

The Potter Journal.

Devoted to the Principles of True Democracy, and the Dissemination of Morality, Literature and News.

VOLUME XVII.—NUMBER 9.

COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., TUESDAY JUNE 12, 1866.

TERMS.—\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

THE POTTER JOURNAL,

PUBLISHED BY
W. W. McALPNEY, Proprietor.

Devoted to the cause of Republicanism, the interests of Agriculture, the advancement of Education, and the best good of Potter county. Owning no guide except that of Principle, it will endeavor to aid in the work of more fully Freedoming our Country.

Advertisements inserted at the following rates, except where special bargains are made. A square is 10 lines of Breveler or 8 of Nonpareil types.
1 square, 2 or 3 insertions.....\$1.50
Each subsequent insertion less 10 cents.....20
1 square, 1 year.....10.00
Business Cards, 1 year.....5.00
Advertisements of Executors, Administrators, Attorneys and Editors of Newspapers per line.....20
All transient advertisements must be paid in advance, and no notice will be taken of advertisements sent at a distance, unless they are accompanied by the money or satisfactory reference.
Job Work, of all kinds, executed with neatness and despatch.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Robt. Hawley. H. H. Cummin.

Attorneys-at-Law.
WILLIAMSPORT, Penna. Special attention given to the collection of accounts, Bounties and Back Pay, and all claims against the National and State Governments. nov21tf

Free and Accepted Ancient York Masons
EULALIA LODGE, No. 242, F. A. M. Stated Meetings on the 2d and 4th Wednesday of each month. Hall, in the 3d story of the Otwell Block. J. C. LAWRENCE, Secy. WM. SHERR, W. M.

O. T. ELLISON, M. D.
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN. Coudersport, Pa. Respectfully informs the citizens of the village and vicinity that he will promptly respond to all calls for professional services. Office on First street, first door west of his residence. 11-40

JOHN S. MANN,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
Coudersport, Pa., will attend the several Courts in Potter, Cameron and McKean counties. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. Office on Main street, in residence.

ARTHUR G. OLNEY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care promptly and efficiently. Office in the second story of the Otwell Block.

ISAAC BENSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to him with care and promptness. Attend Courts of adjoining counties. Office on Second street, near the Alleyway.

F. W. KNOX,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
Coudersport, Pa., will attend the Courts in Potter and the adjoining counties.

MILLER & McALPNEY,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Harrisburg, Penna.—Agents for the Collection of Claims against the United States and State Governments, such as Bounties, Arrears of Pay, &c.—Address Box 89, Harrisburg, Pa. W. H. MILLER, J. C. McALPNEY.

M. W. McALPNEY,
REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENT.
Land Bought and Sold, Taxes paid, Titles Investigated. Insures property against fire in the best companies in the country, and persons against accidents in the Travelers' and Commercial Companies. Hartford. Business transacted promptly. 11-29

F. A. STEBBINS & Co.,
MERCHANTS—Dealers in Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Flour, Feed, Pork, and everything usually kept in a good country store. Produce bought and sold. 11-29

C. H. SIMMONS,
MERCHANT—WELLSVILLE, N. Y. Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Flour, Feed, Pork, and everything usually kept in a good country store. Produce bought and sold. 11-29

C. S. & F. A. JONES,
MERCHANTS—Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Fancy Articles, Stationery, Dry Goods, Groceries, &c., Main Street, Coudersport, Pa.

D. E. OLNEY,
MERCHANT—Dealer in Dry Goods, Ready-made Clothing, Crockery, Groceries, Flour, Feed, Pork, Provisions, &c., Main Street, Coudersport, Pa.

COLLINS SMITH,
MERCHANT—Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Hardware, Groceries, Cutlery, and all goods usually found in a country store. '66

H. J. OLNEY,
HARDWARE Merchant, and Dealer in Stores, Tin and Sheet Iron Ware, Main Street, Coudersport, Penna. Tin and Sheet Iron Ware made to order, in good style, on short notice.

COUDERSPORT HOTEL,
D. F. GLASSMIRE, Proprietor, Corner of Main and Second streets, Coudersport, Potter County, Pa. Livery and Boarding. Good table and fine accommodations. Daily stages to and from the Railroads.

Potter Journal Job-Office.
HAVING lately added a fine new assortment of JOB-TYPE to our already large assortment, we are now prepared to do all kinds of work, cheaply and with taste and neatness. Orders solicited.

