

The Carlisle Herald.

VOL. 64.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 29, 1864.

NO. 18.

A. K. RHEEM, Editor & Proprietor.

TERMS.—\$1.50 in Advance, or \$2 within the year.

SALE OF UNSEATED LANDS.

BY virtue of a warrant under the hand and seal of the Commissioners of Cumberland County, and to me directed the following tracts and lots of unseated lands, situated in Cumberland County, State of Pennsylvania, will be exposed to sale by public vendue, on Monday the 13th day of June, 1864, at the Court House, in the borough of Carlisle, county aforesaid, and continued by adjournment from time to time, until they are all sold, or as much of each tract or lot, as will be sufficient to defray the arrearages of the State, County, Road and School Taxes due thereon, and costs.

HENRY S. RITZER, County Treasurer.

Carlisle April 13, 1864.

No. Acres. Owners. Taxes Due.

SOUTHAMPTON.
10. James Bowen's heirs, \$50 55
150. John & Abram Roddy, 3 82
457. John Beamer, 3 77
10. Wm. Rankin, 60

FRANKFORD.
315. John M. Woodburn, 1 09
1000. Hollenback's heirs, 14 02
3. James McCulloch, 10
18. John Dunbar, 54
7. Samuel Kliner, 18

MIFFLIN.
200. J. M. Woodburn, (Boyle) 5 70
21. " " (Boyle) 73
125. " " (Barnea) 3 75
129. " " (Wharton) 9 28
100. " " (Marshall) 2 85
201. " " (Norton) 5 71
50. " " (Lakie) 1 43
100. " " (A. Gardner) 2 85
100. " " (King) 2 85

150. " " (W. P. Gardner) 4 27
100. " " (S. Parker) 3 55
250. " " (Lakie) 1 43
20. " " (W. Parker) 7 10
14. " " (Buck) 3 20
100. " " (McClintock) 3 55
150. " " (Frazier) 5 30
400. John A. Humrich, 3 40
103. John Nagley's heirs, 77
16. Daniel Sweiger, 82
554. Rhonda, Loox & Eberly, 3 87
461. Christiana, 3 96

MIDDLESEX.
6. Daniel Coble's heirs, 33
2. Jacob Stouffer, 11
7. David Capp, 59

DIKINSON.
7. John Bolden, 3 62
3. Joseph Baker, 1 11
7. Jacob Grist, 8 26
10. " " (Lakie) 1 43
7. Adam Lerew, 3 88
1. Lloyd Myers, 35
1. Benjamin Malone, 72
50. Morrison & McGraw, 3 53
5. Peter Miller's heirs, 69
10. Howard Myers, 69
3. Michael Mentor, 1 24
6. John Neesley's heirs, 74
2. Gilbert Searight, 22
37. Jas. Toward, 2 30
10. Nicholas Wireman, 2 46
8. Jacob Wolf, 44
30. David Duncan, (Penn.) 83
12. Jacob Greer, 46
2. Abraham Stoner, 87
11. Wm. Forbes, (Penn.) 85
900. Moore & Craighead, 6 51
5. John S. Myers, 67
5. John Kliner, 3 28
200. Samuel Woods' heirs, 4 15
5. Wand Albert, 92
5. John Brugh, 41
15. Noah Cockley, 18
10. Wm. Grabler, 7 25
10. Sampel Gleim, 1 20
310. Daniel Gitt, 9 30
7. Cyrus Greason, 96
9. James Myers, 41
62. Henry Miller, 11 90
500. Rogers (Haskell Apt.) (Penn.) 20 25
6. Rachael Weatherspoon, 48
1. Jacob Beecher, 1 02
3. Brown & Co. Smith, 4 37
12. Francis Corleston, 67
10. John Ebert, 90
10. John Hemminger, 97
18. Wm. B. Miller, 37
6. Moses Myers, 1 37
84. Beeton, Himes & Co., 2 35
4. Cornelius Myers, 2 15
4. Dr. Maraden, 36
12. Isaac Montfort, 87
9. John & Henry Montfort, 37
10. Philip Smyers, 48
17. Alex. Young, 27

