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[Correspondence of N. Y. Independent.]

Brig.-General Rice.

BY CHAPLAIN THOMAS.

As we strolled through an orchard that adjoined his quarters, he stopped me by the shoulder, and, turning so that we faced each other, said, with a great weight of earnestness in every syllable, and his eyes burning:—"Why, I have thought this over so much, and have lain awake so many nights in anxiety for the country, and have grown to *love* her so——." He did not conclude the sentence; but the intensity of his expression, and especially of the last clause, though it was tenderly spoken, was such that to have added: "That I offer her my life," would have weakened the sense. After a silence, he continued: "If we should fail in this war, and I survive it, my course is determined. I shall never leave off fighting for Liberty—if not in this country, in some other—if not with my sword, with my pen—to the end of my life." And so the General went on, as long as I remained his guest, breathing out his passionate devotion to the truth, for which, in a few days, he was to spill the blood of his brave heart; and, knowing how many times his knighthood had been proven in the fires of conflict, he seemed to me, while speaking, as grand as man could be.

Of the Christian piety that was Gen. Rice's eminent trait, though it was manifest in his whole conversation, I have not spoken distinctly, because I have yet something to relate that will set it clearly forth. My desire to tell this moved me, more than anything else, to write a sketch of the visit.

As the day advanced to noon, and we returned from our walk to his room, we fell to talking of what would follow if our cause should be lost.—The strain grew more and more sombre, till it drooped into silence—a silence which the General broke by saying, as one proposing the solution of a difficulty, "Suppose we pray." He rose, and taking the Bible from the shelf, opened it and read the 4th chapter of 2d Corinthians—"Therefore, seeing we have this ministry," &c.—after a manner that showed how deeply he felt that a ministry *had* been committed to him. At the 8th verse he paused to look up and smile; and when the reading was ended we kneeled down. I would the whole nation might have listened to his prayer—so full of trust, and hope, and courage. It drew very near the throne, revealing how closely a Christian soldier may walk with God. It is not often that any single passage of a life can be taken as a specimen of the whole, and especially the ordinary, every day expression of a great and useful career is not up to the level of its grand significance; but I think that this prayer of General Rice, written over his tomb, might stand as a just monument and record, to tell the true story of what he was. It was the last of earth between the General and me. As we rose from our knees he remarked, in a cheerful tone, "It looks brighter now; doesn't it?" and I, feeling that the visit was complete, soon took my leave. I saw him once more. He lay in a tent—dead. A wounded soldier, with his face buried in his hands, sat beside the body. I lifted the hat that covered the features. They were calm as the slumber of peace. I remember how he once said to a friend of mine, who told it to me, "Give my life for the country! I *have* given it many a time." The sacrifice was often carried to the altar; at last the flame had touched it, and it was consumed. The sound of cannon at the front, where the battle yet raged, was borne back on the trembling air, but his sword reposed quietly beside the still hand that two hours ago had grasped it in God's name. It was pleasant then, as it has been through the six weeks of fiery toil and tempest that have since worn wearily by, to think that the General was at rest.

Gen. McPherson's Appearance and Character.

The personal appearance of Gen. McPherson was that of a high-toned gentleman and scholar, and the more intimate the acquaintance with him, the more thoroughly were these first impressions confirmed. In few military men of our army were the qualities of a true gentleman so happily blended with those of a real soldier.—Justly regarded as one of the most skillful officers in the Western army, he was noted for a total absence of that roughness and uncouthness of manner, almost amounting to boorishness, which some officers seem to regard as a *sine qua non* to the make-up of a good commander. No subordinate, whatever his rank or station, whether private soldier or Brigadier-General, ever received from him an unkind answer or an unsivil word.—He was as courteous to his body-servant as he was respectful to his superiors in rank and position. The writer recollects on one occasion an officer said to him: "Why don't you swear at the damned rascals?" alluding to some men who had been guilty of dereliction of duty. The General replied, "I have no more right to swear at them than at you. How would you like me to damn you a little now and then?" It was a favorite expression of his that politeness was a coin that passed current everywhere, and was never at a discount.