LYMAN HOUSE,
Lewisville, Potter county, Pennsylvania.
BURTON LEWIS, Proprietor. Having taken this excellent Hotel, the proprietor wishes to make the acquaintance of those who are desirous of good and comfortable accommodations, and of giving satisfaction to all who may call on him.—Feb. 12, 66

MARBLE WORK
Monuments and Tomb-Stones
of all kinds, will be furnished on reasonable terms and short notice by
C. Brennan,
Coudersport, Pa., on the Sunninghill Road, or leave your orders at the Post Office. '66

DAN BAKER,
Pensions, BOUNTY and WAR CLAIM AGENCY
Pensions procured for Soldiers of the present War who are disabled by reason of wounds received or disease contracted while in the service of the United States; and pensions, bounties, and arrears of pay obtained for widows or heirs of those who have died or been killed while in service. All letters of inquiry promptly answered, and on receipt by mail of a statement of the case of claimant, I will forward the necessary papers for their signature. Fees in Pension cases as fixed by law. Refers to Hon. Isaac Benson, A. G. Olney, John S. Mann, and F. W. Knox, Esq. June 6th
Claim Agent, Coudersport, Pa.

\$1.500 Per Year! We want agents everywhere to sell our improved Sewing Machines. Three new kinds. Under and upper feed. Sewing Machine. The only machine sold in the United States for less than \$1, which are fully licensed by Howe, Wheeler & Wilson, Grover & Baker, Singer & Co., & Wheeler. All other cheap machines are infringements and the seller or user is liable to arrest, fine, and imprisonment. Circulars free. Address, or call upon Shaw & Clark, Broadfield, Maine, or Chicago, Ill. Dec. 26, 1865. 16wly.

Something New and Novel for Agents.
Potters, Country Stores, Druggists, and all seeking an honorable and profitable business. Price by mail for 50 cts.; wholesale \$9 per doz. Circulars mailed for 25 cts. per day profit. A. H. HORTON, N. Y. my21-1m] Manufacturers, 156 Water St., N. Y.

Johnson's Advice Followed.

The law passed by the Tennessee Legislature, is carrying out the advice given by Andrew Johnson before leaving that State for Washington. Gov. Brownlow condenses the whole story in the following little speech made just after the passage of the franchise law:

"But a short time since I was visited by a Tennessee officer in an Arkansas Rebel regiment who told me that the Rebels had no right to complain of the franchise; but that he submitted cheerfully, and it was within his personal knowledge that if the Confederates had achieved their independence it was their purpose to disfranchise every Union man in the South. It is idle to talk about the net disfranchising Rebels being a Radical measure, inaugurated by Sumner and Stevens at Washington. It is the time-honored doctrine and practice of the fathers of the Revolution, who, at the close of that eventful struggle, disfranchised the Tories of that day, who answer to the Rebels of our day. [Loud cheering.] My recollection of the history of those times is, that both signed bills disfranchising Tories. The same was done, if I mistake not, by the Legislatures of Virginia and North Carolina, and even South Carolina.

"Upon this platform, however, for the first time since the Rebellion was begun, we have all got together—Radicals, Conservatives, Copperheads, weak-kneed Union men, and Rebels. We radicals are all for the franchise law; the other classes named are all for Johnson. It is not to be presumed that any would be for Johnson who are not for his doctrine, and we know that he inaugurated the doctrine in Tennessee of disfranchising Rebels. Among his last utterances before he left here, some thirteen months ago, he declared that, if there were but 5,000 loyal men in Tennessee, they should control the State; and all the time that this measure has been pending, he has been represented by those who have had frequent interviews with him, as wanting the Legislature to hurry up the franchise law. We are, therefore upon this platform, and hope to present not only 5,000, but ten times 5,000 loyal men to govern the State.

"Let us then, one and all, keep our stand upon the President's platform of governing the States with loyal men, making treason odious, and punishing traitors. Upon this platform I took my stand long since, and here I will stand, and upon this I intend to fight it out, not only all Summer, but if it takes the remainder of my natural life. In this I am encouraged, knowing that all good and true men at home stand by me, and all good and true men abroad, including the most talented, patriotic, and loyal Congress which ever assembled in Washington."

The First Baby.

