New Orleans Daily Crescent.

MONDAY MORNING, MAY 14, 1866.

(For the Crescent.)

Love Verses.

BY ELLIS AMMONETTE.

Thou, maiden with the ebon locks,
Where last thou strayed the live-long day?
We'r guiding thy white fleecy flocks,
Along some verdant slopes to stray?
And while they cropped the juicy grass,
Worked thou, or won't thou still at play?

Ah! I can read within thine eyes,
So deep, and calm, and free from guile,
And from thine air of soft surprise
And artless mien, and gentle smile,
Whate'er thy deed, thou rustic lass,
It was most free from any wile.

Low on the tender herbage green,
Thou'st knelt to lift the tired lamb,
Or flowerets beads that drooping lean,
Beneath the noonday heat and calm,
For thou could'st not unheeding pass
Aught which craved kind attention's balm.

Perchance, some birdling thou hast spied
With thy quick-glancing practiced eye,
Who all too soon its strength had tried
And sunk to earth to pipe and cry,
And perish, if twere not restored,
To parent nest, yet to abide.

When sure I am the timid thing
Nor waited, nor fluttered in thy clasp,
But folded its weak downy wing,
And nestled to thy tender grasp,
Secure while held to thy soft breast,
That thorn nor twig could never rasp.

Oft as I see thee wandering home,
From out the sunset's golden glow,
The thought will ever quickly come,
And ever still more strongly grow—
Would I were lamb, or flower, or bird,
It then would'st only cherish so.

(From the Crescent Monthly.)

The Confederate Flag.

H. L. FLASH.

Four short years we saw it gleam,
A people's hope—and then refurled,
Even while its glory was the theme
Of half the world.

The beacon that, with streaming ray,
Dazzled a struggling nation's sight—
Seeming a pillar of cloud by day,
Of fire by night.

They jeer, who trembled as it hung,
Cloven like lightning in the sky,
And heroic souls in Homer sung,
Followed it—to die.

It fell—but stainless as it rose,
Martyred, like Stephen, in the strife;
Passing, like him, girdled with foes,
From death to life.

Fame's trophy, sanctified by tears!
Planted, forever, at her portal;
Folded, true—what then? Four short years
Made it immortal.

(For the Crescent.)

Spirits in Moderation.

BY W. M. B.

We had been detailed as the baggage guard of a light battery, and occupied part of a car. No matter when or where. You wouldn't know if I told you. Pull Stingray had a ten days dispensation from duty on account of a shell wound in the head, by virtue of which we had been allowed the luxury of sleeping in a box car upon a downy couch, composed of about equal proportion of saddles, harness, empty haversacks, and boxes of fixed ammunition. He awoke and looked round—"Whatsh-e we stopping here for?"

"Train halted till further orders."

"Any guerrillas ahead?" asked he, yawning, and adjusting what the boys called his "brow band" and "head stall," and the surgeon dignified as a T bandage.

I replied, "No, something about Vicksburg, I believe."

We slid back the door and looked out. The locomotive was slumbering on a switch. The men were lying on top of the cars, or seated on the road side. Many could be seen across the fields prospecting for a cabbage, a setting hen, or anything that came handy. They were roaming around like pointers ranging for a covey. The staff of our regiment—the "a" was pronounced as in "fall"—occupied the porch of an adjacent mansion, and had already planted a sentry to prevent any poaching upon their pre-emption. The ladies of the mansion were seen flitting between the house and kitchen, and a small negro boy was emerging from the garden with a large bundle of mint.

"Ah!" said Stingray, as he borrowed my pipe to light his own, "here we are, for time enough to eat and sleep, you may be certain. Look at that pile of 'tricks'"—the men always called personal property by that name.

I assented. Drawing a few whiffs to assure himself that his pipe would not go out while he was talking, Stingray turned his eye with a look of inquiry.

"Dry as a drum," I replied, tilting up the stopperless canteen.

"And the haversack?"

"The mess chest is out foraging." Now the mess chest was Private Rogers, No. 3 of a section of the Light Battery.

Phil walked to the window, took another survey of the "staff" and remarked:

"D—n that mint!"

"I thought you liked it."

"No, I don't!" Then a pause; and the smoke rose for a few moments as if from an escape pipe. He turned around, with his back to the window, and said:

"I don't like to see mint in the hands of men no better than myself, and to feel that I must touch my hat to them. War is a terrible leveller. But it's right! it's right! Discipline—unity—is all that can gain our cause, and for that you may chalk 'No. 3 at the gun' on the piece of paling that marks my remains any day. But, I say, here's the mess chest. Why, Rogers, old fel, you've sacked a plantation. Where in the name——"

The rest of the phrase was lost in inexpressible admiration of the haversack. Rogers glowed with the honest pride of successful enterprise as he whispered:

"We come the provost guard over a Union miller. Me and two boys from the ridgement agreed to parole him for two hundred wate of flour, twenty pound of bacon, and a gallon of whisky apiece."

