upon the entangled throngs below.

A new and more horrible conflagration broke out then in that dense living mass, appalling the affrighted gaze with pictures tenfold more awful than those wherein the Catholic imagination has labored to give an idea of the tortures of the damned. In less than a quarter of an hour two thousand human beings had perished—including many children, but very few men.

Although many heroic men performed prodigies of daring and strength in tearing some from the death grasp of the phalanx of death that choked the door—in some cases literally tearing off their arms, without being able to extricate them—the number of the saved by this means falls short of fifty. More than five hundred persons, of our highest society have perished—greater part young girls of fifteen to twenty years. One mother has perished with her five daughters. Two-thirds of the victims were servants, and there are many houses in which not one has escaped. Several houses have been noted by the police as empty, because all their inhabitants have perished.

The people think of nothing but the victims and their obsequies. All with one voice demand the demolition of the ruinous walls of the fatal temple and the offering of a monument to the dear memory of the martyrs.—The municipal body solicited this by the medium of a commission on the 12th, and the Government is resolved on compliance. Resistance is threatened on the part of the clergy, but such exasperating and indecorous folly would infallibly call forth a general rising of the people.

The past fortnight has produced no other occurrences worth chronicling, and if it had, they would scarcely seem deserving of mention in this night of heavy anguish.

During the last week the tribunals and the Government itself have suspended their labors.

The people only weep, and their public writers could only offer tears to the nation's mourning.

SANTIAGO, Dec. 14, 1863.

Before 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the hour appointed to petition the President of the Republic for the demolition of the walls of the church of "the Company," a numerous and select meeting of all the social classes had collected in the open space in front of the ruins. The decree of demolition having been signed by his Excellency, Don Guillermo Matta ascended to the upper story of the Congress House, and thence addressed the people reading the decree promulgated a few hours before, and calling for a *viva* for his Excellency, which was enthusiastically given by the immense assembly that filled the square.

The orator proceeded then to protest, in the name of religion and humanity, against those who attempted to qualify as sacriligious the people's longing for the demolition.—"To wreak its revenge on us," he added, "superstition tries to lash and goad the ignorant passions of the rabble into violence: but its feeble efforts are in vain, because we have never strayed from the great principles of pure religion. Fanaticism spreads its murky nets against the happiness and peace of society. Let us quench its firebrands with the sincerity and nobleness of our intentions.'

THE OFFERING UP OF THE EVENING SACRIFICE.

A dreadful visitation has fallen upon us. Truly this is a day of trouble and rebuke and blasphemy. The voice of lamentation is heard all over the land, the bitter weeping of fathers, husbands and lovers, for those who were the joy and brightness of their life, that refuse to be comforted because they are not.

Hundreds of young girls—only yesterday radiant and beautiful in the luxuriant bloom of the fresh hopeful Spring of life—to-day calcined, hideous corpses, horrible, loathsome to the sight, impossible to be recognized.

The 8th of December was a great triumph for the clergy of the Church of the Jesuits in Santiago. An enthusiastic audience filled every nook. There were hardly any men there, but 3,000 women, comprising the flower of the beauty and fashion of the capital, were at the feet of the ecclesiastics, very many against the will of fathers and husbands: but that, of course, only showed forth the power and might of the Gospel.

Never had such pyrotechny been seen before—20,000 lights, mostly camphene, in long festoons of colored globes, blazed the church into a Hall of Fire.

But the performance had not yet begun when the cresent of fire at the foot of the gigantic image of the Virgin over the high altar, overflowed and climbing up the muslin draperies and pasteboard devices to the wooden roof, rolled a torrent of flame.

The suddenness of the fire was awful.

The dense mass of women frightened out of their senses—numbers fainting and all entangled by their long swelling dresses, rushed as those who knew that death was at their heels to the one door which soon became choked up. Fire was everywhere.—Streaming along the woolen ceiling, it flung the paraffine lamps hung in rows there among the struggling women. In a moment the gorgeous church was a sea of flame.—Michael Angelo's fearful picture of Hell was there, but exceeded.

Help was all but impossible. A Hercules might have strained his strength in vain to pull one from the serried mass of frenzied wretches who, piled one above another as they climbed over to reach the air, wildly fastened the gripe of death upon any one escaping, in order that they might be dragged out with them. Those who longed to save them were doomed to bear the most harrowing sight that ever seared human eye balls.

To see mothers, sisters, tender and timid women dying that dreadful death that appals the stoutest heart of men, within one yard of salvation, within one yard of men who would have given their lives over and over again for them—it was maddening—the screaming and wringing of hands for help as the remorseless flames come on, and then, save when some already dead with fright, were burnt in ghastly indifference. their horrible agony, some in prayer, some tearing their hair and battering their faces.

