DAILY LEADER,

DAILY, TRI-WEEKLY & WEEKLY,

E. COWLES & CO.,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

FRIDAY, MAY 26, 1865.

General Sherman and his Superiors.

It is with unfeigned regret that we see a brave and able general, whose brilliant career in the field has entitled him to high fame, sullying his splendid reputation by acts of petty spite and flagrant insubordination. The recent erratic and splenetic conduct of General Sherman, therefore, occasions us pain, as it does every true friend of that distinguished soldier. General Sherman seems bent on destroying the popularity which his brilliant ability and success in military operations have won for him. Certainly, had he had that object in view, he could take no surer course for its accomplishment than that which he is now pursuing. His recent insults to Halleck and his refusal to obey the summons of the Committee on the Conduct of the War, together with the bitter manner in which he has expressed himself in regard to the comments of the press upon his surrender to Johnston and Breckinridge, were the first indications of his spleen. They betrayed a petty and pettish spite that was more becoming a spoiled baby than a successful General and an aspirant to Presidential honors. They seemed to indicate that Sherman's brain had been turned by praise, so that he felt above and aggrieved by the slightest disapproval. They were the result of a thin-skinned sensitiveness that reminded one painfully of McClellan and Fitz John Porter, and contrasted as pali fully with the grand patriotism and self-forgetfulness of the Lieutenant General. But the press and the public, mindful of Sherman's past services and exploits, passed over with light comment these exhibitions of discourtesy and anger.

But this they cannot do in regard to General Sherman's two last demonstrations of self-devotion—his letter, furnished us by telegraph yesterday evening, reflecting in the strongest terms upon the administration which commissioned and promoted him; and the insult which he publicly offered to his superior in rank and office, Secretary Stanton, during the last day of the review, an account of which is given in another column. His previous acts were illustrative of spite and ill-feeling, which, though in bad taste, were excused by an indulgent people—but the contempt for his superior officers shown in these last mentioned transactions is is nothing more or less than rank insubordination, for which any officer less deserving than Sherman would richly deserve to be cashiered and dismissed the service. It is difficult to conceive how any insult could have been more direct, more public, and more decided than this. What aggravates the matter is that it was given before the very eyes of Sherman's own army, as it marched by—that on the very day and the very occasion when, forgetting private wrongs, Sherman should have been proudest and happiest, he set an example of insubordination before his own troops, by grossly insulting his superior in rank.—Another fact is that Sherman has obstinately refused the proffers of conciliation and kindness so fully made by both Stanton and Halleck. These gentleman are sustained in the action which they took in reference to General Sherman's negotiations by the sentiment of the entire country. They performed a disagreeable duty faithfully. They took pains to explain to General Sherman that their personal regard for him was undiminished. Instead of accepting this statement, Sherman chooses to be sulky and cross. He has placed himself before the nation in a most undignified and unenviable light, and if he persists in his course will inevitably and irrecoverably destroy his present popularity.

The Committee on the Conduct of the War.

With the end of the war the celebrated Committee on the Conduct of the War has terminated its labors and adjourned *sine die*. It has had a grave work to do, and it has performed it faithfully and fearlessly. It has written for us the history of the war; it has corrected injurious misrepresentations and placed impartial truth before the people; and it has pulled the lion's skin off the back of many an ass who tried a leonine masquerade.

The Committee, consisting of Messrs. Andrew Johnson, Wade, Chandler and Wright, on the part of the Senate, and Messrs. Gooch, Covode, Julian and Odell, in the House, have performed their labors faithfully, impartially, and with regard only to the interests of the country and truth of history. Of course the scope and direction of their inquiries have some times brought to light facts which marred certain reputations, and it was not strange that partisan writers, in revenge, have endeavored to misrepresent the character and impugn the motives of the committee But the confidence of the public and of Congress has not been weakened by these attempts. After so many weary months they close up their work with the satisfactory knowledge that they have performed a real and important service for the nation.

Jacob Thompson—an Impudent Liar.