We were speechless—the more so, perhaps, that Stingray was sampling the whisky. Apparently, he could not decide upon its merits, for he repeated the test, and handed the canteen to me. My mouth was too full of bread, meat, and gratitude for professions.

Rogers went off to secure the spoils, and we satisfied a hunger that surpassed all the sauce of Soyer.

Stingray at last wiped his mouth, resumed his pipe, and "adjusted his bandages." He then "called back the tangled masses of his hair," which had not been combed since the last camp, and said:

"This d—d cut is curing up with alarming rapidity. I shall be running back that old wheel in a week."

"Well you should thank God you were not planted in that redoubt."

"I do feel thankful and forgiving since Rogers got back. I forgive the 'staff' their mint and impudence. Ain't that magnanimous?' Another prolonged pull at the quod restat of the whisky and the pipe glowed like spontaneous combustion; for it had grown to be dark. Rogers had, at our request, passed the word to a very few friends, who were bound by the most sacred considerations of hospitality not to disclose the manna which had befallen us. They had brought their pipes—indeed the pipe was an indispensable part of the so[illegible] scant apparel, and seated around the car with that utter indifference, which three years of field service brings, whether the next order was "in battery," "caction front," or "limber up to the rear," the little party talked over the events of the campaign, constituted some officers and awarded medals to others, with the usual warmth of argument which inspires men whose logic is personal experience. The conversation became amicable, and the party regarded the canteen as a comrade which could not possibly survive the hemorrhage much longer and grew grave accordingly.

Stingray—"That mint looked so fresh. It was so green. It was so natural. It seems to me I have just rode to Northumberland Courthouse. It is a very hot day. Every one is idle. They are delighted to see me. They take my horse at the tavern door. Every one hurries me to the bar, and a glass holding as much as one of your degenerate pitchers, is presented to my glowing lips. It is covered with knobs of ice inside and out, and spring lingers in the lap of winter. The green and glorious mint rises from the freezing and frosted julep. Pass that glass around. What joys! what jests it inspires! Glorious Old Dominion, why did they envy your happiness and seek to substitute a system so hostile to all your customs and traditions?" "You are eloquent upon mint, Stingray, but it makes the worst kind of a drunk," said a guest.

"That's because one drinks so much of it. Sometimes a man don't come to himself for a week. I knew a curious case of the sort once."

Omnes—"What was it, Stingray?"

"Panaw, it aint worth telling; besides we shall be under way soon."

"Oh, no, we're good for midnight. Let us hear."

"Certainly," said Stingray, "I'll talk if you'll listen, but pass the persuader." The canteen responded to our several appeals. It seemed to flicker in the socket and to inspire brighter inspirations with its waning life drops.

"Well," said Stingray, "I'll give you Spirits in Moderation."

"Old Judge Lomax was the best judge that ever sat on our bench, and he was even a better man than he was a judge, but there were some things he couldn't judge as well as I could, and I will tell you one of them. We had changed our old Constitution and made our sheriffs elective. We had good sheriffs before and it did not improve them, although I was one of the new style, having been elected by the people of my county over two or three men, either of whom, I may say, was fitter for it than I myself. At least my securities came to that conclusion subsequently.

"It had been my duty to summon a venire to the fall term of the judge's court, and after having proceeded somewhat in the examination of witnesses the court adjourned, and the jury was committed to the care and custody of the sheriff. In order to avoid any official liability the sheriff asked special directions from the judge. He was to take them to a respectable, but not costly, hotel. They were to be fed and attended, but allowed to hold no communication with any outside persons upon any subject connected with the case under consideration. "Were they to have any liquor, a julep or two, for instance?"

"Not a drop. But," said the benevolent and strictly temperate judge, probably repenting of this obdurate decree, "you may give them a little, but in moderation. Mr. Sheriff, in great moderation."

Thus charged, the jury was taken to the hotel, and the sheriff having made proclamation of adjournment, resumed a game of poker which had stood continued from the preceding evening.