SOUTH MIDDLETON.
15. D. H. Medcalf, 1 32
19. John Mather, 1 46
47. Daniel Worderly, 1 30
280. Sheaffer & Keller, 12 74
8. West, 29
1. Elizabeth Bennett, 88
1. Jacob Beyer, 72
2. Deardorf's heirs, 70
1. John Nicholson, 67
1. James Nicholson, 1 44
10. Jacob Shenker, 1 12
37. John Shenefater's heirs, 1 15
28. John Shenefater's heirs, 1 15
7. H. I. Fannus, 1 15
130. Alex. Naylor, 1 85
66. A. Richwine, 1 80
19. Jacob Albright, 60
15. Benjamin Lerew, 64

NEW CUMBERLAND.
1. Northern C. R. R. Company, 55
UPPER ALLEN.
11. Trustees M. E. Church, 2 20
1. Philip Guster, 45

CARLISLE.
1. John Clark, 32
1. John Dunbar's heirs, 2 32
1. George Wahl, 1 55
3. " " " 3 90

SILVER SPRING.
2. Heary, 1 40
4. Andrew Miller, 1 65
2. Robert Bryson, 70

HOPEWELL.
1. Wm. P. Smith, 27
9. David McKinney, 28
148. Samuel Miller, 26

PENN.
8. Robert McClune, 2 05
12. James McCulloch, 1 86
12. Jacob Beltzhoover, 1 86
20. Henry Shenk's heirs, 56

MECHANICSBURG.
1. David Lipfield, 24

LOWER ALLEN.
1. J. S. Halderman, 1 06

NEWTON.
1. Cyrus Boon, 1 40
1. Jane Barnhill's heirs, 70

DRY GOODS.
GREENFIELD & SHEAFER,
Spring, 1864.

INVITE the attention of buyers to their new stock of Dry Goods. It will be found unsurpassed in all these articles which comprise a first-class stock. All departments of our business have been much enlarged, especially the

DRESS GOODS.
which we are confident is the most extensive assortment ever offered in this town. We have now open ready for inspection all the novelties of the season, viz: Poplins, all new styles, Merinos, Muslins, Plaid and Florida, Plaid Plaines, Challies De Indes, also, a beautiful stock of ALPACAS, at astonishingly low prices.

DOMESTICS.
Prints, Bleached Muslins, Broad Sheetings, Flannels, Gingham, Checks, Tickings, Cottonades, &c., &c.

Children's and Boys' Wear.
Cloths, Cassimeres, Jeans, Summer Cassimeres, &c.—We would call the attention of our friends more particularly to our immense stock of Muslins, Cottons, &c.—all bought last winter, before the advance which will be sold at prices that defy competition. Persons may rely on getting great bargains at the store of

GREENFIELD & SHEAFER,
March 29, 1864.

Notice.—Persons desiring to examine our stock will please be particular, and recollect our Store is in Zieg's building, S. E. Corner Market Square, Second Door, opposite Miller's Clothing Store.

Poetical.

LITTLE MAX.

If I tell thee that I love thee,
Little Max,
Will you turn your head away
And say nay?

'Twas the morning of the year,
Fresh and gay,
Gave thy name to thee, they say,
Little Max.

'Twas a happy time indeed.
For your play;
But you know it flies away,
Little Max.

Yes, only for a month
Will it stay,
And 'twill scarcely seem a day,
Little Max.

Then be my own for life,
Little Max;
Yes, forever and away,
Will you say—

Oh, how will make me young,
Little Max,
That weary old November,
No, no—stay.

And when I say I love thee,
Little Max,
Don't did me to remember
All so hapless and so gay,
Has no May.

Miscellaneous.

VICTORY.

"Another great Union Victory!" said Frank, exultingly, as he came into the sitting-room one evening, after his return from the village post-office, and took a vacant chair among the group gathered about the centre table.

"Glorious!" cried a chorus of voices. "A splendid achievement!" Let me read you the particulars." Frank continued, with animation, drawing a copy of the *Opener* from his pocket, and leaning off with a brilliantly headed article, wherein the advantages valued in one of those "most gallant and daring exploits of the war," of which we have had had so many, were fully set forth.