Women seized in the embrace of the flames were seen to undergo a transformation as though by an optical delusion, first dazzlingly bright, then horribly lean and shrunk up, then black statues, rigidly fixed in a writhing attitude.

The fire, imprisoned by the immense thickness of the walls, had devoured everything combustible by 10 o'clock. Then, defying the sickening stench, people came to look for their lost ones.

Oh, what a sight the fair placid moon looked down upon! Close packed crowds of calcined, distorted forms, wearing the fearful expression of the last pang, whose smile was once a Heaven, the ghastly phalanx of black statues twisted in every variety of agony, stretching out their arms as imploring mercy, and then of the heap that had choked up the door, multitudes with the lower parts perfectly untouched, and some all a shapeless mass, but with one arm or foot unscathed.

The silence, after those piercing screams were hushed in death, was horrible. It was the silence of the grave unbroken but by the bitter wail or fainting cry.

Two thousand souls had passed through that ordeal of fire to the judgment seat of God.

Heroic acts of sublime daring have not been wanting. Enduring gratitude has been excited in every Chilian heart by the gallant efforts of Mr. Nelson, the Minister of the United States, his countryman Mr. Meiggs, and several other foreigners. There were generous men who defied the fury of the flames to save lives, and some of these died martyrs to their noble hearts An Englishman or American, it is unknown which, was seen to rush through the flames, to seize in his powerful arms a lady, stride with her a little way, and then, his hair in a blaze and choked with smoke, fell back into the volcano never to rise again. A young lady named Orella, having in vain implored some bystanders on her knees to save her mother, rushed in, and shortly afterward miraculously issued forth bearing her glorious load.

A young lady of the name of Solar, just before the smoke suffocated her, had the presence of mind to knot her handkerchief round her leg, so that her corpse might be recognized.

The population of Santiago so supine and so priestridden is fired with indescribable indignation at the monstrous conduct of the priests. The public conscience holds them guilty of the death of all these victims—and particularly the mountebank Ugarte, the invention of the *Virgin's Post-office* imposture (vide *Fortnightly Review*), because by collecting together all the material most likely to produce a fire—a countless number of lights, pasteboard scenery and muslin hangings, admitting a vast crowd—and covering the one door open with a screen, then took every pains to bring about this tragedy.—When the fire broke out and people were escaping by the sacristy, they blocked up this door to devote themselves the more undisturbedly to saving their gim-cracks. The list of things saved makes one's blood run cold. What the priests saved, what they have put away in cigar-shops and the houses in front are—a gilt image, some wooden saints, a sacred sopha or two, some books, chalices, silver candlesticks, and a great deal of sacred matting and carpet!

After saving their trash, those specimens of the good sheperds that give their life for their sheep flew away in company with the owls and bats that infested the ancient walls, except that one priest favored the agonizing victims with his absolution, and Ugarte requested them to die happy, because they went direct to Mary. They then forsook the scene, and in that awful night, when fainting women and desperate men strewed the streets and writhing forms that a few hours ago were graceful and boastful maidens, moaned and died in chemists' shops, not a priest was to be seen to whisper a word of Christ's comfort to the dying ear, or hold the precious crucifix before the glazing eye.

No, not so, for the priest of Nature was there, a ministering angel in the dark hour tended and soothed as usual, one young lady, God bless her! tore up all her underclothing to make bandages, and bound up the wounds as only woman can. All this awful night the only thing that reminded of the clergy was the incessant tolling of bells, about the only thing they could do to increase the horrors of the scene.

This being the third time that this church filled our homes with weeping, all with one voice demand that it should never be rebuilt, but the priests foolishly defiant and despotic as ever, threaten to let off their miserable mediaeval pop-guns, at those they term the sacrilegious alienators of holy ground.

Their audacity has even led them to attempt an appeal to violence.

On the 11th they appeared on the scene to take possession of the blackened ruins and insult public opinion, by droning masses for the souls whose bodies they had destroyed, but the sentinels drove them off with the butt ends of their muskets.

The Government has shown no energy, and one minister is unhappily a creature of the clergy; but the people in whose hearts, as having wives and daughters, there dwells an idea of right—something from God, that priests have not yet succeeded in prisoning, have been in earnest, and the Government has had to follow and yield to the pressure. The decree has gone forth, and not one stone of that accursed church shall be left on another.

The contempt and horror of these priests increase with their insolence and inhumanity.

They preach that the irreparable loss of so many of the fairest and most virtuous of Chili's virgins and matrons is a special mercy and miracle of Mary who wished to take them at once, without delay, to her bosom. One monster exults openly at that which has stamped eternal grief and horror on our hearts, "Because Chili wanted a supply of saints and martyrs."

