The Louisiana Democrat.

ALEXANDRIA, LA.:

Wednesday.....May 9, 1866.

☞ The Rev. A. L. Hay is our authorized agent for the Northern and Western Parishes of the State.

☞ In 1860 Rapides raised 17,133 hhds of sugar, 23,090 barrels of Molasses, 43,815 bales of Cotton and 884,577 barrels of Corn. She paid the sum of $53,444,43 into the State Treasury as her portion of the taxes assessed for that year.

☞ The District Court met on Monday last.

☞ A Stringent ordinance has been passed by the Board of Councilmen against riding or driving on the levee in front of the town. Also compelling all persons, under heavy penalty, to cleanse their yards and premises. We hope every one will heed the timely notice of the authorities and act accordingly.

☞ Our mail facilities "so-called" are improving fast. We have to note the reception of complete files of Shreveport and Opelousas papers as late as the 20th of April last.

☞ See notice of Cotton Seed for Sale.

☞ The Merchants National Bank of Washington has failed.

☞ Mrs. Davis and her youngest child arrived at Fortress Monroe, on the 5th inst and were escorted into the Fortress by Lieut. Fessenden, U. S. A.

☞ The regular packet Louis D'or Cheney Johnson, Master, leaves our wharf this evening at 5 o'clock.

☞ D. D. Arden was elected Police Juror for the Alexandria Ward.

☞ Mail communication has at last been re-established between New Iberia and this place. This must be a bully line as it has taken just one year to get it in operation.

☞ It will be observed by reference to the election returns that Mr. James Madison Wells polled a large vote for the office of Coroner at the Pineville precinct. Our neighbors were doubtless impelled to bestow this mark of their confidence on his "Excellency" by the Scripture direction, "let the dead bury their dead." In this respect the "Governor" possesses peculiar qualifications, and we are convinced that nothing but some such urgent inducements could have led the people to withhold their support from our old friend Giles.

☞ The erratic clerk of the weather is still on that bender, and lavishing us with all sorts of showers, rains, winds, gusts etc. The River is reported falling, as far as heard from above and at this place is on a stand.

☞ The particular attention of merchants and others interested, is called to the notice of the U. S. Deputy Assessor for the 2d District of this State.

☞ We are requested to invite the old Cadets of the State Seminary of Learning, whose education was interrupted by the war, to meet at the Seminary on Wednesday, the 16th inst., for the purpose of forming a Society of Alumni.

☞ Our thanks are due for paper favors, the past week, to the Steamers Texas, Louis D'Or, Starlight and National.

☞ We publish the returns of the election, held on Monday, for Parochial officers as far as heard from. The votes will be counted at four o'clock this afternoon. We will publish the official table in an extra to-morrow morning. All passed off quietly and without the least disturbance from any source. There is some doubt, as yet, as regards the contest for Sheriff. At Hineston precinct the vote stood: for Andrews 16, Grogan 1, Connella 7, McCranie 9 and Johnson 8. At Burton's, McCranie 12, Andrews 5. At Wiley's, Andrews 4, Ledoux 4. At Lamourie, Andrews 5, Ledoux 10, Grogan 4, and Connella 5. At Mill Creek and the Prairie Ledoux received the entire vote of both precincts about 35 votes. The vote of Cheneyville is well divided between Ledoux, Connella and Grogan, Andrews only receiving one vote. We think the contest is between Andrews and McCranie.

Election Returns.

	Alexandria.	Pineville.	Cotile.	Bayou Rapides.
For Representative.				
Sanford	149	72	39	20
For District Attorney.				
Pierson	46	58	5	0
Lemee	49	12	1	0
Smith	64	3	35	20
For Sheriff.				
Grogan	52	16	0	1
Andrews	46	20	35	17
Ledoux	32	33	1	3
Connella	25	4	1	0
McCranie	14	00	4	0
Johnson	1	00	6	0
For Clerk.				
Hickman	112	49	35	7
Whittington	57	24	10	10
For Recorder.				
Crawford	100	52	1	0
Hayworth	25	2	6	21
Moore	20	3	0	0
Forbes	10	8	1	0
Myers	5	1	19	0
Richardson	4	4	18	0
For Assessor.				
Cavanaugh	167	73	44	21
For Coroner				
Woods	157	41	44	21
Wells	1	32	00	0

☞ While the bill, says the N. Y. News, for the reorganization of the army was under discussion in the House of Representatives yesterday, Schenck of Ohio, who glories in the titles of General—a title which he disgraced by his shameful incompetency and want of courage—spoke of General Lee as a "*doubly-perjured wretch*"!

Thomas Carlyle in a New Sphere—The Eloquence of Silence.