It was a fine, spirited sketch of the battle of Chattanooga, and we listened with breathless attention, following the rapid movements of our gallant troops as they advanced to storm the enemy's strong outposts, hearing in imagination the fierce rattle of musketry far up the slopes of Mount Lookout in General Hooker's famous battle above the clouds, our work falling from our hands, our hearts standing still as we watched the brave men charging madly up the dangerous heights of Mission Ridge, their cheers mingling with the roar of rebel guns, the shrieking of rebel shells, and the sharp, death-click from the rebel pits a wild, stirring, turbulent scene; but the key-note of the whole was "victory!" and every face shone with triumph, every voice jubilantly, "Well done! when the recital was ended.

All but one. Cousin Mabel, her fingers busily employed in the fashioning of some hospital garment, had listened with pale face to the thrilling account, her head drooping lower and lower, until at last it rested on her hands, which, still holding their unfinished work, had fallen nervelessly upon the table beside her.

Frank, looking up from his paper with blazing eyes, eagerly scanned the faces of his listeners for token of sympathy and appreciation, quickly noticed her attitude and silence, and reaching forth his hand laid it lightly upon her bowed head, saying gently—

"What! not a single word of praise or thanksgiving for this glorious success of our troops, dear Mabel!"

She lifted her sweet, earnest face, wet with tears, looking like a pure white lily, dashed with summer rain.

"As I love the Union cause and hope for its ultimate triumph, I do rejoice in this signal success of our arms," she said, fervently.

"But your attitude just now was one of deep dejection, I thought, and there are tears upon your cheek, Mabel."

"They come of mingled pity and thankfulness, I think," she answered working them away, and resuming her work.

"Of pity?" Frank asked vaguely, as if he scarcely understood her meaning.

"What sorrow anguish, and suffering thrills in that one word—victory. How many wretched, aching hearts, that have contributed their earthly all to this triumph, cry out to-night against the nation's exultation and rejoicing!" she said tremulously.

"Ah! true. God help them! But no permanent good was ever attained, you know, without some present loss and momentary suffering. Let the afflicted gather courage and strength from this thought, and guess at the infinity of their eternal blessings by the multiplicity of their temporal ills."

"It is easy to say such words—very easy for you who sit here untouched by loss and unscathed by the murderous fire whose burning breath sweeps hundreds of miles from Chattanooga, and whose blasting influence is felt in many a Northern home. Truly, if we could keep our eyes fixed always on eternal issues sorrow could not touch us more than it does the innocent. But we have hearts of flesh, that fail with fear and smart with anguish as we walk the fiery furnace; and the sublimest reasonings cannot make us quite forget our pain."

"If you make such comments on a victory gained at a comparatively small cost, what shall be said for the defeats which have unreasonably occurred to our armies from time to time since the beginning of this contest?"

"The true soul recognizes no defeat to our cause founded in justice and right. Immediate results may not always be such

as are anticipated and desired, but ultimate victory will reward the courageous champions of truth."

"Still," returned Frank, "there is something wonderfully depressing to the spirits when—to use your words—'immediate results' prove not such as are anticipated and desired." The good soldier, who in the hour of peril strains every nerve in his faithful performance of duty, feels somehow wronged and defrauded of his rights if the day is not won. I confess to a thrill of pain, and regret even now, when I think that my good right arm was lost in that unhappy action before Fredericksburg—that its last service did not perceptibly benefit the cause I so dearly loved. I believe we all felt the same, we maimed and wretched fellows who were gathered out of that awful wreck of human life. We lay in heavy swaths, where the guns of the rebels had cut us down in the earlier part of the action, hearing all around us the mad confusion of battle, but unable to tell who were the winners in the combat, as friend and foe rushed over us, one and another prostrate sufferer lifted his dying head, and called faintly—"Comrades, how goes the day?" and sank away into eternity, never knowing why the tide of battle turned. Others, and I among them, lost for a time the sense of bodily anguish and mental anxiety in blessed unconsciousness, and it was not till days after in the crowded hospitals that we learned the disastrous results of that ill-considered movement upon the enemy. Many a brave fellow turned his face to the wall, and pronounced heavily when he heard the faint *Sonus* even west, that you yourself the manhood out of that disheartening account of our unavailing losses, and we had no patience with our pains, no strength or fortitude to bear them. Feelings we did, that our wounds were brands of cowardice and disgrace rather than marks of honor and distinction."