A correspondent at Preston Hollow, a fond parent, thus "goes on":

"By the Rev. Mr. N. A. to Miss P., only daughter, etc. No cards."

Why didn't it say "no baby?" I have one of those interesting "animules" at my house. It came when it rained, dark as pitch, and my umbrella at the office. The doctor lived five miles due west and the nurse six miles due east, and when I got home the milk-man was at the door.

It is a funny little chip, that baby; Solferino color, and the length of a Bologna sausage. Cross? I guess not! Um, um. It commenced chasing me down the pathway of life just when music, linen and white flannel were the highest they have been since Adam built a house for Mrs. Eve's chickens. Doctors charged \$2 a squint and \$1 a grunt.

A poor little thing is that baby; a speck of a nose like a wart; head bald as a squash, and no place to hitch a waterfall; a mouth just suited to "couge gum game" and chew milk. I have bumped it, stuffed my fut cap down its throat, given it the smoothing iron to play with, but the little red lump that looks as if it couldn't hold blood enough to keep a mosquito from fainting, persists in yelling like thunder! It shows a great desire to swallow its fists; and the other day they dropped down its throat; all that prevented their going through was the crook in its elbows. It stopped its music, and I was happy one and a half minutes.

It is a pleasure to have a baby in the house—one of the stomach-ache kind. Think of the pleasures of a father, *enlishable*, troubling in the midnight hour, with his warm feet upon a square yard of oil cloth, dropping paregoric in a tea spoon by moonlight; somebody thumping on the door; wife of your bosom shouting "hurry!" and the child screaming and yelling until the plaster drops from the ceiling. It is a nice time to think of dress coats, pants, ties and white kids! Shades of departed cocktails, what comfort! What a picture for an

artist in plaster of paris! It's ma says the darling is troubled with wind on its stomach; it beats all the instruments you ever heard! I have a cradle with a miraculous soothing syrup bottle on the dash-board.

Its mother says only wait till it gets bleached (it's been vaccinated,) and old enough to crawl about and feed on pus. Yes, I am going to wait. Won't it be delightful? "John, run for the doctor. Sis has fallen into the slop-pail, and is choking with a potato-skin;" "sis has fallen down stairs;" "sis has swallowed the tack-hammer;" shows signs of the mumps, measles, croup, colic or some other infernal thing, to let the doctor take all the money laid by for my winter's corn-beef.

And all this comes of my shampooing and curling my hair, wearing nice clothes looking handsome, going a courting and making my wife fall in love and marry me.

A TOUCHING STORY.

Senator Nye, of Nevada, in his speech last week, drew the following touching picture:

"Three weeks ago I went over to Arlington Heights. I counted there a great many graves, and they told me there were fourteen thousand dead soldiers reposing upon the Heights of Arlington. Early in May, 1861, I stood upon those heights and there was not a grave there. The inquiry naturally arose in my mind, why are so many here now? I found a quick and ready answer in a recurrence to the terrible revolution of the last four years. There lie mingled the remains of Rebels and the remains of Union men. I noticed not unfrequently as I passed along, the inscription "unknown" on the head board of the Union soldier. Sir, in behalf of that unknown soldier I require prudence at the hands of this Congress. There I got the inspiration, if I may use the expression, of extreme caution. I stand here the advocate of that unknown soldier and in his name and by his memory I demand of the Congress of the United States that they shall tread cautiously in this great work of binding up the wounds of the country. In the name of all the dead I demand it. In the name of mourning millions I require at the hands of everybody who is engaged in this work to see to it that it is done in such a way as to render a recurrence of this terrible rebellion impossible. Stain not again the fair fields of this country with loyal blood; rear no more hecatombs of loyal bones; but stand here in this breach made by them as the Romans stood, firm and determined, that what you do shall be well done, and that it shall not require doing again. If all these recollections are not enough, in the name of the martyred Lincoln I demand prudence at the hands of the American Government. If that is not enough, I demand it in the name of the mingled living.

