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ELI THAYER'S PLAN.

Armed White Colonization of Florida.

From the New York Evening Post.]

Florida has, according to the last census, a population of 75,000 whites and 61,000 slaves. The government owns in the State over 20,000,000 acres of land—an area nearly as great as Indiana. The white population of the southern half of the State—below Marion county—in which the greatest quantity of public land is found, numbers but about 12,000—this is an area several times greater than Massachusetts, and with a soil far more fertile, and a climate the pleasantest and among the most salubrious in the world.

It has been proposed to the government by Mr. Eli Thayer and others, who gained experience in the colonization of Kansas, to settle this southern part of Florida by what may be called a peaceful army of occupation. As the plan has received, to a certain extent, the consent of the administration, and promises to be successful, the following details will be of interest to the public:

It is proposed after the draft is completed, to enlist 20,000 volunteers, stout, able-bodied agricultural-spirited men for special service in Florida. The term of enlistment is to be for six months, the men to be armed and equipped as soldiers, to be regularly drilled and formed into companies, regiments and brigades. They are to be sent into Florida to occupy the State, replace the government in possession of its lands, and of these government lands each soldier is thereupon to receive, under the regulations of the Homestead law, an actual settler, 160 acres of land.

Twenty thousand picked men, most of them married, would probably yield a total population of one hundred thousand souls, an addition to her present white population, which Florida may be very happy. It will be better to her than the discovery of a gold mine. Intelligent, moral and skilled laborers are not so plentiful in the world, but that a State may gratefully accept them, which has now a total population, slave and free, of little more than two to the square mile, and a soil, climate and situation such as may make it one of the wealthiest States in the Union. The colonists are enlisted but for six months. That period of time, it is believed, will suffice for them to restore the authority of the general government in the State. After that the government is at no further expense on their behalf. It has been benefited by their services: it leaves them there as a part of the permanent population of the State; and in their future career they depend upon themselves. Thus private enterprise steps in, and relieves the expense of maintaining an army of occupation.

The new settlers, being of the farming class for the most part, will turn their attention to the cultivation of their lands. They have their choice from a great variety of crops. Florida has immense tracts in which the finest Sea Island cotton can be grown. Rice, sugar, wheat, Indian corn, and all varieties of fruits and vegetables of the tropics as well as of the temperate zone, may be raised for the markets of the North. The climate, ameliorated and made healthful by the constant sea breezes which continually sweep across the Peninsula, from the Atlantic to the Gulf and back, is such that white men can till the fields without distress. But it is proposed to bring to their aid the numerous freedmen of the South, who have not hitherto found a place in our social economy, and are yet hanging on by the eyelids, with no assured place or prospect in life before them.

It is believed that there are now not less than 100,000 free blacks on the hands of the government, most of them drawing rations, and in other ways an unwilling and helpless burden on official and private charity. What to do with these people has been one of the most formidable problems of the war. It has now proposed to send them to Florida, where they will obtain work for regular wages, from the new population of Northern colonists. The great want of these independent farmers will be labor. The great want of the black freed men in regular employment, at wages. The latter have now no place, nor any near prospect of any, where they may work in peace and security. Send them to Florida, under the proposed system, and the problem what to do with them is settled. They are free, hardy, inured to toil, and accustomed to the handling of cotton, rice and sugar. They will prove most valuable assistants to their employers; and with these, would make a free population of something like two hundred thousand souls, placed in a part of the Union now almost uninhabited. They would at once take their appropriate places in society, and one of our most perplexing difficulties would be solved. The social system of the South, threatened with total disorganization and ruin by the reckless rebels, would be re-established in one of the most fertile and advantageously situated States of the South; and instead of desolation and destruction brought about by the rebels, would be substituted, without a dollar of expense to the government, a social and industrial system, free, energetic, intelligent and loyal.

The French Consul at Mobile on the War

The vice consul of France, at Mobile, was recently presented by French residents of Mobile with a highly finished gold headed walking cane, and a liquor case of the most exquisite workmanship. Mr. Poriz, in acknowledging the compliment thus paid to him, to his friends who had socially gathered at his office, took occasion to declare to them the position he had occupied as the representative of the French empire in relation to the present war.

His intimate friends, he said, could all bear witness that, while he sought to protect the rights of his compatriots, he was always equally zealous for the interests of the community in which he and they resided; that he had warmly sympathized with the feelings of the Southern people in their struggle for independence, and that in all his correspondence with his friends in Europe, many of whom were persons in high diplomatic positions, he had always warmly advocated the cause of the Confederate States, believing their cause to be that of justice and right. He regretted that the South had not yet been recognized by life government, but from his full conviction that France would always be found in support of a rightful cause, he was satisfied that this act of justice would not long be delayed; and that his hope was now stronger than ever in his mind from the tenor of his recent advices.

Indian Troubles in Florida.