"Suffering had made you morbid," Mabel said, laying her hand reverently upon his empty sleeve, the sight of which always sent a pang to our hearts. "It doesn't matter whether you gave your arm at Fredericksburg or at this brave Chattanooga fight, we know that its last blow was dealt for the right."

"But I could have borne the loss with better grace at Antietam or South Mountain," he replied, his eyes flashing at the remembrance. "It is glorious to ride up on the storm of battle, to throw yourself fearlessly into the heart of danger—to plunge recklessly into the thickest of the fray, shouting defiance in the very teeth of death to meet the shock of the adversary with a thrill of pleasure and exultation—to feel in yourself the might of a conquering host—to see the opposing columns steadily giving way before your resolute and determined ranks—to bear along the Union line the shout of 'victory!' sounding high above the unceasing din, as the beaten and discomfited rebels swarm out of their fastnesses and seek safety in flight, the breath of the pursuer hot upon their cheeks, conqueror and conquered rushing madly on over the mangled bodies of the slain—for no one ever pauses to think of the dead and dying in the frenzied excitement of the battle-hour. Do you remember, he added, after a pause, in the tone of his soft-hearted listeners responded to his battle raptures—"do you remember the picture Massey draws of the Russian attack at Inkerman?"

"All hell seemed burning on us as the yelling legions came—
The cannon's tongue of quick, red fire, lick'd all the hills in a flame!
Mad, whirling shells, wild, smearing shot, with devilish glow went past.
Like blood-red tent and laughter hurrying down the battle-blast.
And through the air and round the hills there ran a wreek of fire.
As though the *Norma's* Ark was crawling on the shore of Time.
On bayonets and swords the smile of conscious victory shone.
As down to death we death'd the Rebels plucking at our throats.
On, on they came with face of flame and storm of shot and shell,
Up, up like leaves-scissors, and we buried them back to back."
"If I am not mistaken," Mabel said, "your poet gives another and a sadder picture in the closing lines of 'Inkerman'—
Read them, Helen."

"We gather round the tent-fire in the evening cold and grey,
And thought of those who rank'd with us in battle's rich array,
Our comrades of the north who came no more from that fell fray.
The salt-tears wrung out in the gloom of green dells far away.
The eyes of lurking death that in life's crimson bubble play.
The stern white faces of the dead that on the dark ground lay.
Like statues of cold heroes cut in prehistoric human clay,
Done with a smile as life had stopped to muse proudly gay.
The household gods of many a heart all dark and dumb to-day!
And hard, but eyes grew ripe for tears, and hearts rank'd down to pray."

"Ah," Frank said with a sigh, "that is after the fire of enthusiasm burns out, and dispossessed of the spirit of vengeance we stand bleak and desolate on our opponents by an honorable and equitable course of action, not casting obliquity upon our cause by an unlawful exercise of power a spiteful retaliation upon their atrocities, or an unseemly exultation in their suffering. We can be just, yet pitiful; firm, yet forgiving; conquerors, yet not boastful."

"I'm afraid the common soldiery will never come up to your standard," Frank said. "Suppose now the murderer of our dear boy, Hal, were in our power?—What would you do? I would send a bullet in search of his heart!"

"And I would pray that your bullet might so far fall in its errand as to give the offender time to repent of his errors and make his peace with God, and I

would faithfully nurse his life to that end. His penitence would make my thirst for vengeance—his blood—never could," was Mabel's answer.

"THIPT ON IT!"

A good story has been told of a lying officer in the army having been victimized by a brother officer, (noted for his cool deliberation and strong nerves), and his getting square with him in the following manner: The cool joker, the Captain, was always quizzing the lying officer, a Lieutenant, for his nervousness.