Mr. Thomas Carlyle at the age of seventy has been elected Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh; like all good Lord Rectors, Mr. Thomas Carlyle on his inauguration made a speech; and like everything that emanates from that remarkable man Mr. Thomas Carlyle's speech has created quite a sensation.

We know no more appropriate place for a man of letters to spend the evening of his days than within the classic walls of the literary institution where he first received his mental training. After a brilliant career as jurist, statesman, orater and *literateur* Lord Macaulay accepted the Lord Rectorship of the University of Glasgow, and reflected upon that time-honored institution the brilliant effulgence of his setting genius. So now Mr. Carlyle is called to the head of the Sister University of Edinburgh, fifty-six years after he entered its walls as an ambitious young student; near the close of a life whose literary achievements alone would immortalize any institution to which he should owe his intellectual culture.

The difference between the train of thought which these two great men followed in their inaugural addresses is somewhat remarkable. Lord Macaulay, as we remember his eloquent address, entered into a history of universities, and discoursed upon the value of those seminaries where young men are taught "to get themselves understood by means of articulate speech." Mr. Carlyle, on the contrary, comes before the rising generation with a eulogy on *silence*, and bids them, for the sake of all things sacred, to refrain from "going away into wind and tongue." This worshipper at the shrine of silence, with the ink scarcely dry on the pen which so forcibly denounced "Parliaments" and the "Stump Orator," actually makes a speech; and, more than all, with his excoriations of the "ready writer" and "extempore speaker" fresh in the memory of all, he makes an extempore speech. We very much fear that our silent philosopher is about to "go away into wind and tongue," and that he is on the eve of joining a "grand palaver of all nations," along with Anacharses Clootz, "orator of the human race," and others of the most approved devotees of wind and tongue, and loquacity.

Mr. Carlyle is as fond of his hobby horse as most men. Now it happens that, notwithstanding the sensation this speech has produced, as if its sentiments were absolutely new, the ideas contained in it are simply those which its author has time and again hammered out and scattered through his voluminous productions. The praise of Silence is his favorite hobby. Many years ago he wrote, "witness the strong oak in the forest; silently was its seed wafted on the wings of the wind and it was planted in silence; it has grown in silence for a thousand years, *it uttered no voice until it fell.*" He has ever labored to prove that all force, all power, everything that is great and glorious in this world, is the offspring of silence; while "articulate speech" was given to man only to herald his ruin and downfall. Hence his contempt of oratory, of parliaments, and (as he professes now) of literature in general, which keep men from *doing* anything, and run them away into wind and tongue.

And here we must admit that there is much plausibility in Mr. Carlyle's theory, if we pay attention to the examples which he lays before us to prove the banefulness of too much speaking. He says that "the finest nations in the world—the English and the American—are going all away into wind and tongue." If Mr. Carlyle has discovered that the English and the American are the finest nations in the world, we must set this opinion down as one of his "changes" of which our contemporary, the New Orleans Times, speaks. Not many years ago he spoke of the Americans as "a nation of the greatest bores on Earth," and said that Great Britain "contained twenty-seven millions mostly fools." We should like to know the precise time when the English and the Americans changed their nature, and the causes which brought about such a change. Was it the barbarism of the English in India, and the exploits of "the best government in the world" in the late war "against legitimate government?" If we were anti-Carlylian, which we are not, we might be spiteful enough to suggest that these two nations became the finest in the world, simply because they went off into wind and tongue; or because they have been accustomed of late to shoot the biggest kind of guns at their brethren—a species of amusement which Mr. Carlyle has condemned as decidedly as he condemns the consumption of life in wind and tongue.

But we presume that no one at this day will question the truth of his remark that the English and the Americans are going all away into wind and tongue. We can certainly speak for our own country. We have a temple to wind, erected on the banks of the Potomac, where nothing is ever *done*, but where endless talk is the order of the day. And just because the inmates of this temple have gone off into wind and tongue, and because the whole American people have caught the cue from the Pythoness who gives forth its oracle, and have followed in the same direction, the American Republic has gone God knows whither, and the "finest nation" has become the object of contempt throughout the civilized world. Until the sides of this cave of Æolus shall have been pricked, and the pent up winds let loose, we may expect the country to go to the Devil, and be made the text for homilies on the beauties of silence, and the dangers of windiness, and emptiness and worthlessness.