"It was nearly daybreak," said Stingray. "We had supper, oysters and julep and we had become very good company. Everybody was talking—everybody was drinking—everybody was smoking, when we heard a rap at the door. Well, we didn't exactly hear a rap. My deputy and one or two village boys, not being able to attract attention by shouting and pounding at the door, had climbed in at the window. The jury had got liquor, was very drunk, and was making, if anything, more noise than we were. I commanded my deputy to return and decapitate any negro who should violate the judicial decree of temperance by bringing drink to the jury. The deputy was to walk them out early in the morning, give them a good breakfast, and bring them into court sober. He returned to his duties, and I returned to mine. The next morning the jury was in court. The judge was engaged apparently in looking through the docket. The clerk was polling the jury—that is, calling the names. The jurors answered in a capricious variety of tones, from the bass of a bull frog to the squeal of a discontented kitten. The judge listened at this vocal register, which was about equal to that of Senora Alboni. At last, the clerk called George Washington Brown, and he responded as if he were hailing a ferry boat across York river, "here, by G—d!" The judge laid down the docket, and called out for the sheriff! He reported for duty. "It appears to me that this man is drunk." The correctness of this *obiter dictum* was confirmed by Brown's denial. "You are drunk, sir," said the judge, "and in this state have dared to present yourself to sit in judgment upon questions of fact, involving the liberty and the life of a fellow creature." Brown expostulated, and making an energetic demonstration of dissect from the judicial opinion, tumbled under the clerk's table. Grand tableau. "Take him to jail, sheriff," said the judge; and Brown, demanding his habeas corpus—an old-fashioned writ, to which every man used to be entitled—was hurried from the premises, and from thence to the county prison.

"Brown insisted upon his rights under the Constitution. He was perfectly aware that his house was his castle, and threatened me with death *se defendendo*. Brown had no use for so much Latin since he left Williamsburg. Firm in the performance of my duty, I led him with the attendant population of the village to the county jail. The approach to the door exasperated Brown, and his comminations became painfully personal; but I suppose nothing ever had a more startling effect upon the nerves of a man than the sound of the old jail lock; the key was as long as a walking cane, and when the rusted bolt flew back it popped like a pistol. Brown's courage gave way. The situation appalled him. He sat on the door step and began to cry. "Phil," said he, "old fel, you put me in prison! I that went to school with you—I that voted for you, and made my brothers and brothers-in-law and neighbors give you two majority at the Squashtown precinct." This last appeal was too forcible to be disregarded. "Brown," said I, after a short altercation, "will you promise me one thing?" At that moment Brown would have pledged any number of independent electors to my support for any office in the popular gift. Said he with solemnity: "Stingray, I will. You know my wife's health—you know her nature. She'll have hysterics and Parson Surplice couldn't convince her that I hadn't committed some dreadful crime, and was in jail for life. I never was in jail nor none of the Brown family, that is, my branch of it, and I'm to have a thousand rights to vindicate my character."

"Then, if I promise you to go your bail, you will go home this instant?" "As soon as I can get my horse, Phil." "No, if you go after your horse the judge will see you. Tell some of your neighbors to bring your horse." This was to keep him from drinking more liquor.

"Brown did not wait to return thanks. I don't think he straightened himself, but moved off and made for the woods, across lots, signalling a neighbor as he went to bring his horse. So Brown rejoined his spouse unconscious of his peril, and I returned to the courthouse.

"In due time the term came to a close, the consent decrees were all entered, the orders read and signed by the judge, and I, who had been facetiously entertaining Travers Daniel and St. George Tucker, two counsellors, ever fonder of fun than of law, was about to announce the adjournment by proclamation to "all who had pleas to enter or suits to prosecute," after the high old Norman fashion, when the very mild voice of the judge demanded my attention. "By the way, sheriff," said he, "I was about to adjourn without discharging that drunken venire-man; bring him into court, that I may give him some admonition." The court-room swam around me. The judge seemed to dance upon the bench, and I distinctly saw two fingers put to the noses of two visionary barristers, who whispered "escape at common law with knowledge of officer, felony! Officer liable to be incarcerated in place of prisoner. Fine at discretion of jury. Defend you for a thousand each." This with the rapidity and concentration which crowds years into moments. Yet, meanwhile, I answered the judge, "Yes, sir. Certainly, sir." I quitted the court-room with no well-defined purpose, except to fly the country rather than substitute the venire-man aforesaid. On reaching the street, as it was called, I had an inspiration. There was always a small per centage of the population that attended Westmore land court who came solely to fill their skins with whisky. They generally came early and remained late, and were to be found in every stage of inebriety, from "rearing fou" to mellow maudlin. "Perhaps," said my internal counsellor, "the judge cannot tell one drunken man from another." There sat in a split-bottomed chair, under a locust tree, a victim of debauch. Every one, after having teased him to their content, had dropped off and left him asleep. I seized him by the collar, and jerking him upon his feet, told him that the judge had borne the neglect of his family and business as long as he could, and had ordered me to bring him into court. The man awoke from his stupor alarmed; he attempted an apology for his conduct, and promised that he would quit the place. "Not till you see the judge," said I, "and get his leave." So I took him into the court house, where the judge was awaiting me. The man walked with me to the clerk's table. He had a bewildered stare as he looked timidly around. "Sheriff," said the judge, "that man does not seem to be entirely sober yet." "Don't know, sir. Suppose it's the same old drunk. I have given him no liquor." Regarding him as incorrigible, the judge was perhaps the more severe in his admonition. He first told him the duties of a venire man. They were to hear the evidence, to weigh the argument, and do justice. "Yet you, sir," said he, "regardless of these duties and of the solemnity of your oath—regardless of the fact that you had been intrusted with—Here the prisoner broke in, "Judge, you are mistaken. I cum—" "Silence!" shouted I, jerking the prisoner by the collar, "is commanded on pain of imprisonment while the honorable judge—" There, said the judge, "that will do, sheriff. Discharge this man; he is stupid and incorrigible. But if you ever summon such another juror, I will commit him and fine you. Let this be a lesson to you both. Adjourn the court." Both these orders were obeyed with alacrity. I escorted the culprit to the door, and said to him:—"I have got you off this time, but if you do not take your horse, and go straight home, the judge will send you to jail." The man had no horse, and so ran, as his predecessor had done, for the woods, and was not seen at the courthouse for two or three courts afterwards, which was a greater abstinence than he had ever been known to practice before, since he had first rode there behind his father.