"My friend from Wisconsin will pardon me, having great faith as he says, in the final result, if I call his attention to another view. Sir, beyond the grave we shall meet an army of three hundred thousand dead, who will never again answer to roll call on earth, but in the day of judgment they will be there. In their name and by their memory, by the immortal death they died and lives they lived, I demand the Congress and every department of this Government shall tread cautiously in this great work of reconstruction. Sir, my mind is made up. Encounter whatever opposition it may, from whatever source, I will be prudent. By all the sacred recollections of the past, I demand caution. By all that is garnered up in the rich treasure-house of the future, I demand caution. In the name of liberty and freedom itself and its perpetuation I demand caution at every step you take. Rush not madly on to any policy. See where your strength lies, and follow that. See where the right lies, no matter whose policy it may be, and follow it though the heavens fall.

"Sir, I entertain no fears for the future of this country. It is written by the finger of Omnipotence himself that this nation is to be the freest, noblest, happiest nation of the earth. Through whatever tribulations we may have to go, I see through the mists and the fogs of the present its coming glory in the future. This continent is destined and dedicated to the abode of a happy and free people. If our sufferings have not been sufficient to bring us to the true consideration of what is demanded at our hands, it may be that we shall be called upon to wade through still deeper afflictions; but, sir, the spirit of this people will rise with the demand. It will carry on to perfection the great work commenced by our fathers here of making this the abode of the free and the home of the oppressed of every race and clime.

Some people maintain that a lawyer's position is doubly perilous, because he has often other people's "deeds" to account for as well as his own.

SPIRITS OF A GRAMMARIAN.—The best anecdote of spiritualism we have heard for some time is the following which occurred at a seance of Davenport brothers in London: A gentleman was asked if he would like to call a spirit.

"I should," the gentleman replied. "Whose?" asked the medium. "Lindley Murray's!" Lindley Murray's ghost appeared erect right through the table. The gentleman shuddered. All trembled. The medium was visibly affected.

"Are you the spirit of Lindley Murray?" asked the gentleman, astonished at his own courage in thus addressing a visitant of the lower world. "Yes I am!" boldly responded Lindley Murray's ghost.

DEMOCRACY IN ILLINOIS.

The Chicago Times announces that the Democratic State Central Committee have decided not to hold a "Democratic" State Convention, and not to run a "Democratic" ticket in that State. The "Democratic" party was run too far into the ground at the last election to emerge as a live organization so soon. But it is to reappear as a ghost, which will be, in the opinion of the committee, much more appropriate. The Times says it is resolved to hold "a State Convention, to be composed of delegates who deprecate the disunion schemes of the Radical faction of the Republican party, and who desire to support, in the most efficient manner the patriotic policy of the President on the question of the speedy restoration of the Union."

We suppose the new concern may properly be called the Illinois "deprecatory party." At any rate, there is a clear abandonment of the Democratic name and party organization, and an attempt to start a new organization, with delegates, elected by anybody and everybody who can be coaxed in, who are to "deprecate the disunion schemes of the Radical faction," etc.

BOILED DOWN.

The Chicago Tribune has read the copperhead platform of Indiana, and condenses it as follows:

1. Secession played out. Hence the rebels are as good as ever.
2. Andrew Johnson's our man.
3. Congress should be cleaned out.
4. We're against the tariff.
5. Let Government tax its own debt, by way of helping it to borrow.
6. We won't pay our rebel debt.
7. Let the soldiers vote our ticket and we'll give him higher bounties for voting than he ever got for fighting.
8. If Republicans desert to our camp we'll share our mess with them—such as it is.
9. If a nigger votes the country's gone up.
10. Nigger keep out of Indiana.
11. Rebels, traitors, Sons of Liberty and horse thieves welcome.
12. Eight hours is a days work.
13. Let every man do as he pleases.
14. Except that none but Democrats must steal.
15. Liquor all around and let the temperance men dry up.
16. Our old Hen, in the Senate and three chickens in the House, were the best cukes in the pit. But Voorhees is a dead pullet.
17. All debts due to black men must be paid to white men, on the principle that a negro can't own property, and never could.

A farmer objected to the eight hour clause, but finding it was put in for gammon and that by hiring his men to do a day and a half's work in a day he could get twelve hours work instead of ten, he succumbed.

