White Cloud Kansas Chief.

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Choice Poetry.

WELCOME HOME.

BY A. P. MILLER.

O, the men who fought and bled;
O, the glad and gallant tread,
And the bright skies overhead—
Welcome home!
O, the brave returning boys;
O, the overflowing joys,
And the guns and drums and noise—
Welcome home!

Let the deep-voiced cannon roar;
Open every gate and door;
Pour out, happy people! your
Welcome home!
Bloom, O, banners, over all;
Over every roof and wall,
Float and flow, and rise and fall—
Welcome home!

Splendid column moving down;
Iron vet'rans, soiled and brown;
Grim heads, fit to wear a crown,
Welcome home!
Grim heads, which a wall have been,
Keeping sacred things within,
Keeping out the hosts of sin,
Welcome home!

There the women stand for hours,
With their white hands full of flowers,
Raining down the perfumed showers
On the dear men marching home!
Do you see him in the line?
Something makes him look divine,
And a glory makes him shine,
Coming home!

Look out where the flag unfurls;
Look out through your tears and curls;
Give them welcome, happy girls!
Welcome home!
Welcome home from war's alarms;
Welcome to a thousand charms,
Waiting lips and loving arms—
Welcome home!

Strong man, with the serious face,
If you saw him in his place,
Marching swift to your embrace,
Coming home,
You would weep with glad surprise,
At the dear, dead boy that lies
Underneath the Southern skies,
Far from home!

Woman, with the tender eye,
Weeping while the boys go by,
Well we know what makes you cry—
Weary home!
God be with you, in your pain;
You will look, and look in vain;
He will never come again
To his home!

So, amid our joy we weep
For the noble dead who sleep
In the vale and on the steep,
Far from home—
For the chief who fought so well;
For the Christ-like man who fell
By the chosen son of Hell,
And went home!

And we thank you, Slavery's dead!
And the hosts of Wrong are fled,
And the Right prevails instead—
Welcome home!
Limb, and tongue, and press are free,
And the Nation shouts to see
All the glory yet to be—
Welcome home!

For the bloody work is done,
And the people shall be one,
Under all the Western sun—
Welcome home!
Man no caste nor King shall know;
White and black shall rise and grow,
And to wondrous heights shall go—
Welcome home!

Select Tale.

JEFF. DAVIS' DREAM.

[The following remarkable article first appeared some three years ago. The name of the author we have been unable to learn. It is doubtless a fancy sketch, but ought to be true:]

One day, a short time ago, while sitting in a hotel in Richmond, Va., a total stranger to every one in the city, I took up a daily paper for the purpose of passing away an idle hour; for further comfort, I seated myself in the recess of a bay window, and was thus wholly hidden from the view of any one who might chance to enter the room. I was the only solitary occupant of the room, and had just become interested in the latest news, when I heard the door open, and the footsteps of two persons approaching. They seemed to be confidentially talking together, and I thought it my duty to make my presence known by some sign, so that I might not hear anything not intended for my ears; but upon peering into the room, imagine my surprise, when I recognized the occupants as Jeff. Davis and his traitor friend, Toombs, of Georgia. I hesitated no longer, but settled back in my seat, and bent every energy to listen to the conversation, which was carried on in a low tone.

"But," said Toombs, "Mr. Davis, you most not give way to the vagaries of your brain. Come, tell me that wonderful dream of yours, and my word for it, you will feel better after its recital."