"And that was the last of it?" asked Gaskitt, tilting the canteen into a perpendicular position.

"Not quite. The judge resigned his seat, and lawyer Conway was a candidate for the vacancy. I received a message to be certain to come to his house on a certain day, and there I met a party of gentlemen, who were to meet Judge Lomax at dinner. We enjoyed the dinner, and the juleps, and the company; but, after we had sat some time in conversation, lawyer Conway knocked the table, and said:—"Silence, gentlemen, if you please; Mr. Stingray will give us a little spirits—but in moderation!" I felt nearly as bad, for the moment, as I had done at the door of the court house; but, seeing at once that it was intended for amusement, I apologized for the apparent disrespect to the judge, but narrated the circumstances, pretty much as they had occurred. Everyone was greatly amused, and the Judge especially delighted.

"Did you really, Mr. Stingray, practise such an imposition on me?"

"Judge, what could I do? Those lawyers told me I must go to jail in Brown's place; so I thought you were a much better judge of a lawpoint than you were of a drunken man—and it turned out so!"

Telegraphic News Items.

CONSIDERATION OF THE RECONSTRUCTION REPORT—THE AMENDMENT TO THE POSTOFFICE BILL—THE TAX REMOVED FROM CRUDE PETROLEUM—THE CAUSE OF THE MEMPHIS RIOTS TO BE INVESTIGATED—CABINET MEETING—QUARANTINE REGULATIONS—THE TRIAL OF JEFF. DAVIS.

(Special Dispatch to the Chicago Times.)

WASHINGTON, May 8.—The moment the journal was read in the House to-day, the constitutional amendment, reported by the Reconstruction Committee as a basis for the restoration of the Union, was taken up and debated in thirty minute speeches until the hour of adjournment. No other business was transacted. Mr. Stevens opened the debate in a brief speech, in which he stated that the amendment was not all to be desired, but he was content to accept it for the present. He stated that its legal ratification could only be effected by the Loyal States, and, at the same time, animadverted severely on the course of the Senate in defeating the amendment to the Constitution heretofore considered by the House, fixing the basis of representation on the enfranchised population. He attributed its defeat to puerile and pedantic criticism and misrepresentation, and thought that the Senate, by throwing them into the amendment, would give the enlightened freedmen the right of suffrage, and, in conclusion, called upon the dominant party in Congress to stand firmly by the report.

The debate was then participated in by Messrs. Blaine, Garfield and Thayer, all Republicans, and all of whom opposed the proposed amendment, which disfranchises those who participated in the rebellion from voting for President or member of Congress until after 1870. There are some party speeches yet to be made before a vote is taken.

The Senate spent all the day on the proposition prohibiting any officer from receiving any salary who is appointed during the recess of the Senate.

Senator Doolittle spoke at considerable length in defense of the President, claiming that he was still a Republican, and that it was not the conservatives who had left the Republican party, as they had attempted to desert while Mr. Lincoln was President. Mr. Doolittle warned the radicals that the next election would result in their overthrow.

The Senate took no vote, but the indications were favorable to-day that the proposition will be defeated. Senators Wilson and Fessenden announced that they should vote against it.

The Senate to-day passed the House resolution removing the tax from crude petroleum. It provides that parafine oil, not exceeding in specific gravity 30 degrees, 3-ounce hydrometer, from and after the passage of this joint resolution, be exempt from internal tax or duty.