CALIFORNIA.—Colonel Forney, Secretary of the Senate, has received from Hon. Fredrick E. Lowe, Governor of California, a lithographic copy of the resolution of the Legislature of that State ratifying the amendment to the Constitution of the United States abolishing slavery, together with a fac simile of the signatures of the officers, and also of the members who voted on the proposition. At the head of this beautiful memorial, emblematical of triumphant freedom, two female figures stand one on each of the open and amended Constitution of the United States. The Genius of Liberty on the left, holds in one hand a broken fetter, while with the other she extends the olive branch of peace over the open volume. On the right is another female representing Peace, holding the sun in one hand and the sickle in the other, and surrounded with the various symbols of industry, the arts and sciences. The American eagle, clasping the wreath of victory in its beak and the outspread flag in its talons, surmounts the group. It is altogether a fine specimen of the ingenuity and skill of the California engravers, and happily figurative of the great legislative act it commemorates. It is to be framed and hung up in the office of the Secretary of the Senate.—Press.

The Mexican General Santa Anna arrived in this country, the other day.

OUR AMERICAN GIRLS.

They are girls from the very first—never children. They have their little "beaux" at seven years old, and carry on miniature flirtations before they get into Algebra and long dresses. Pretty, but pale; fair and fragile, they are just what you would imagine might be fashioned out of a diet of late hours, ice cream, polkas, and poisonous confectios. And then just when they should be in the perfect, peerless bloom of maidenhood, fresher than roses, there is a breakdown of health and life, and spirits. The family physician is consulted, gymnastics, riding schools, Saratoga, sulphur springs are recommended. As if all the medicines in creation should build up health on a foundation of nothing at all!

Now this is all wrong—radically and intrinsically wrong. In this lovely climate of ours, with bracing air, clear sky and health inspiring breezes, there is no earthly reason why our girls should not be models of strength and health to the whole world. The only thing is to avoid that false start in life that is given by weak minded mothers and fashionable friends. Never mind their complexions. Send them out to play in the sunshine and wind, with dresses cut so short they can draw a long breath once in awhile, and shoes that are dew proof and water proof. Never reproach them for too much life and mirthfulness; let them romp to their hearts content. Blessed be the modern style of open air exercise for our young ladies. It is fashionable to ride on horseback now. Long walks in thick calf-skin shoes are "the style." Nor is it considered at all derogatory to row a pair of oars or manage a revolver.

This is just as it should be. There is nothing like heaven's sunshine and heaven's free wind for bringing back the lost roses to a girl's cheek. The fashionable game of croquet, now being inaugurated on every lawn where there is room to plant the "arches," will be a dangerous thing for the doctors. It has been a popular amusement in England for some time, and we are glad to see it obtaining ground among the pale checked belles of New York and Philadelphia. An hour or two in the open air every afternoon will go far toward neutralizing midnight soirees, endless piano practionings, and intolerable tight lacing.

Garrick and the Dog.

A story is narrated of David Garrick, the great actor when playing the mad scene in the tragedy of Lear. In the days of Garrick wigs were worn by every body, and a portly butcher, owing one of these hirsute appendages, and a very large mastiff, had managed to squeeze into the theatre with both, and to get a front seat in the pit, close to the box of the orchestra; the theatre was crammed to the ceiling and the weather intensely hot, and the butcher was inconvenienced sadly by his wig of which he relieved his head but was for some time puzzled as to its further disposition. He, however, caught sight of Dog Tray, crouched close to the wall, and looking with savage benignity, whereupon he went the wig on the dog's head, who took it as kindly as if he had been a newly called barrister. While, however, the whole house was transfixed by the sublimity of Garrick's impersonation of the maniac king addressing imaginary beings, amid storm and darkness, on a wide and desolate heath, Tray suddenly rose on his legs, and unseen by his master, put his fore paws on the orchestra rail, and from beneath his wig surveyed Garrick with the utmost gravity. Garrick had just come to the passage as he caught the dog's eye, "I'll take a word with this same learned Theban. What is your study?" He managed to utter the sentences with due gravity but found it impossible to maintain it, and fascinated by the dog's steady gaze burst into a fit of laughter of the most uproarious character. The audience took this as a new reading, and the house rang with applause. The actors on the stage surveyed Garrick and each other with amazement, which was heightened by the prolongation of the peals of laughter and delirious pointing of the fingers toward the pit. At length they perceived the cause of the interruption, and all the performers joined in laughter, and in pointing to the butcher who sat with the utmost gravity, believing the whole of the pantomime to be part of the regular performance. After a time the whole house, except the butcher became aware of the matter, and a gentleman in their orchestra box, by way of putting an end to it, seized the wig, and threw it among the musicians, Tray bounded after it, and sending the musicians flying in all directions. To go on with the scene was but of the question, and the dropping of the curtain became absolutely necessary to the restoration of the order.