Davis, rising from his seat, turned the key in the door, and taking his seat close by Toombs, gave the following version of the dream that disturbed him. Said he:

"I had a party of friends to supper last night, who prolonged their visit to a late hour. I ate heartily during the evening, and experienced a strange feeling of heaviness before retiring. My room, you know, is well supplied with windows, and the night being a splendid one, I lay upon my back, gazing on the heavens, sparkling as it were, with diamonds, and ruminating on the destiny of the Confederacy. How long I continued thus, I know not, but stealing on my senses, as it appeared to me, instantly came clearer perceptions of our cause from the beginning. I thought myself in the same room where we met to perfect our plans for the destruction of this great Republic. I thought you and Breckinridge were there, and I seemed to live over again the closing scenes which were enacted in Congress, and I was startled from the contemplation by a low, deep voice close by my pillow, saying: 'Jefferson Davis! Jefferson Davis! This was the beginning.' I started, and looked around to see who it was that spoke in those awful tones, and a cold chill of horror crept over me, as I saw a dim, shadowy figure disappear in the distance. Presently my gaze became fixed, and before me passed the whole Southern land, one State after another. Maryland, heaving and tossing upon the waves of the ocean, doubting which way to plunge; Virginia had a smiling exterior, but the most deadly and damning hate rankled in her heart; Georgia, crazy with the enormous weight of her sins and passions, anxious to give them vent in the warm blood of the Northern heart; and so passed they all, one after another, and the last appearing still more hellish than the first. No sooner were these ended, than by a change of my position, I imagined myself standing on the top of Bunker Hill, and once more the panorama of the States are presented before me. This time it was the North. But why enter into the details of this vision? for I saw them in all their beauty of the free system; the children on their way to school, the old people to their noon-day prayer-meeting; the farmer in the field, and the scholar at his study. All this passed rapidly before me, and I felt a fire in my heart that to my disordered brain threatened to consume me entirely. Again the scene changed, and I found myself on a height overlooking Charleston Harbor. At that momen', the Star of the West was attempting to carry provisions to the starving garrisons within. I saw the shot fired, forcing her to return, and my heart sank within me, as I heard that deep, solemn voice beside me: 'Jefferson Davis, this is your preparation for the halter.'

"Again, I saw another fleet sail to the relief of Sumter, saw the bombardment and its fall. Once more I imagined myself standing on the summit of Bunker Hill, and the whole North lay spread at my feet, and my God! the change that had come over the land! Where from this very spot, and extended out to its farthest corner, there was a hurrying to and fro, men taking up their muskets, and all tending to one point—Washington. My eyes fairly blazed from my head, when from the blue sky above me, I heard once again that mysterious voice ringing in my ears: 'Jefferson Davis! Jefferon Davis! behold the armed legions of the North; see the misery and desolation that follows. Jefferson Davis, this is your work.'

"My life trembled, as I heard these words uttered in these awful tones. My brain reeled, and I staggered and fell headlong from my position."

At this point, Jeff. stopped talking, and wiped the cold sweat from his brow. Toombs remarked that this was a most remarkable dream, most wonderful, when Jeff., resuming, said:

"I thought my fall was not sudden, but that I occupied some months in descent, and during that time I could see the great anaconda tightening its folds around the Confederacy, and I felt certain that all was lost, and that we should be crushed in one common destruction. I saw the capture of Ft Henry and Donelson; and a thrill of horror crept over me, as I saw the traitor to the South, Floyd, steal away in the darkness of the night, leaving the rest to destruction. Along the line I saw our armies possessed of fearful dread, flying from Nashville and Columbus—saw the battle of Pea Ridge, and the bloody field of Shiloh, and almost in the twinkle of an eye the Army of the Potomac, in all its mighty proportions, appeared before me, and I felt that all was lost. Again the solemn voice rang in my ears: 'Jefferson Davis! Jefferson Davis! thy doom is sealed.' No sooner were these words uttered, than in the distance I heard an unearthly shouting and yelling, that grated on my feelings like red-hot iron drawn through every part of my body. Soon there came in sight what I found to be a body-guard of 'imps,' sent from the bottomless pit to bring me to judgment. Placing themselves around and under my body, I descended rapidly toward Hades. Soon we found ourselves upon a barren rock, in the most desolate place for you to imagine. Stepping round an angle, it disclosed to my view a wide entrance, and all around it grew the most beautiful flowers, and I seemed to hear the most beautiful sounds imaginable. One of my guards here spoke, and said, 'Child of mortality, follow!' He led the way, and I followed closely. It was not long before the beauty of the entrance passed away, and all became dreary, dark and desolate. Travelling, what seemed to me a great distance, we at last came to a great iron door, the nails upon which seemed to sparkle and blaze with intense heat within. Here sat an elderly imp as door-keeper, and by his side was a very large book, in which were written the names of the damned who had preceded me. 'Child of sin,' spoke the old man, 'who art thou?' And I answered, 'Verily, my brain reels, and I know not.' 'Child of sin, tell me by what name wert thou known on the earth?' and I answered, 'Jefferson Davis.' No sooner had I uttered my name, than the imps, with a horrible, never-to-be-forgotten screaming, sprang to a distant corner, and stood staring with blazing eye-balls, that seemed to loathe me with terrible loathing—I tried to approach them, but they would not permit it, seeming fearful of any contact with me. Horror-stricken and amazed at this conduct of those who I thought would be my friends, I returned to the door, which I now found open. No sooner had I entered, than the door closed with a heavy sound, and I heard rolling in the distance my name, as I was introduced to the damned. Onward and onward I found myself travelling, and ever and anon, as I passed by some poor wretch, writhing in all the misery of the lost, I would turn my eyes to catch one look of sympathy—one glance of commiseration for my fate—but in vain. All seemed to look at me with a dreadful horror, and pointed their burning fingers of scorn as I passed, whispering to each other, '*Hell is disgraced!*' Hurrying fast on, I found myself before an open door, having printed thereon in letters of fire, the words, 'Enter, and receive thy doom!' I entered, and there, in the middle of a large apartment, was raised a throne of living fire, and upon it sat the most awful being I ever beheld. On his head was a crown of living scorpions, and around his neck and coiled in his bosom was the deadly rattle-snake. I had but a short time to look, when in a voice of thunder he said, 'Who art thou?' And through the long arches which I had passed, came the answer, 'Jefferson Davis! Jefferson Davis! Hell is disgraced! Cast him out!' Transfixed with horror, the Devil seemed to gaze upon me, and in a voice of awful depth and hardness, said to me, 'Jefferson Davis, I who now sit here, jailor of the damned, ambitious to be something greater than the greatest, rebelled, and was cast forth, and the sentence was passed upon me to go down to Hell, and have dominion over all the iniquity of the world, until a greater than I should be released, and my dominion given to him. Jefferson Davis, long have I tempted, but in vain, until to-day, you appear before me loaded down with crime that I shudder at, as I see you. Jefferson Davis,' said he, rising, 'take my seat and crown.' As he uttered these awful words, my blood seemed to freeze in my vains, and the most horrible wail of agony arose from the myriads of the damned, and with a shout I awoke, trembling in every limb, cold perspiration all over me, and broad daylight streaming through my window. The scene seemed so real, and my doom so prophetic, that it preys upon me like a canker, and I find myself unable to cast it off."

Davis here ceased speaking, and they both arose, and unlocking the door, passed out; as they did so, I caught a glimpse of them, and never till the day of my death, shall I forget the haggard, care-worn faces of those two arch-traitors.

How Virginia Thanked God.—In the Colonial days, the English Government addressed certain questions to the American Colonies respecting their condition. In answer to one of these, the Governor of Connecticut responded that one-fourth of her income was expended in the maintenance of public schools. The Governor of Virginia replied: "I thank God that there are no free schools nor printing, and I hope we shall not have them these hundred years." The fruit has been like the planting. In 1860, three-fourths of the children of Connecticut were attending public schools, while nine-tenths of the children of Virginia were suffered to grow up in ignorance. In the same year, the free States of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois sent seven-ninths of their children to the common schools, while the slave State of Kentucky, but just across the border, out of 492,000 children, educated but 92,000, or a little over one-fifth.