A report has reached us that the balance of the Sam Jones tribe of Seminole Indians in South Florida have been persuaded by the Yankees on the coast to commit all manner of depredations upon innocent and helpless men, women and children, living near Charlie Popha, a branch of Pea's creek, in South Florida. They, it is said, have murdered four families; and all who could make their escape are flying eagerly before the tomahawk of the barbarous marauders employed by a foe equally as cruel. Now, there are two remedies: one is to make, if possible, a treaty of peace with these Indians; and if that fails, the alternative is to raise five hundred Florida "cow boys," as some call them, to take these Indians out of Florida, sparing none to tell the tale. It is believed that they have about one hundred warriors. The chief object of the dollar-loving, semi-infidelic Yankees is to get the savages down in that portion of the State to murder as many as possible, and run off the balance of the citizens, so as to be able to get all the cattle they need; but a proper effort on our part will foil their plans and disappoint the villians.—*Gainesville (Fla.) Cotton States.*

APTER ALL.

The apples are ripe in the orchard,
The work of the reaper is done,
And the golden woodlands redden
In the blood of the dying sun.

At the cottage-door the grandsire
Sits pale in his easy chair
While the gentle wind at twilight
Plays with his silver hair.

A woman is kneeling beside him;
A fair young head is prest
In the first wild passion of sorrow,
Against his aged breast.

And far from over the distance
The faltering echoes come,
Of the flying blast of trumpet,
And the rattling roll of drums.

And the grandsire speaks in a whisper—
"The end no man can see;
But we give him to his country,
And we give our prayers to Thee."

The violets star the meadows,
The rosebuds fringe the door,
And over the grassy orchard
The pink-white blossoms pour.

But the grandsire's chair is empty,
The cottage is dark and still;
There's a nameless grave in the battle field,
And a new one under the hill.

And a pallid, tearless woman,
By the cold hearth sits alone,
And the old clock in the corner
Ticks on with a steady drone.

PARSON BROWNLOW ON HIS TRAVELS.

The Parson Makes a Speech in Chicago.

Parson Brownlow delivered a speech, or harangue, in Chicago on Saturday evening last, in which he dashed about right and left in his usual very chaste and dignified style. His speech is very interesting reading matter, and we give a few extracts from the Chicago *Tribune's* report:

WHO INAUGURATED THE WAR.

I believe, as I have believed from the first, that we are in the midst of a war inaugurated by the Southern conspirators. I deny that this is an abolition war, inaugurated by abolitionists. [Applause.] But the men of South Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, and all the powers of hell inaugurated this hellish war. [Great applause.] It originated in the South, with the worst men that ever God Almighty permitted to breathe the air of Heaven, and if you have a State prison in Illinois—

A voice—Yes, a strong one.

Mr. Brownlow—A gentleman says you have a penitentiary in Illinois. I, of course, must be a stranger to the inmates of that institution. [laughter,] but I declare to you in the fear of God to-night that one-half, yes two-thirds, of the men in the Illinois penitentiary are better men than any of the leaders of the rebellion at the South, [cheers,] and if I were not afraid, to-morrow being Sunday, of bringing upon my head a controversy with some of the clergymen, many of whom are no doubt in this large assembly, I would give it as my honest conviction that there are better men in hell to-night than the leaders of this rebellion. [Immense cheering and laughter.]

Then, gentlemen, I take the ground that we are in the midst of a wicked rebellion, for which there is, and never has been, any just or sufficient cause; and I go further than this; I make my statement still stronger and more emphatic—we are in the midst of a rebellion for which there is not, and never has existed, even the shadow of a pretext. Why do I say so?

FIGHTING FOR THEIR RIGHTS.

When Jeff. Davis made his first levy of troops I was editing a paper in Knoxville, East Tennessee—a paper they crushed out this day twelve months ago. That makes this my anniversary you know. [Laughter.] On the 25th of October last they crushed the most widely circulated paper that floated over Jeff. Davis' ungodly dominions at that time, and the only religious paper of any denomination in the entire Confederacy. [Laughter], and God knows my Knoxville *Whig* was not pious enough to hurt. [Much more laughter.]

The rebel soldiers used to meet me on the streets and commence cursing and blackguarding me: "Why didn't I go in for Jeff. Davis and my native South?" Drunk on mean whisky—for the first levy they brought into the field were not the flower of the Southern youth as they said—not the best blood of the South; but the rag-tag and bob tail of Southern society. Said I: "What are you going into this war for?" "We are going in for our rights." "What rights have you lost?" "The right, by G—d, to carry our negroes into the Territories"—when to my personal knowledge, for no man in the South knows more than I do, two-thirds of the whole army at that time never owned a negro in the world, and never were related by affinity or consanguinity to any man that ever did or ever will own a negro. [Great laughter and applause.]

CHANGE IN THE ARMY WANTED.