His courage was of a kind most valuable to an army and to himself as a commander. He was stoical but never impetuous—calm, cool and self-possessed, no matter what the danger that might surround him. He never lost his presence of mind for a single moment, even in the most desperate situation, or during the progress of the most hotly-contested engagement. His enthusiasm never got the better of his judgement, and he could give as good counsel and advice during the progress of a bayonet charge, led by himself, as if he were enjoying a social *tete a tete* far removed from the scene of hostile operations. He would form his line of battle under the heaviest fire of the enemy, with as much indifference to rebel cannon and sharpshooters as if he were arranging a holiday dress-parade. We think we utter but the verdict of all who know General McPherson, when we say he was a model soldier and a model gentleman—a soldier whom the Republic can ill afford to loose, and a gentleman whose loss society will deeply feel.

The General was an unmarried man. He has not visited home or friends since the outbreak of the war; having often expressed his determination neither to ask for, nor accept a furlough while the rebellion lasted.—General Grant tendered him a leave of absence after the termination of the seige of Vicksburg last summer, but he would not accept it.

General McPherson's mother is now living at Fremont, near Toledo, Ohio.—*Cin. Com.*

Gen. McClellan and his Campaigns.

An able and vigorous writer in the Springfield *Republican* has just now completed a series of articles under the above head, from which we make the following extracts:

WHERE HE COMES SHORT.

The defects of Gen. McClellan as a military man may be summed up mostly in one sentence: He lacks an intrepid and tenacious will. We have chosen the two adjectives with a purpose for each. A great captain must be, as to his resolution, both daring and obstinate. McClellan is neither. He has knowledge enough. The deficiency is in the original making up of his manhood. The absence of those qualities rendered him slow, over cautious, too easy to be turned back, perpetually inclined to the defensive. He reversed the proper maxim of the brave Forrest: "The enemy is always more afraid of us than we are of him." His own difficulties and experiences he perpetually magnified; that of the enemy he forgot. Hence, too, his anxiety for his communications. His greatness developed itself behind him, and lay heavily in his "base."

THE BOY BY THE POST.

We have seen of old time the scuffling of two boys, when he of the pair, that looked most doubtful in the issue, kept his arm wound round the post and was concerned at stepping off on the open plat. That is the history of the campaign of 1862. Within the last few weeks the Army of the Potomac has let go the fence.

"THE YOUNG NAPOLEON."

No comparison could have been more unhappy than that suggested by this favorite title applied to our general. His excellencies are all in another order. His defects are such as Napoleon had none of. They are in all respects totally different styles of men. We feel sure that McClellan himself must have always regretted and disowned such a comparison, presenting him side by side with the master of that most quick and incisive of all military directors.

The force of the youth-implying epithet, no one must fail to discover. McClellan assumed command in his thirty-fifth year. Before the old Napoleon had reached a maturity as ripe, he had planted the batteries against Fort Malgrave and seen the conflagration on the night of Toulon; he had been on the bridges of Lodi and Arcola. He had fought at Castiglione and at Rivoli; he had stood under the Pyramids and on the plains at Marengo; and he had repeatedly planned brilliant campaigns for other men to execute. He was eight years the junior of McClellan, when, in one campaign, the most remarkable that history has ever recorded, with a force hardly as great as two of the Peninsula corps, he had gathered into prison and driven away in death or utter rout, successive hosts, that were hurled against him, more numerous in the aggregate, than the sum of all the rebel armies that before the Seven days had ever stood on the soil of Virginia. There is a caution in comparisons.

THE MEMORIES OF THE PENINSULA.

