THE CALEDONIAN,
ST. JOHNSBURY, VT.
C. M. STONE & Co. Publishers.
Office Eastmanbrook north of Court House.

[illegible]—If paid strictly in advance, per annum...$1.50
If not paid in advance, [illegible] 2.00
If not paid within the year [illegible] 2.50
Single copies 4 cents each

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The Caledonian.

VOL. 26--NO. 41. ST. JOHNSBURY, VT., FRIDAY, APRIL 10, 1863. WHOLE NO. 1341

After the Battle.

It was over at last. The sun which had walked slow and calm through the long hours of that terrible day, had gone down in a column of fire beyond the western hills, and now the stars were coming out swiftly, like gold in petals scattered all over an azure sky.

And the stars looked down on the battle field, as they had come out and looked down for years on the fair young land which had arisen in her strength and beauty north amid all the nations there was none to compare with her—on the great stars that were hung on her bosom—on the golden fields that waved their tresses to her every golden summers—on the cottages the dwellers sat peacefully and lovingly under their own vine and fig tree—on all the stars which came up night by night the watch-towers of the sky. Looked there come a change; and now the harvests had waved their locks in the summer winds, was that most terrible sight which the sun and stars ever beheld—a sight of a battle field. The contest had been fierce and terrible on that day.

The echoes of the distant mountains had all been filled with the thunder of cannon, and the earth had drank in blood, as in autumn it drinks in the equinoctial gales; but at last the day's awful work was done, and the night winds lifted the gray banners of smoke from the battle field.

The air was full of the heat and smell of powder; the dead lay thick together with their faces on the trampled grass; the wounded lay thicker, filling the air with their groans as horses rushed terrified over them, and the dying daylight and the stars watch over all.

A way from the battle field ran a little stream, making a blue fold in the dark earth, and wounded men crawled to it, and laved their thirst.

There was no fierceness in the eyes of the men who, as they sat free to face on the side of the stream, and the strife and the battle all gone now, and they sat still, as men who a few hours before had been brothers sat still and looked at each other.

At last one of them spoke:

"We haven't either a chance to hold out long, I judge.

"And the other with a little mixture of wonder and reckoning. "You did that as well as *that* bears witness," pointing to a wound a little above the knee from which his life-blood was slowly ebbing.

"Better than you could yours," answered the other with a grim smile, and he pointed to a wound a little higher up larger and more jagged—a deadly one plainly.

And the two men gazed on each other long in the dim light, for the moon had risen over the hills now, and stood among the stars like a pearl of great price. And as they looked, a softer feeling stole over the heart of each toward his fallen foe; a feeling of pity for the strong, manly life [illegible] a feeling of regret for that inexorable necessity of war which made each the destroyer of the other; and at last one of them spoke:

"There's some folks in the world, I s'pose, I don't worse because you've gone out of it."

A spasm of pain was on the bronzed and dusty features.

"Yes," said the man in thick tones, "there's a man with a little boy and girl away among the New Hampshire mountains. It will well nigh kill to hear of this," and he groaned out in bitter anguish. "Oh, God, have pity on my wife and children.

And the other drew closer to him.

"Far away down among the cotton-fields there's a woman and a little girl hours will break when they hear what we are doing;" and then the cry rung out of his heart, "Oh, God, have pity on us!"

And from that moment the Northerner and Southerner ceased to be foes. The sight of those distant homes on whom darkness was so soon to fall, drew them together in that last hour, and the two were like children.

Though the Northerner spoke, talking to himself than to any one else, and he knew that the other was listening to every word:

"I used to come—my little girl—to her heart every night to meet me and come home from the fields; and she would wait under the great plum-tree that's beyond the back door at home, with the light making a yellow crown in her golden curls, and the laugh dancing in her eyes so she heard the click of the gate. I can hear now; and I'd take her in my arms and she'd put up her little red lips for me, but my little girl will never watch for me under the old plum tree by the well for her father again.

"I can never hear her cry of joy as she sees a glimpse of me at the gate. I shall never see her little feet running over the grass to bring into my arms again."

"Yes," said the Southerner, "there's a little brown haired girl who used to watch the east afternoons for her father to come home from his visit to the plantations. I can see her sweet little face shining from the roses around the pillars and her cry of joy as I dismounted from my horse and call the little thing feet and the loud laugh up and down the veranda. But, my boy, your bright little face will grow pale waiting among those roses for your father, and you and he will never go romping down the old veranda again."

And the Northerner drew near to the Southerner, and the hot tears stood on his cheeks, as he said:

"Yes, may God have pity on our poor children."

"Amen!" said the Southerner fervently.