We want some changes in the army. Gentlemen, they are too slow. There are a very few men in the army who come up to my standard. I can name four or five I name you Picayune Butler, of New Orleans, for one. [Applause.] General Mitchel, of Ohio, will do for me. [Cheers.] Rosecrans is one of my sort of men. [Prodigious cheering.] I don't care anything about their Black Republicanism or Democracy, let's go ahead and make a spoon or "spile" a horn [Laughter.] I don't care what their politics are.

A Voice—"Sigel."

Mr. Brownlow—I ought to have named Sigel, for he is the best man in the crowd. [Cheers.] But you need not think strange that Sigel is all right; wherever I have been—all over this country as well as at the South, the Dutch and other Germans are all Union men. [Cheers.] I laid in Knoxville jail with some of the best and noblest hearted Germans who ever breathed—Union men put there for their principles. I left them there in July. Some escaped, some died, some followed me into Ohio, and are at Cincinnati now. The Dutch are all right. [Applause.]

BROWNLOW'S PRIVATE ADVICE TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

When we come out of this war—which we shall do after a while—we will come forth with 700,000 or 800,000 of the best drilled, hardened, seasoned, best fed and noblest hearted fellows that ever constituted an army on the face of the earth. Having our hands in, and having a little experience in the way of fighting, if the Queen of England and her advisers are not satisfied with the way we do business, we will give them a turn. [Laughter]

I am in favor of thrashing anyhow. [Continued laughter] England has been selling the dog from the word go. Hypocrisy, deception, falsehood, smuggling—that has been her neutrality. I am in favor of declaring war against her whenever this thing is wound up, giving her the devil, and rubbing it in. [Laughter] I sent the Queen of England a message the other day—private and confidential—by a merchant going abroad to London. I told him to go to Windsor castle, give her my respects, and tell her that I had known individuals in America, and whole neighborhoods, to make a comfortable living by just minding their own business. [Much merriment.]

HE INDORSES THE PROCLAMATION.

But we are now in the midst of a rebellion, and our business now is to fight our way out of it to a peace. I am an advocate of war not because I am away from Southern danger, for what I was there I am here to-night, and what I am here I will be there if I ever live to get back again—I am an advocate of coercion in this war, [applause.] I am the advocate of subjugation, if you please. [continued applause.] I go beyond that; I am the advocate of extermination. [Tremendous applause.] I say prosecute the war until we exterminate the whole race, and then call upon God in prayer to people that country with a better breed of dogs. [Great applause and cheers.]

It is sheer nonsense to be raising all this hue and cry through the land against the administration and President Lincoln about this emancipation proclamation. He proposes to give the rebels now in rebellion against this government one hundred days of grace to reflect and do their work over again, and return to the fold from which they have strayed away. If they do not, those to do that, he proposes to emancipate their negroes, and he proposes to pay loyal men for their property, all that any Union man, North or South, ought to ask, and it ought to be done. [Cheers.] The rebels make their negroes an element of strength in this rebellion. They have them by hundreds of thousands at home raising bread and meat, while all the white men are conscripted and out fighting against this government. If Lincoln did not take from them everything which lay in his power, which strengthens them and enables them to carry on this war, he would be guilty, before God, of perjury. I therefore indorse the proclamation. [Great applause.]

IT IS NECESSARY, RIGHT AND CONSTITUTIONAL.

"Oh! but it's unconstitutional!" Where does that cry come from? Is it from loyal men? [Cries! "No, no"] No! it comes from these sympathisers with the rebellion. The Constitution troubles their consciences now. Ladies and gentlemen, the rebels by their course of conduct have made that expedient, proper and constitutional, which, if they had behaved themselves, would have been wholly inexpedient, improper and unconstitutional—the issuing of that proclamation. It is a war measure. It is necessary, it is constitutional and right. I say confiscate everything they've got. Emancipate their negroes and drive the last accomdral of the rebels down into the Gulf of Mexico, as the devil did the hogs into the sea.

But I find a class of men in all the Northern States where I have been, in sympathy with this rebellion, and they might be so and behave themselves; but they go further—they meddle and throw obstacles in the way of recruiting, and in every possible or conceivable way they attempt to retard the operations of the army and the government. "But," says one, "the war tax!" Where does that cry come from? From loyal men? No. "You are involving us in debt by hundreds of millions, which we can never pay off, and a war tax will break me down and ruin me." Examine these men who make so much noise over the war tax, and you will find them a class of hide-bound, stingy, niggardly, no-souled, pleasure sort of men. [Laughter.] I could take the soul of a man of that sort and make it rattle in the hull of a tobacco seed. [Renewed laughter.]

Do they ever contribute anything to their pastor to pay him for laboring for their miserable souls? You never get a dime out of them to be expended in the distribution of tracts or bibles. They never give these ladies a dime for the soldiers' aid society, to comfort and console the wounded and dying soldier. When one of them gets a dime, a real ten cent silver piece between his forefinger and his thumb and slips it down into his pocket, if you are a gentleman of keen hearing and listen closely you will hear the little piece singing as it goes down the chorus of an old song we used to sing—

"Farewell! vain world, I'm going home."