Too Much Mother.—Artemus Ward gets off the following:

"Our ballad writers put too much mother in their melodies. Thus we have, 'Dear Mother, I've come home to die'—'Mother, is the battle over?'—'Mother, dear, O, pray for me'—'Write a letter to my Mother,' &c. The other night, we heard an athletic Ethiopian minstrel dismally bleat, 'Mother kissed me in my dreams,' just as though she would do it until he had washed the cork from his face. Without mothers, in fact, life would be unpleasant. But why sing the paternal parent's merits so persistently, and in such shaky verse? Why not vary the thing, and occasionally produce a father or two? If we must continually sing about our parents, let us by all means give 'the old man' a chance."

Exhibition of Nerve.—A few days since, I. N. met a beautiful woman in the street car. She having a charming hand, held it up. "I. N., there's a hand that was squeezed by Gen. Sherman, last evening." I. N. says, "Have you washed that hand since?" The reply was, "No." "Then," said I. N., "I will kiss it," which was done, to the merriment of a car full of passengers.

A Mobile clergyman went to General Granger and asked him if he proposed to compel the rebel clergy to pray for Andrew Johnson. "Compel you," was the General's reply; "Why, if your prayers don't do the President of the United States any more good than they have done Jeff. Davis, it is no sort of consequence about your prayers, anyway."

Miscellaneous.

THE SOLDIER COMING HOME.

Dear father, the battle, so fearful and grand,
That has shook all the nation, and moistened the land
With the blood of her patriots, is finished and won,
And I'm coming to greet you, with the loved ones at home.

I'm coming, dear father,
The battle is o'er;
Wait my foot-step at meal-time,
Spread another plate more;
Set a chair by the door-side,
For I'm weary and sore;
I'm coming, dear father,
The battle is o'er.

Dear mother, thy darling has fought the good fight,
For the flag of the Union and the cause of the right;
But no more will he tread to the shrill fife and drum,
For the conflict is o'er, and the battle is won.

Thy darling is coming,
The battle is o'er;
Wait his warm kiss at meal-time,
Spread another plate more;
Set a chair by the door-side,
For he's weary and sore;
Thy darling is coming,
The battle is o'er.

As the camp-fire burns in its flickering light,
I'll be dreaming of thee, my sweet sister, to-night;
Of how, with thy soft hand pressed warm in his own,
Thou wilt look a kind welcome, when thy brother comes home!

For thy brother is coming,
The battle is o'er;
Wait his foot-step at meal-time,
At the old homestead door;
Put a rose by his plate-side,
As in past days of yore;
For thy brother is coming,
The battle is o'er.

On my breast there is hanging a picture so fair,
Of my bonnie blue-eyed love, with bright auburn hair;
In the midst of the conflict, a refuge from harm,
I've worn its soft image, my trust and my charm.

But I'm coming, dear loved one,
The battle is o'er;
In the lane by the hill-side,
Wait my foot-steps once more;
'Neath the shade of the maples,
Where we've wandered before,
Oh! wait for my coming,
For the battle is o'er.

"Confederate" Committees on the Conduct of the War.

There seems to be no doubt that the recent explosion at Mobile, by which two hundred persons lost their lives, and as many more were wounded, and two vessels, ten thousand bales of cotton, and scores of factories, mills, and dwellings were destroyed, was the work of "whipped seceders," and "repentant" rebels. One of this class of reconstructionists by the name of Wall, is under arrest at Mobile, charged with having a hand in this "Union demonstration" at that point. His statement is that "he and two other men, on the night previous to the explosion, placed torpedoes between the buildings containing the powder; that the work was performed under the direction of a rebel Major, who threatened them with instant death if they disobeyed or offered to resist; and that the Major afterward lighted the fuse of the shell connected with the infernal arrangement. Torpedoes have also been discovered in the Custom House, so arranged as to explode on opening the doors."