Gen. McClellan writes with evident emotion of his following in the track of the retiring army, and "bidding farewell to the scene still covered with the marks of its presence, and to be forever memorable in history as the vicinity of its most brilliant exploits." Forever memorable it is to be indeed. The choice of our young men filled that army, raised after our early reverses, when first the nation apprehended the greatness and woke to the sublime dignity of the work imposed upon it. Years of war have since given us more accomplished officers, and soldiers more thoroughly practiced in all the duties and inured to all the hardships of the field. But the generous enthusiasm of that first great mustering has not been surpassed.—Here on this peninsula soil was the weary and terrible trial of its spirit. The land that reared them does not forget these her sons. Many a one sleeps still there in the unmarked grave they made him; there is over him the earth which the baptism of his own blood has hallowed. From that spot the mingling recollections of mournfulness and of glory will never depart; and each one of whatever rank, who bore his share in the labors and exposures of the campaign, shall be honored of the republic for the hope of whose perpetuity and the maintenance of whose greatness he endured its toils and encountered its dangers

From the London Quarterly.

A Scene at Pompeii.

Signor Fiorelli has frequently observed hollows in the hard volcanic matter, in which were found human bones or fragments of charred wood mixed with ivory and bronze ornaments. The happy idea occurred to him of pouring liquid plaster into these hollows—in fact, using them as a sculptor would a mould. The result far exceeded his expectations. Among the first casts that he thus obtained were those of four human beings.—They are now preserved in a room in Pompeii, and more ghastly and painful, yet, deeply—interesting and touching objects it is difficult to conceive. We have death itself moulded and cast—the very last struggle, the final agony brought before us. They tell their story with a horrible dramatic truth that no sculptor could ever reach. They would have furnished a thrilling episode to the accomplished author of the "Last Days of Pompeii."

These four persons had perished in the street. They had remained within the shelter of their homes until the thick black mud began to creep through every cranny and chink.—Driven from their retreat, they sought to flee when it was too late. The streets were already burried deep in the loose pumice stones which had been falling for many hours in unremitting showers, and which reached almost to the windows of the first floor. These victims of the eruption were not found together, and they do not appear to have belonged to the same family or household. The most interesting of the casts is that of two young women, probably mother and daughter, lying feet to feet. They appear from their garb to have been people of poor condition. The elder seems to lie tranquilly on her side.—Overcome by the noxious gases she probably fell and died without a struggle. Her limbs are extended, and her left arm droops loosely. On one finger is still seen her coarse iron ring. Her child was a girl of fifteen; she seems, poor thing to have struggled hard for life. Her legs are drawn up convulsively. Her little hands are clenched in agony. In one she holds her veil, or a part of her dress, with which she had covered her head, burying her face in her arms, to shield herself from the falling ashes and from the foul sulphurous smoke. The form of her head is perfectly preserved. The texture of her coarse linen garment may be traced, and even the fashion of her dress, with its long sleeves reaching to her wrists. Here and there it is torn, and the smooth young skin appears in the plaster like polished marble. On her tiny feet may still be seen her embroidered sandals.

At a short distance from this group lay a third woman. She appears to have been about twenty-five years of age, and to have belonged to a better class than the other two. On one of her fingers were two silver rings, and her garments were of a finer texture. Her linen head-dress falling over her shoulders like that of a matron in a Roman statue, can still be distinguished. She had fallen on her side, overcome by the heat and gases; but a terrible struggle seems to have preceded her last agony. One arm is raised in despair; the hands are clenched convulsively. Her garments are gathered up on one side, leaving exposed a limb of beautiful shape.—So perfect a mould of it has been formed by the set and yielding mud, that the cast would seem to be taken from an exquisit work of Greek art. She had fled with her little treasure, which lay scattered around her—two silver cups, a few jewels, and some dozen silver coins. Nor had she, like a good house-wife, forgotten the keys, after having probably locked up her store before seeking to escape. They were found by her side.

The fourth cast is that of a man of the people, perhaps a common soldier. He is almost of colossal size. He lies on his back, his arm extended by his side and his feet stretched out, as if, finding escape impossible, he had laid himself down to meet death like a brave man. His dress consists of a short coat or jerkin and tight fitting breeches, of some coarse stuff, perhaps leather. Heavy sandals, with soles studded with nails, are laced tightly around his ankles. On one finger is seen his iron ring. His features are strongly marked; the mouth open as in death. Some of the teeth still remain, and even part of the moustache adheres to the plaster.