[Great laughter.]

HE DESCRIBES SOUTHERN TORIES.

I find them in other sections of the country, and other States, organizing new parties. They are getting up a constitutional Union party. A considerable body of them up here in Michigan organized a third party. Not pleased with these Democrats and these Republicans they said let's get up a third party; a great party which will swallow up these parties like the ram Dasie saw in his vision pushing eastward and westward, northward and southward. It is a little leaven of the old Breckinridge lump, which is at the bottom of this loaf. They understand that perfectly. They are making that sort of movement out in Michigan.

What do they propose? I will tell you what they purpose, if you will make them Senators and Representatives. I don't know what they propose. They purpose to stop the supplies of the army, to annoy and torment the President, and put an end to the war, right or wrong, that they may turn about and come into power again. They lost power in a fair fight. I lost power once. I belonged to the old Clay-Webster Whig school. I went for Bell and Everett. I was beaten fairly and manfully by the Lincolnites, and when I was beaten at the ballot-box, I submitted, and at the end of the war, I am ready and willing to try again. [Applause.] I am for standing by Lincoln, the government and the administration. [Applause.]

It's all the government we've got. It's our administration. He is our President. Let us hold up his hands and help him prosecute this war. I believe that he is an honest, patriotic and upright man. [Applause.] These men wait power again. They want to control the offices, to stop the war and block up the wheels of government. Before I would vote for such a man I would make him define his position, show where he stands and what he is going to do. There is a cat in the meal. They are maneuvering, and plotting, and canvassing to plunder and destroy the government. They are willing to see us whipped out and the government destroyed.

THE INFERNAL CONSPIRACY IN THE WEST.

There is a deep policy, an infernal scheme now on foot all over the Northwest to transfer the Northwestern country to the Southern Confederacy, if they can do so by and by. They are in alliance with them and want to transfer you to the Southern Confederacy if they can gain their independence. I talk this thing out I ask no favor of anybody. There's nobody about here that I care for or fear. [Applause.]

From South Carolina.

NEW YORK, October 29.—The *Herald* has from its correspondent a very full account of the late battle on the Charleston and Savannah railroad, referred to in the dispatches of Beauregard:

"Our troops proceeded from Hilton Head on the night of the 21st, and were conveyed in fifteen gunboats and war steamers to Mackay's Point, at the confluence of the Pocataligo and Broad river. The object of this movement was to make a complete reconnoissance of Broad river and its tributaries, to test practically the rapidity and safety with which a landing could be effected, and to learn the strength of the enemy on the mainland guarding the railroad between Charleston and Savannah, and to accomplish so much of the destruction of the railroad as could be done in a single day. In this attempt our forces were victorious. Having met the enemy in large numbers, they drove them across the Pocataligo river. Our loss, however, was very severe. Our soldiers and sailors fought splendidly and our batteries were worked with great skill and effect.

"The Union forces were under command of Brigadier General J. M. Brannan, Gen. Ferry being second in command. The rebels were commanded by Colonel Walker, until our arrival at Pocataligo bridge, when Beauregard, who had just arrived from Charleston, commanded in person. Fresh troops rapidly arriving from Charleston to reinforce the rebels, our troops were withdrawn in fine order, General Ferry remaining on shore at Mackay's Point until the last man had embarked, when the buildings which had been occupied by rebel pickets were destroyed.

"Our loss was fifteen killed, one hundred wounded, and two missing. The troops engaged were the 47th Pennsylvania, 6th Connecticut, 4th New Hampshire, 55th Pennsylvania, 7th Connecticut, 76th Pennsylvania, 3d New Hampshire, a detachment of the 1st Massachusetts cavalry, a section of the 1st United States artillery, company E, 3d United States artillery, 3d Rhode Island artillery, and the New York volunteer engineers. Colonel Chatfield, of the 6th Connecticut, and Lieut.-Colonel Spidell, of the same, were among the severely wounded."

The New York *Times* says about the late battle at Pocotaligo: "Instead of the rebels gaining a victory, our troops defeated them in the very hard-fought engagement which took place a week ago to-day; drove them from both of their chosen positions, and compelled them to retreat in haste across the Pocotaligo river, at which they destroyed the bridge in the rear to prevent further pursuit, and, although General Mitchel did not, on this occasion, succeed in carrying out the magnificent programme which he had conceived, he did make a complete reconnoissance of the region between the island of Port Royal and the Charleston railroad, and administered to the rebels a thorough chastisement."

SUPERABUNDANCE OF MEN.—There is, according to the census, an excess of 733,258 males over females in the United States. This fact is noteworthy and ought to quiet the apprehensions of those who feared the war would cause an undue preponderance of women after peace was declared. No matter how bloody the war may be, or how long it lasts, it cannot make way with three-quarters of a million of lives. The waste of life may make the sexes nearly even; but even then we shall be better off than England, where the females are in excess by nearly a million, and the social problem of the day is how to provide them with husbands or occupations.

The Death of Napoleon.

At 6 o'clock in the evening of the 4th of May, 1820, the Emperor Napoleon died at St. Helena, after a cruel imprisonment of six years. The latter days of his life were almost exclusively directed to religious thoughts. He was exceedingly weak, suffering great pain, and often in extreme dejection of spirits. One evening, but a short time before his death, he made the following remarkable confession to Count Montholon:

Upon the throne, surrounded by generals, far from devout—yes, I will not deny it—I had too much regard for public opinion, and far too much timidity; and perhaps I did not dare to say aloud, "*I am a believer.*" I said "religion is a power, a *political engine.*" But even then, if any one had questioned me directly, I should have replied, "*Yes, I am a Christian.*" And if it had been necessary to confess my fault at the price of martyrdom, I should have found all my firmness. But now I am at St. Helena, why should I dissemble that which I believe at the bottom of my heart? I desire the communion of the Lord's Supper, and to confess what I believe. I will not force any one to accompany me there; but those who love me will follow me.

Even in these solemn hours of approaching death he had no penitence to express in view of his political career, for his motives had been exalted, and his measures beneficent in the extreme. With gratitude and well-founded pride he could say:

I have hallowed the revolution by infusing into it our laws. "My code is" the sheet-anchor which will save France, and entitle me to the benedictions of posterity. The plan of leveling the Alps was one of the first formed at the commencement of my career. I had entered Italy, and finding that the communications with Paris occupied a considerable time, and were attended with much difficulty, I endeavored to render them quicker, and resolved to open them through the valley of the Rhone. I also wished to render that river navigable, and blow up the rocks under which it engulfs and disappears. I had sent the engineers on the spot. The expense would have been inconsiderable, and I submitted the plan to the directory. But we were carried away by events. On my return from Egypt, we applied our hammers to the Alps. We executed what the Romans had not dared to try, and traced, through blocks of granite, a solid and spacious road, capable of resisting the efforts of time.

As, restless with pain and burning with unappeasable thirst, he tossed upon his pillow, he said to Dr. Antommarchi, "This is not life; it is mere existence. Death will soon terminate my sufferings. In what state am I, doctor. Everything seems to weigh upon me to fatigue me. I cannot support myself. Have you not, among the resources of art, any thing to revive the play of the machine?"

He had some fishes in a pond near his door, and he was fond of feeding them with crumbs of bread. Suddenly they all died. Sadly he said: "You see very well that there is a fatality attached to me. Every thing I love, every thing that belongs to me, is immediately struck."

At length the hidden disease, which subsequently proved itself to be a cancer in the stomach, so prostrated him that he could rarely leave his bed, and the pain was so great that but seldom could he get even a moment's sleep. "Doctor," said he, "what a delightful thing rest is! The bed has become for me a place of luxury. How fallen am I! I, whose activity was boundless, whose mind never slumbered, and now plunged in a lethargic stupor, and must make the effort even to utter my world. Sometimes dictated upon different subjects to four-five secretaries, who wrote as fast as words could be uttered. But then I was Napoleon. Now I am no longer anything."

One day he vainly endeavored, leaning upon another's arm, to walk across the room. His limbs sank beneath him. "They are exhausted," said he. "See, there is nothing left—mere skeletons. Everything must have an end. I am fast approaching mine; and I do not regret it, for I have indeed no reason to be attached to life."

The news came one day of the death of his sister Eliza. It threw him into a state of stupor. His head fell upon his breast. Deep sighs escaped him; and for a long time he uttered not a word. Raising his eyes intently upon the doctor, he said, "You see Eliza has just shown us the way. Death, which seems to have overlooked our family, now begins to strike it. My turn cannot be far distant. I have no longer any strength, activity, or energy left. I am no longer Napoleon. The first person of our family who will follow Eliza to the grave, is that great Napoleon, who here drags on a miserable existence, who sinks under its weight, but who, however, still keeps Europe in a state of alarm. As for me, all is over. My days will soon end on this miserable rock."

Dr. Antommarchi was an infidel. One day he ventured to assume a contemptuous expression of countenance, in view of some religious conversation which was passing between the Emperor and the Abbe Vignali. Napoleon said to him, with great vivacity, "You are an atheist—I am an atheist if you will. But rest for me, I will fulfill all the duties which religion imposes, and seek all the solace which it administers." Then turning to the Abbe, he said, "I wish you to say mass in the chapel every day, and to continue to say it after my death. You will not cease until I am buried. As soon as I am dead, I wish you to place a crucifix upon my bosom and your altar at my head. And you will not omit solemnizing the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and offering daily prayers until I am buried."

Thus day after day he lingered sadly along, each one rich in historic interest, until the 21 of May. The Emperor then was in a burning fever and his mind was in delirium. His spirit was wandering through the scenes of the past, and moved amid the carnage and the uproar of the field of battle. At one time he cried out wildly, "Steingel, Dessaix, Massena; victory is declaring. Run, hasten, press the charge. They are ours!" In his eagerness, with that momentary strength which delirium gives, he leaped from his bed, but fell prostrate upon the floor. After a few hours the fever abated and reason returned.

I am very ill," said he, "I am going to die. My poor Chinese servants. Do not let them be forgotten. I must take leave of them also!" In his will he had particularly remembered all of his friends, and all from whom he had received any acts of kindness.

At two o'clock in the afternoon of the 31 of May, after a very touching conversation with the friends who surrounded his bedside, he sent for the Abbe Vignali, and received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. After the solemn ordinance, the placid expression of his countenance indicated the peace which reigned within his soul. He slept quietly through the night, and in the morning he said to his valet, "Open the window, Marchand, open it wide, that I may breathe the air, the good air, which the good God has made."

The night of the 4th was black and stormy. The dying hour had come. The little household at St. Helena were all gathered around their dying friend. The Emperor lay unconscious and motionless upon his pillow, breathing heavily, and occasionally uttering broken and almost inarticulate words. "Twice I thought," says Count Montholon, "that I distinguished the unconnected words, 'France, Army, Head of the Army, Josephine.'" At six o'clock in the evening, as he was lying upon his back, with his right arm out of the bed, and his eyes fixed, as in deepest meditation, he gently, and without a struggle, ceased to breathe.

Just as the sun was descending below the horizon, sinking behind the clouds of that somber and tempestuous day, the spirit of Napoleon took its flight into the dread unknown. *Isle of Elba, Napoleon*, were the last utterances of the true and loving Josephine. *France, The Army, Josephine*, were the last images which lingered in the heart, and the last words which trembled upon the lips of the dying Emperor.—*John S. C. Abbott.*

POLITICS IN THE PULPIT REBUKED.—We learn from the Troy *Times* that an unusual scene occurred at the Methodist Church, Lansingburg, on Sunday evening of last week. A minister from Buffalo, who temporarily occupied the pulpit, introduced the President's emancipation proclamation into his discourse, and treated that the rebels would "hold out" until after the 1st of January, in order that freedom might be given to every slave. At this remark, one of the congregation rose and said that not a word of truth had been spoken during the entire evening. He demanded that different sentiments should be uttered from the pulpit. One of the trustees of the church replied, sustaining the minister and denouncing the interrupter. Much confusion followed, and the congregation departed in no very pleasant mood.

IMPORTANT FROM PARIS.

Augmentation of the Mexican Expedition.

Correspondence of the New York Times.]

PARIS, Friday, October 10, 1862.—A month ago, I informed you that the Mexican expedition had been augmented to eighty thousand men, and that it was a fixed object of the French government to remain in Mexico long enough to build up some sort of government which should be able to offer an insurmountable obstacle to the extension of the Anglo-American and the Protestant race South. Up to the present moment, about fifty thousand men have been sent from France to take part in this expedition, and I am still assured, through private channels, that the number of men will be carried to, 80,000 or even more, if found necessary to carry out the object in view. From the start I was informed that the French desired to make of this Mexican expedition a serious affair, and circumstances have singularly aided in converting desires into a fixed determination. I have endeavored to keep pace with the developments of the programme, and to keep you advised of the various changes as they took place. Under ordinary circumstances, the sending of 80,000, or even 50,000, men to Mexico, accompanied by a powerful fleet, when it is known that neither the army nor the fleet will meet an enemy to contend with, would be for the government and people of the United States a grave event; it may not, however, be so now. It may even be that the government of the United States desires that a strong power should be created in Mexico, in order to stop the progress of the Southern States south. The subject is none the less an important one, and ought to receive all your attention.

The French fleet in the Gulf of Mexico has suffered from the yellow fever to an extent which the public of France do not suspect. Every mail brought from Vera Cruz by a French steamer is first examined by the government authorities; the correspondence of all the journals is carefully scanned, and nothing of an inquieting nature is allowed to go to the public through the press. But I am told that the losses by death have been so numerous that there were not sailors enough to take the vessels out of the port of Vera Cruz, and that the blockade of the other Mexican ports was raised. The marine office is now sending out large detachments of sailors to fill up the ranks.

A Deserter from the Yankee Fleet.

From the Charleston Courier, Oct 27.]

A deserter from the Yankee fleet was brought to the city Saturday afternoon in charge of an officer from Camp Stono. He gave his name as Alexander Russell, and says he is from Nova Scotia. He deserted last Thursday morning from the Isaac P. Smith, Captain Dannison, on board of which he was engaged as a seaman, and at the time of his desertion was lying inside of Stono bar. On Thursday he was sent ashore with nine others to kill a cow on one of the small islands, and, taking advantage of the occasion, made some excuse to the rest to go a short distance, when he came and delivered himself up to our pickets. At the time he left there were four vessels lying outside the bar off Stono, besides the Isaac P. Smith, inside the bar. He knew the names of only two of those outside—the Marblehead and the Wine Harbor.

Before he left he was acting as assistant quartermaster, and overheard a conversation between Captain Dannison and another officer on the poop deck of his vessel, in which one of the officers stated that an attack on Charleston would be made on the arrival of two iron clads and some additional vessels with an expected reinforcement to the land forces of some seventeen thousand men. They expected to make the attack by land and water between the 1st and 10th of November. Their light draught gunboats were to run up the Stono, shell the woods and attack the batteries along the banks, while the iron clads and larger vessels are to come up and attack Fort Sumter and the city.

The officers on board, he says, did not appear to be at all sanguine of success. Should the effort fail, it was thought by them that the reaction in New York would be so overwhelming as to lead to an almost unanimous demand for peace.

The deserter, who appears to be an intelligent Englishmen, accuses Captain Dannison of having deceived him while under the influence of liquor to ship on board the Isaac P. Smith. He states that he had just previously returned from a voyage from Cienfuegos to New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, on a vessel commanded by Captain D. The latter being offered the command of his present vessel, he induced most of his old crew, under pretence of going on another voyage, to sign articles, the nature and contents of which they appeared not to know. Under these circumstances, and having parents in Nova Scotia, Russell determined to desert the first opportunity that offered, which occurred as above stated. He says he does not wish to take up arms on either side, and particularly against the South, as he always believed them to be fighting only for their rights. He says that a large number of the men on board the fleet are dissatisfied, and would readily embrace any good opportunity that offered to leave. The more respectable of them are obliged to associate with men who enlisted to escape the penitentiary and State prisons. When drunkards and others are sentenced by a court for some misdemeanor, they are released on enlisting on board some war vessel or upon joining the army.

From Omaha.

From the St. Joseph Journal, Oct. 28.]

The steamer West Wind came in from Omaha early Sunday afternoon, having been detained about three days by high winds.

The officers of the Wind inform us that they encountered a terrific snow storm coming down, about 8 o'clock Friday morning, in Nebraska Bend. The snow was blinding, and completely enshrouded the boat as well as "all out of doors" in a curtain of white. The contrast between the snow and green leaves on the trees was very fine, and exhibited a natural panorama seldom witnessed in this latitude.

The cabin of the West Wind was pretty well crowded with passengers, among whom were several Pike's Peakers, including S. S. Curtis, Esq., postmaster at Denver, and son of General S. R. Curtis, commander of the department. Young Curtis was on his way to his father's headquarters at St. Louis.

One of the Peakers had a live pet deer, captured in the wilds of Nebraska, which he was bringing home to place in some park.

The Wind brought down between 1,200 and 1,500 sacks of wheat and barley, taken on in Nebraska, Iowa and Missouri, and 150 bales of hemp from Forrest City. She met the Florence sounding on Sonora bar, only about one hundred and twenty miles above here, and the Omaha aground about forty miles this side of there.

The water is becoming very low, navigation difficult, and it is very doubtful whether the Florence will be able to get through to Sioux City, her destination.

Negro Colonization in Central America.

Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce.]

CHINENDEGA, Nicaragua, September 29.—President Lincoln was never more mistaken in his life than when he informed the negro delegation, which recently called upon him in Washington, that the free negroes of the United States "would be received in this country with open arms." It is decidedly the reverse of this. The people of the Central American States are united in opposition to the colonization scheme of President Lincoln, so far as their own country is concerned. The speech of the President is regarded here as very offensive, particularly that portion of it in which he asserts that he will not only make the free negroes whom he colonizes here "the equals" of the present inhabitants of this country, but the "equals of the best." The government of Nicaragua has entered a protest against this speech of President Lincoln, and recently addressed Mr. Dickinson, the resident United States minister, such a dispatch on the subject that he felt it necessary to send it to the United States by a special messenger. It has also issued a decree bearing upon the matter of colonization.

POLITICAL ARREST AND SUIT FOR FALSE IMPRISONMENT.—Some time since an account was published of the arrest of Wm. G. Whiteley, a member of Congress, of Delaware, for alleged treasonable language used in the railroad cars near Wilmington. The individuals at whose instance Mr. Whiteley was arrested, Messrs. Boker, Churchman and Graff, residents of Pennsylvania, have been sued in the court of New Castle county, Delaware, by Mr. Whiteley, for false imprisonment, and assault and battery. The trial will take place on the 17th of November.

LOSSES AT PERRYVILLE.

EDITORS APPEAL: The accompanying list of killed and wounded in my brigade, at the battle of Perryville, Kentucky, on the 8th of October, is very near correct. There may be some others killed, doubtless are, in the Florida regiments, whose names I have not got. There were many killed in the 41st, whose bodies I saw, but whose names I did not know. There are others of the wounded who may have been carried to other hospitals. Yours in haste,

H. HINKLEY,

Brig. Surgeon 1st Brig., 2d Div. L. W. A. M.

List of killed and wounded in the 41st regiment Mississippi volunteers, belonging to Gen. Brown's division, Army of the Mississippi, at the battle of Perryville, Kentucky:

Col. Tucker, wounded in right arm; Company D, Geo. J. Deare—wounded in right breast, right arm broken; G. H. Tomlinson, in hip; Mitchell Martin, in abdomen, not serious; Thos. Hornsby, flesh wound in thigh; J. W. Hornsby, flesh wound in leg. Company H—Lieut. M. L. Marshall, left arm shattered and amputated; R. D. Ford, right arm shattered and amputated; A. J. Payne, in hip, ball not extracted. Orderly Sergt. P. H. Higgins, company C, flesh wound in thigh; F. M. Upton, company D, in ankle; W. H. Roark, company A, left arm and thigh; Lieutenant T. S. Slaughter, in lungs, died; Jas. Garner, company D, right knee, left hand; F. G. Rowe, company F, right arm, left thigh; A. B. Fenly, side; J. B. Burks, company E, left groin; J. L. Cooksey, company D, left knee; S. W. Hopkins, company D, left side, near breast, serious; G. W. Beard, neck, slight; D. Sanders, company F, in neck; C. G. Stanford, lung, died; J. W. Sanders, company F, right shoulder; J. Horton, company A, flesh wound in leg; C. T. Ward, company A, in neck; R. F. Lowe, company C, flesh wound in left groin; W. P. Daze, company L, in shoulder, ball in neck; J. P. Stokes, left arm; S. O. Freeman, hip; Jas. Jones, under right eye; J. B. Hodge, left leg; W. H. Pendleton, right hand; John L. Jones, left thigh; A. W. Nelson, right side; M. Freeman, right arm shattered, amputated; A. L. McCarthy, company F, left leg.

Detailed as hospital nurses from 41st Mississippi: R. J. Morrow, J. Sanders, company F; John Price, company A.

Wounded and killed in Palmer's (State Rights) Georgia battery, attached to 1st brigade: J. B. Holmes, right shoulder; J. C. Moore, shoulder, serious; E. E. Duncan, flesh wound in left leg; W. M. Mitchell, left arm broken.

Killed and wounded in 3d Florida regiment, Lieut.-Col. Church commanding.

Col. Church, slight, in breast, by shell.

Capt. D. B. Bird, company E, killed; Hubbard Stevens, company E, killed; Thos. Carey, company K, killed; A. Lopez, company B, killed; Irvin Stanley, company E, killed; Henry Bryant, company G, killed; W. M. Wilkinson, Wm. Hemmerson, company E, killed; G. Gardner, company F, died on 9th; Sergt Major Thos. Morely, company G, killed; James Callahan, company I, died on 13th; Josiah Horne, company E, died on 8th; Wright Cox, company K, died on night of 8th; Lieut. Drisdale, company B, severely wounded in head—lost left eye; Frank West, wounded in right breast—died in hospital; W. R. Grantham, company H, flesh wound in thigh; J. W. Worthington, company M, in cheek; J. W. Kellum, company E, in right leg; Rawlerson, company M, through face, severe; Lieut. M. P. Ridgely, company B, left leg, slight; Corporal J. C. Houston, company A, left ankle, left hip and right arm; J. Wingate, company A, flesh wound in left hip; Raphael Ximenez, company B, left thigh, slight; J. J. Hurlburt, company A, both knees, serious; A. M. Cubbedge, company A, left knee; T. M. Marmely, company F, in breast; Corporal Francis Andrew, company B, left ankle, slight; Stephen Grant, company I, neck; J. Powel, company I, back, serious; J. B. Cason, company E, left hip.

Wounded in 1st Florida, Colonel Miller commanding.

Wm. Leppard, company A, in right leg in two places, in right shoulder and in left hand; J. G. Barrow, company I, in shoulder, since died; Jno. S. Goodbee, company G, chest, serious; W. J. Peham, company G, thigh, slight; A. W. Jarnigan, company I, both shoulders; Thos. M. Giller, company C, left arm shattered, amputated; W. D. Lassiter, company E, left ankle; Francis Towart, (color bearer) though thigh; Samuel Grant, company A, through both legs, died on 9th; J. D. Daniel, company F, left leg; Jno. W. Pearson, company B, through thigh; Allen B. Walker, company B, in foot, slight; A. G. Collier, company F, head, slight; Ben. Boone, company E, in hip, flesh wound; Frank Lomax, company E, in hip; J. G. Kennedy, company F, right foot; Captain W. C. Bird, company C, right leg broken; J. H. Wilson, company B, in shoulder; W. Hammore, company H, right shoulder