O. as we write our eyes fill with tears—nothing can console us in this affliction—we can think of nothing else but our loss of those who will never come back to us, but still there will have ensued some good. If the dark degrading dominion of the priests have melted away in the smoke of that awful burnt sacrifice, which, laden with the dying breath of 2,000 victims, rolled up to accuse Ugarte and his accomplices of murder before the throne of God.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN THE MINISTER OF THE UNITED STATES AND THE MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS OF CHILI.

SANTIAGO, Chili, Dec. 11, 1863.

To his Excellency the Secetary for Foreign Affairs of the Republic of Chili.

SIR: I have the honor to address myself to your Excellency, to express, on behalf of the American citizens resident in Chili, and on my own, our profound and earnest sympathy in the terrible misfortune which, upon Tuesday last, befell this city, bringing desolation and grief into so many families, and mourning into the hearts of the entire community.

The Government and people whom I represent will be stricken with the deepest sorrow, when the sad intelligence reaches them. A calamity so appalling and horrible has no parallel in the world's history. May he who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" in mercy console the bereaved and afflicted, and may this awful dispensation of His providence ever remind us of the uncertainty of life, and the necessity of constant preparation to obey His summons.

I have the honor to renew to your Excellency the assurance of the high estimation and respect with which I remain, your Excellency's obedient servant,

THOMAS H. NELSON.

SANTIAGO, Dec, 12, 1863.

SIR: I have the honor to receive the note which your Excellency was pleased to address me yesterday, to signify to me the profound regret caused in the mind of Your Excellency and in that of your fellow citizens residing in Chili, for the terrible misfortune occurring in this city on Tuesday, the 8th inst., which has carried grief into the midst of many families, and has covered the entire community with mourning.

Your Excellency likewise informs me that the Government and people represented by Your Excellency will feel the deepest sorrow upon receiving the news of this catastrophe; and Your Excellency concludes, expressing to me your trust that the Lord may grant consolation to the afflicted and unprotected, and cause us all, in view of the uncertainty of life, to be ever prepared to obey the decrees of Providence.

My Government has learned the foregoing with lively gratitude, and has discovered, in your Excellency's communication an alleviation of the grief with which it has been afflicted by this public calamity, as well as a new evidence of the fraternal sentiments which animate your Excellency and your worthy fellow-citizens, in favor of our Republic. The generous and active efforts which your Excellency and they displayed on Tuesday, to save the interesting victims from the frightful fire, had already won the gratitude of my Government, which has been revived by the present manifestation.

In communicating the foregoing to your Excellency, I comply with a special charge of his Excellency the President of the Republic, to assure the honorable representative and the citizens of the United States who have taken part in our public mourning, that the noble conduct observed by them upon this said occasion will be ever gratefully remembered by the Chilian people and Government.

Will your Excellency be pleased to accept the sentiment of my most distinguished consideration and regard, with which I am your Excellency's most obedient servant,

MANUEL A. TOCORNAL.

To the Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States.

SECOND ARMY CORPS.

HEADQUARTERS RECRUITING SERVICE,
Second Corps,
Harrisburg, Pa., Jan. 15, 1864.

Authority having been given me to recruit the 2d Corps to fifty thousand (50,000) men for such special service, under my command, as may be designated by the War Department, I appeal to the citizens of Pennsylvania to aid me in filling up the regiments and batteries of my command which owe their origin to the State. They are as follows:

81st, 140th, 116th, (battalion,) 148th, 53d, 145th, 71st, 72d, 69th and 106th Regiments of Infantry, and Batteries F and G, 1st Penn'a Artillery, and C and F, Independent Penn'a Artillery.

Until the 1st of March next, the following bounties will be paid by the General Government:

For Veterans, $402; for others, $302.

All volunteers enlisted for this organization will be accredited to the city, county, town, township or ward which they may elect as the place to which they desire the credit given.

When no such election is made the enlisting officer will give credit to the place of enlistment.

Each locality is therefore interested in increasing the number of enlistments to the extent of its quota in the draft, and any stimulus given by local bounties or other efforts will have the effect of preventing those who desire to volunteer, from leaving the places of their residence and enlisting elsewhere, where the inducements offered may be greater.

The same regulations that have hitherto governed enlistments in this State, as to the persons empowered to enlist the rules for mustering and for furnishing transportation and supplies, will apply in this case.

Any one desiring to enlist in either of these organizations may do so in any part of the State by making application to the District Provost Marshal, or any recruiting officer from the 2d Corps, no matter to which regiment said officers may belong.

I have come among you as a Pennsylvanian, for the purpose of endeavoring to aid you in stimulating enlistments.

As this is a matter of interest to all citizens of this State—its quota being still nearly 30,000 deficient, I earnestly call upon you all to assist by exerting all the influence in your power in this important matter. To adequately reinforce our armies in the field is to insure that the war will not reach your homes, and will be the means of bringing it to a speedy and happy conclusion, and of saving the lives of many of our brave soldiers who would otherwise be lost by the prolongation of the war and in indecisive battles.