Presently we shall be enabled to give a full and complete list of the committees appointed by the late "wayward sister" Confederacy for carrying on the war for the "liberty" to hold slaves. But at this present writing we may report imperfectly as follows on Confederate committees for the conduct of the war:

On explosions—Wall & Co.
On yellow fever—Dr. Blackburn.
On sea piracies—Semmes.
On lake piracies—Beall.
On burning down cities—Kennedy.
On draft mobs—Andrews.
On the massacre of negroes—Forrest.
On the massacre of whites—Quantrell.
On Libby Prison cruelties—Dick Turner.
On Andersonville deviltries—(Not caught yet.)
On blackguardism—John Mitchel.
On the cultivation of Northern sympathy—Vallandigham, Ben. Wood & Co.
On peace and good will to men everywhere, except at the North—The Right Rev. Henry Clay Dean.
On assassination—J. Wilkes Booth.
On Chicago conspiracies—Walsh and the like.
On guerrilla warfare—Sue Munday and John Morgan.
On Canada conspiracies—Sanders, Cleary & Co.—*Chicago Journal.*

A Rebel on the Rebel Black Hole.—Col. Hatch, one of the rebel Commissioners of exchange of prisoners, is now in Libby Prison. Just after his imprisonment, he sent for General Mulford, our Commissioner of exchange, and asked:

"Do you think it proper treatment for me?"

"What is the matter?" inquired Gen. Mulford.

"Don't you see," replied Hatch, with profane emphasis, "there is not a pane of glass in these windows?"

"Oh, is that all?" answered Mulford. "Why, Hatch, I have been telling you for the last two years that there was not a pane of glass in these windows."

There are evidences of domestic bliss in the following telegram, sent by a Wall street broker to his wife: "Send John. Also demijohn. Kiss Matty. Spank Arthur. Don't fret."

Napoleon used to plan his battles on a checker-board. Davis plays checkers with his nose at Fort Monroe, while viewing his future.

Mr. Nasby Lays Down a Programme for the Coming Campaign.

Saint's Rest, (wich is in the Stait uv Noo Gersy,) Joon 12, 1865.

These is the dark days uv the Dimocrisy. The misforchoons that befell our armies in frunt uv Richmond, the fall uv our kappytle, follered by the surrender uv our armies to Grant and Sherman, hez hurt us. Our leeders air eather pinin in loathsum dungunns, inkarseratid by the hevin defyin, man-distroyin, tyranikle edix uv our lait lamentid Presydent; er air barskin in the free air uv Italy and Kanady. We hev no way uv keepin our voters together. Opposin the war won't du no good, fer bein the next elekshun the heft uv our voters will hev diskivered that the war is over. The feer uv drafts may du suthin in sum parts uv Pensilvany and Suthern Illinoy, fer sum time yit; but that can't be dependid on.

But we hev wun rezorce fer a Ishoo—ther will alluz be a Dimocrisy, so long ez ther's a Nigger.

Ther is a oncompromizin dislike 2 the Nigger in the mind uv a ginooine Dimikrat. The Spanish bull-fiter, when he wants 2 inflaim the bull 2 extra kavortin, waivs a red flag afore him. When yoo desire a Dimikrat 2 froth at the mouth, yoo will find a black face will anser the purpus. Ther4 the nigger is, 2day, our best & only holt. Let us use him.

Fer the gidanse uv the faithful, I shel lay down a fu plane rools 2 be observed, in order 2 maik the most uv the kappytle we hev:

1. Alluz assert that the nigger will never be able 2 taik kare uv hisself, but will alluz be a public burden. He may, posibly, giv us the lie, by goin 2 wurk. In sich a emergensy, the dooty uv every Dimikrat is plane. He must not be allowed 2 wurk. Assosiashuns must be orgenized, pledged 2 neether giv him employment, 2 wurk with him, 2 wurk fer enny 1 who will giv him wurk, er patrunise enny 1 who duz. (I wood sejest that sich uv us ez hez bin forchoonit enuff 2 git credit, pay a trifle on account, so ez 2 maik our patronige wuth suthin.) This coars, ridgidly & perzistantly follered, wood drive the best uv em 2 steelin, & the balence 2 the pore housis, pruvin wot we hev alluz clamed, that tha air a ille & vishus race. Think, my brethren, wot a inspirin effeck our pore housis & jales full uv niggers wood hev on the peeple! My sole expands ez I kontemplait the deliteful vishun.

