

SALE OF UNSEATED LANDS.
 BY virtue of a warrant from under the hand and seal of office 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 arrears of the State, County, Road and School Taxes due thereon, and costs.
 HENRY S. RITTER, County Treasurer.
 Carlisle April 13, 1864.
 No. Acres. Owners. Taxes Due.

SOUTHAMPTON.
 10. James Bowen's heirs, \$00 55
 150. John & Abram Ruddy, 3 82
 457. John Benner, 3 77
 10. Wm. Ralston, 60 60

FRANKFORD.
 315. John M. Woodburn, 1 69
 1000. Hollenbach's heirs, 14 02
 3. James McCulloch, 5 54
 18. John Dunbar, 10 10
 7. Samuel Kiner, 16 16

MIFFLIN.
 200. J. M. Woodburn, (Boyle) 5 70
 21. (Moffit) 7 73
 129. (Barres) 3 75
 325. (Wharton) 9 28
 100. (Marshall) 2 85
 20. (Konton) 5 71
 50. (Lake) 1 41
 100. (A. Gardner) 2 85
 100. (King) 2 85
 150. (W. P. Gardner) 4 27
 100. (S. Parker) 3 53
 200. (W. Parker) 9 23
 100. (W. Parker) 7 10
 14. (Duck) 3 20
 100. (McClintock) 3 55
 150. (Paxton) 6 32

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

DICKINSON.
 7. John Bolden, 3 62
 3. Joseph Baker, 11 11
 3. Jacob Grist, 86 86
 5. Henry Kessler, 1 26
 7. Adam Lerewe, 3 28
 1. Lloyd Myers, 35 35
 6. Benjamin Malone, 72 72
 60. Morrison & McCrea, 3 29
 5. Peter Miller's heirs, 2 26
 10. Howard Myers, 1 24
 3. Michael Mentor, 69 69
 6. John Neely's heirs, 74 74
 2. Gilbert Searight, 2 73
 37. Jas. Townsend, 3 20
 10. Nicholas Wirceman, 4 46
 8. Jacob Wolf, 44 44

DAVID DUNNAN, (Penn.)
 12. Jacob Grove, 41 41
 2. Abraham Estlin, 2 26
 11. Wm. Forbush, (Penn.) 85 85
 900. Moore & Craighead, 6 51
 5. John S. Myers, 67 67
 10. John Kline, 1 24
 300. Samuel Coble's heirs, 4 15
 2. Widow Albert, 92 92
 5. John Brugh, 41 41
 15. Noah Cockey, 78 78
 10. Wm. Graham, 16 16
 10. Samuel O'Brien, 1 26
 310. Daniel Gitt, 9 30
 7. James Gresson, 96 96
 9. Cyrus Myers, 41 41
 52. Henry Myers, 11 90
 500. Rogers (Haskell Act.) (Penn.) 20 20
 6. Rachel Waterspoon, 1 02
 11. Jacob Beecher, 1 02
 5. Brown & Creswell, 46 46
 4. Wesley Biteman, 73 73
 12. Francis Corleston, 6 26
 2. John Ebert, 37 37
 10. John Hemminger, 30 30
 18. Wm. B. Mullen, 63 63
 6. Moses Myers, 1 37
 4. Brecken Hill & Co., 2 15
 3. Cornelius Myers, 47 47
 8. Dr. Meriden, 37 37
 5. Isaac Montfort, 46 46
 9. John & Henry Montfort, 80 80
 15. Philip Smyth, 26 26
 17. Alex. Young, 47 47

SOUTH MIDDLETON.
 15. D. H. Medaff, 1 32
 10. John Mace, 1 32
 47. Daniel Wondersly, 1 30
 280. Sheaffer & Keller, 12 14
 8. West, 3 26
 1. Elizabeth Bennett, 28 28
 1. James Barbour, 72 72
 9. Deardorff's heirs, 60 60
 1. John Nicholson, 7 77
 1. James Nicholson, 44 44
 2. Jacob Sheaffer, 1 12
 27. John McClure's sen., heirs, 20 20
 28. John Shanefelter's heirs, 1 15
 7. H. J. Farnes, 1 15
 130. Alex. Sailer, 1 25
 66. A. Richwine, 60 60
 15. Jacob Albright, 60 60
 15. Benjamin Lerew, 64 64