Major General O. A. Howard has dispatched Brevet Major F. W. Gilbreth, a member of his staff, to Memphis, Tenn., to investigate the causes which led to, and the circumstances attending the late riot in that city. Mr. Gilbreth left last evening and will report to Major General Fisk, assistant commissioner of the freedman's bureau for Kentucky and Tennessee.

This being a cabinet meeting day no visitors were admitted to the executive mansion. All of the members of the cabinet were present with the exception of the attorney general, who is on a visit to Louisville, Ky., and the session was rather longer than usual.

There was rather a spicy debate in the Senate to-day on the appropriation conferring absolute power on the secretaries of war and the navy to establish quarantines at every seaport. Senator Grimes, in the course of some pertinent remarks against it, expressed his desire to see the general government re-established to its legitimate sphere, and he also remarked that with an army of government quarantine officials at every seaport, the cholera would not be so much to be dreaded as the attack on the treasury, which would be the consequence.

The Star says: "We learn that it has been decided to try Jeff. Davis in a civil court in the State of Virginia, most probably in the judicial district of Norfolk. Since the government has decided to bring him at once to trial on the charge of treason, preparations to that end have been in progress. It is understood that Chief Justice Chase will preside over the court, and that Attorney General Speed will prosecute. The leading counsel for Davis are Charles O'Connor and Mr. Shea, of New York."

THE BILL FOR THE REDUCTION OF THE INTEREST ON THE NATIONAL DEBT, AND PENDING THE SAME, TO BE REPORTED AT AN EARLY DAY—THE PRESENT TELEGRAPH SYSTEM.

WASHINGTON, May 8.—The Senate Finance Committee, to-day, considered at length the bill introduced by Senator Sherman, providing for reduction of the interest on the national debt, and finding the same, and instructed their chairman to report the same without amendment. It is the intention of the committee to push upon its passage at once, inasmuch as the secretary of the treasury desires to avail himself of its provisions at an early day.

It appears from the last report submitted by the Ways and Means Committee that a large number of articles have been added to the free list which were not in the former report, and which looks to a still further reduction of the internal revenue taxes, which will probably meet with strong opposition, in view of the fact that the business of the whole country has fallen off largely, and the incomes will not be half what they were in 1864. The repeal of the tax on slaughtered animals, which produced $1,500,000 of revenue, and also that on iron and coal, will be strenuously opposed. The committee stated to-day that they hoped to carry their measures nearly as reported.

The Senate special committee appointed to look into the present telegraph system with a view of adopting some new arrangement which will be more economical, have called upon the postmaster general for his views as to the propriety of connecting it with the postal system. The postmaster general is preparing an elaborate report thereon, which will shortly be transmitted to the Senate, and the committee will therefore wait for this report before any definite action is concluded.

THE INTERNAL REVENUE BILL—THE TAX ON COTTON FIXED AT FIVE CENTS PER POUND—PRIZE FIGHT—THE COLORADO AND THE HABEAS CORPUS BILLS TO BE VETOED.

WASHINGTON, May 8.—The House at its evening session, after considerable debate on the internal revenue bill, finally fixed the tax on raw cotton at five cents per pound, to be taxed in the hands of the producer.

A prize fight took place between a Baltimorean named Caltern, and a Washingtonian named Baltier, on the Potomac, this morning, near Mount Vernon. About five hundred people were present. Forty-five rounds were fought in fifty minutes, and the Baltimorean was declared victor. On the 29th round the Washingtonian broke his wrist, but continued to fight on.

It is a very current rumor in good quarters tonight that the President has not only determined to veto the Colorado bill, but the bill amendatory of the habeas corpus act.

THE MERCHANTS' NATIONAL BANK FAILURE—ITS EFFECT UPON OTHER BANKING INSTITUTIONS—GOVERNMENT FINANCES—THE VIRGINIA FREEDMEN—IMPORTANT MEASURES RELATIVE TO THE FURTHER DEVELOPMENT OF THE NORTHWEST.

WASHINGTON, May 8.—The doors of the Merchants' National Bank remain open, and the officers remain there, making promises of future redemption, but with no prospect of being able to fulfil them. It appears that there was no deposit from the interior department, on account of funds, $32,637; post office department, dead letter fund, waste paper fund and disbursing clerk, $6,000; treasury department $3000, and other paymasters and quarter masters, $840,163; total, $881,800. Gen. Spinner holds above the amount necessary for the redemption of the notes of the bank, $140,000, leaving a loss to the government of $741,000, without having recourse to stockholders, or counting upon the probable non-return of a large portion of the rates of the bank, or the bank recovering or having anything from the general assets of the concern. The official inquiry now going on will soon demonstrate the amount of the private deposits, and their liabilities and assets. Information from Baltimore indicates that nothing of any account will be received from Boyne or Boyne & Co., of Baltimore.