2. Likewise assert that the nigger will cum North, & taik all the good places, throwin all our skild mekaniks out uv wurk, by underbiddin uv em. This mite be open 2 2 obgecshuns, 2 wit: It crosses slitely rool the 1, & men mite sa, ef ther's jest enuff labor fer wat's here, why not perhibit furriners frum cumin? I anser: It's the biznis uv the voter 2 reckonsile the contradickshun—he may bleeve eather er both. Ez 2 the sekund obgeckshun, wher is the Dimokrat who coodent be underbid, & stan it even 2 starvashen, ef the underbiddin wuz dun by a man uv the prond Kawkashen race? & wher is the Dimikrat so lost 2 manhood ez not 2 drink blud, ef the same underbiddin is dun by a nigger? The starvin fer wurk ain't the kwestion; it's the culler uv the caws uv the starvashen that maiks the diffrens.

3. Nigger ekwality may be wurkt agin 2 advantige. All men, without distinkshun uv secks, air fond uv flatrin thairselvs that sumboddy's lower down in the skale uv hoomanity than tha is. Ef twan't fer niggers, wat wood the Dimokrisy do fer sumboddy 2 look down upon? It's allso shoor 2 enlist 1 stile uv wimmen on our side.

In times gone, I've notist gushin vergens uv 45, full 16 hans high, & tuff ez wire, holdin aloft banners on2 wich wuz inskribed, "Saiv us frum Nigger Ekwality." Yoo see, it soothed em 2 hev a chans uv advertizin, 1st, That tha wuz frale, helplis critters, & 2d, That anshent & tuff ez tha wuz, sum 1 wuz still goin fer em.

Ef ther ain't no niggers, Sentrel Kommittis must furnish em. A haff duzzen will du fer a ordinary County, ef thaire hussled along with energy. Ef tha won't steel, the Sentrel Kommittis must do it thairselvs. Show yer niggers in a Township in the mornin, & the same nite rob the kloze-lines & hen-roosts. Ever willin to sakrifize myself fer the caws, I volenteer 2 du this latter dooty in 6 populus Countis.

These ijees, ef follered, will no dowt keep us 2gether, until our enemys split, when we will reap the reward uv our konstancy & fidelity. May the Lord hasten the day.

Petroleum V. Nasby,
Lait Paster uv the Church uv the Noo Dispensashun.

Adah Isaacs Menken Heenan Morrissey Sullivan Sayers, &c., it is said, is to build a new theatre, next autumn, in the vicinity of Fourteenth street, provided, I presume, she can spare time from her matrimonial engagements yet unfulfilled. She is certainly the most married woman in America.—*London Cor. Cincinnati Gazette.*

Apropos of Jeff. Davis.—There is high authority against a man wearing a woman's clothes, and *vice versa*. Deuteronomy, chapter 22, verse 5: "The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto a man, neither shall *a man put on a woman's garments*, for all that do so are an abomination unto the Lord thy God."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY JULIA WARD HOWE.

Crown his blood-stained pillow
With a victor's palm;
Life's receding billow
Leaves eternal calm.

At the feet Almighty
Lay this gift sincere,
Of a purpose weighty,
And a record clear.

With deliverance freighted
Was his passive hand,
And his heart, high-fated,
Would with love command.

Let him rest serenely
In a Nation's care,
Where her waters queenly
Make the West most fair.

In the greenest meadow
That the prairies show,
Let his marble's shadow
Give all men to know:

"Our First Hero, living,
Made his country free;
Heed the Second's giving,
Death for Liberty."