It is only necessary to destroy the rebel armies now in the field to insure a speedy and permanent peace; let us all act with that fact in view; let it not be said that Pennsylvania which has already given so many of her citizens to this righteous cause, shall now, at the eleventh hour, be behind her sister States in furnishing her quota of the men deemed necesary to end the rebellion. Some States have filled their quotas; others will do so; a little exertion on our part will soon fill all the decimated regiments of the State and obviate the necessity of a draft.

Let it not be that those organizations which have won for themselves and their State so much honor, shall pass out of existence for the want of patriotism in the people. Unless these regiments are filled to the minimum strength they will soon cease to exist. It will be necessary to act quickly to insure success. Other States by having used greater exertions, and by the inducements of local bounties draw away your young men. By giving bounties at home, and stimulating the State pride you will secure to your regiments that portion of the male population whose circumstances readily permit them to take the field.

WINF'D S HANCOCK,
Maj. Gen. U S. Vols.

The Representatives of the People ON THE PRESIDENTIAL QUESTION.

PENNSYLVANIA IN FAVOR OF THE Re-Election of Abraham Lincoln!

The following circular letter signed by all the Union men in the Pennsylvania Legislature, will be read with satisfaction by all the truly loyal Union men in the nation:

To His Excellency, ABRAHAM LINCOLN,
President of the United States:

DEAR SIR:—The undersigned, Members of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, thus early in the session of that body, hasten to congratulate you on the success of the policy of the national Administration, and the auspicious circumstances under which the second Congress of your term has been organized. When it is fairly considered that the policy of your Administration was made the issue in the late elections—when it is known that in the contest for the most important State, as well as the most insignificant municipal office, the issue involved all the essential principles of the policy of your Administration, the result must be the more highly appreciated by the friends of freedom abroad, and cheering to the defenders of freedom, the Union and the Constitution at home. We would be unmindful of the duty we owe our country, if we hesitated to acknowledge the force of that policy in the elections which placed us in our present legislative positions. When fearlessly advocated and set before the people, it won us victory in the face of the most persistent and bitter opposition from the foes of free government. You need not be reminded of the effect which the late election in Pennsylvania had on the destiny of the nation. The triumph at the ballot-box aroused the ardor and seemed to breathe fresh valor into the hearts of our soldiers, for the achievement of victory on the battle field. And if the voice of Pennsylvania became thus potential in endorsing the policy of your Administration, we consider that, as the representatives of those who have so completely endorsed your official course, we are only responding to their demands when we thus publicly announce our unshaken preference for your re-election to the Presidency in 1864.

The hope and the life of the American people are now centered in the purpose and the effort of the Government to crush rebellion. In more than two years of struggle we have discovered that the rebellion is continued for an object more important than that of redressing even a real wrong. It is waged for the establishment of a dogma and the recognition of a barbarism. It is carried on against the Government for its absolute destruction. In such a struggle there can be no compromise devised to offer or considered for acceptance. One or the other of the contending parties must triumph. Justice must be vindicated by the full recognition and operation of the Government in all the States—or the claims of the traitors will be maintained, this magnificent structure of our Government destroyed, and the rights of men forever ignored. To make a change in the Administration, until its authority has been fully re established in the revolted States, would be to give the enemies of the Government abroad the pretext for asserting that the Government had failed at home. To change the policy now in operation, to crush rebellion and restore the land to peace, would be to afford the traitors in arms time to gather new strength if not for immediate victory, at least for ultimate success in their efforts permanently to dissolve the Union. Having a firm faith in the logic and the reason of these positions we are frank in our endeavors thus to urge on you the acceptance of a re-election to the Presidency. We believe that the policy of your Administration rendered us victorious at the last election, and we now insist that that policy, if represented by yourself in all the States, would give the victory to the Government in November, and thus forever put an end to all hope of the success of treason.

We do not make this communication at this time to elicit from you any expressions of opinion on this subject. Having confidence in your patriotism, we believe that you will abide the decision of the friends of the Union, and yield a consent to any honorable use which they may deem proper to make of your name, in order to secure the greatest good to the country, and the speediest success to our arms. Pennsylvania has always wielded a potent influence in the politics of the country. Her preferences have always been tantamount to the success of the statesman to whom she attaches herself—and her voice has never failed to give the victory to the right. And while we, the representatives of the great majority of the Commonwealth, thus avow our confidence and reliance in your official action and capacity, we feel that we are responding to the clearly expressed preferences of those masses, and that Pennsylvania would hail your re-election as the omen of complete victory to the Government. Expressing what we feel to be the language not only of our own constituents, but also of the people of all