The failure of the Merchant's National Bank has caused a general feeling of dissatisfaction among depositors in other institutions, and yesterday quite a run was made upon some others, and a large amount of deposits have been removed to Jay Cooke's, the First National Bank, and to the United States treasury. There are no other suspensions, however, and it is announced by Maury & Co., that they will resume to-day.

On May 1 there was in the various public depositories $24,223,780 30, for which there are government securities held by Gen. Spinner amounting to $36,114,500.

The inspector general of the freedmen's bureau in Virginia has just reported to the assistant commissioner at Richmond, the result of a thorough investigation of the affairs of the freedmen in the State, of which he has just completed an inspection. His report on the whole is comparatively favorable. He represents the various colored schools generally well attended, and the prejudice existing against the freedmen is slowly but surely diminishing. The sanitary condition of the freedmen has so far proved throughout the State that the bureau hospitals have been abolished, the employers, in compliance with the terms of their labor contracts, furnishing the requisite medical attendance. The demand for labor greatly exceeds the supply in all positions in the State. The wages of the male freedmen average about $12 per month, including food, quarters and medical attendance.

The Senate Committee on Public Lands have several important measures before them which will be reported in a few days, looking to an early development of the northwest. Several leading railroad men are here in conference with them, among whom is a Mr. Moore, who is urging legislation to insure the completion of the road from St. Paul to Bayfield, which makes an outlet to the lakes.

PATRIOT SUSPENDED—MASSACHUSETTS PHILANTHROPISTS IN TROUBLE—IMPORTANT COTTON SEIZURES—AFFAIRS IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

WASHINGTON, May 8.—Dispatches from North Carolina reveal further acts of malfeasance on the part of the agents of the freedmen's bureau in that State. Col. Whittlesey, the commissioner for the State, and several of his subordinates, with the assistance of some Massachusetts philanthropists, it is alleged, have been discovered running plantations on private account, and working delinquent or disorderly darkeys on them for punishment. Several arrests have been made, and more will be.

It is reported that nearly all the claimants of the cotton seized by the government at Savannah have commenced suits in the United States district court of New York, against Simeon Draper, cotton agent, for the recovery of the value of the cotton. The suits number one hundred and twenty-two, and a strong array of talent has been retained by the plaintiffs, among whom are James T. Brady, William Evarts and others of equal ability.

Gen. Sickles reports affairs gradually improving in South Carolina. The labor question is well settled, and the lawless operations in the northwestern portion of the State have ceased. Gen. Sickles, having declined the mission to the Hague, will probably return to the command of the district of South Carolina.

DISCUSSIONS ON THE RECONSTRUCTION REPORT LIMITED TO HALF AN HOUR EACH.

WASHINGTON, May 8.—An ample opportunity will be offered in the House for a general expression of views on the pending report of the Committee on Reconstruction. The speeches of the members are confined to half an hour each. Already more than 30 members have entered their names on the lists, and they will be recognized in rotation.

BILL OF INDICTMENT PREPARED AGAINST JEFF. DAVIS—THE LATE CABINET MEETING.

NEW YORK, May 8.—The Commercial's special says: "United States District Attorney Chandler has prepared a bill of indictment against Jeff. Davis, at Norfolk. It is understood that Chief Justice Chase will not preside at the trial."

The Washington Republican says the report of the cabinet discussion on reconstruction was from the highest source, and that Secretary Stanton's opposition to the plan was as equivocal as that of any other member.

The Post's special says that in the Senate Finance Committee, during the discussion of the new loan bill, objections were made to the clause exempting bonds from State and income taxes.

IMMENSE NUMBER OF FOREIGN PASSPORTS ISSUED.

WASHINGTON, May 8.—The number of Americans visiting Europe is shown by the amount of passports issued by the department of state to be largely increasing. More have been issued in 1866 than in any previous year.

STRIKE AMONG THE LABORERS ON THE PANA AND SPRINGFIELD RAILROAD—ARREST OF THE CONSPIRATORS.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., May 8.—The report of a strike among the hands engaged in throwing up the dirt work on the Pana and Springfield railroad, near Rochester, having reached the authorities of this city to-day, a *posse comitatus* of about twenty armed men were at once sent to arrest the ringleaders and restore order. It would appear that the strikers had forbidden other laborers from working on the road, under threats of violence, and had gone so far as to resist the interference of the authorities of Rochester. The armed party who left this city made an arrest of six of the most active of the strikers, and succeeded in restoring quiet. Those arrested are at present in the county jail, awaiting an examination. The work along the line of the road has been resumed. The strikers demand $2 per day instead of $1 75, which they were receiving.

INFLUX OF VISITORS—CONSOLIDATIONS OF RAILROADS AND STEAMBOAT LINES—SANITARY MEASURES IN ANTICIPATION OF THE CHOLERA.

ST. PAUL, MINN., May 8.—The influx of visitors and immigrants is unprecedented, but we have two mammoth hotels, just finished, to accommodate the throng.

The consolidation of all the steamboats and railroads, from the Savannah road up to LaCrosse, results already in an advance of two cents per bushel on the river freights on grain.

Thousands of bushels of rubbish and filth have been removed from the city under the orders of the board of health, and we shall soon be ready for the cholera. The city will this week be in thorough sanitary condition, and we expect a smaller bill of mortality than we have ever had before.

CONFLICT BETWEEN THE MILITARY COMMANDANT AND MAYOR AT SELMA, ALA.

CAIRO, Ill., May 8.—The military commandant of Selma, Ala., has notified the civil authorities of that place that they must cease the use of the chain gang, or he will promptly proceed against them under the civil rights bill. The mayor replies spiritedly, and flatly refuses, saying there is no distinction of color in the chain gang. By a proclamation he informs the people that he will resign unless the freedmen's bureau is prohibited from interfering with him.

BURNING OF THE STEAMER MASONIC GEM—A NEGRO BOY PERISHES IN THE FLAMES.

CAIRO, Ill., May 8.—The steamer Masonic Gem was burned at Paducah last night. A negro boy employed on the boat perished in the flames. The watchman, a white man, narrowly escaped being badly burned in the head and arm. The boat, a few days before, had broken a shaft, and was laying up for repairs. She was very old and of little value. The Gem was owned by J. E. Wood, and is reported insured for $5000.

THE FOURTH CAVALRY TO BE MUSTERED OUT.

MADISON, Wis., May 8.—Advices from Washington say that an order has been issued to muster out the Fourth Cavalry. They may be expected home within a month.

IMPORTANT RELIGIOUS CONVENTION — PROPOSED UNION OF METHODIST CHURCHES.

CINCINNATI, May 8.—One of the most important religious conventions ever assembled in our city will open its session on to-morrow at 10 A. M., at the Union chapel on Seventh street. This convention is the result of a primary one held at Cleaveland a year ago, having for its object the union of all the new Episcopal M. E. churches under the shadow of one church, to be known as the Methodist Church of America.

EXPRESS MANAGER KILLED—A CASE UNDER THE CIVIL RIGHTS BILL.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., May 8.—Lyman Brodies, an Adams express messenger, was killed on the Louisville train this morning, between Cave City and Glasgow junction. He was stooping down to see if a wheel under his car needed oiling, when his head struck a bridge beam beside the track. He lived only a short time.

A case comes up before the justice's court tomorrow, testing the effects of the civil rights bill. The Tennessee law has not yet gone into operation allowing negroes to testify against whites. The laws now in force expressly forbid such testimony. The counsel for the defense contend that the case is not covered by the civil rights bill, and the officers of the freedmen's court insist the other way. The case has created much interest and comment, and the court room, it is expected, will be thronged when the trial comes on.

THE IRON-CLAD VESSELS BUILT FOR JAPAN A FAILURE—HER ENGINEER COMMITS SUICIDE.

NEW YORK, May 8.—Letters from Japan state that the iron-clad vessels built in America, for the tycoon, is a failure. The Japanese engineer who purchased her committed suicide.

THE ADAMS EXPRESS ROBBERY—ARREST OF THE THIEVES.

All the parties implicated in the Adams Express robbery, in January last, have been arrested, and all of the money, except about $40,000, recovered. The originator of the robbery, John Grady, a brakeman of the New Haven train, was recently arrested at Bridgeport, Connecticut. Martin Allen, the engineer of the robbery, was arrested in Brooklin last Saturday. Gilbert McGlane, alias Gilly McGlory, a well-known sneak thief, was arrested in that city last Friday night. James Wolfe, a brother-in-law of Martin Allen, was also arrested in this city on the same night. They were all taken to Bridgeport and committed. The proof against them is conclusive. It is said the police of this city knew who the robbers were immediately after the robbery, and yesterday they had made very little or no effort to arrest them. The arrests were effected through the agency of Pinkerton's national police.

DEATH OF A PROMINENT ODD FELLOW.

NEW YORK, May 8.—John J. Davies, G. M., of the independent order of Odd Fellows, of the State of New York, died in Brooklyn, this morning. He was also, at the time of his death, grand scribe of the grand encampment, and representative of that body in the grand lodge of the United States. He had been a member of the order a quarter of a century.

THE CHOLERA—THREE NEW CASES AND THREE DEATHS REPORTED BY THE HEALTH OFFICER—AN UNFOUNDED RUMOR—NO APPEARANCE OF THE EPIDEMIC IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, May 8.—The health officers report show three new cases and three deaths from cholera since the last return. Sixty-five convalescent patients have been transferred from the hospital-ship to the ship Saratoga, leaving only forty-seven in the hospital.

The total number of deaths by cholera, so far, is fifty.

The rumor which prevailed yesterday, to the effect that an unknown man from Albany had died of cholera at Bellevue hospital, proves, on investigation, to have been without foundation, the person in question having died from hernia. The health authorities are of the opinion that there is no appearance of that epidemic yet in the city.

(From the Atlanta Intelligencer.)

Outrageous Attempt at Murder—Horses Stolen.

On Sunday night last the most outrageous attempt at murder was made by a desperate band of thieves about three and a half miles from this city, that we have ever been called upon to notice. Not long since, Col. F. W. Benteen, of the "10th Missouri cavalry," and recently the federal commandant of this post, purchased a place on the old McDonough road, with a view of making it his permanent residence, and had encamped upon it until he could erect suitable buildings for the accommodation of his family. A few nights previous to the outrageous occurrence which we are now noticing the colonel was joined by his wife, Mrs. Benteen, who had just arrived from St. Louis. At about 10 o'clock on the night referred to, while the colonel was in his tent reading, and Mrs. Benteen writing to her St. Louis friends, the firing of a gun was heard in the vicinity of the tent at an out-house occupied by one of the colonel's domestics who had charge of his horses, then locked up in his stables. This shot was fired, it was soon after ascertained, at this domestic, or servant, of the colonel, by one of the robbers, and took effect in two places, the back and head, inflicting, however, only slight wounds. Seizing a pistol, and opening the door of the tent, the colonel stepped out to take an observation, when he saw, proceeding by the trees, three men approaching the tent—two directly in front, the third in an oblique direction.

Then he challenged them on their approach by crying out "who comes there?" and no answer being given he fired in the direction of the two—divesting himself, with much presence of mind, just in time to escape being throwing them into the rushes near, of a large sum of money and a valuable watch, which he had upon his person. This fire was immediately returned by the rascals, who succeeded in severely wounding the colonel—one shot taking effect in the right hip and another in the left calf. Four white men advanced then rapidly and in a most determined manner, demanding his money and whatever was valuable upon his person, which, of course, they searched, taking therefrom a small deringer, a packet knife, and the money belt which had only a minute before been emptied of its contents. The robbers then demanded of Col. B. that he should accompany them to his stables and deliver to them his horses, and a fine saddle which it seems they knew he had. Defenseless and powerless though he was, the colonel, in order to delay the rascals in their robbery, conducted them to the wrong stables, but they soon discovered the ruse, and directly finding an axe they proceeded to the stable where the horses were, broke open the doors, and with the stolen property rode off, taking the old McDonough road that crosses "South river." While these outrages were being enacted who can imagine the anguish and terror of Mrs. Benteen, then left alone in the tent, powerless to render any aid to her husband?

Colonel Benteen thinks that there were only four men engaged in this desperate outrage, although the negro who was shot thinks there were more in the woods near by. These men admitted they were thieves, come to plunder, and that at all hazards. Such an outrage as this has never before been perpetrated in this vicinity. In audacity and recklessness it exceeds any that we have hitherto been called upon to report. Coupled with it, others have recently occurred in this vicinity and city, which evidence plainly the existence of a band of horse thieves, than which Murrel's clan, in days gone by, were certainly neither bolder nor more successful.

The Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette says the chaplain of the House of Representatives never fails to pray for the passage of every bill introduced by a radical member of that body, nor to thank the Almighty when it passes. He gives, as a specimen, the following extract from a prayer uttered on the passage of the civil rights bill over the President's veto:

We thank Thee, O God! that we behold this illustrious day—this day on which, for the first time, the sun will look on no man in all our territory who is not under the protection of equal laws. We thank Thee, O God! that the consummation has been reached, because it is in accordance with the teachings of the Gospel of Jesus, our Redeemer. We feel great solemnity while we thank Thee for it, for our hearts look up to Thy throne and exclaim: "It is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes."

Marvelous it certainly was, says the Mobile Advertiser and Register, but in thus making the Lord responsible for all the rascality through which the success of the bill was secured, this political preacher is guilty of the vilest blasphemy, and exhibits himself as one who wears the livery of the court of Heaven to serve the devil in.

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