But it would be interesting to enquire what our philosopher would teach in place of the "articulate speech" which embraces the whole curriculum of modern university education. Now, it happens that it is not Mr. Carlyle's forte to set up new and original theories in place of those which he overthrows. In the work of demolition he wields a Herculean Club, but unfortunately he generally has nothing to offer in lieu of that which he has destroyed. In this instance we can hardly see what he proposes for us except to give expression to another of his vagaries, and to get astraddle of another of his hobby horses. He tells us that the rising generation must be taught above all things what Goethe in *Wilhelm Meister* calls Reverence—*Ehrfurcht*—"honor done to those who are grander and better than you, without fear, distinct from fear." In this one word may be summed up Carlyle's religion—a religion which he picked up while floundering about in the slough of German Transcendentalism—and it is all he has arrived at since he shut his eyes to the sublimity of Revelation, and ceased to follow what he calls "certain old Jewish lights which have long gone out."—Reverence—*Ehrfurcht*—for whatever is beautiful in nature, and grand and noble in man, this constitutes the sum and substance of Mr. Carlyle's Evangel. And it matters not what kind of a man may embody that greatness and nobility—whether you call him Goethe, or Shakspeare, or Frederic, or Cromwell, or Mahomet, or Jesus Christ—for the greatness alone he has the *Ehrfurcht*, and falls down and worships it. This is "hero-worship" indeed; but we may pardon it when we remember that the hero is formed in the image of God.

We presume that Mr. Carlyle's literary life is about ended. He is too old and infirm now to write anything worth reading, and he would be unwilling to write anything that was not. His "Frederic the Great" (which was finished during the war, and which we regret we have not had an opportunity to read) was intended to be his last work and his master-piece, affording as it did a subject suited to his genius and to his peculiar opinions.

We cannot agree with the New Orleans Times in its condemnation of Mr. Carlyle's English. He does not write in ordinary language, simply because he does not think ordinary thoughts. If his language were not so rough, the cursory reader might glide over his thoughts without observing their value. We think it allowable in the greatest of modern thinkers to express his thoughts in a language different from that which common men use.

The Proposed Change in Southern Representation.

A calculation has been made, on the basis of the canvass and Presidential vote of 1860, of the operation of the proposed change in the basis of representation of the rebel States. Alabama will lose three; Arkansas, none; Florida, none; Georgia three; Louisiana, two; Mississibpi, three; North Carolina, three; South Carolina, four; Tennessee, two; Texas, none; and Virginia three members; or a total loss of twenty-three. If they exclude male citizens, above twenty-one years of age, from the right of suffrage in the loyal border States, the loss would be in Missouri, one; Maryland, one; and Kentucky, two. The increase of the colored population since 1860 may bring this aggregate loss of twenty-seven in the slave-holding States up to thirty, the number estimated by the Reconstruction Committee.

Editing a Paper.

Editing a paper is a very pleasant business.

If it contains too much political matter people won't have it.

If the type is too large, it don't contain enough reading matter.

If the type is small, people wont read it.

If we publish telegraph reports people say they are lies.

If we omit them, they say we have no enterprise, or suppress them for political effect.

If we have in a few jokes; people say we are a rattlehead.

If we omit them, they say we are an old fossil.

If we publish original matter, they damn us for not giving selections.

If we publish selections, men say we are lazy for not writing more and giving them what they have not read in some other paper.

If we give a man complimentary notice, then we are censured for being partial.

If we do not, all the hands say we are a greedy hog.

If we insert an article that pleases the ladies, men become jealous.

If we do not cater to their wishes, the paper is not fit to have in the house.

If we attend church, they say it is only for effect.

If we dont they denounce us as deceitful and desperately wicked.

If we remain in the office and attend to business, folks say we are too proud to mingle with our fellows.

If we go out, they say we never attend to business.

If we publish poetry, we affect sentimentalism. If we do not, we have no literary polish or taste.

If the mail does not deliver our papers promptly, they say we do not publish "on the time." If it does, they are afraid we are getting ahead of the time.

If we do not pay all bills promptly folks say we are not to be trusted.

If we do pay promptly, they say we stole the money.

The Peace Proclamation.

Officers attached to the Freedmen's Bureau have been very anxious to know if the President's Peace Proclamation removes martial law in the South. The following to an officer in Georgia settles the question:

WAR DEPARTMENT,
Washington City April 17, 1866

The President's Proclamation does not remove martial law, or operate in any way upon the Freedmen's Bureau in the exercise of its legitimate jurisdiction. It is not expedient, however, to resort to military tribunals in any case where justice can be obtained through the medium of civil authority.

E. D. TOWNSEND,
Assistant Adjutant General.

This was issued by order of the President. Andrew Johnson does many things right; but his ways are hard to understand.

THE PRESIDENT IN EUROPE.—The speeches and messages of President Johnson are being translated into all languages and published in all the journals of Europe; and are meeting with an amount of discussion that has never been bestowed upon similar political documents in this generation.

Is John Wilkes Booth Dead?

When we first saw in one of our exchanges a statement tending to throw doubt upon the story of J. Wilkes Booth's death, we passed it by as something too extravagant to be entertained, but having thought over the matter a good deal lately, we are now of the opinion that his death is by no means certain.