The importance of Signor Fiorelli's discovery may be understood from the results we have described. It may furnish us with many curious particulars as to the dress and domestic habits of the Romans, and with many an interesting episode of the last days of Pompeii. Had it been made at an earlier period we might, perhaps, have possessed the perfect cast of the family of Diomedes, as they clung together in their last struggle, and of other victims whose remains are now mingled together in the Bone-house.

Life in the Trenches.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* gives the following interesting sketch of life in the trenches:

"Humboldt once said that the most exciting life that one would lead would be to cross from peak to peak of the Alps on a *corde elastique*, and keep it up from day to day. That, indeed, would be a dangerous mode of life, but I question whether it would be more exciting than that which is every day experienced by our gallant boys in the rifle-pits. They take their position in the darkness of the night, when the keen eye of the rebel cannot pierce through the mists between the lines. The enemy raise their heads above their works, but they can see nothing, can hear nothing, save the occasional sound of a discharged rifle. Our men peer over the breastwork, but cannot see a living thing. This is the hour for stationing men in the trenches. Both rebels and Federals, covered by the thick darkness that veils them, are, for the moment, comparatively friendly—not of their own wish, but made so by the interposition of Nature.

Silently and cautiously our men move down to their positions, each one is stationed where the judgement of his commanding officer sees proper to place him, and he accordingly at once makes himself at home. The hole, perhaps, is not large enough to accommodate him. Taking out his cooking utensils, he begins with his spoon to loosen the earth around his body, and then with his stew-pan he shovels it out and throws it upon the top of his breastwork. He works out for himself a friendly orifice to screen him from any desultory shell that might wish to disturb his new home. This he excavates at a declining angle of forty-five degrees; when this is finished the officers give him his orders; and all are commanded to do their duty. Every one is in his position, and now he is left all alone. A thick ridge of earth, running at right angles to the breastwork, forbids a glance at his neighbor, but he can talk, and be heard with distinctness. He expects a hot day, and accordingly raises above his head a small sheet of shelter-tent for protection; the gray dawn of early morning has given the enemy a "sight," and a bullet whistles near his head, reminding him that he must beware of exposure. Working with more cautiousness, he arranges his shade cover, and is glorying in his constructive ability, from the exercise of which he expects some little comfort, when another bullet, with terrible precision, cuts the cord which bound the tent to its stake, and it falls to the earth. That was a plunge shot, and he knows that one of those deedly sharpshooters is watching his movements from the cover of some near tree. To more fully impress his mind of this supposition, he raises his cap gently above the work; in a second of time a bullet from the same direction striking it sends it spinning on its axis. Day has now been ushered in, and it behooves him to beware of his situation, and not expose himself to the unerring aim of the enemy's rifle.—The sun pours down with the most deadly heat. Still, he cannot move; he must lie watching his opportunity, as best he can, to lessen the number of his country's foe. Soon he summons up his courage, which the sun, more than the enemy, had well nigh driven from him, and he creeps toward the opening of his rifle-pit. Then comes an event which, in one case at least, actually occurred. He espies a rebel cautiously pushing his way from tree to tree; his movements betray his purpose, which is to ascend a tall pine that commands a measured view of our lines. He gains the tree, and upon the opposite side he proceeds cautiously to raise himself. Just as he reaches a cross-bough of the pine, and is about to move out upon it, the Union boy sees his exposure, and his only opportunity to take advantage, pulls his trigger, and the gaunt rebel falls headlong from that limb dead upon the ground below. And there lays that body until the shades of night give opportunity for its removal.—Toward that point at dusk are aimed a score of rifles, and at different hours throughout the night volleys are fired in its direction. Perhaps the morning light will reveal the dead bodies of a score of rebels who had attempted to "bring in" the form of their departed comrade. So goes the days, so the nights, of those in trenches; a life full of danger and crowded with incidents."