Why is a prudent man like a pin? Because his head prevents him from going to far. Neither false curls, false teeth, false calves, or even false eyes are as bad as false tongues.

DEATHS BY BATTLE AND BY DISEASE.

Tables reported to originate in the War Department, show some surprising results when compared with similar official returns of other armies, foreign and our own. In the Mexican war our losses in deaths from disease were, compared with the deaths in battle and from wounds, as about eight to one; in the Crimean war those of the French were as nearly seven to one those of the English as nearly four to one. In our war the deaths from disease were as to the deaths in battle and from wound a little over two to one.

These ratios are the best proofs we could have of the splendid efficiency of our army sanitary regulations, of the skill and faithfulness of the army medical corps, and of the thoroughness and great usefulness of our sanitary Commissions work.

It appears that we lost, in officers and men, killed and died of wounds, 96,099; and by disease, 184,321; or altogether 280,420, out of a total given in these tables at 2,154,311. In the Crimea, of nearly 94,000 English soldiers, 4,419 died by battle, and 16,298 died of disease at the seat of war, while nearly 13,000 more were sent home sick. Thus the English losses by disease were nearly four times those by battle. The French, whose sanitary regulations were much praised, were even worse. They lost 7,500 men by battle, 50,000 by disease—nearly seven times the number of casualties, instead of less than twice as with us; and 65,000 more were sent home to be discharged as invalids, a considerable portion of whom no doubt died of their diseases.

To show what good management, thorough sanitary regulations, and the efficient and organized work of the Sanitary Commission did for our soldiers in this war, we will compare further with the results of the Mexican war. In that war, according to government returns, only 1,548 men died in battle or of wounds, but 12,348 died of disease, and 12,252 were sent home sick. This was worse even than the Crimean returns. We see by these statistics what the country owes to the wise and noble men who, at the opening of the struggle, undertook to care for the health of the troops; who, in the service, and in the Sanitary Commission, labored unceasingly to spread sound sanitary information, to establish and enforce sanitary regulations, and who, with the help of the patriotic women of the land, gathered and expended nearly one hundred millions of dollars for supplementary supplies and relief.

If our losses by disease had been in the same proportion as those of the English in the Crimea 184,000 more men would have encumbered the death rolls; if they had been in the same proportion as the French in the same war, we should have mourned over 270,000 more deaths than actually occurred. And all these lives were saved by the excellence of the hospital service, the care and skill of the medical staff; and, not least, by the unremitting providence of the Sanitary Commission. Surely there is no more glorious passage in the record of the war than this of lives saved to the country and to their friends, by intelligent and humane care.

There are some other interesting facts shown in these tables. It seems that all the states except Georgia and South Carolina furnished troops for the Union armies. Of the loyal states New England lost the heaviest proportion of killed and wounded, nearly 45 per 1,000; the Western states next, nearly 37 per 1,000, the Middle States nearly 32 per 1,000 and the border states 25 per 1,000. Kansas heads the list of individual states—more than half the able-bodied men of that state entered the army, and 61 of every 1,000 of them were killed or died of wounds. Vermont stands next in the list—her losses in killed and those who died of wounds amounted to over 58 per 1,000; Massachusetts lost nearly 48 per 1,000; New Hampshire over 47; and Iowa, which furnished a larger proportion of her population to the army than any other state but Kansas lost 45 per 1,000 in killed and dead from wounds.

Iowa heads the mournful list of deaths from disease; her losses amounted to over 114 per 1,000, Vermont 91, Maine 85, Michigan 97, little Delaware but 17 per 1,000. New England lost, from disease, over 70 per 1,000, the Western States nearly 37, the Middle States nearly 32, and the Border States over 25 per 1,000.

It appears thus that both from battle and from disease New England sustained the heaviest losses; and those who cried out, for a while, that "Yankees" did not fight, are forever silenced by these sad tables.

The people of West Virginia, nearly all Southern-born, by a tremendous majority, indeed well nigh upon acclamation, decided to disfranchise the "Rebel" and Rebel sympathizers, and this notwithstanding the Copperheads loudly declared the radicals, who originated the disfranchising amendment, were all for negro suffrage. Let the people of Pennsylvania take a leaf from the experience of the rebe border Virginians.