The whole story on which we are required to believe in Booth's death, when reduced to its simplest terms, is this: A party, headed by General Baker, and embracing in its numbers the valorous Boston Corbett, found two men concealed in a barn. The barn was surrounded and the men called on to surrender, or be killed.—After some parleying, one of the men came out and surrendered. This man said that the other was Booth. The man in the barn did not deny that he was Booth; we will even admit, in order to make the case as strong as possible, that he claimed to be Booth. During the night Boston Corbet killed him. No one on the farm, no one of the gallant band that killed the terrible assassin, had ever seen Booth, so as to be able to identify him. The corpse was thrown into a wagon, roughly jolted about for at least forty-eight hours, and then, all applications to view it having been sternly refused, it was buried by Baker and another man, both of whom took an oath, as Baker himself says, never to reveal the spot.

Now, we believe this is the sum, or at least, the essential part of all the evidence which has been produced to prove Booth's death. It depends entirely, so far as it goes, upon the veracity of Baker and Corbett, and it lacks one all important item, the identification of the body of the man killed by Corbett. For this last we have no proof, except the word of the man Harold who was captured in the barn.

Boston Corbett has since proved to be little better than a lunatic. A military commission with General Hunter for President, Joe Holt for Judge Advocate and Stanton for *instigator* did not care to take Corbett's testimony, even when he was swearing his best on their side. Baker has been tried and found guilty of serious offences committed under cover of his official position, and public opinion we think will not be much influenced by the testimony of a professional spy and informer, especially upon a subject in which his pocket was so much interested. If it *was* Booth who was killed in the barn, Baker gets a lot of money; if it *was not* Booth, Baker gets laughed at.

There remains the assertion of the companion of the man slain, and the admission of the man himself that he was Booth.—These men knew that they could expect no mercy at the hands of their captors, Baker and his sleuth-hounds. No confession which they might make would do them any good, but their accomplices might be benefitted by the assertion that one of them was Booth. After one of them had been killed, killed needlessly and before time had been taken to examine them and to get a true confession out of them, it became still more to the survivors interest to maintain that the dead man was Booth.—Therefore, *if* the men found in the barn did both declare that one of them was Booth; (and remember that this is only an *if* depending upon the veracity of Baker and Corbett,) we don't think it amounts to much any how. This then is the character of the principle evidence before the country to show that John Wilkes Booth is dead. Let us add to it, that his family mourned him as dead, and that his estimable brother, the greatest living American actor, retired from the stage determined, it was then said, never to appear again, so great was his horror at the crime of his brother, and his dread of outraging the public by continually reminding them in his name, in his person, and in his profession, of the assassin of Abraham Lincoln.

Now let us look at the other side. Not only for a few days after the assassination, but for some weeks afterward, the military authorities in Washington were in a state of utter bewilderment, and by them were directed all undertakings in pursuit of the murderer. The large rewards offered, and the injudicious manner in which unusual authority for the search was given, started upon the hunt a number of parties who behaved more like madmen than like reasonable beings. *It would not have been a bad plan for the real assassin to have joined one of these parties.* They all assumed that Booth was the assassin, and each was satisfied that the man it happened to pursue was the identical Booth. But as only one party brought back a dead man, only one *had a chance* to claim the credit of having followed the right trail.

Booth was a first-rate actor, had plenty of money, and an intimate acquaintance with the locality in which the crime was committed. It would have been easy for him to have disguised himself so as to have remained several days in Washington, and have left it unmolested in one of the usual ways. His professional skill in disguise would have enabled him to deceive even his accomplices. Lee's army had surrendered. There were no Confederate forces any where near Washington, and there is no reason to suppose that Booth could have expected a welcome from the Confederates, even if he had reached them; for all the efforts of Stanton, Holt, and a hundred other very slightly less infamous and unscrupulous enemies of the Confederates had failed to find an iota of evidence to prove that thay had the least share in, or knowledge of, the conspiracy.

A man on horseback could hope to escape only by reaching the Confederate lines; and as we have shown the impossibility of this, we conclude, for ourselves of course, that Booth never committed the folly of attempting to escape on horseback, and that the man for his charitable assistance to whom Dr. Mudd is now suffering torment at Fort Jefferson, and the man whom Corbett foolishly shot, and Baker secretly interred, without *permitting* the body to be identified, was not Booth.

About a month or two ago we read a letter (published) in which the writer stated that he had met Booth in one of the West India Islands—had recognized him, and talked with him. He says Booth told him that he had escaped first to Canada, and thence to Cuba. The letter we speak of was written on the eve of the writer's departure for a foreign country. Recently a man named King was arrested in the West for some crime. He demanded to see Gen. Jeff. C. Davis, and confessed to him that he was the real murderer of Mr. Lincoln and the person who attempted to kill Mr. Seward, and that Booth was only an accomplice. Furthermore, that the man shot in the barn was not Booth, and that Booth had escaped first to Canada and afterwards to Cuba. This adds to the probability of truth in the letter writer's story.

Of course this man King will be declared crazy, for it will not do for the men who tried (?) the conspirators, who hung Payne for the attempted assassination of Seward, and who pride themselves on the terrible vengeance inflicted on Booth by consigning his corpse to an unknown grave, to admit that they were mistaken. But a great many people will believe that whoever the real assassin was, John Wilkes Booth is still alive. There is another reason for doubting his death. If Baker's story be true, no man knows it better than Stanton does. We wish to see Stanton driven from the Cabinet for the country's sake, and because we believe that as soon as he becomes a private individual he will begin to suffer some of the consequences of his official crimes; but not the least among our reasons for desiring his removal is our curiosity to learn some of the secrets of the U. S. A. Spy Corps, and to find out who was the man whom Boston Corbett killed, and Stanton's familiar, Baker, annihilated as John Wilkes Booth.—[Metropolitan Record.

☞ The London Spectator says: "One of the most terribly pathetic stories, connected with the sinking of the steamship London, has not yet appeared in print. One of the many ladies on board was near her confinement. Under the strain of that long agony, her child was born, and when the ship went down, she was seen holding it over her head, as if striving with true maternal instinct that, though all must die, her babe must die the last."

Important Trial.

TREASON AGAINST THE STATE.

The Nashville Gazette, of April 29, reports the following case, which was tried at the April term of the Jefferson county (Tenn.) Circuit Court, Judge J. P. Swann presiding:

The defendant, Dewitt C. Williams, a young man, was a citizen of Jefferson county at the breaking out of the war, and in October, 1861, volunteered as a private in the Confederate army. He became lieutenant in his company, but upon the re-organization of the army was defeated for his position and afterwards became sergeant of a cavalry company, in which capacity he served until the surrender of Johnston's army, when he was paroled by Gen. Sherman. Afterwards he took the oath of amnesty prescribed by President Johnson in his proclamation of the 9th of May, 1865, and returned to his new home in Georgia:

The indictment contained three counts, as follows:

The first count charged the defendant with levying war against the State of Tennessee.

The second count charged the defendant with having enlisted in the army of the so-called Southern Confederacy, for the purpose of carrying on said war against the State.

The third count charges that a war was wrongfully levied against the United States, and to overthrow the Government thereof, and of the State of Tennessee.

At the opening of the trial, the counsel for the defence having first demurred to the second and third counts unsuccessfully, propounded to the court some thirteen distinct propositionss upon which they asked a charge in writing. We have been kindly furnished with a copy of those propositions.

The trial lasted nearly five days, and was conducted on behalf of the State by the District Attorney. The cause was argued for the defence by W. McFarland, John M. Fleming, and — Netherland, Esqs. The principal points given in charge by the court are substantially as follows:

1. The defendant by the same act may be guilty of treason against both the United States and the State of Tennessee, and may be punished by both Governments for the same act.

2. The court and jury can take judicial notice of the public history of the country, and it being one of the objects of the late war to change the relation of Tennessee to the Federal Union, it was a war against the State, as well as the United States.

3. The pardon of the President in such cases purges the offence against the United States, but does not affect the offence against the State.

4. The fact that the rebellion assumed the dimensions and recognized character of a civil and public war does not prevent the citizens of Tennessee who entered the service of the Confederate States after that time from being punished as traitors by the State Courts of Tennessee.

5. The act of assembly, passed on the 3d day of May, 1861, repealing so much of the treason act as made offences against the United States punishable as treason against the State, is utterly null and void, having been passed by legislators whom the court judiciously knows to have been engaged in treasonable purposes.

6. The decisions and opinions of the Supreme Courts of the United States in the cases of Amy Warwick and others, and Mrs. Alexander's cotton and others, are no authority whatever in trials for treason.

7. Although the laws of nations protect belligerents during the existence of war, yet, after the war is over and peace declared, the soldier who participated in the rebellion or war may be punished as traitors therefor.

8. In trials for felony, the jury are judges of both the law and the facts, but only judges of the law as propounded to them by the Court.

There were various other points discussed by the court, but the foregoing are believed to be the principal ones given in charge to the jury.

The jury having retired under the charge of the Court, returned a verdict of guilty, and fixed the defendant's term of imprisonment at fourteen years in the penitentiary. The defendant's counsel excepted to the ruling of the Court, and prayed and obtained an appeal. The defendant gave bond for his appearance at the next September term of the Supreme Court at Knoxville, when this deeply interesting question will be finally settled.

BELONGING TO ALL THE STATES.—The following story is not a bad illustration of much of the "trimming" indulged in during the late troubles:

A son of the Emerald Isle, but not himself green, was *taken up* (for he was at the time *down*,) near a rebel encampment, not far from Manassas Junction. In a word, Pat was taking a quiet nap in the shade, and was aroused from his slumbers by a scouting party. He wore no special uniform of either army, but looked more like a spy than a volunteer, and on this ground was arrested.

"Who are you? what is your name? and where are you from?" were the first questions put to him by the armed party. Pat rubbed his eyes, scratched his head and answered:

"Be gorra, gintlemin, thim is ugly questions to answer, anyhow, and before I answer any of thim, I'd be after axin' ye, by ye're lave, the same thing."

"Well!" said the leader, "we are of Scott's army and belong to Washington."

"All right," said Pat. "I knowed ye was gintlemin, for I am that same. Long life to Ginoral Scott."

"Aha!" replied the scout; "now, you rascal, you are a prisoner!" and he seized Pat by the shoulders.

"How is that—are we not friends?" inquired Pat.

"No!" was the answer. "We belong to Gen. Beauregard's army."

"Thin, ye tould me a lie, by boys, and thinkin' it might be so, I tould ye another. Now, tell me the truth, and I'll tell the truth, too."

"Well, we belong to the State of South Carolina."

"So do I!" promptly responded Pat; "and to all the other States of the country, too; and there I'm thinkin' I beat the whole of yez. Do you think I'd come all the way from Ould Ireland to belong to one State, when I had a right to belong to the whole of them?"

This logic was rather a stumper, but they took him as before said, and carried him to camp for further examination.

It is pretty evident from this specimen that Pat needed no prompting to a closer examination, and bearing no evidence that he was a spy, they let him off, and the more readily, as, while he assured them that he was no "politicianer," he persisted in thinking any man was a great fool to blong to only one State, when he has a right (as he had) of belonging to thirty-four States, besides the territories.

FORCE OF THE WIND.—The greatest pressure of wind ever registered at the Glasgow (Scotland) Observatory, was fifty-five pounds to a square foot of the surface pressed against. It is announced, however, that it has reached eighty pounds per square foot in England. It is quite uncommon for this force to exceed forty pounds to the square foot, which is but little more than a quarter of a pound to the square inch. The steam in an ordinary working boiler averages about fifty pounds pressure to the square inch.

Letter From Washington.

[Special Correspondence of the Picayune.]

WASHINGTON, April 22, 1866.

The great question now here is, what is the legal effect of the President's peace proclamation? Does it abrogate and put an end to martial law in the Southern States; and does it restore the writ of habeas corpus? There ought not to have been any doubt upon the subject, as the language of the proclamation is plain enough. But the doubts have arisen from the very strange decision of Judge Underwood, of Virginia, refusing to grant a writ of habeas corpus, and declaring that the President's proclamation had not restored that writ to Virginia; and from a singular letter from the War Department, signed by the Adjutant General, and addressed to a military officer in Georgia, in which the latter is instructed that martial law is not removed by the President's proclamation. In regard to the extraordinary action of Judge Underwood, no sooner, was it brought to the notice of President Johnson than he directed the Attorney General to order Judge Underwood to grant the writ, and to instruct him at the same time that the writ of habeas corpus was hereafter to be granted, in all proper cases, the same as before the war. In regard to the strange letter from the War Department, alluded to above, I have ascertained that it was written without the knowledge, sanction, or approval of the President, and that it does not at all express the meaning or intention of the proclamation. The latter does not, indeed, say that martial law is hereby abolished in the Southern States and the habeas corpus restored. But it does say that martial law was proclaimed and the habeas corpus suspended, in order that a certain object might be accomplished, and that that object is accomplished; and, therefore, that the Southern States revert to that condition in which they existed before the habeas corpus was suspended and martial law proclaimed. Your readers may rely upon it, that is the meaning and intention of the proclamation, as will soon be made manifest.

A few days ago the Radical newspapers, here and in New York, were exulting over the fact, as they stated it, that the Judiciary Committee had determined to report a resolution calling upon the President to convene a military court for the trial of Jefferson Davis and Clement C. Clay, as active accomplices in the assassination of Mr. Lincoln. The evidence, which was said to be conclusive and of an astounding character, had been laid before the President. Very well. Now what was the action of the President? While this blood-thirsty committee were preparing their resolution, President Johnson sat down and wrote an order for the instant release of Mr. Clay. No doubt he does regard the evidence as of an *astounding* character. As regards Mr. Davis, the probabilities of his speedy release, without any trial at all, are greater now than ever before.

The Examination of Merritt—the Assassination of President Lincoln.

Washington dispatch of the 22d inst., to the N. Y. World, says:

Mr. Rogers of New Jersey, one of the members of the House Committee on the Judiciary, who was not present when Dr. James B. Merritt, and not Meredith, as published, was examined, called him before the official reporter, and went through a most thorough cross examination of this gentleman. It is said that the cross examination showed that his principal evidence was void of truth, and that he really knew nothing connecting any person with any transaction not recognized by the usages of war; that his attempt to connect Davis, Clay, Sanders and others with the assassination of Lincoln was a pure fabrication, as he admitted on his cross-examination that he saw or knew no act or thing connecting the above named persons with it. One very remarkable fact was elicited in his examination wherein he admitted that the Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton, had paid him between five and six thousand dollars for his services as a witness before the Military Commission which tried the conspirators. He made an other admission that to make up the sum paid to him by Mr. Stanton, was concluded over fourteen hundred dollars for book accounts and claims which he had against the people of Canada for services he pretended to have rendered to them as a physcian; he alledging as an excuse for his being unable to collect his claims against the Canadians, that he was compelled to leave there as soon as it was ascertained he had given his testimony before the Military Commission. He stated further that he refused to come here and be a witness until Secretary Stanton sent him a dispatch promising him a safe passport, and protection here from arrest as a conspirator in the assassination plot; he alleging that he was afraid to come here for fear he would be arrested as one of the conspirators to take the life of Lincoln.

THE BODIES OF EXECUTED CRIMINALS.—A very interesting question has lately been discussed in Glasgow; the propriety of making the most of the bodies of executed criminals. The question is a very old one and has been the subject of discussion and legislation for centuries. We get a concise history of the legislation upon this subject in the address lately delivered by Professor Buchanan, of Glasgow, and in the Glasgow Herald which has supported the professor in his views. This is briefly as follows:—In 1540 a law was passed in England, which gave annually four bodies of malefactors to the anatomists for dissection. Later than this, dissection *post mortum* was amination of bodies came to be regarded with prejudice by all decent people as a thing ignominious, and some of this feeling survives to this day, despite the efforts of great and good men to show in the interest of the living the wisdom of such examinations. In 1832, the law went to the opposite extreme, and forbade the *post mortum* examination of criminals on any account whatever. Dr. Buchanan, sustained by the Glasgow Herald, complains of this law, and desires that the bodies of crimnals should be held available for any use that science and anatomy might dictate at any given time; that, before death, criminals, under capital sentence should have the option of a commutation of sentence on the condition of submitting their *corpus vile* to some riskful experiment that might be for the public good; at any rate that after death, the fullest examination of their bodies should be made legitimate.—Lancet.

☞ A lady in Cleaveland, the other day, was very affectionate to her husband, and at supper handed him a cup of tea, which he declined to drink, but handed it to one of his children. Thereupon the woman sprang forward and seized the cup, thus saving the child's life. The cup contained arsenic. An arrest and trial of course followed.

THE NEGRO BEFORE THE WHITE MAN.—Not less than four hundred widows in this city are applicants for aid from the Bangor Fuel Society. Bangor has a population of less than 17,000; and is largely in favor of the national nigger boarding house, and goes in considerably in contributing moral pocket handkerchiefs to the gorillas of equatorial Africa, but has no time left, after getting through with such philanthrobic labors to attend to their own starving add freezing white widows.

[Bangor (Me.) Whig.

Jeff. Davis in Prison.

[Correspondence New York Times.]

From Richmond, I went down to the James river to Fortress Monroe. On the way, objects of interest were pointed out—Fort Darling, Butler's Dutch Gap canal, Harrison's Landing, City Point, Jamestown, the first white settlement in the new world, Newport News, etc. Upon introduction, I obtained a pass to enter the Fortress, where I had not been many hours when I met the great rebel chief Jeff. Davis face to face, while he was taking his usual daily walk on the ramparts under escort of an officer by his side and two armed soldiers behind him; and I had a good view of him as he passed me.

He was well dressed, had a light-colored felt hat, and new boots. His eye was clear and bright, his step firm, and his bearing as proud as a Roman conqueror. He is indulged in this recreation every day, and is apparently cheerful and free from care. During these walks he frequently recites scraps of Latin and Greek poetry. He is privileged with the use of the fine library of the fortress, and is permitted to write, of course under inspection of the commanding officer.

He is a great smoker, and when in his apartment employs his time in writing, reading and praying. Alternately he is very quiet and pious, and restive and boisterous. He freely expresses his opinions about the generals and leaders on both sides.

He thinks McClellan was our greatest general, and says Grant is no soldier, but a butcher; Lincoln was a good-natured man, but a jackass; Andrew Johnson is pretty smart, and inclined to do the fair thing so far as he can, but he is not a great man. He thinks his capture was very unjust, as he was fairly paroled by the surrender of Lee and Johnston, and says that if he had any idea of being taken he could easily have made his escape. He was terribly enraged at what Foote, of Mississippi, said of him, and declared that Foote was a "constitutional liar"—that he had often told him so; said he was glad when he made his escape from the Confederacy, and that he "gave orders to let him go, and not to stop him," adding, "I was glad to get rid of such a nuisance."

"The Duke of Marlborough," Jeff. says, "deserted his sovereign, fought successfully under the banners of another prince, and his name has come down in history as one of the noblest men, and greatest of generals of his time. But Marshall Ney, one of Napoleon's famous generals, who, after the banishment of Napoleon to Elba, gave in his adhesion to the ruling powers, and again joined his chief on his return, was, after his final overthrow, taken and shot as a traitor."

His commentary upon these historic facts was this: "Treason never prospers—for when it does, none dare call it treason."

It is of no consequence to any one to know from what source or by what means I derive my information concerning the sayings and doings of this man. I can only say the recital is perfectly true, and to be relied upon.

Origin of "Seeing the Elephant."

About thirty years since, at one of the theaters, a pagent was in rehearsal, in which it was necessary to have an elephant. No elephant was to be had. The "wild beasts" were all traveling, and the property man, manager and stage director almost had fits when they thought of it. Days passed in the hopeless task of trying to secure one, but at last, ingenuity triumphed, and the elephant was made to order, of wood, skins, paints and varnish. Thus far the matter was very well, but as yet they found no means to make that combination travel. Here, again the manager, stage director and property man struck out, and two "brothe" were duly enstalled as legs. Ned Cox one of the true, genuine "b'hoys," held the responsible position of forelegs, and for several nights played that heavy part to the entire satisfaction of the managers and the delight of the audience. The part, however, was a very tell tedious one as the elephant was obliged to be on the stage for about an hour, and Ned was rather too fond of the bottle to remain so long without "wetting his whistle," so he set his wits to work to find a way to carry a mere drop with him. The eyes of the elephant being made of two porter bottles, with the neck in, Ned conceived the brilliant idea of filling them with good stuff. This he fully carried out, and elated with success, he willingly undertook to play forelegs again.

Night came on, the theater was densely crowded, the music was played in the sweetest strains, the curtain rose and the play began. Ned and the "hind legs" marched upon the stage. The elephant was greeted with round after round of applause; the decorations and trappings were gorgeous. The elephant and the prince upon his back were loudly cheered. The play proceeded—the elephant was marched round and round upon the stage. The four legs got dry, withdrew one of the corks and treated the hind legs, and then drank the health of the audience in a bumper of genuine "elephant eye" whiskey, a brand till then, unknown. The concluding march was to be made—the signal was given, and the four legs were staggering to the front of the stage. The conductor pulled the elephant's ear to the right—the fore legs staggered to the left. The footlights obstructed the way, and he raised his foot and stepped in the orchestra! Down went the forelegs on the leader's fiddle—over, of course, turned the elephant, sending the prince and the hind legs into the middle of the pit. The managers stood horror struck—the prince and the hind legs lay confounded, the boxes in convulsions, the actors choking with laughter, and poor Ned, casting one look, a strange blending of drunkedness, grief and laughter at the scene, fled hastily out of the theater, closely followed by the leader, with the wreck of his fiddle performing various cut and thrust motions in the air. The curtain dropped on a scene behind the scenes. No more pageant—no more forelegs—everybody held their sides. Music, actors, pit, boxes and gallery rushed from the theater shrieking between every breath—"*Have you seen the elephant.*"

A LEGLESS AND ARMLESS MATHEMATICIAN.—In the Department of the Loire, in France, there is a wonderful mathematician named Grandmange, who was born without arms or legs. At the age of four he was able to solve ordinary sums in his head; as he grew older his mind became further developed, and he wished to learn to read and write. He was taught the letters of the alphabet in secret, for his father thought that the boy would be less an object of pity if he possessed any instruction; the child, however, succeeded in his determination to learn. He writes a clear running hand, which he traces readily with a pen held in his mouth, directed by a fleshy appendage which nature has placed on his right shoulder. He answers without written calculations the most difficult arithmetical problems applied to commercial, financial and industrial operations; and recently at Compiegne several members of the University put to him questions so complicated that to solve a single one would be an hour's work, and yet he gave the correct answer almost immediately.—Fifteen medals have been awarded to him by learned societies.

☞ A naturalist says: "Last summer, while walking in my park, I observed a green wood-pecker alight on the grounds some fifty paces before me, look around to see if he was observed, then lie down and simulate death by stretching out himself motionless and hanging his tongue out as far as possible. He occasionally pulled it in his. He had selected a place near an ant hill. The ants, thinking him dead, would cover his tongue to devour him; when it was black with ants he would swallow them and repeat this trick, until his maw could hold no more.