POLITENESS.—It is possible to be too polite to be acceptably so. Civil to all, true to none. The over-polite profess too much for us to believe them. Their courtesies are so elaborate, and they take so much trouble to be kind, that we suspect them to have a design in it, or that they are making themselves agreeable more on their own account than ours.—*C. N. Courier.*

THE COURTSHIP.—The following extracts from the leading copperhead and Radical newspapers will show how the wooing process of the two great parties is being carried on.—Thus:

HOW THE RADICALS WOO THE COPPERHEADS.

Lincoln cannot hope for the support of the new party, for its birth is due to its hatred to Lincoln and the present Administration. Nor can McClellan hope for a better result.—Without reckoning the extreme youth of this candidate, his name has become, whether justly or unjustly, so identified with doctrines that are utterly repugnant to the Western people, that Fremont himself, had he the desire to do so, would be unable to induce his friends to vote for McClellan. The Democratic party has no other course to put forward. Grant has been mentioned, and he, in fact, belongs to the Democratic party; but before the Fourth of July Grant will have destroyed himself by his own blunders and incapacity. What will then remain to be done? Suppose that Lincoln and McClellan obstinately persist, then we shall persist also. When we consider that in selecting Fremont as its candidate, the new party espouses the grievances of the West against the East; that it is eager and willing to regain its rights; that the new party favors those foreigners whose rights have been injured by the present Administration, animated as it is by the spirit of Know-Nothingism; and that all these elements are united, young, ardent, and in favor of extreme resolutions, we cannot but conclude that prudence and patriotism will prefer to promote the success of a party led by a man of unquestioned integrity, and who is the incarnation of American freedom and dignity.—There is so little difference between this party and the Democratic party that it would be easy to adopt a common ticket, which would sweep everything before it. Such a step would be to the interest of the Democratic ticket if it would not remain four years in the back ground."—*New Nation, the Fremont organ.*

HOW THE COPPERHEADS WOO THE RADICALS.

But why should Democrats have any choice in the action of the Republican party (supposing it to be successful,) as between Lincoln and Fremont? On the slavery question, their policy would indeed be the same; but an honest anti-slavery man would be better at the head of the Government than a truckling, time-serving Abolitionist. And then Fremont is unequivocally for free speech, a free press, the right of asylum, the Monroe doctrine, and the guarantees of personal liberty. There is nothing in the slavery question to be weighed for one moment against these. So far as the Radicals consent to stand upon these principles of the Cleveland platform, they have a bond of sympathy with the Democratic party and with all true patriots.—*New York World (Copperhead.)*

THE MARRIED LIFE OF JOHN WESLEY.—When Wesley settled he said "It would be more useful to marry." He married a widow, who through her jealousy, led him a life of wretchedness and misery. At last his spirit was up, and he wrote to her—"Know me and know yourself.—Suspect me no more; provoke me no more; do not any longer contend for mastery, for power, money or praise; be content to be a private insignificant person, known and loved by God and me." It was not likely that a woman would be pleased at being recommended to be an insignificant person. After twenty years of disquietude she one day left him. He bore it philosophically. He went even beyond it—he took his diary and put the most pithy entry into it I ever met with in a diary: "Non eam reliqui, non dimisi, non revocabo," which may be translated thus: "I did not leave her; I did not send her away; I shan't send for her back." And so ended the married life of John Wesley.

A renowned New York clergyman lately preached a long sermon from the text,—"Thou art weighed in the balance, and found wanting." After the congregation had listened about an hour, some began to get weary and went out; others soon followed greatly to the annoyance of the minister.—Another person started, whereupon the person stopped in his sermon and said: "That is right, gentleman; as fast as you are weighed, pass out."—He continued his sermon at some length after that, but no one disturbed him by leaving.

"I hope you will be able to support me," said a young lady, while walking out one day with her intended, during a slippery state of the pavement.—"Why yes," said the somewhat hesitating swain, "with some little assistance from your father." There was some confusion and a profound silence when the lover's colloquy had ended.

ASTHMA OR PHTHISIC.—A spasmodic affection of the Bronchial Tubes, which are covered with a dry, tenacious phlegm,—"*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" will in some cases give immediate relief.

Ruined or Not?

"Gold is 250, and the property of the country will be destroyed," says Mr. Faintheart.

"Gold is going up, and I shall be broke," says Mr. Weakknees.

"I am ruined! My bank balance is not worth fifty cents on the dollar," says Mr. Neverthink.

Let us stop a moment, gentlemen, and look into this matter. You are suffering under a delusion that the amount of gold and silver coin in the country is an equivalent of its wealth. Now, do you know that the highest financial authorities have never estimated this amount at over two hundred and fifty millions, and it is probably much less, even in time of peace. But suppose we admit that that it is three hundred millions, and now do you know that, according to the United States Census of 1860, the wealth of the country—its real and personal property—was estimated (rather too low than too high) at *fifteen thousand millions.* If you will just take your pencil and cipher out the proportion that three hundred millions in specie bears to fifteen thousand millions of property, you will discover that it is—what? fifty per cent? No! Twenty five per cent? No!—but exactly *two per cent.*—that is, the whole amount of specie in the country never was two percent, or a fiftieth part of the specie value of the property; and if, at *any one time*, the whole property of the country had been forced to sale for the specie in the country, it would not have bought two cents on the dollar of its actual specie value.

Specie, or the currency that may stand for it, is only the convenient and recognized medium for making an exchange of products. It represents property in the market, property in transit, but never the fixed property of a nation. Money is the lubricator. It don't make values; it simply lubricates the machinery, and keeps the wheels of commerce running smoothly. When too abundant, the wheels runtoo fast; and when scarce, there is too much friction.

And now, Mr. Faintheart, can you pick a flaw in our statement? Is it not absolute truth? But what shall we say to Mr. Weakknees, who is afraid of bankruptcy, and Mr. Neverthink, who is only afraid of his bank-balance. If Mr Weakknees is in debt, it is now easy to get out. Pay up while money is plenty and be happy.

If a mortgage on your land will be due next year or any year, provide for it now while you are getting high prices for everything you sell. For example, if your mortgage is due three years from date, and you have the money, and your creditor won't take it—you have only to invest the amount in U. S. notes bearing Seven and three-tenths interest per annum, and it is certain to be ready for him. But Mr. Neverthink, you have—say, a bank-balance of $20,000. You are afraid that gold is going up or paper going down about out of sight, and you wish to invest this balance in some productive property. Will you buy a house worth only $10,000 in specie, and pay for it $20,000 in currency? Suppose you wish to sell that house after the resumption of specie payments, it will bring you only $10,000, and you will have lost exactly $10,000. Will that be a shrewd operation? We think we can "put you up" to something better—something by which you can make your bank-balance or currency not only worth its face in gold, but a premium besides. Invest in Government securities. After the war is over, they will be worth par in gold and something over—and they pay a liberal interest from the beginning. If they are not safe, then no property is safe. The same spirit of anarchy that would repudiate your property in the national debt would repudiate it in your house. If the law will not protect you in one description of your property, it will not in another, and your greatest safety as well as profit is in maintaining and strengthening the Government that maintains and supports the law.—*Phila. Daily Telegraph.*

THE SOLDIERS TRUE FRIEND.—For over forty years, Doctor Holloway has been supplying all the Armies of Europe with his PILLS AND OINTMENT, they having proved themselves the only Medicines able to cure the worst cases of Dysentery, Scurvy, Sores, Wounds and Bruises. Every knapsack should contain them. 30 cents, 70 cents, and $1,10 per box or pot.

VERY DISCRIMINATING!—The Hartford *Courant* noted the fact, at the Middletown Univirsity commencement, that the poorest speakers had the most bouquets from the girls. Inferences, obvious but not complimentary.

When you are trying to sleep, it is not pleasant to hear *two* dogs, half a mile apart discussing a dogmatical difference of opinion.

"I labor *pro bono publico*," said a noisy demagogue in a stump speech. "The plain English of that is, you want to pick the public bones," was the retort of his opponent.

An editor at a dinner table being asked if he would take some pudding, replied in a fit of abstraction: "Owing to the crowd of other matter, we are unable to find room for it."