"Why," said he, one day in the presence of his company, "nervousness is all nonsense; I tell you, Lieutenant, no brave man will be nervous."

"Well," inquired his lying friend, "how would you do, those a shell with an inch fuse should drop itself into a walled angle in which you had taken shelter from a company of sharpshooters, and where it waited, certain, if you would put out your nose, you'd get peppered?"

"How?" said the Captain, winking at the circle, "why take it cool and spit on the fuse."

The party broke up and all retired except the patrol. The next morning a number of soldiers were assembled on parade and talking in clusters, when a long came the lying Lieutenant. Lazily opening his eyes, he remarked:

"I want to try an experiment this morning, and then how exceedingly cool you can be."

Saying this, he walked deliberately into the Captain's quarters, where a fire was burning on the hearth, and placing in its hottest centre a powder canister, instantaneously retreated. There was but one mode of egress from the quarters and that was upon the parade ground, the road being built up for defence; the occupant took one look at the canister, comprehended the situation, and in a moment dashed at the door, but it was fastened on the outside.

"Charley, let me out if you love me!" shouted the Captain.

"Thipt on the canister!" shouted he in return.

Not a moment was to be lost; he had at first caught up a blanket to cover his egress, by now, dropping it, he raised the window, and out he bounded, sans culottes, sans everything but a very short undergarment, and thus, with hair almost on end, he dashed upon a full parade ground. The shout which hailed him called out the whole barracks to see what was the matter, and the dignified Captain pulled a Sergeant in front of him to hide himself.

"Why didn't you thipt on it?" inquired the Lieutenant.

"Because there was no sharpshooters in front to stop a retreat," answered the Captain.

"All I got to say, then, is," said the Lieutenant, "that you might thiptly have done it, for 'I thwar them wathin' a thingle grain of powder in it!"

The Captain has never spoke of nervousness since.

Josh Billings on Cats.

I have studied out classily for years, and have found them adiktew a wild state. They haint got a dikkew, nor vartue of anny kind; that will skratoh their best friends, and wont ketch mice unless they are hungry. It haz been said that the ar: good to make up into sassage; but this is a great mistake. I hav bin told by a sassage maker that the don't compare with dogs.

There is one thing sartin, that are verry anxious tew live, ya m turn on inside out, and hang' hup by the tale, and az soon az ya get out of sight he will manage tew turn a buck sumerset and cum around awf rite in a fu day. It is verry hard work to looze a cat. If one gets carried oph in a bag bi mistake a grate ways into the kuntry the wont stea lost onis a short time, but soon appear tew make the family happy with their presence.

Old maids are verry fond of cats, for the reason I suppose that cats never marry if the hav ever so good a obanse. There iz one thing about cats I don't like, if ya step on their tales bi akcident that git mad rite oph, and make a grate fuss about it. There iz another thing about them, a good investment for poor folks. A pair of cats will yield each year, without any outlay, something like eight hundred per cent. It iz a verry sartin fact that cats don't like a mill-pond; I never knu one tew git drowned by akcident.

The love arnaw, but it seems tew be agin their religun tew tutch spaw. Cats and dogs hav never bin able tew agree on the main question, that both seem tew want the affir'mawf way tew ost. I think if I could hav mi way tew youtd en't be any more cats born, unless the could sho a certifikate of good moral karakter. There is one thing more about cats which seems tew me tew be awf affektashun, and that iz making sich a big noise under a foller's window nights and then 'kall if musik. If I was tew have mi choice between a cat and a striped snake I wud take the snake, because I could git rid of the snake bi letting him go. There aint no sartin way tew kill a cat, if ya git one waked up into sassage, and ya think ya are all right jist as like as not the will cum to and take of a whole lot of good sassage with them. There are mi views about cats, rather hastily arve thought about, and if I haint oof enuff agin them it iz onla because I lack the informashun.—*The Poughkeepsian.*

"You always lose your temper in my company," said an individual of doubtful reputation to a gentleman. "True, sir, and I shouldn't wonder if I lost everything I have about me."

goodness of God and the righteousness of the cause in which their dear one perished."