The New York *Tribune* publishes a long letter from Jacob Thompson, the rebel emissary in Canada, for whose apprehension so large a reward has been offered as an accomplice to the assassination of President Lincoln. It is chiefly taken up with personal matters, though it endeavors to defend the rebellion on the State rights grounds. Thompson asserts that his official conduct in Buchanan's Cabinet was free from dishonesty; indignantly denies that he had any knowledge of the assassination plot before its execution, and attempts to show that there are better grounds for suspecting Andrew Johnson than him though he pretends to say that he does not believe Mr. Johnson guilty. He tries to make out that Booth was intimate with Mr. Johnson on account of the note sent to the latter by the former, at the Kirkwood House. To strengthen this point he intentionally or not, says that Mr. Johnson received the note, when in fact it was left in the box in the hotel office. He talks magniloquently of the Christian virtues of Jeff. Davis, and finally says that he would come to the United States and be tried were he not confident that he should be unfairly treated. The letter is dated on the 10th of May, but no place is given.

The *Tribune* says that it was authorized by Thompson to suppress the portion of the letter making this infamous charge against President Johnson, but "did not choose to do so." It adds, however, that it thinks it "in very bad taste." Very mild, Mr. *Tribune!*

General Wilson's letter to Joseph E. Brown, of Georgia, is very cutting and pointed, and tells that leader in treason some strong home-truths in a very forcible way. It reminds him that for the suffering and misery in his State, of which he bitterly complains, he is, and will be held responsible. It indicates the policy of the government plainly. That policy—punishing leading traitors—the people are ready

THE GRAND REVIEW.

Incidents of the Day—Pen Photographs of Sharers and Spectators.

From the picturesque description of the great review in the New York *World* of Wednesday, written by that best of correspondents, George Alfred Townsend, we make some interesting extracts of a personal and descriptive nature:

A CONTRAST.

Such a day, with its pageant and pomp and illumination, not inaptly calls up another day by which we may reckon the sum of our happiness, and see fresh cause for congratulation On the 27th of July, 1861, after the battle of Manassas, the streets of Washington saw another sight. Then, as now, the streets were filled with troops; but ah! how different in all else. What days of trouble, nights of pain, have passed since then. Humiliation, disaster—nay, disgrace itself, everywhere visible Fear-stricken, drunken, and demoralized men and officers running wildly about, the nation well nigh ruined and its capital seized. How changed since then! To-day all radiance, victory, order, safety, and enthusiasm! This by the heroic arms and sturdy prowess in part of the men who now tread the same pavements.

INCIDENTS.

Some of the incidents of the march are specially amusing. In front of the capitol and also at the treasury were large stands erected where the occupants sung patriotic songs. That one which brought forth never failing cheers from soldiers and citizens was the well known stanza which has at present a peculiar force, "We'll hang Jeff. Davis on a sour apple tree, as we go marching along." The sight of the fair maidens and matronly dames who looked on so approvingly was enchanting to the men who, for months, have been tramping through unpeopled wastes. Fresh from green woods and deserted Southern towns, the spectacle of so many bright eyes, with all the additional charms of curls, puffs, ribbons and silks, to which our heroes' eyes are all unused, must have been a continual feast of beauty. We observed, displayed at full length in one window, a gushing maiden sitting with her hands clasped loving around a stalwart officer, as if by pantomimic show to indicate what was in store for the faithful lovers who return The sight of mourning blent with the starry banners is the first ocular exhibition many of them have seen. While the good President whom they have so learned to honor and love was being consigned to his tomb, these hardy sons were marching from the scene of Lee's surrender.

LOOKERS-ON IN VENICE.

The hotels were packed with strangers who manifested evident delight at the sight of friends. We overheard two gentlemen saying: "Judge, we have got considerable of an army yet." "Well," replied the other, "If you want to see an army, just let some foreign nation pitch into us, and you see this will be stretched out to a giant's skeleton." "How many do you suppose there are of them?" says another. "A hundred thousand," was the answer. "More, more," says another. Of course they were unused to the sight of such large armies.

THE REWARD OF VALOR.

One sweet little blonde, a resident of the city, and of distinguished family, we saw actually trying to catch the attention of a mounted officer. At last he saw the waving little handkerchief and saluted it.—The fair lady jumped for very joy, and took no heed of the rest of the parade.

LADIES IN THE PROCESSION.

Several ladies passed by in the cavalcade, chiefly doctors' wives and nurses. They wore a sort of uniform not prescribed by the regulation, gilt upon their skirts, and a good deal of sunburn on their faces, and were very proud and joyous at the applause they received.

THE ENGINEER BRIGADE.

The Engineer brigade made a very interesting and excellent display, led by their stout and indefatigable commander, General Benham. Behind him come the flag of the castle upon the ensign, and the men in the review carried their spades and pickaxes, as well as rifles. New York, in this display, made her usual telling account, having two out of three battalions.

THE CROWD.

The avenue, shaded by two rows of dark foliage, was literally walled in with gaping and eager faces. The roofs, the sidewalks, and every available standing place, was covered with people. The ladies made a wonderful turn out. Washington may fairly claim more than its share of female beauty, and to-day they looked more gracious and blooming than ever. The crowd on the sidewalks was pressing to the curbstone, and two thirds of the broad thoroughfare was black with troops. The rest was kept clear for the passage of guards, orderlies, and staff officers, who, as usual on such occasions, rushed madly about, sometimes riding into crowds of women and children, as if they really had important business.

THE EXECUTIVE AND FOREIGN AMBASSADORS.

On the left hand of the White House side, the stands just before the portic, are approached from steps on either side. A splendid canopy, long and high, covered with fleecy canvas, looped up by the richest flowers of spring, and half hidden in the tri colors—this is for the Executive Department of the nation, and accredited ambassadors from every friendly power. It upholds the irresistible flag—a beautiful one of fine silk, wherein is set an eagle *volant*, holding in his knit talons the thunderbolts of war, and in each salient curtain is pinned a glittering star, embroidered with ribbons and fresh wreaths of every mingling hue.

THE PRESIDENT'S CARRIAGE ARRIVES.

Soon after the people had fully assembled, a barouche, said to have been drawn by the late President's horses, came dashing up the open street, at a "present" from all the sentries. Out of it descended the President and Secretary Stanton, with two major generals, and amidst great cheering they took seats on the stand. At this time the whole place was refilled and orderly beyond anything of the sort we have ever witnessed.

THE POWERS THAT BE.

Mr. Johnson sits in the center of the front, more cheerful and more handsome than we have remarked him. At his right is Stanton, with his deeply indented face, with whom converses General Grant, clad in a peaked varnished hat which he never removes, and looking as if he wanted something—it must be his cigar. Beside Grant is a huge colonel, dusky-faced, and with such high cheek-bones that we recognize him at once for an aboriginal. He is Grant's favored aid, and has so intensely imbibed the spirit of the North, that a few days ago he said: "You white men are Christians, and may forgive the murder; I am of a race that never forgives the murder of a friend."

SECRETARY SEWARD.

On the rearmost seat of this thickly-packed stand sits a small and meagre figure, very bloodless and grave, talking with one of his foreign ministers. His hair, of a sandy gray, seems now much grayer. It is a scar upon his mouth, or do we only see it because we look for it. This is Secretary Seward, who has arisen from the grave to see the flower of the soldiery for whose cause he contended coming triumphantly back, and the gilded servants of the monarchs with whom he corresponded at hand to share his gratulation. Out of the gravel why this is into the clouds, to look upon eighty thousand immortals and know that we are one of them.

GENERAL MEADE.

After a brief interval of murmuring voices and the rustle of leaves overhead, a bright peal rang up the street, and through the echoes of the stirring music came the sharp and rapid gallop of a dark body of horsemen. At their coming the quiet populace rose altogether, and with clapped hands received them. A full drum corps opposite the President stood erect, and the marine band, of excellent repute, played, "Hail to the Chief," for an instant. The rider in front is General Meade, he holds in check a jet black stallion, and lifts his hat to the plaudits with the easy yet eager grace of one who has been anxious to do his duty, and is the accomplished gentleman to accept its surrender politely. His tall forehead bends low. He is a handsome gentleman, and he is a proud, genial citizen. Thirty gallant aids, stretching side and abreast in two columns, to low him at a respectful distance, while the violet and golden ensign of his army shimmers conjointly

handsome trim, with the stately white banner of the signal men; and, as General Meade passes the grand stand, his sword flashes in the air, and all thereon bow as respectfully. So passes away the guiding hand of the Army of the Potomac, and nobody attached to any headquarters in Christendom is more manly and more masterly.

GENERAL CUSTER

The Third cavalry approaches, and while it is yet far in the distance a notable and romantic episode occurs. A horseman is seen dashing up the street at break neck pace. His large, bay horse, of almost baronial blood, leaps in the air as if it were his proper element, and with the suppleness of a servant. His flanks bend to his shoulders, and his curving neck swoops down to his saddle pommel. Only a centaur should keep his seat on such a stallion. But the horseman, whose white gauntlets are wound in the taut rein, has tamed men as well as horses. His name is Custer, and he is of a shape to recall the picturesqueness of feudal years, of a spirit indomitable and erratic His complexion is that of a follower of Odin, the fair and ruddy, and set in a sunrise of golden hair, which ripples upon his blue shoulders, shrouding the double stars; and on his left arm bears a broad wreath of evergreens.

A RUNAWAY

His steed, as if in the haste, has leaped so high as to throw his foot from the stirrup, and shake his sword from its scabbard. His hat blows away, and in the sunshine his locks, unsheined, stream a foot behind him. It is a runaway, like the charge of a Sioux chieftain, and all the people rise half in wonder, half in shudder. The cheer that was to have greeted him falls to a sibilant hush—a dozen orderlies sweep in pursuit, the President and Cabinet start up in involuntary fear; but to those, passing, Custer throws a rapid salute, and bends his wild horse's bit down to his stirrups, and stops him as if a strong man's will had chained a thunderbolt. So tamed and docile the steed ambles back, the President salutes this soldier-Rarey, and the street rings with the involuntary homage of the everyday heart to the man of romance. Custer should have lived in a less sordid age. His day passed half away at Ashby de la Zouche. The staff of Custer is of his own dashing mettle, and they as well as his entire division wear red neck-clothes—oddest, most fanciful and most effective device in the army.

FOUR ENTHUSIASTIC SPECTATORS

The waving of flags and handkerchiefs was universal, but the chief center of interest on Willard's front was two windows in the western extension. The room was occupied by four very stout gentlemen in the prime of life, the exhibition of whose patriotic enthusiasm was sufficiently remarkable to merit mention by telegraph. Divesting themselves of coats and vests, and tightening their tensely-strained suspenders, they took up their position at the windows and made a day of it They were jovial and ruddy; two of them filled up a window to suffocation; they all had long, heavy beards and large eyes. For six mortal hours their enthusiasm never diminished, but rather increased, and if it showed signs of flagging, was fired up by potent liquors. In one of the windows they had rigged a peculiar style of battery, which one of the gentlemen frequently charged and pulled off with a report like a pistol. The same gentleman held a programme of the order of the procession, and posted the others as to what general, colonel, or regiment was passing. The other three had each a towel in his hand, which, upon hearing the name of the officer who was passing, they waved violently out of the window, and shouted, "Hura-a-ar for General ——!" "Hura-a-ar for Colonel ——!" calling the name of the officer of the regiment distinctly. One of the gentlemen was pre-eminent in the matter of voice, his clarion whoop commencing guttorally and ending in a shrill scream resounded down the street over the heads of the whole regiment, and echoed against the walls of the Treasury building at the turn of the avenue. Every important officer was cheered until he looked up and lifted his hat or bowed, and then was greeted with frantic demonstrations from the towels. Many officers who looked up, thought this eccentric gentleman must be an old acquaintance struck with exaggerated delight at seeing him, not deeming for a moment that such extravagant enthusiasm could be kept up during the whole line of the procession, and expended on every officer that passed. The pre-eminent for lungs should live in history as having exceeded all previous possibilities of patriotic exuberance. He plunged himself out of the window at the passage of every general or colonel, and drew himself in again when he had elicited a bow, for refreshments and further information. He refreshed himself with something that went out of a tilted bottle down his capacious and resounding throat. When he drank, those on the street could seem to hear the sound of his swallowing even at that distance, and in his excitement he often waved his bottle out of the window instead of the towel. When some favorite general passed, the gentlemen with the battery would fire it off and a little puff of smoke went from the window. Then suddenly from the other window the gentleman pre-eminent for lungs would ejaculate the greater portion of himself from the window, shouting and shaking his towel. Such a ponderous protuberance of animated corporosity it was, that the imagination was not able to conceive any weight of legs and feet inside sufficient to balance it, and sudden glimpses of horror ran athwart the faces of delicate women, now and then, at the apparent imminent danger of his tumb ing out But as far as observed, everything passed off safely, and the four gentlemen made themselves the feature of the day in that vicinity.

The Prisoners out of Court.

[From the Washington Star.]

The prisoners are properly cared for and fed, an attendant being constantly on duty at each cell. In the case of Mrs. Surratt the prison diet has been varied somewhat, to the extent of allowing her toast, &c., when she has been ill She spends most of her time in reading a prayer book. Harrold's mood is mercurial, sometimes exuberantly buoyant, and sometimes as much depressed. Mudd pays considerable attention to his personal appearance, and is particular as to cleanliness of body. Like Mrs. Surratt, he occupies much of his time in reading religious books. Atzerodt is stolid and uncommunicative for the most part O'Laughlin conducts himself quietly; seems to feel his situation the most deeply of any of the prisoners, and walks his cell most of the time.

Payne displays the same cool audacity invariably, whether in his cell or in the court-room, and exhibits not unfrequently that devil-may-care, reckless spirit of good humor that springs from high physical condition. When spoken to he replies with off-hand bluffness using barely words enough to convey an answer, and is equally costive of speech in making known his wishes Who and what is this man Paine is the great mystery of the day. There have been various reports concerning him and his antecedents, but is believed that all are so concerning him; and it is doubtful if his real name is Paine

Arnold appears in his cell as in the court room, quiet and pleasant, and gives his attendants little trouble. Spangler, despite his lugubrious face, is said to be uniformly light-hearted and exceedingly talkative. His appetite is superb and when the ordinary ample prison allowance is given him and he is asked if that is enough he signifies that he can manage a little more. He has already learned to distinguish the voices of the different guards, and calls to them as they pass, seeming inclined for conversation to break the loneliness of his confinement.

Condition of the Prisoners.

Mrs. Surratt has been scarcely able to hold up her head for a moment during the hot weather. McLaughlin grows paler and apparently weaker each day. Yesterday the evidence was particularly bad against him. Since Booth's telegrams to him in Baltimore were read in evidence, he has seemed to be still more depressed than before.—Payne does not give way in the least. There is something wonderful about this creature. It is believed by many that he is deficient in intellect, and that his coolness results from that fact. But there are facts which contradict this theory. He exhibited wit and skill in obtaining entrance to Mr. Seward's house and chamber. His face is not naturally one, the eyes are bright and defiant, yet not maliciously so. He is the only one of the accused whose bearing has anything at all manly in it. The rest seem to be weak and detected villains.—*Cor. N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

FROM THE OIL COUNTRY.

The Roads upon Oil Creek—The Streets of Oil City—Incidents of a Ride—Rouseville—Cherry Run—The Humboldt Works

[Special Correspondence of the Cleveland Leader.]

UP THE CREEK, May 23, 1865.

You have heard of the shocking condition of the roads in the Oil Regions. Did you ever stretch your imagination to think *how* bad they might be? If you had any grains of unbelief in your mind as to the justice of the claims of Oil Creek men to having the worst roads in the world, I would that one or two, or half a dozen of you faithless ones were with me to-day in a ride up from Oil City to Rouseville. Leaving Cleveland at 9.55 P. M, by way of Meadville, (and as usual finding the McHenry House so

"Crammed full,
And jammed full,
Not to say d—d full,"

as to render a bed a thing lost to sight, to memory dear,) we reach the station at Oil City shortly after 8 o'clock A. M, having followed the course of French Creek to Franklin, and thence wound our way by the banks of the Alleghany. This station is nearly a mile from the heart of the city, but already saloons and other evidences of municipal civilization have advanced boldly and met the incoming railway, so that we have a continual street from the cars to the mouth of Oil Creek, which first formed the *nucleus* of the settlement. Your ears are assailed by cries of "This way for up town," "This way for Rouseville," "Hack here for Plumer," &c, &c Having a foreboding of finding the roads a little rough, we select a substantial looking wagon, bound for Rouseville, and step aboard. Already on board are an eastern oil operator and his daughter, who, in a fit of insanity, has determined to see the oil country for herself, her father being equally insane in ever consenting to bring her. In blissful ignorance of future woe they cast amused glances at all the new scenes around them, and the father's glossy tile and the daughter's bird of paradise plumage, shine with all the lustre of Broadway. Besides these are a decayed gentleman, who trusted to a friend's advice and put all the little savings he had into a "working interest" up the creek, and has come out to see what prospect it gives of yielding him any return, and a wide awake, young chap who has come for curiosity alone to see the country. He is a sensible, jovial fellow, who has brought no baggage but a haversack, and worn the oldest and toughest suit of clothes in his wardrobe. While we have been taking these personal notes, the confused crowd of teams and people ahead has been unraveling itself so that we can start up the street.

And such a street! Huge, gaping holes where your horses sink up to the belly in mud; rocks against and over which our wagon jolts and thumps until it seems that wood and iron can no longer hold together; gulches worn by the rains, and piles of rubbish thrown out by the house-keepers on either side; here a huge pile of lumber with which a house will be built next week, now occupying more than half the roadway, and here a team stuck fast, blocking the passage so that we must drive up to the very doors of the houses on either side to get by. Stretched along this street for a mile are all sorts and conditions of houses, from the portable hut, put up yesterday to be taken down to-morrow, to the pretentious wooden shell, four stories high, which was begun last week and will be christened the St. Nicholas or Fifth Avenue Hotel, three weeks hence Here an old canal boat has been moored, and is made to do duty as a saloon and lodging place; there a capsized wagon bed is made the *sub stratum* of a grocery store. On the upper, or mountain side of the street, the houses are two stories in front and one in the rear, being built against the side of the hill. On the opposite side, the contrary is the case—the street front having one story less than the farther side. Derricks are erected and walking beams at work directly upon the sidewalks, and you may look down into the tanks without moving from your seat in the wagon. Imagine all these, as the features of the one street of the town, and then add to the picture an unceasing succession of oil teams, each way, the horses stumbling and crawling their weary way, the wagons creaking and swaying with the roughness of the road, and the drivers, (except when blockaded or stuck) taking it all coolly and guiding their teams unconcerned through quagmires and over stone heaps that would appal a green hand.

This one street comprises the town upon the west side of Oil Creek. Upon the east side the streets are as bad, but the inhabitants have boldly scaled the precipitous hills and crowned the hill sides and summits with residences, many of them having not only a comfortable but even tasteful and luxurious appearance.

It is with the western part of the town that we have to do, for through that we are now winding our way. From the first "g'lang" of the driver at the station our gymnastic exploits commence. As we start you kindly suggest to the young lady in front that she will get her light kids soiled and you offer her a pair of suitable riding gloves at the same time informing her that it will be much safer to tuck her dress inside the wagon, and thus protect it from the mud we shall be sure to find. A contemptuous silence and a withering glance are your only reply or thanks, and you rejoice in your secret soul at the discomfiture you know is in store for her. At the first lurch of our craft into a slough of unknown depth, she screams with fright, grasps the paternal relation to save herself from falling, and makes an effort to draw in her voluminous skirts. But the revolving wheel, dripping from its submersion in the foul mire, has been too quick for her, and plastered her dress win a vile compound that has ruined both the dress and the delicate gloves which have seized it.

As we round the bend in the road at the mouth of the Creek, a man with tin horn proclaims the fact that the splendid packet boat, "Clipper No. 1," will start at once for all points up the Creek. You glance into the bed of the stream to observe the floating palace, and you see an oil barge, with a temporary, rough board cabin built up midway, the propelling power of the craft being two dejected horses, harnessed to the forward end to tow it up against the current, not by tow-paths, as in the custom of canals, but wading in the bed of the stream all the way. In this way, oil oil boats, which with their cargoes, have floated down with the current, from Shafer, Petroleum Center, the Tarr Farm or other points, are hauled back for new loads. It is killing work for horses, and they soon break down under it, besides which, the constant work in the water softens and rots the hoofs. Many teamsters abuse their horses unmercifully, towing with them late in the fall, when the water is so cold that horses have been frequently known to become so benumbed as to fall down and die in the stream.

Withstanding the seductions of the skipper of "Clipper No. 1," we drive in through the town. The mid crowds the town so closely that the boarding of a scaffolding which the builders of a small house upon that side have erected, hits the driver in the face, and crushes into shapelessness the hats of both the young lady and her father before they had had any warning of its presence. Huge excavations are being made upon that side of the street for more buildings, and the loosened stones and dirt came rattling down under our horses' feet and against our wheels. The road follows the windings of the creek, and is cut out of the side of the steep bluff. In many places it seems impossible for two teams to pass A few stones or a log form the only barricade to prevent our driving off over the bank into the water, and, much of the way, there is not even this protection. Meanwhile the road is a full of ruts and frightful holes as ever. You look ahead, and the way seems absolutely impassable, but the driver merely stops whistling to tell his horses to "steady, now," and, although you are thrown into the air, pitched into your neighbor's lap, and the iron castings in the bottom of the wagon roll over on to your tender feet, yet you come out to dry land again without any bones broken. You overtake a coal wagon, and your driver calls out to the teamster to let him go by. "Go by on that side," is the reply, and he points to a ledge of rocks on the left of the road. You smile at the pleasantry of the youth and think it a joke, but the smile becomes a ghastly one when your driver says "all right," and actually turns his horses up and over those rocks, where you would no more drive a horse and wagon than you would on the roof of a house. But you get over even this after infinite poundings and many frantic clutches at the backs of the seats. After this you are surprised at nothing and would sit as unmoved as the laws of gravity would let you if the driver should start up the side of the precipice. The capitalist with battered tile and necktie twisted around under his left ear, is no longer the embodiment of dignity; the young lady with muddy dress, dilapidated hat and red nose (she plunged her head between the driver's shoulder blades a little while ago) is the personification of humiliation and woe, while the rest of us are painfully conscious that the wagon-seats have neither cushions nor springs, and are testingly reminded of the old conundrum, "Why is a whipped child like a locomotive?"

A.—Because it has a "tender" behind.

All things must have an end, and so after three miles of such experience we reach Rouseville and alight, thankful that no bones were broken. In the meantime we have passed the well to which one decoyed gentleman had invested his little all, and he forgets all the little annoyances of the passer by in the happy discovery that his well is yielding sufficiently to pay him a splendid profit upon his investment, at which we all rejoice with him.

Rouseville lies at the mouth of the Cherry Run, and is quite a business place. It has several hotels, half a dozen stores, half a hundred dwelling houses, a telegraph office, a church and mechanical shops in proportion. Among its citizens are Messrs. John Mitchell and Samuel Q. Brown, who, early in the history of its developements, inverted largely in this region, and have, in consequence, become immensely wealthy. I believe the wealth of each is estimated by millions. They are both young, active, and liberal business men, whose enterprise and shrewdness have done much toward the development of the oil interests.

There are many good wells upon Cherry Run, but the more famous ones are diminishing in yield, I hear. How could it be otherwise when the earth is being tapped almost upon every rod of bearable territory. The derricks upon Cherry Run, for two miles above Rouseville, are almost as thick as they can stand, a continuous cloud of smoke from the engines hanging over the valley. As yet there are no large wells found above the Humboldt Refinery works, about three miles above the mouth of the Run.

The Humboldt Works are the most extensive in the oil regions, producing five hundred barrels of refined oil per day. It is to the works that the ladies of fashion and taste are indebted for some of the most brilliant and delicate of the recently discovered colors, including Magenta, Aniline, and others. These are manufactured from the resitduum of petroleum, the process being a carefully guarded secret. A four inch cast iron pipe is laid from these works to the Tarr Farm upon Oil Creek, about three miles away, through which crude oil is pumped to the refinery.

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These Bonds are worth a handsome premium, and are exempt, as are all the Government Bonds, *from County, and Municipal taxation, which adds from one to three per cent. per annum to their value*, according to the rate levied upon other property. The interest is payable semi-annually by Coupons attached to each note, which may be cut off and sold to any bank or banker.

The interest at 7-30 per ct. amounts to

One Cent per Day on a			$50 Note.	
Two Cents	"	"	$100	"
Ten	"	"	$500	"
20	"	"	$1000	"
81	"	"	$5000	"

Notes of all denominations issued will be promptly furnished upon receipt of subscriptions

The Notes of the Third Series are precisely similar in form and privileges to the Seven-Thirties already sold, except that the Government reserves to itself the option of paying interest in gold coin at 6 per cent. instead of 7 3-10ths in currency. Subscribers will deduct the interest in currency up to July 15th, at the time when they subscribe.

The delivery of the notes of this third series of the Seven-thirties will commence on the 1st of June, and will be made promptly and continuously after that date.

The slight change made in the conditions of this THIRD SERIES affects only the matter of interest. The payment in gold, if made, will be equivalent to the currency interest of the higher rate.

The return to specie payments, in the event of which only will the option to pay interest in Gold be availed of, would so reduce and equalize prices that purchases made with six per cent in gold would be fully equal to those made with seven and three tenths per cent. in currency. This is

The Only Loan in Market

Now offered by the Government, and its superior advantages make it the

Great Popular Loan of the People.

Less than $ 30,000,000 of the Loan authorized by the last Congress are now on the market. This amount, at the rate at which it is being absorbed, will all be subscribed for within sixty days, when the notes will unhesitatingly command a premium, as has uniformly been the case on closing the subscriptions to other Loans.

In order that citizens of every town and section of the country may be afforded facilities for taking the loan, the National Banks, State Banks, and Private Bankers throughout the country have generally agreed to receive subscriptions at par. Subscribers will select their own agents, in whom they have confidence, and who only are to be responsible for the delivery of the notes for which they receive orders.

JAY COOKE,
Subscription Agent,
No. 113 South Third street, Philadelphia.

May 15, 1865.

Subscriptions will be received by the
FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
SECOND NATIONAL BANK,
MERCHANTS' NATIONAL BANK,
COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK,
NATIONAL CITY BANK, of Cleveland.
my26:

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BOOTS and SHOES,

JAMES T. WORLEY & CO.,

[Successors to JOHN LORD,]

No. 224 Superior Street,

Would respectfully announce to the public that they have bought out the old, well known Boot and Shoe store of John Lord, where they will be pleased to see all who may favor them with their patronage. The stock comprises

All the Varieties Kept by the Trade,

And cannot be surpassed in the city.

Work Manufactured to Order.

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CONDUCTORS AND LADDERS.

All orders for the above articles manufactured by us, must hereafter be addressed to P. B. YOUNG, Lumber Dealer, Columbus st., Cleveland

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GEO. A. BOYCE & CO.,

[Successors to John Boyce & Son.]

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Liberal advances on consignments.
Refer to GOTHAM BANK, NEW YORK, and Banks generally in Cleveland.
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MERCHANTS,

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CLEVELAND, O.

ap7:33

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COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Proprietors of the Union Railway Ship and Canal Grain Elevators Storage capacity, 250,000 bushels. Office and Warehouse adjoining the Elevator,

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Dealers in all kinds of Country Produce, Agents for the "Salt Company of Onondaga." Salt sold always at the Company's prices.

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Will give personal attention to the filling of orders for Produce and Merchandise on Commission. Liberal cash advance made on consignments.

We are prepared to receive and ship, by Canal, Lake or Rail, (without drayage), Grindstones, Stave, Marble, Lumber and coarse Freights of all kinds, having the ONLY DERRICKS IN THE CITY for the transfer of heavy Freights.

Refer to Banks and business men generally.

ap3 83

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mh25:83

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No. 22 Front st., bet. Main and Walnut,

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Orders for all descriptions of produce, Provisions and Groceries solicited. Advances on consignments. Marking plates furnished free to regular shippers.

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GENERAL COMMISSION AND FORWARDING MERCHANTS,

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Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

FLOUR, GRAIN, FEED, PROVISIONS, SALT, WATER LIME, &c., &c.

Agents for the sale of the celebrated

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COMMISSION MERCHANTS

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