NEW CUMBERLAND.
 1. Northrup & Co. E. R. Company, 55 55

UPPER ALLEN.
 11. Trustees M. E. Church, 2 20
 1. John Guster, 45 45

CARLISLE.
 1. John Dunbar's heirs, 2 35
 1. George Wahl, 1 55
 3. 3 30

SILVER SPRING.
 2. Henry S. Hook, 1 40
 2. Samuel Miller, 1 65
 2. Robert Bryson, 20 20

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

PENNY.
 43. Robert McClane, 2 05
 12. James McCulloch, 3 33
 62. Jacob Beltzhoover, 1 86
 20. Henry Sheak's heirs, 56 56

MECHANICSBURG.
 1. David Lingfield, 24 24
 LOWER ALLEN.
 1. J. S. Halldeman, 1 06

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

GREENFIELD & SHEAFER
 INVITE the attention of buyers to their new stock of Dry Goods. It will be found unequalled in all those features which comprise a first class stock. All departments of business have been much enlarged, especially that of

DRY GOODS.
 which we are confident, is the most extensive assortment ever offered in this town. We have now open, ready for inspection, the new styles of the season. The following are among the most desirable: Moleskin, Cambric, fine and stout, all new shades and styles. Moleskin, Cambric, fine and stout, all new shades and styles. Moleskin, Cambric, fine and stout, all new shades and styles. Moleskin, Cambric, fine and stout, all new shades and styles.

DOMESTICS.
 Prints, Bleached Muslins, Broad Sheetings, Flannels, Hosiery, Cloths, Ribbons, Cottons, &c., &c.
 We would call the attention of our friends more particularly to our immense stock of Muslins, Cottons, &c. &c., all bought last winter, before the late advance which will be sold at prices that defy competition. Persons may rely on getting great bargains at the store of

GREENFIELD & SHEAFER.
 March 23, 1864.
 Note—Persons desiring to examine our stock will be particularly pleased to see our new store in Zuger's building, at the Corner Market Square, Second Door, opposite Ritter's Clothing Store.
 G. & S.

YER'S FAMILY MEDICINES,
 AT RALSTON'S.

The Carlisle Herald.

VOL. 64. CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 3, 1864. NO. 23.

A. K. RHEEM, Editor & Proprietor.

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

Parody.
 The following is a rather late, but is not entirely out of season: For the Herald.

A PARODY.
THE INQUIRY.
 BY A. L. C.

Tell me you winged winds,
 That round my pathway roar,
 Do you not know some spot
 Where "dickings" come no more—
 Where straggling clouds that hide the sun
 Are fast and feared no more,
 Where water-buckets o'er our head,
 Their contents pour no more!
 The loud "whist" rustling yet more wildly on,
 But stopped to answer, "not till April's gone."
 And thus answered none.
 "What language dost thou utter,
 While gazing through thy halo,
 Upon so great a matter?
 Say hast thou in thy road,
 Obscured on some favored spot,
 Where such altars are never found.
 And gushes or plagues us not?
 Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woo,
 And answered sad and tearfully, "no, no."
 Tell on my secret Soul,
 Oh, tell me, Faith and Hope,
 In these sunny places,
 Where drenched mortals do not weep?
 No place where mud and rain
 Spell out our polished boots,
 Nor lowly men Spring hats,
 Nor frost cut survivors?
 Faith and Hope—best boon to mortals
 Given.
 Wave thy bright wings and answered, "yes
 In Heaven."

Miscellaneous.
A PHYSICIAN'S STORY
 BY EMERSON BENNETT.

I had been some three years engaged in the practice of medicine, in one of our largest cities, before I met with any serious case. One night, as I was returning home, through a lonely, little frequented part of the city, at a late hour, from a patient I had been with since noon of that day, and whom I was now permitted to leave by reason of a favorable change, I was suddenly stopped in a dark, gloomy, out-of-the-way spot, by a big gruff, coarsely dressed man:
 "You are a doctor?" he both announced and inquired in the same words.
 "I am."
 "I want you to come with me then," he said, in a tone that indicated the matter was already settled in his mind, however it might be in mine.
 "I cannot to-night," I answered, with positive emphasis; "I am all wearied out, and anxious to get home."
 "Yes, you doctors are always wearied out when a poor man calls you," said the fellow with a threatening growl; "but only let some snob's wife's puddle need a doctor, and you find your way there, at any hour of the day or night. Well, I am no snob, thank Heaven! and I've got money enough to pay your fee. I've tried a half-a-dozen doctors already, and none of them will come—and so, you see, I can't let you off."
 "But really—"
 "See here, Doctor," interrupted the fellow, producing a knife, and flashing the blade by a quick flourish, before my eyes, "I'm a desperate man, and might be pushed to do a wicked deed. Every man sets a certain value on his own life, and also on the life of his best and dearest friend. You know how much your life is worth to you, and I know how much another's life is worth to me; and before Heaven I swear, if you attempt to go and leave my friend to die, I'll put this knife into you!"
 It was an open space where we stood, about half-way between blocks of new buildings, that were not yet tenanted; I looked up and down the dark street, but not a soul was in sight.
 "Where do you wish me to go?" I inquired.
 "Oh, down here a piece," jerking his thumb over his shoulder, "come on, before it's too late!"
 He passed his arm through mine, without so much as "by your leave," and began to move away, of course, taking me with him.
 "Is your friend a male or female?" I inquired, pretending to feel perfectly at my ease, though I would have given a year's practice to have been safe at home.
 "She's a woman."
 I breathed more free—for somehow I always experienced a degree of security among the opposite sex, even among the most depraved and abandoned.
 "What is the matter with her? and how long has she been ill?" I questioned.
 "About three or four hours ago she gave birth to a child that didn't live more'n a minute, and since then she's been havin' fits," was the reply.
 "Was there no physician with her when the child was born?" I asked.
 "No, I could get no one to her, for love or money. An old woman, a neighbor, came in and did what she could. Do you think as how you can save her, Doctor?" inquired the man, in a husky tone.
 "I cannot say, of course—but I will promise to do the best I can."
 "Oh, do! do! and Heaven will bless you for it!" he rejoined in a tone that expressed a more deep and earnest feeling than I had supposed was in his nature.
 I began to be interested; the man might be better than I had thought; some poor fellow, perhaps, who had been the foot-ball of fortune and had not received his deserts.
 "Is this woman your wife?" I kindly inquired.
 "I believe he heard me; but as he did not answer, I concluded not to repeat the question.

We soon turned into some small, mean, dark narrow streets, where none but the poorer class lived. We now walked forward in silence—the man who still had hold of my arm, as if he were afraid I might otherwise give him the slip, taking long, rapid strides, and causing me the little exertion to keep step with him.
 At length he turned into a dark court, where I could see nothing but a few dingy buildings on either hand; and I thought, if his object was to rob me, I was completely in his power. At the far end of this court he stopped, opened a door, and led up a flight of creaking stairs, where I could see nothing at all. At the top of these stairs we groped our way forward a few feet, and then opened the door into the room of the patient.— The apartment was small and plainly furnished, with a lamp standing on a little table not far from the bed. An old woman, who was leaning over the sufferer, looking quietly around at our entrance, and seeing me, exclaimed:
 "Is he a doctor?"
 "Yes, yes I've got a doctor at last, God be praised, if it ain't too late!" replied the man, hurriedly; adding, almost in the same breath, "How is she Mary?" how is she?"
 The old woman shook her head, and sighed out:
 "She's had three on 'em since you left, and she's in the fourth now, poor dear!"
 "Oh, my God!" groaned the man, sinking down on the nearest seat. "Doctor, you hear! Oh, save her! save her!"
 I hurried to the bed, and found the patient in convulsions. The spasms ceased almost immediately, a considerable quantity of viscid matter was ejected, and a heavy, snoring respiration followed. The face was flushed, head hot, and pulse rapid. I decided that she must be bled, and lost no time in opening a vein. I then sent for ice, and applied it in moderation to her head. I remained with her through the night, and left her at daylight in a tranquil sleep, with directions to be followed in case of a return of the spasms.

The man, who gave his name as Ralph Wagner, came down to the door with me and thrust a halfpenny into my hand.
 "How is she?" he asked in a trembling voice. "Is she better? can you save her?"
 "She is better, I think, and I hope she can be saved," I replied.
 "Oh doctor!" will you come again to-day?"
 "Yes, this afternoon, toward night, after I shall have got some sleep and visited some patients that cannot be neglected."
 "Don't desert us, Doctor, for God's sake, don't!" fairly pleaded the man, with tears in his eyes.
 I assured him I would not, gave him my address, and bade him send for me at any time, if a change should take place for the worse.

From that night the patient gradually mended, and in the course of a week was out of danger and had her reason. I had seen her every day during this time, and had become not a little interested in her. She was not an ordinary woman. Her age I judged to be about twenty-five or six, and her features, though marked by suffering, were intellectual and still beautiful. Her hair was a light brown, soft almost to silkiness, and she had the sweetest blue eyes and prettiest mouth I ever beheld. Her voice, too, had that rich mellowness which so captivated the ear, and her language denoted education, and her manners refinement.

Great was the contrast between this pretty, delicate flower, and the big, coarse-must add totally unimpressing Ralph Wagner; and though I fancied I could comprehend how such a man might love her to the whole extent of his rough, coarse nature, I confess I was at a loss to account for true reciprocity, if indeed there was any such thing. "That his ardent attachment to her might excite some kind of sympathy—some emotion akin to pity, and perhaps gratitude—I thought possible; but that there should exist any thing like true, mutual love, seemed as contrary to the laws of nature as for the doe to love the tiger. And yet how many such incongruities we see paired, if not mated—married by law, if not in spirit.
 The day that I made what I intended should be my last visit, I found my patient sitting up in a chair and crying as if her heart would break. She was alone.
 "This is very bad for you to be exciting your nervous system in this manner!" I said, in a kindly, reproving tone. "Has anything happened too serious for a little calm philosophy to master?"
 "Oh, doctor," she exclaimed, "I am a poor, miserable, heart-broken woman, alone and friendless!"
 "Oh, not quite so bad as that, I think!" I answered, lightly. "Where is your husband?"
 This was the first time I had ever spoken to the wretched husband to her, and I looked to see if she received it as a familiar, unquestioned fact. She shed a tear and covered her eyes with her hands.
 "Did you see in the papers this morning," she sobbed, "the arrest of a notorious burglar, called Patient Hammer-smith?"
 "I think I did see something of the kind."
 "That was none other than Ralph Wagner."
 "Good heavens! you amaze me!" I cried, "Your husband a burglar?"
 "He is not my husband," sobbed the poor woman.
 "No?"
 "Sit down doctor, and let me tell you a painful story in a few words; and then, if you can give any good advice and sympathy, I shall receive it with gratitude; and if you scorn and cast me from you, I

yet I feel like taking up the story just where I left it on Wednesday night at sunset, when our flags flapped like eagles' wings, and the wild cry of triumph quivered across the mountain. Standing on the edge of the field in the moonlight, calm as "God's acre," stretched the rough valley that, but an hour before, jarred with the rush and whirl of the battle. From away beyond the ridge, indeed, three miles out to Chicamauga Station, the dropping shots from Sheridan's guns faintly punctuate the silence; but here, listen as you will, you can hear no sound but the click of ambulance wheels slowly rolling in with their mangled burdens, no groan, no sob, nothing but the sobbing lapse of the Tennessee. I can never tell you with what a warm feeling the heart I looked up and saw the Federal flags kindling like a new constellation on Mission Ridge; they were as welcome as dawn's day to eyes that watched the night. The old baleful glare from rebel camp and signal light was quenched with something thicker than water, and Chattanooga was at peace.
 It is strange that a battle almost always lies between two breaths of sleep; the dreamless slumber into which men fall into its eye; the calm repose they sink into at its end. Night fairly held its breath above the camps; the wings of silence were over them all. Then came Thursday Morning bright and beautiful. You go out to the field; and you keep saying over and over, "after the battle—after the battle." Men prone upon their faces in death's deep abasement; here one, his hand pillowed upon his folded arms; there one, his cheek pressed upon a stone, as was Jacob's at Bethel; yonder one, his fingers stiffened around his musket. Now you have to pass where a Butternut and a true blue have gone down together, the arm of the one thrown over the other; there a young boy of fifteen hands clasped over his heart. The sun has touched the frost that whitened his hair, as if he had grown old in a night; and it bangs like fresh tears upon his cheeks; where a lieutenant grasps a bush, as if he did vainly feeling for a little hold upon earth and life; where a stained trail leads you to a shelter behind a rock, and there a dead captain who had crept away out of sight and fallen asleep; where rebels and true hearts lie in short winrows, as if death had begun the harvest and had reaped of the work.
 And so through the valley and up the ridge in every attitude lie the unburied dead; lie just as they fell in the glow of battle; and those faces are not as you think; hardly one distorted with any passion; almost all white and calm as Ben Adam's dream of peace; many brightened with something like a smile; a few, strangely beautiful. Wounded ones that escaped the moonlight search have lain silently waiting for morning, without murmur or complaint; glad they are alive; not grieved that they are wounded, for "did we not take the ridge?" they say; "thus did the old soldierly spirit of one flash up like an expiring candle, and go out right there on the field as he spoke; he died with the last words on his lips, and 'went up higher.'"

The Forged Proclamation.
 A CURIOUS LETTER FROM THE FORGER.
 The Brooklyn *Engle* publishes the following letter, supposed to be written by the notorious Howard. The letter is factually displayed, and accompanied by a faithful editorial:
 CELL 5311, SECOND TIER,
 FORT LAFAYETTE, MAY 24, 1861.
 DEAR EARLE: In the language of the "magnificent" Vestral, "I am here." I think I shall stay here—at least till I get out. Perhaps you were surprised at my sudden departure. So was I. But I received a pressing invitation from General Dix to come down here, which I didn't feel at liberty to decline—so I did it. Bob Murray brought the invitation. Bob Murray is United States marshal, and he marshaled me the way I should go, so I thought it best to go it. Bob is a nice man; he has a very taking way with him, but I wouldn't recommend you to cultivate his acquaintance. You may have heard of Fort Lafayette. It is a great resort of the friends of the Administration—over the left.
 The location of Fort Lafayette is in the water, between the Atlantic Ocean and West Point. It is a good site for a marine residence, but I haven't seen any marines here. It is inaccessible on all sides, except the inside. Its out-accessibility is what I most object to.
 The way you get in is curious, and many interest your readers who haven't been here. You can't go by railroad or steamboat, or horse and buggy. The entrance is effected in a highly military manner, invented, I believe, by General Dix or "some other man."
 The way of getting out I haven't discovered yet. When I do, I'll let you know. The people who keep the fort are of the military persuasion; it is their forte. They mostly wear guns or swords, and do everything in a military way, which is not a civil way, though they have been very civil to me. The fort is a substantial building; there is no apprehension of burglars. Sensible people would rather break out than break into it. As a hotel, it is not equal to the Mansion House, though the terms are more reasonable. They don't charge any board. The only charge military people are given is to charge bayonets. The bill of fare is wholesome, but lacks variety. "There is too much pork." The bill of fare, however, is varied. We have pork and omelette for breakfast; crackers and pork for dinner, and pork with crackers for tea. I think we shall have a change next week, as the commandant has sent an order to

AN ECDOPE OF McCLELLAN.—Col. Metcalf, of Kentucky, made a radical Union speech at a public meeting a few days since, at which he related an anecdote of General McClellan, showing how he regarded the rebel leaders. He said:
 "I got my eyes opened on that young Napoleon in the spring of 1861. I went to see General McClellan, and in the course of the conversation I said to him that Jeff Davis was a scoundrel and a rascal. He (McClellan) straightened himself up quickly, and said: 'I do assure you, sir, that you are mistaken. Jeff Davis is a perfect gentleman, and will not do anything unbecoming to a gentleman, and his rebels and true hearts lie in short winrows, as if death had begun the harvest and had reaped of the work.'"
 And so through the valley and up the ridge in every attitude lie the unburied dead; lie just as they fell in the glow of battle; and those faces are not as you think; hardly one distorted with any passion; almost all white and calm as Ben Adam's dream of peace; many brightened with something like a smile; a few, strangely beautiful. Wounded ones that escaped the moonlight search have lain silently waiting for morning, without murmur or complaint; glad they are alive; not grieved that they are wounded, for "did we not take the ridge?" they say; "thus did the old soldierly spirit of one flash up like an expiring candle, and go out right there on the field as he spoke; he died with the last words on his lips, and 'went up higher.'"

THE RAIN AND ITS CAUSE.—During the war of Napoleon's invasion of the French Academy of Sciences was called to the fact that a storm of rain or snow invariably follows a battle, and in proportion to the magnitude of the conflict, the rain or snow was heavy and long-continued. This was particularly the case in the Russian campaign, which was followed by such snow storms as never before were witnessed in the South of Europe. Some of the *comtes* declared that rapid discharges of artillery produced the rain, and charges of musketry produced concussion in the air, and drove the clouds out of their course, while others went so far as to adopt the theory advanced by Prof. Eddy, that the immense smoke of battle was in itself sufficient to produce rain. There were statistics, however, and when the war closed it remained a mooted point.
 Those who remember the rains which followed the seven days' fight before Richmond, as well as those which followed all the other prominent battles of the war, are entitled to our acknowledgment the theory to be correct; but battles disturb the elements in the most singular manner. If any evidence were wanting we need only refer to the rains at intervals, and the heavy clouds, crenulations in one direction and rains in another, all due to all points of the compass, as if governed by anything else than a regular current of air.
 It is thus conclusive, with the evidence so plainly before us, that was bright rain in summer, and snow storms in winter. To what extent this may hold good, we are unable to conjecture, but there is no reason why the present rains may not extend over half the globe, since it is impossible to see a clear gleam upon the horizon in any direction. Rapid discharges of artillery and musketry tend into one continuous rain, and instances are upon record where they were heard at a distance of forty miles. If sound alone can travel so far, one can form some idea how far the force which produces the concussion in the air may travel before it exhausts itself.
 It is usual to have showers in the middle of May, but long rains, such as we are now enjoying, are very rare. It is the ordinary course of events at this season of the year. The subject is one worthy the attention of meteorologists, as well as others who take any interest in the phenomena of the weather.

A BOGUS CONGRESS.—The *N. Y. Tribune* gives a table exhibiting the curious fact that out of one hundred and twelve members of which the Rebel House of Representatives consists, when full, fifty-two, or nearly half, are credited to districts now controlled by the Union arms. They have members representing Arkansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Missouri, Tennessee; in all of which States they have no longer a foot-hold.

New York for a barrel of pork. When you write to me, enclose a bunch of radishes in the letter.
 Somebody may inquire why I came here. I'll tell you confidentially. The Government is making extensions to its mansion at Fort Hamilton; likewise at Fort Richmond, on Staten Island. They wanted a reliable person to look after the bricks. Fort Lafayette is half way between, and so situated that you can see both forts at once, and is just the place to see what is going on. A meeting of the Cabinet was called at the White House. Secretary Stanton introduced the subject. The Cabinet saw the point at once, and laughed so loud that they took up Secretary Welles. Secretary Seward rang a little bell, and sent for General Dix. "General," said William H. "how is Fort Lafayette?" "Our flag is there," said the General, with military promptness. "Is there a reliable man to be found in the Department of the East?" said William H. "If there isn't," thundered the General, "I'll shoot him on the spot." "Who is he?" asked the Secretary. "His name is Dead Beat," said the General. "Send him to Fort Lafayette." "So I came. I am still here. Yours, in retirement, DEAD BEAT."
 P. S.—Give my regards to Chitty. I understand that he was deeply affected on my account, and was anxious to see me elevated in society.
 Tell him to keep cool. There are some small men down here, but none quite so small as he is.
 And the little dog barked at the caged lion, and wagged his tail rejoicingly.
 D. B.