"But our enemies have neither the justice of their cause to urge in consolation to their afflicted," observed dear mother, laying down her netting and repairing her spectacles to wipe away the moving tears that had gathered on their polished surface.

"Ah, no!" responded Mabel—"wretched, misguided ones—God pity them!"

"God curse them—the traitors!" cried Frank, hotly, his face darkening with passion. "God curse them—they murdered Harry Hartly—my Harry and yours."

"Oh, Frank!" murmured Lily and Helen faintly.

Mabel's cheeks were white as the massing of her bright, shining needle had suddenly paused at mention of that name. I do not think it had been spoken in her presence for two years before that night. She was one who could never bear to hear her dead name. Frank, however, but true hearted Frank, though loving his cousin dearly, had forgotten her extreme sensitiveness in his momentary excitement. Away back in the first autumn of the war Mabel tasted the bitterness of a cup which has since been pressed to more lips than you or I can number. We had rumors but no detailed account of the battle of Ball's Bluff, when a dispatch from Frank announced Harry as one of the victims of that horrible massacre (one can hardly call it by a milder name) Mabel was laughing and jesting as she read the news, and placed it in her hand. She opened it with a smile upon her lips, no suspicion of the truth seeming to enter her mind. I shall never forget the awful look that settled on her face as she read and re-read the fatal words. Startled by her rigid, deathly appearance, we sprang forwards, crying—"Mabel, what is it, dear? What ails you, Mabel Clare?"

She threw her hand up to her forehead, and struggled to her feet.

"Wake me," she said, in a strange, sacred voice. "For the love of God, wake me from this horrible dream, and fall senseless in my arms."

Mother picked up the paper which fluttered from her clasp, and so we learned the truth.

Dear Mabel! I do not love to give my pen to the memory of such days as followed. But that darling girl was too strong and buoyant a nature to sink without resistance under this heavy affliction, and after a little she, with persevering effort, put away all outward signs of mourning, and resumed her accustomed duties, cheerful and serene, though with notes of her old lightness and gaiety of manner.

"Do not be troubled for me, dear friends," she had said, answering our anxious looks with a sad smile; "I am only one of a thousand. Surely, I can endure suffering as well as others. But oh! she added, with whitening lips, "please never speak his name to me—I cannot bear it!"

And ever after we had faithfully guarded against all reference to Harry, or to the wretched time succeeding the news of his death.

Frank, seeing the effect of his hasty words, left his chair and came round to where Mabel sat, with something of that cold, never-to-be-forgotten look upon her face.

"Oh, darling," he said, taking her trembling hands, "let me name his name. He was the brother of my soul—only a little less dear to me than to you. Often my heart aches to speak to you of him when I see you sitting so white and still, and know whether your thoughts are straying. I believe you would suffer less if you would talk with me freely of him whom we both loved."

"Harry," she said, struggling for composure, "Harry never would have wished you to cry God's curse upon his enemies."

"I knew it," Frank replied. "Harry was a Christian, and would have said with his Master, 'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.' But I never can recall the aggravating circumstances of his death—stricken down as he was without an opportunity for self-defense—and not feel a thirst for vengeance upon his assassins firing my soul."

"Remember to whom vengeance belongs. It seems to me that we should bring no feeling of personal hate and rancor into this strife."

"How can we do otherwise?" Frank asked. "All that is good and noble in man cries out against the enormous wickedness of these infernal plotters—these infamous destroyers of our country's peace. If there was a grain of truth or a single particle of reason in their plea, one might look with some toleration upon their deeds; but as it is—"

"As it is," took up Mabel, "we must regard them with the utmost pity in view of the awful retribution that awaits them, and whereof we, in some measure, are made God's instruments. We're contending for the principles of justice, self-government, equal rights; let us give a true interpretation of those principles to our opponents by those principles to our opponents by an honorable and equitable course of action, not casting obliquity upon our cause by an unlawful exercise of power a spiteful retaliation upon their atrocities, or an unseemly exultation in their suffering. We can be just, yet pitiful; firm, yet forgiving; conquerors, yet not boastful."