THE HOUR OF VICTORY.

Meridian moments! grandly given,
To cheer the warrior's soul from Heaven!
God's ancient boon vouchsafed to those
Who battle long with Freedom's foes—
Oh, what in life can claim the power
To match with that divinest hour!

I see the avenging angel wave
His banner o'er the embattled brave;
I hear above Hate's trompet blare,
The shout that rends the smoking air;
And then I know at Whose command
The victor sweeps the rebel land!

Enduring Valor lifts his head,
To count the dying and the dead;
Returning Virtue still maintains
The right to break unhallowed chains;
While sacred Justice, born of God,
Walks pregnant o'er the bleeding sod.

Prophecy.

We have already noticed the appearance of the plague in Russia, and the fears of its march Westward and Southward. As might have been expected, a "prophecy" has been found in relation to it, and is thus given in the Philadelphia Press:

It would appear that this disease or some other fearful epidemic, has long been anticipated in Germany. The first Napoleon, who was very superstitious, as many great men have been and are, placed great reliance in the predictions of the celebrated Mademoiselle Lenormand, well known as a professional prophet, in Paris, for nearly forty years, and also the confidante of his wife. At the Congress of Aix la Chapelle, held in 1818, when Napoleon was a captive in St. Helena, this same Lenormand attracted much attention among the Sovereigns. In 1853 a small pamphlet was published in Germany, professing to contain a series of prophetic revelations found among the papers of Lenormand, who had died ten years before at an advanced age. It is notorious that this publication excited great attention, and obtained large credence throughout Germany. It announced, among other events, that in the year 1853 there would be an European war upon Russian soil, upon which the eagle and the leopard would closely hug the bear (the elder Napoleon always having declared the leopard, not the lion, was the symbolic animal of England,) that after peace had been restored, the elephant (India) would attempt to trample down the leopard, (England,) but would not succeed; that following the war between Russia, England and France, would be an immense emigration from Germany to the West, (United States,) for many years; that the emigrants would prosper in their home, but a time would come when a civil war would make them desire that they had not left their *faderland;* that after the civil war had fearfully raged for four years, peace would be restored, and remarkable prosperity ensue; and at about the time the war in the West had ended, a fearful sickness, commencing in Russia, would extend across the Baltic, desolate Germany, cause immense mortality in England, and thence simultaneously spread to the East and to the West. This prediction, Germans in this country believe to be now in its last stage of fulfillment. It is, at least, remarkable.

The Express, opposing Negro Suffrage, says:

"Equality and Fraternity inevitably lead to amalgamation."

Guess not. There are more negroes in Canada or in New England than there ever were in Mobile or in Natchez, under Slavery, while in most of New England Blacks and Whites are perfectly equal before the law; yet nothing can be surer than that amalgamation was far more common in Mobile or Natchez than in Canada or New England. Blacks and Whites are alike in the eye of the law in Jamaica, which was a slave colony forty years ago; yet amalgamation is not as frequent there to-day as it was in 1825. The Express has got its facts wrong end foremost. It is Slavery, not Freedom, that riots in amalgamation.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The following story is told of Mr. Chase, while at Key West:

To an old negro named "Sandie," he promised a *carte de visite*, and handed him a one dollar bill. "Aha," says Sandie, "now I know you, massa; you are old greenbacks."

Why is a victory like a kiss? Because it is easy to *Grant*.

A Sketch of Jeff. Davis.

Jeff. Davis was born in the same State (Kentucky) and in the same year (1809) that gave birth to Abraham Lincoln. Davis was born on the 3d of June, and was the illegitimate son of James Davis, a noted horse-trader, of Hopkinsville, Kentucky.

The father fell under suspicion as a horse-thief, and was forced to fly from justice. He settled, when Jeff. was very young, near Vicksburg, Mississippi. At that time horse and negro traders and horse-thieves, when rich, were admissible to good (Mississippi) society, and old Davis had little difficulty in establishing himself in life. He was able a few years after to send his son to Kentucky to complete his education at the Transylvania University, Lexington. He had, in fact, become so popular through the influence of his money and popular manners as to be able to secure for his hopeful progeny an appointment to West Point, which young Jeff. entered at sixteen, forming part of the graduating class of 1828. He graduated near the foot of the class, and was commissioned in the 1st infantry as Brevet Second Lieutenant, the lowest rank that could be given him.

He was sent to Florida, and served very creditably with Zach. Taylor, in the Black Hawk War, for which he got a commission as First Lieutenant in the 1st Dragoons. In 1841 he offended General Taylor by running away with and marrying his daughter, and the old General never recognized Davis until they happened to meet on the battle-field of Buena Vista, Mexico. In 1845, Davis, having resigned his commission, settled near Vicksburg, and entered upon the arena of politics, in which he was so far successful as to be elected to the Lower House of Congress. When the Mexican war broke out, Davis raised and commanded the 1st Regiment of Mississippi Rifles. The only significant feature in his career was the fact that he declined a United States commission as Brigadier General of volunteers, on the ground that such an appointment by the Federal Executive was a violation of State rights.

He re-entered political life in 1847, having been appointed by the Governor of Mississippi to fill the vacancy in the United States Senate caused by the death of Mr. Speight. At the ensuing election, in 1848, he was elected to fill the term expiring in 1851. On his return to Mississippi, he became the State Rights candidate for Governor, but was defeated by "Little Fidget" Foote, his life-time enemy, who is now lying in Ludlow street jail, in New York city. About the same time he stumped the State for the purpose of advocating the repudiating of the State debt, and was subsequently honored as the originator and prime mover of that great swindle. In 1853 he was called by Pierce to a seat in his Cabinet, as Secretary of War. In 1857 he was re-elected United States Senator from Mississippi, which he held until his resignation, (Jan., 1861,) on the secession of his State.

He was chosen Provisional President of the rebel Confederate States, Feb. 4, 1861, was inaugurated Feb. 22, 1861, and was re-elected in 1862, for the term of six years. He skedaddled from Richmond on the night of April 2d, and was captured May 10th, in Georgia, disguised in his wife's clothes.

The remainder of his career will no doubt be short, as from present indications he will suffer death for high treason. So mote it be.

A Freak of the Telegraph.—Of all the freaks of the telegraph, the following is the most laughable which has come under our personal knowledge. Not long since, a graduate from one of our Eastern theological schools, was called to the pastoral charge of a church in the extreme Southwest. When he was about to start for his new parish he was unexpectedly detained by the incapacity of the Presbytery to ordain him. In order to explain his non-arrival at the appointed time, he sent the following telegram to the deacons of the church: "Presbytery lacked a quorum to ordain." In the course of its journey, the message got strangely metamorphosed, and reached the astonished deacons in this shape: "Presbytery tacked a worm on to Adam." The sober church officers were greatly discomposed and mystified, but after grave consultation concluded it was the minister's facetious way of announcing that he had got married, and accordingly proceeded to provide lodgings for two instead of one.

An ex-slave applied the other day to a lawyer in Maryland for the restoration of his boy of sixteen, who had been illegally apprenticed to his former master. In reply to the lawyer's question whether he was capable of taking care of the boy, the father said: "Well, massa, I rather tinks I's capable as him, for you see dat ole massa has done gone and hired de boy out for fou' dollar a month, an' put de money in his pocket; and I spec's I's capable of dat kind of kere, anyways!"

The following account of a strange suicide is taken from an Eastern paper: A man named Youngblute, having been sent by his employer in company with a boy, to put up a tin spout, and being foiled by the boy in attempting to drive a nail into his stomach, ended his days by hammering a small nail into his forehead.

Punctilius says our army can no longer be called an army of occupation, for its occupation is gone.