A CENSUS IN 1865.
 We observe by overprint of the Congressional proceedings that the Hon. Mr. Harris, of New York, has proposed to the Senate a very important measure, in the form of a resolution, recommending to the several State Governments to have a census taken in their respective States in the year 1865, upon the plan of the Federal census, coupled with the proposition that, in order to facilitate the work and give unity to the plan, the Government supply the States with the necessary schedules and instructions, and further that the Government be supplied with copies of the original returns. Such a measure if carried into effect would have a valuable result. It would not only give us a more correct and complete view of the population of the States, but it would also be a measure of the most important nature, as it will furnish a statistical record of deep interest to the people. But a census taken at the present time is still more valuable, in view of the great public debt, to impart confidence, at home and abroad, in the abundant resources of the country, and establish by facts its ability to meet the immense liabilities so suddenly and unexpectedly imposed upon it. As to the moral effects of the war upon our people, and its results on the population of the country, which the census would disclose, are hardly secondary to the other more primary considerations. So important, indeed, does the measure seem to us that we feel confident if the scheme should appear too difficult of accomplishment by the States the country would cheerfully encounter the expense of an immediate national census, upon the value of its statistics in inspiring confidence in the substantial wealth of the nation.

Presidential Elector 8th Dist.
 Aaron Mull, Esq., the Union Presidential Elector appointed for the Eighth Congressional District, having died, the name of Wm. L. Taylor, of Washington, in this county, has been substituted to fill the vacancy. This is an excellent choice and cannot fail to be entirely satisfactory to the Union men throughout the county.—*Berks county Schenck's Journal*.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL WADSWORTH.
 The writer of this saw General Wadsworth three weeks ago in his camp, near Culpeper. The general commanded the Fourth Division of the Fifth Army Corps. He was then busy getting his division ready for the field and for the active operations of what he anticipated would be a vigorous campaign. All surplus baggage was sent to the rear; but at the same time General Wadsworth was continuing various odds and ends to make his men more comfortable on the march without encumbering them with useless luggage. He had a reputation in the army for the excellent care he took of those under his command. He would not let them suffer if thoughtful, providence and ingenuity could prevent it.
 "Take out a requisition for extra shoes," we heard him say to one of his brigadiers; "about one pair of shoes for every two men. I think we can get them of the Quartermaster, but I will see to it that at any rate they are got. They will not be heavy to carry, and we shall find the value of them before we get through."
 "I remember," he added, "during the march through Maryland, before the battle of South Mountain, we passed over a tract of country extremely rugged and stony, and I saw not only men but officers walking along with bleeding feet. The men who were got out entirely. I but my feelings more than I can tell you to see the good fellows trudge along so. We came to a town on the line of march, and I, who was riding at the head of the column, spurred ahead to see if there were not some who had been out of the ordinary course of events at this season of the year. The subject is one worthy the attention of meteorologists, as well as others who take any interest in the phenomena of the weather."
 "Are there any shoe stores in this town?" I asked. They replied in a groggy way, that they could not tell, there might be any, there might not. I told them that I wanted to buy shoes for my troops, who were barefooted. They replied they guessed I would get many.
 "At this," said the General, "I got angry. Said I, there are two pairs of shoes at my rate, which I see on your feet. Take them out of my hands. I shouted to them, There were obliged to do it. I went through the town, and took the shoes off every man's feet I could see; and thus I raised about two hun-

drod pairs in all. One fine old fellow, a miller, whom I met, said he did not deprive of his own pair; I rode up to him and asked if he had any shoes he could spare me, describing the pitiful condition of my men. The old man said, 'I don't know if there's any shoes in the house or not, but—looking down at his feet—there's a pair your welcome to any rate.' I was not let him take them off, but he gave me some from his house. All the rest I stripped."
 His men were fond of him, because they knew that he studied their ease; and also because in battle he was always amongst them, cheering them on by his own example. He was very cool and collected under fire; and had a habit of riding about the foremost line, and even amongst his skirmishers, which somewhat unnecessarily exposed his life. He knew very well how to handle his division; and the way he led a line of battle; how to order and lead a charge; how to do the plain work, which he liked best; and at Gettysburg he showed how much a plucky, tenacious leader can do, with a handful of troops, in keeping back and making cautious an overwhelming force of the enemy. He was pertinacious; did not like to give up, or back out; and was not a man safely to be pressed even by a force very much superior to his own.
 These qualities are rarely found in a man who takes up the profession of arms after he is half a century old, and who is first under fire in his fifty-fourth year. But he was a gentleman, a man of high and noble aims, a true patriot; he did not count his life precious—he held it cheap if by its sacrifice the cause of the Union and liberty would be benefited. He expected much from his campaign; and had a high opinion of the efficiency of the army and of its fighting qualities, as well as of the capacities of Generals Grant and Meade. He felt that after much tedious waiting the time had come when there would be no more of our playing at war. And he had an unwavering faith in the triumph of right principles and of liberty and Union.

Our State has lost, in him, one of her best citizens, one who did much good during a long and useful career. He was a true patriot; whose voice and purse were always at the service of the humble and the oppressed; a true and devoted friend of free government, and of all that could advance the happiness, intelligence and prosperity of the whole people; and a true friend of the Union. He gave his life as freely as in other times he gave his money; and he left his splendid home and undertook the hardships of camp life as readily as though he had been the poorest citizen of the state. It will be well if his example is not lost upon his fellow-citizens. We had not made him a less patriot; whatever he had was for his country's use—for he was a true Democrat.—*N. Y. Ecce Post.*

A BEAUTIFUL FIGURE.—Life is beautifully compared to a fountain fed by a thousand streams, that perish if one be dried. It is a silver chord, twisted by a thousand strings, that part asunder if one be broken. Frail and thoughtless mortals are surrounded by innumerable dangers, which make so much more strange that they escape so long that they almost all perish suddenly at last. We are encompassed with accidents every day to crush the mouldering tenements we inhabit. The seeds of disease are planted in our constitutions by nature. The earth and atmosphere, whence we draw the breath of life, are impregnated with death. Health is made to operate its own destruction, the food that nourishes containing the elements of decay; the soul that animates it by vivifying first, tends to wear it out by its own actions; death lurks in ambush along the path. Notwithstanding this is the truth, so palpably defined by the daily examples before our eyes, how little do we lay it to heart? We see our friends and neighbors die among us; but how seldom does it occur to our thoughts that our kneel shall, perhaps, give the next fruitless warning to the world.

THE BROOKLYN ENGLE PUBLISHES THE FOLLOWING LETTER, SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY THE NOTORIOUS HOWARD. THE LETTER IS FACTUALLY DISPLAYED, AND ACCOMPANIED BY A FAITHFUL EDITORIAL:
 CELL 5311, SECOND TIER,
 FORT LAFAYETTE, MAY 24, 1861.
 DEAR EARLE: In the language of the "magnificent" Vestral, "I am here." I think I shall stay here—at least till I get out. Perhaps you were surprised at my sudden departure. So was I. But I received a pressing invitation from General Dix to come down here, which I didn't feel at liberty to decline—so I did it. Bob Murray brought the invitation. Bob Murray is United States marshal, and he marshaled me the way I should go, so I thought it best to go it. Bob is a nice man; he has a very taking way with him, but I wouldn't recommend you to cultivate his acquaintance. You may have heard of Fort Lafayette. It is a great resort of the friends of the Administration—over the left.
 The location of Fort Lafayette is in the water, between the Atlantic Ocean and West Point. It is a good site for a marine residence, but I haven't seen any marines here. It is inaccessible on all sides, except the inside. Its out-accessibility is what I most object to.
 The way you get in is curious, and many interest your readers who haven't been here. You can't go by railroad or steamboat, or horse and buggy. The entrance is effected in a highly military manner, invented, I believe, by General Dix or "some other man."
 The way of getting out I haven't discovered yet. When I do, I'll let you know. The people who keep the fort are of the military persuasion; it is their forte. They mostly wear guns or swords, and do everything in a military way, which is not a civil way, though they have been very civil to me. The fort is a substantial building; there is no apprehension of burglars. Sensible people would rather break out than break into it. As a hotel, it is not equal to the Mansion House, though the terms are more reasonable. They don't charge any board. The only charge military people are given is to charge bayonets. The bill of fare is wholesome, but lacks variety. "There is too much pork." The bill of fare, however, is varied. We have pork and omelette for breakfast; crackers and pork for dinner, and pork with crackers for tea. I think we shall have a change next week, as the commandant has sent an order to

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