"I'm afraid the common soldiery will never come up to your standard," Frank said. "Suppose now the murderer of our dear boy, Hal, were in our power?—What would you do? I would send a bullet in search of his heart!"

"And I would pray that your bullet might so far fall in its errand as to give the offender time to repent of his errors and make his peace with God, and I

Humors of the House.

A Washington correspondent of the *Cincinnati Gazette* is responsible for the following:

A portly, good-natured and able Indian is grieved at having unconsciously been the cause of distress to a pious lady in the galleries. "Why in the world is it," said she, with much feeling, "that the Clerk must always stop when he has gone about half through the roll call, and every time ridiculous religion by saying, at such time and place, 'God love us all?'" The aggrieved member is named *Godlove S. Oath*.

Brandegee, of Connecticut, was the other day in the Chair, in Committee of the Whole, and was putting questions, Connecticut fashion, "Those in favor of the motion say aye,—contrary minded, no." "Why don't you answer, Judge?"—"Brandegee is calling on you," cried General Schoenck to a Western Congressman. "What do you mean?" was the surly response. "Why, Brandegee just called on you to vote no." "I don't understand you," growled the Judge. "Why Brandegee just asked the *contrary minded* to say no!" The obstinate member wouldn't see it, but the roar that followed showed that his fellow-members did. If I were to print the name, readers would enjoy it even more than the House.

And this brings up a bit of grim pleasure. The General practiced during his reign in Baltimore, that I do not recollect to have seen in print. He was troubled by rebel women, almost as much as Butler was at New Orleans. He didn't want to get into a petticoat-war, but he didn't want the little rebel to be daunting his authority. In a happy moment he called to mind the medical saying that like cures like, and resolved upon his remedy. He called to his aid some of the young bloods about town, and got from them a list of certain noted women, more showy and elaborate in dress than respectable in character. These gay demurettes were regularly engaged to appear every fair afternoon on the fashionable promenades, with the most conspicuous rebel badges, and instructed, on no account, to omit greeting as sisters in the holy cause of the Confederacy, every lady wearing the rebel colors they met.

General Butler Talking to a Rebel Clergyman.

The *Norfolk New Regime* of March 29 publishes a two-column report of the examination of Rev. George Armstrong, of this city, by General Butler. This is the same clergyman who was recently sentenced to imprisonment at Fort Mifflin for his rebel sentiments. An aid of General Butler conducted the first examination, but the General himself afterwards made a certain personal investigation, cross-questioning Mr. Armstrong very sharply. The following are extracts from the report of the interview:

General Butler—I perceive that in your former examination you declined answering this question: "Do you call yourself a loyal man in letter and spirit to day?"

Mr. Armstrong—I do not decline to answer now; if I were to put my own interpretation upon it, I should say I am; but I don't know sir.

General—Well, sir, perhaps I can teach you now, sir, what is the name of that gentleman who has taken the oath, and while coming out of the Custom House with you, made the remark that he "would like to spit upon the northern Yankees?"

Mr. A.—Mr. Charles Keiser. I declined to answer, because this is the same clergyman who was recently sentenced to imprisonment at Fort Mifflin for his rebel sentiments. An aid of General Butler conducted the first examination, but the General himself afterwards made a certain personal investigation, cross-questioning Mr. Armstrong very sharply. The following are extracts from the report of the interview:

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Mr. Armstrong—I do not decline to answer now; if I were to put my own interpretation upon it, I should say I am; but I don't know sir.

General—Well, sir, perhaps I can teach you now, sir, what is the name of that gentleman who has taken the oath, and while coming out of the Custom House with you, made the remark that he "would like to spit upon the northern Yankees?"

Mr. A.—Mr. Charles Keiser. I declined to answer, because this is the same clergyman who was recently sentenced to imprisonment at Fort Mifflin for his rebel sentiments. An aid of General Butler conducted the first examination, but the General himself afterwards made a certain personal investigation, cross-questioning Mr. Armstrong very sharply. The following are extracts from the report of the interview: