The Carlisle Herald.

VOL. 65. CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 7, 1865. NO. 27.

RHEEM & WEAKLEY, Editors & Proprietors. TERMS:--$2,00 in Advance, or $2,50 within the year.

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Second Presbyterian Church, corner of South Hanover and Pomfret streets. Rev. John C. Bliss, Pastor. Services commence at 10 o'clock A. M. and 7 o'clock P. M.

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United Brethren Church (West charge), corner of Main and Pitt streets. Rev. Thomas H. Sherrick, Pastor. Services at 10 o'clock A. M., and 7 o'clock P. M.

Methodist E. Church (Second charge), corner of Pitt and Beaumont streets. Rev. J. Bowman, Pastor. Services in Emory M. E. Church at 10 o'clock A. M., and 6½ P. M.

Church of God, Chapel South West corner of West st. and Chapel Alley. Rev. B. F. Beck, Pastor. Services at 10 a. m., and 6½ p. m.

St. Patrick's Catholic Church, Pomfret near East st. Rev. —, Pastor. Services every other Sabbath, at 10 o'clock. Vespers at 3 P. M.

German Lutheran Church, corner of Pomfret and Pitt streets. Rev. G. Fritze, Pastor. Services at 10 o'clock P. M.

☞ When changes in the above are necessary the proper parties are requested to notify us.

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St. John's Lodge No. 249 A. Y. M. Meets 3d Thursday of each month, at Marion Hall.

Carlisle Lodge No. 91 I. O. of O. F. Meets Monday evening, at Trout's building.

Letort Lodge No. 63, I. O. of G. T. Meets every Thursday evening in Rheem's Hall, 3d story.

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The Union Fire Company was organized in 1789—House in Louther between Pitt and Hanover.

The Cumberland Fire Company was instituted Feb 18, 1809. House in Bedford, between Main and Pomfret.

The Good Will Fire Company was instituted in March, 1855. House in Pomfret, near Hanover.

The Empire Hook and Ladder Company was instituted in 1859. House in Pitt, near Main.

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December 23, 1864—tf

DR. WM. H. COOK,
HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
Surgeon and Accoucheur
OFFICE at his residence in Pitt street, adjoining the Methodist Church.
July 1, 1864.

Poetical.

The Star-Spangled Banner.

O! say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming:
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming,
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there:
O! say, does the Star-spangled banner still wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mist of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam—
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream:
'Tis the Star-spangled banner. O! long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is the band who so vaunting swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country would leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave:
And the Star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

O! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the foe's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may our Heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just:
And this be our motto—"In God is our trust:"
And the Star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Hail, Columbia.

Hail, Columbia, happy land! hail ye heroes, heaven-born band,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone, enjoyed the peace your valor won
Let independence be our boast, ever mount near our coast
Ever grateful for the prize, let its altar reach the skies.
Chorus
Firm, united let us be, rallying round our
As a band of brothers joined, peace and
find
Immortal patriots! rise once more
defend your shore:
Let no ruder foe, with impious
Let no ruder foe, with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies, of toil and blood
the well earned prize.
While offering peace, sincere and just, in Heaven we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice will prevail, and every scheme of bondage fail.
Chorus.—Firm, united let us be, etc.

Sound, sound the trump of fame, let Washington's great name
Ring through the world with loud applause,
Ring through the world with loud applause,
Let every clime to Freedom dear, listen with a joyful ear;
With equal skill and god-like power he governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war! or guides, with ease, the happier times of honest peace.
Chorus.—Firm, united let us be, etc.

Behold the chief who now commands, again to serve his country stands
The rock on which the storm will
The rock on which the storm will
But, armed in virtue, firm and true, his hopes are fixed on heaven and you.
When hope was sinking in dismay, and gloom obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind from changes free, resolved on death or liberty.
Chorus.—Firm, united let us be, etc.

Hymn of the Republic

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He has trampled out the vintage where the grapes of wrath were stored:
He has loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.
Chorus.—Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps:
They have buitled him an altar in the evening dews and damps:
I have read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:
His day is marching on.
Chorus.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As you deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;"
Let the hero born of woman crush the serpent with his heel;
Since God is marching on.
Chorus

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.
Chorus.

In the beauty-of-the lillies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.
Chorus.

Miscellaneous.

CHRONICLES.

BY THOMAS P. COWAN.

And it came to pass in the days of Abraham, of the house of Lincoln, the ruler of the Puritans, the people of God,

That one Jefferson, whose surname is Davis, the high priest of Beelzebub, the ruler of Tartarus, made war on the people of God, in the land of Dixie, wherein are raised turpentine, treason and cotton.

And Jeff. raised seven thousand of his brave men, and hailed ron, lead and fire on Fort Sumter, in the command of Robert, whose surname is Anderson, and seventy veteran Puritans.

And Jefferson ceased not, day and night, to oppress the army of the Lord, insomuch that Anderson surrendered the fort, and lowered the flag of his country.

And Jefferson made a great banquet, and his wives, and his concubines drank wine in the vessels made of gold, stolen from the treasury by Floyd, under Old Buck, the bachelor.

Moreover, his seven thousand soldiers rejoiced with great joy, and cried with a loud voice for three days, Great is King Cotton, who hath delivered our enemies, the Black Abolitionists, into our hands, Sambo and Dinah, who reared our King.

And it came to pass, when Abraham heard the rejoicing, he called Seward, and said, What meaneth the rejoicing?

And Seward said unto him, Live forever, Father Abraham; the Philistines be upon us.

And Abraham wept, and covered himself with sackcloth and ashes, and prayed mightily to God.

And the Lord answered and said unto him. Fear not, Abraham, for I raised thee up to deliver my people.

Issue thy proclamation, and call out five-and-seventy thousand men: peradventure Jefferson will repent.

And Abraham hearkened unto the Lord. Selah!

And Jefferson hardened his heart, and stiffened his neck, and boasted and said, What do these Yankees? One of us can whip ten Abolitionists, and ten of the chivalry can put a thousand Yankees to flight.

And it repented the Lord that he had made Jefferson, of the house of Davis.

And the Lord saith unto Abraham, Issue thy proclamation, and call out three hundred thousand men, and I will punish Jefferson for his sins, wherewith he hath sinned against Heaven.

And Abraham obeyed God. Selah!

And the Philistines pitched battle against the Puritans at Bull Run: and Jefferson slew of the army of Abraham two and-twenty thousand.

And discomfitted the army of the Lord, and took fifty-and-four thousand prisoners, and wagons not a few; and routed the army of Abraham.

And Abraham wept bitterly, and prayed mightily to God, and said, Surely, O Lord God, thou hast forsaken thy servant Abraham, and destroyed the people.

And the Lord answered Abraham and said, Fear not, my servant, for I have raised thee up to deliver my people.

And I will punish the arrogance of Jefferson, and the haughty shall be laid low.

Issue thy proclamation again, and call out six hundred thousand men, and I will sweep the land of Dixie with the besom of destruction.

And it shall come to pass that Richmond and Charleston, the beauty of the Southern Confederacy, shall be as Sodom and Gomorrah.

They shall not be dwelt in from generation to generation; neither shall the slaveholder pitch his tent therein; but the wild beast of Florida shall lie there; owls shall build their nests in their palaces, and satyrs shall dance there, and their time is near at hand, and their days shall not be prolonged.

For the Lord thy God shall have mercy on Abraham, and will yet choose Israel, and they cleave to the house of Abraham.

And my servants shall take them captive whose captives they were, and they shall rule over their oppressors, the F. F. V.'s of Dixie.

And thou, Abraham, shalt use this power, against Jefferson, the arch traitor of Dixie, and say,

If we hath the oppressor ceased! the golden cities! The Lord hath broken the staff of Jeff., and the sceptres of his rulers.

He who smote the people in wrath with continued stroke; he that ruled in anger is persecuted and none hindreth; the whole earth sent forth my people break forth into singing.

Yea, the pahmetto trees and cedars rejoice saying, Since thou, Jeff. art laid low, no fellow is come up against us.

Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming: it stirreth up the dead for thee.

And these shall speak and say unto thee, Art thou Jeff. become weak as we? thy pomp is brought down.

How art thou fallen from Heaven, O Lucifer, son of mourning? How art thou cut down to the ground which did weaken this nation?

For thou hast said in thy heart, I will call the roll of my slaves on Bunker Hill; and exalt my throne above the stars and stripes.

I will be like the Most High: yet thou Jeff, shalt be brought down to hell, to the bottomless pit.

They that see thee shall narrowly look upon thee, saying, Is this the man that made the earth tremble? that did shake this government?

That made the world as a wilderness and destroyed the cities thereof? that opened not the house of his prisoners, but starved them to death? that worshipped King Cotton?

Moreover, the Lord said unto Abraham, Issue thy proclamation of confiscation, and I will take my servants from hard bondage wherein they have been made to serve, and they shall guard their masters with bayonets.

And I will make the garden of Eden and the Eden of earth a wilderness, a waste desert; I will sweep the land of Dixie with the besom of destruction. Moreover, I will cut off the son and nephew of Jeff., so that they will not rise up and fill the world again with tories. And Abraham rejoiced.

Moreover, one Richard, of the house of Yates, Governor of Illinois, telegraphed to Abraham, saying, Issue your proclamation of confiscation; moreover, call out a million of men.

And Abraham answered Richard, and said, Dick, hold still and see the salvation of God. And Dick said, the will of the Lord be done.

And the army of God smote the Philistines with a continual stroke, and took the forts that old Buchanan had stolen and given to Jeff.

And the army of the Lord took Fort Henry, Fort Donelson, Fort Columbus, and put to flight the Philistines at Shiloh, and slew ten thousand and made a new river through the timber, and took Island No. 10, and two and twenty thousand stand of arms, and prisoners not a few.

And one Ulysses, of the house of Grant, besieged Vicksburg, and oppressed the army of Jeff., in command of one Pemberton the High Priest.

Insomuch that the soldiers and citizens prayed to the High Priest and said, Give us meat that we perish not; and Pemberton said unto them, Bring hither your beasts of burden, moreover, you catch rats.

And the soldiers did bring their poor mules, and slew them in the presence of Pemberton, and the people did eat rats, mule meat, and hard tack.

And the Lord granted unto Grant success, and the brave Illinois blew up the forts, and on the 4th of July, 1863, the city was surrendered to Grant, with thirty-three thousand prisoners and forty-four thousand stand of arms, and cotton bales not a few.

And Butler took New Orleans, and Farragut took the coast, and the abolitionists took Europe and the rest of the world. Selah!

And Jefferson was sorely troubled, and his wives and his concubines wept. And Jefferson called his astrologers and sooth sayers, and said unto them,

Call your father Beelzebub, that he may deliver us out of the hands of Abraham that we perish not; and they called upon their father, and he answered and said, here am I.

And they said unto Beelzebub, Jefferson, thy High Priest, calleth for thee, being sorely oppressed by Abraham.

Then Beelzebub, King of Tartarus, called for his bat wings, and screwed on his long tail, and Judas, and Arnold, and Burr, put on his long horns, and the Devil took his flight from hell to the land of Dixie.

And answered and said unto Jefferson, his wives and his concubines, Servants of my kingdom, you are beloved above all thy fellows. Because you have kept the people of the South in ignorance, and taught thy children to sell their daughters to concubinage, and their sons for field hands.

Moreover, because you have discarded the American Eagle, emblem of liberty, and did adopt the rattlesnake as thy ensign of nationality, the companion of the copperhead.

The beloved form of the serpent that I assumed when I entered the garden of Eden and deceived mother Eve, and brought sin and death into the world, and peopled my kingdom; therefore ye are beloved above all my servants.

And I will call upon my vicegerent, Vallandigham, the leader of the Copperheads, the companion of the rattlesnakes;

And put it into his heart to croak peace, when there is no peace. Moreover, I will call the copperheads in convention in Springfield, Illinois, and make them resolve that a further offensive prosecution of the war is unconstitutional, subversive of the government, and tends to disunion and anarchy.

And I will cause the copperheads, the companions of rattlesnakes, to hiss and shout with a loud voice, Hurrah for Vallandigham.

Moreover, my servant Jefferson, in whom my heart delighteth, I will call all the copperheads in a national convention at Chicago, and make them resolve that the experiment of four years war against thee and thy people is a failure; and that they are for immediate cessation of hostilities and for my servant Pendleton. And I will seduce George B. McClellan to accept the nomination of thy friends at Chicago.

Furthermore, I will send the witch of Endor to my kingdom, and call my chief rulers, Judas Iscariot, Aaron Burr, and Benedict Arnold, bone and flesh of thy flesh.

And raise an exceeding great army in the North, and we will fight Abe in the rear; and I, Beelzebub, King of Tartarus, will command the army of the North, and thou, my servant, shall command the army of the South.

And I will give thee the land of Dixie for thy possession forever, for a land of bondage. Moreover, I will make thee ruler of half my kingdom, Hell, and we will deceive the people.

And Jefferson took courage and rejoiced.

And Vallandigham ceased not night and day, crying with a loud voice, Peace, Peace—brothers of the North, compromise with your Southern brothers; and he deceived the people.

And when these unclean spirits come out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the beast, and out of the false prophet, they assumed unto themselves forms like men; and assumed the form of the *State Register*, the *Day Book*, and the Chicago *Times*. And Burr took the form of Pendleton, and Benedict Arnold that of Fernando Wood.

And those unclean spirits kissed Abraham, and said, Father Abraham we are loyal and for the Union: and they deceived the Puritans and raised an exceeding great army of Copperheads at the North. And the Copperheads did fight the army of the Lord in the rear, and Jefferson did fight the army of the Lord in front.

And sorely oppressed the army of Abraham, until there was slain of the Union army two hundred and forty and six thousand.

And Abraham was troubled, and covered himself with ashes, and prayed to God.

And the Lord answered Abraham, and said, Fear not, Abraham, for thou art Honest Old Abe. I will call my servants, the Johns, wheel-horses of Democracy: John Dougherty, John A. Logan, John A. McClernand, and one Bob Ingersoll, and Isham N. Haynie, and Stephen G. Hicks, to undeceive my people.

The Johns, ministers of God, raised the cloak from the *Day Book*, and the Chicago *Times* and *State Register*, which was Judas Iscariot.

Behold there was concealed a mass of political corruption and treason, and copperheads with forked tongues, and a stink of carrion rose from the presses, and the people held their noses, and the Johns cried with a loud voice, Come and see.

Bob Ingersoll raised the curtain from off Pendleton, which is Burr, and behold on his brain was two negro babies, his breast was iron, his thighs and legs clay, his feet were cloven, and his toes were copperheads.

And Robert cried with a loud voice, Come and see. And the people cried with a loud voice, Away with such men from the earth; Crucify them! crucify them!

And the Johns raised the covering from Fernando Wood, which is Benedict Arnold, and he had ten heads, which were copperheads; his conscience was seared as with a hot iron, and he was given up to reprobacy of mind and hardness of heart that he might believe a lie, that he might be damned, because he held the truth in unrighteousness.

His face was also brass, and his hydra-heads had forked tongues like unto serpents. On each head he had a horn that was called dilemma, and around each horn was wound a huge rattlesnake, and on the top a flag with stars and bars.

And the Johns and Bobs spake unto the people with a loud voice, saying, Come and see!

And the people answered and said, It is revealed in the Scriptures that the seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head; and they stamped the Copperheads with their heels.

And the army of the Lord in the South thrust through and through the rattlesnake of Dixie, and the sneak peace serpent died suddenly without remedy.

And the remnant of the army of the Lord rejoiced, saying, It is finished; it is finished. Since Judas, Arnold, and Burr, and Vallandigham and Pendleton are laid low, no fellow is come up in the rear against us.

And the soldiers did spit upon the dead carcasses of the Copperheads of the North, and bruised the heads of the rattlesnakes in the South, and rested from their hard fighting. And they took unto themselves wives of the daughters of Abraham, and made and preserved the Union.

And the Lord blessed Abraham and cursed Vallandigham, and put a mark on him that he should deceive the nation no more for a thousand years. After that he will be loosed for a little season.

Moreover, the Lord said unto Abraham, I have driven the Rebels into their last ditch at Richmond and Charleston.

And I will give unto Grant power to fight the battles of the Lord, and Richmond and Charleston shall surely fall, and great will be the fall thereof. And Abraham, God's chosen one, shall again rule over the people.

Then shall this nation beat their swords into plough-shares and their spears into pruning-hooks, and know infernal war no more for ever and ever.

HOW VICKSBURG WAS TAKEN.

INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF GRANT'S PLAN AND SHERMAN'S PROTEST.

[*Springfield Correspondent of the Chicago Republican.*]

In the Republican, of June 3, was published an editorial article with extract headed "A Scrap of History," and which gives an account of General Sherman's written protest against General Grant's circuitous march around Vicksburg, and by which he cut himself off from his base of supplies; describes how General Sherman directed that the protest be forwarded to Washington; how General Grant never did so forward it; but afterwards when Vicksburg was about to surrenderd, tore it up in General Sherman's presence, much to the satisfaction of the latter.

I have no doubt of the truth of the story, as it perfectly tallies with an account which I have often heard related by parties who were present) of the way in which General Grant is said to have come to the determination of making the extraordinary and novel military movement by which he captured Vicksburg, and which movement was evidently entirely one of his own invention, and greatly adds to the military genius of the man. The people have not (probably because of General Grant's native modesty) been heretofore willing to give him credit for originality of mind, or for that military genius (which is the highest form of mental power) and which conceives as well as executes. In fact I have heard officers and soldiers assert that to Gen. Sherman alone was due the credit of planning the entire campaign, which resulted in the capture of Vicksburg; when the truth is that campaign was the conception of General Grant himself. And more than this, the most brilliant movement of it was undertaken contrary to the advice of General Sherman, and in the teeth of his written protest. To General Grant, then, must be accorded the praise of having not only conceived it, but also of having by his indomitable pluck, self-reliance and dogged obstinacy (the latter trait rising to heroism in the case,) carried this great movement to a successful termination, in spite of the opposition of General Sherman, in whose judgment and military talent he reposed such great confidence.

The account of the manner by which General Grant was led to make the great movement which resulted in the capture of Vicksburg is as follows: On the 1st of April, 1863, Generals Grant, Sherman, Ogelsby, Secretary of State O. M. Hatch, of this State, Auditor Jesse K. Dubois, United States Marshal D. L. Phillips, Congressman Mitchel, of the Fort Wayne District, Indiana; Commodore Porter and various other naval officers were on the flagship of Commodore Porters squadron (the Black Hawk, I think.) They had been up the Yazoo river to Haines Bluff on a reconnoissance of the fortifications, and were returning. The party were seated in the cabin of the flagship, and an animated discussion was going forward between General Sherman, Hon. Jesse K. Dubois, and Hon D. L. Phillips, all good talkers, and loving to talk, too. The topic was the question of slavery, the effect of the war upon it, &c. General Sherman contended that slavery had nothing to do with the war, and should not be made to enter into it; that the Southerners where high toned gentlemen; that he had no objections to slavery *per se*; that the war would last fifteen years, and that the South could only be made to succumb after they had been virtually all but exterminated; also that it was a war between the Puritans and cavaliers. Messrs, Dubois and Phillips, specially the former, stoutly combatted these ideas. Mr. Dubois contended that slavery was the cause of the war, and that it must be removed before a permanent peace could be secured; also that, as regarded the duration of it, if those in charge of it would only do their duty it could be closed up in a short time; that the people of the North had given them men and money in almost unlimited numbers and amounts, that the results was in their hands, with every appliance to a successful termination. Mr. Phillips then took up the conversation with General Sherman on the subject of slavery, and General Grant, who had remained a silent listener during the other discussion, with the inevitable cigar between his lips, withdrew from the cabin to the deck, and Mr Dubois followed him. The General had not beckoned the Auditor from the room, but both appeared to be drawn together by one of those mental attractions for which there is no accounting. Upon deck a conversation ensued between the two, the utterance of which was as follows:

General Grant—Uncle Jesse, to tell you the truth, I have come to my wit's ends as regards the capture of Vicksburg. I do not really know what next move to make. I have tried everything I could think of, and here we are yet. I have been advised that we go back to Memphis and commence an overland march from that point.

Mr. Dubois—General Grant, you cannot do that. If you take this army back to Memphis, with all this army of gunboats and transports and all your material of war, the effect will be disastrous on the country. This infernal constitution in our State was only defeated by super human exertions. Another election is almost upon us, and the whole Northwest is on the verge of revolution. If you go back you strengthen the hands of the traitors and K. G. C.'s at home, they will call your movement a retreat, and more loudly than ever assert that the South cannot be conquered. If you can do no better, you must storm Vicksburg. If it costs the lives of forty thousand men it must be taken. It is a terrible thing to think of but it must be done.

General Grant replied that he would reflect upon the matter during the night and let Mr. Dubois know of his determination in the morning. When the morning came, General Grant met Mr. Dubois with a cheerful countenance and the following conversation took place:

General Grant—Uncle Jesse, you are going home to-day; tell Governor Yates and the people of Illinois for me that I will take Vicksburg in sixty days.

Mr. Dubois—General Grant, I am glad to hear you say this; but all I ask you to allow me to tell them is that you will take Vicksburg, I don't care whether in sixty days or six months.

General Grant—I am bound to take it. I have decided on my plans. I will not tell you what they are. Even with the best intentions you might disclose them to the detriment of the movement.

They then parted, and Gen. Grant detailed his plan to Gen. Sherman, who protested in writing, as detailed in the article, but placed himself himself under the General's orders.

Auditor Dubois went home and told Gov. Yates that Grant would take Vicksburg; that he had no doubt of it; that Gen. Grant told him to tell him so, and that he must tell it to the people as coming from Gen. Grant. It will be remembered that the promise of Gen. Grant was published in the papers at the time, and that Governor Yates repeated it from the stump.

General Grant's next move was to send for General John A. McClernand, and ordered him to march his corps from Milliken's Bend to Grand Gulf. General McClernand proposed some changes in the details of the plan; but General Grant cut him short by saying that he had digested and arranged the entire details for the movement, and only required him, General McClernand to execute his orders. General McClernand then said he would do that to the best of his ability, and departed on his expedition.

And here it may be well to add, that at this time strenuous efforts were being made at Washington for the removal of General Grant. Not only West Point was arrayed against him, but republican members of Congress, some of them from this State, went to Mr. Lincoln and urged his removal, taking back their former endorsements of him. Leading republican papers in this State loudly denounced him, and clamored for his suppersedure. At this time a leading republican and retired office holder from this State, who had been down the river buying cotton, wrote a letter to Mr. Lincoln denouncing General Grant, predicting his failure and urging the appointment of General Pope to his command.

He brought the letter to Hon O. M. Hatch, then Secretary of State, and one of Mr. Lincoln's most intimate friends, and asked him to direct it, but did not show him its contents. He represented to Mr. Hatch that Mr. Nicolay, who had been Mr. Hatch's deputy clerk, seeing the handwriting, would hand it to Mr. Lincoln. Hearing of the occurrence and suspecting a trick, Mr Dubois made Mr. Hatch write a letter to the President, which both signed, and which urged him to do nothing against Gen. Grant—that they had been down the river, and so far as they had anything to say in the matter, they were perfectly satisfied with him.

Subsequently to the capture of Vicksburg Mr. Dubois was in Washington, to obtain a sick furlough for his son, who had been at the siege and was then in a Memphis hospital. Mr. Lincoln himself went to the War office, with Mr Dubois to obtain the furlough. Returning from the office, and while Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Dubois and Mr. D. L. Phillips were standing at the railing which separates the War Office grounds from those of the White House, the following conversation, in substance, took place:

Mr Dubois—Mr. President, I do not like General Grant's paroling those prisoners at Vicksburg. We had better feed than fight them.

Mr. Lincoln, straightening himself up to his full height, and his countenance beaming with that peculiar smile which indicated that he was highly pleased: "Dubois, General Grant has done so well, and we are all so pleased at the taking of Vicksburg, let us not quarrel with him about that matter." He also added, "Dubois," placing his foot upon the base of the railing, and taking a less erect posture, "do you know that at one time, I stood solitary and alone here in favor of General Grant? Even —— (meaning a member of Congress from Northern Illinois,) came and told me that he Grant was not worth a ——, and that I would have to remove him. But I remembered that you and Hatch and others had been down there about the first of April, and had not said a word to me on the subject."

THE TURKISH WOMEN.—It is a mistake to imagine that the natives of the Turkish empire are wholly excluded from any friendly intercourse with the women of these countries—a tale which has gained credence and been perseveringly maintained by travellers, few of whom have ever had an opportunity of testing the truth of the report by personal experience.

Amongst the higher classes of the Greek persuasion in particular, every freedom exists in doors; young ladies not only show themselves, but, after serving the guest with coffee and sweetmeats, they will seat themselves on the edge of the divan, and soon manage to join in the conversation. This state of freedom exists to a greater or less degree till the young girl is betrothed; then it is not considered decorous that she should be present whenever her intended bridegroom visits the house, neither should she hear his name mentioned. Even amongst Turks, and more especially in the villages and smaller towns of Syria, the young Mahommedan sees and converses with the future object of his love until she attains her eleventh or twelfth year; she is then excluded from the society of men; but womanhood has already begun to develope itself in the girl of ten or eleven years old in these climates, where they are often wives and mothers at thirteen. Hence love exists between the young couple before the destined bridegroom urges his mother to make the requisite proposals of marriage. He loses sight of his lady love as soon as she enters upon womanhood, though he may, by means of a third party, catch an occasional glimpse of her features as she passes to and fro, strictly guarded by matrons and old duennas; but not a single word or one bewitching kiss can the despairing lover hope for until she is brought home to his house, his lawful consort and partner for life; then, and not till then, commences the great seclusion of the ladies of the Turkish harem. Even this feeling, in country places and villages, though the newly-married bride may be strictly guarded for a year or two, eventually wears off, and the women mix in the every-day occupations of the field or in the garden, unveiled and undistinguishable from their Christian neighbors.—*The Thistle and the Cedar of Lebanon.*

MANNERS IN THE MIDDLE AGES.—Rude were the manners then: man and wife ate off the same trencher; a few wooden-handled knives, with blades of rugged iron, were a luxury for the great. Candles were unknown; a servant girl held a torch at supper: one, or at most two mugs of coarse, brown earthenware formed all the drinking apparatus in a house. Rich gentlemen wore clothes of unlined leather. Ordinary persons never scarcely touched fresh meat. Noble mansions drank little or no wine in summer, —a little corn seemed wealth. Women had trivial marriage portions,—even ladies dressed extremely plain. The chief part of a family's expense was what the males spent in arms and horses, none of which, however, were either very good or very showy; and grandees had to lay out money on their lofty towers. In Dante's comparatively polished times, ladies began to paint their cheeks, by way of finery, going to the theatre; and to use less assiduity in spinning and plying their distaff. —*History of the Order of St. John.*

THE THISTLE.—Some years ago, a Scotch emigrant to Van Dieman's Land carried with him to that distant colony a package of thistle-seed. The thistle, our readers are aware, is the national emblem of Scotland, as the rose is of England, and the shamrock of Ireland; and when the honest Caledonian and his friends saw this familiar flower of their native land blooming around their new homes, they almost wept for joy over the recollection it brought to their hearts of their father-land. "The seed," says a colonist, "was liberally supplied to friends far and near, and soon the down was seen soaring over the hills of Tasmania, bearing the seed in its flight, and the thistle was no longer a stranger in this our adopted country. But, mark the result! The thistle soon manifested himself an usurper, and took possession of the soil to the exclusion of the native grasses and herbs. In a few years the colonists began to take the alarm. Large paddocks were over-grown with the pernicious weed, and not only was the pasture land destroyed, but, in some cases, the land became inaccessible to man or beast, and in Autumn the seeds mount in the air, looking like snow, and I have seen the grass perfectly white with the down. The mischief is