And the Northerner spoke now in a husky whisper, for the eyes of the dying men were growing fast.

"We have fought like brave men together. We are going before God in a little while. Let us forgive each other first."

The Southerner now tried to speak, but his sound died away in a gurgle from his pale lips; but he took the hand of his foe in his, and his stiffening fingers closed over it, and his last look was a smile of forgiveness and peace. And when the morning's sun walked up the gray east it found them touched with pink, it looked down and saw the two foes lying dead with their hands clasped one in the other, by the stream which ran close by the battle field.

And the little girl with golden hair that watched under the plum tree among the hills of New Hampshire, and the little girl with bright brown hair, that waited by the roses among the green plains of Georgia, were fatherless.

The Marriage of the Prince of Wales.

Tuesday, the 10th instant, will long be remembered in England as the wedding day of the Prince of Wales. The English people were perfectly crazy over the event and the newspapers gave up their whole space to inflated and long drawn out descriptions of the preparations and ceremony. The Princess Alexandra arrived in England the Saturday before, and we have already given an account of the magnificent ovation the royal pair received as they passed through London: though since time has given a chance to look at the affair calmly, the demonstration seems to have been great in magnitude and enthusiasm rather than in taste and perfectness of detail, and the half dozen women and children crushed to death within sight of the mansion house of the lord mayor did not add to the festivities. The prince and princess arrived at Windsor Castle the same night, and probably spent Sunday and Monday in very much the same condition and state of feeling as common young people would do in similar circumstances.

Tuesday the ceremony took place in St. George's Chapel, which had been newly painted and cushioned and decorated for the occasion. As early as 9 o'clock the approaches to the castle were beseiged by a large number of elegantly dressed ladies and gentlemen who had tickets, and none were admitted without. The foreign and cabinet ministers, the lord mayor and mayoress of London, great officers of state and members of the royal household came down from London on two special trains about 11 o'clock, and the nave and choir of the chapel was soon filled up. There were three distinct processions of the royal family from the castle to the chapel, that of the queen's household, the Prince of Wales, and the princess, which arrived last at the chapel. The Prince of Wales was attended by his brother-in-law, the crown prince of Prussia, and his uncle, the reigning Duke of Saxe Coburg and Gotha. The princess was the cynosure of all eyes as she went up the aisle. Her dress was embroidered white silk, trimmed with silver, which could just be discerned in rich designs glittering between the snowy folds. The bodice and white was not, however, departed from, though over all she wore a tight bodice with open sleeves of white silk, embroidered with white silk, and which, fitting tight, set off her tapering waist and faultless symmetry of form to absolute perfection.—Her gorgeous train of white and silver was borne by eight young ladies, between the ages of 15 and 20, the very choice and flower of the fair scions, the noble families of England.

The prince and princess having taken their places, the ceremony commenced a little before 1 o'clock. The Triumphal March of Beethoven had been played during the entrance of the procession into the chapel, and the Chorale by the late prince consort commenced the ceremony proper. The choirs were those of the Chapel Royal, St James', St George's, and the private chapel, and among the singers was Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt. The marriage service was read by the Archbishop of Canterbury, lord high primate of England, assisted by the bishops of London, Oxford and Chester and after the benediction the whole grand pageant went pouring out, "in a gorgeous stream or flood of colors of waving plumes and flaming jewels," to the splendid chorus of the Hallelujah of Beethoven, and a salvo of artillery in the long walk announced the happy union.

The queen witnessed the ceremony from the royal pew, but took no part in the ceremonies, and could be seen by only a small part of those in attendance. She wore the simplest and plainest of widow's weeds, a widow's cap, a black silk dress with white collar and cuffs, and black gloves. The only colors which appeared upon her were the star of the order of the Garter, and its blue riband, narrowed to the width her majesty usually wears, across her left shoulder. She looked well in health, but thinner and older, with the permanent traces of deep grief and care stamped on every lineament of her features. But the rest of the ladies, the wives of the nobility and the foreign ministers and invited guests, were in full court costumes, with the exception that they wore no trains, and all without exception dressed in velvet or satin either of blue, mauve or violet color, the latter being the prevailing tone. All, too, wore feathers and diamonds in their hair, and some showed tiaras of brilliants almost large enough to form head dresses, so completely did the glittering jewels cover the head like a regal crown.

The prince behaved very easily and composedly both while waiting before, and during the ceremony. He was dressed in a general's uniform, wearing over all the insignia and purple mantle of a knight of the garter. The princess went through the ceremony very well also, though paler than on the occasion of her passing through London, and apparently nervous, yet she was not agitated, and appeared more beautiful than ever before. A somewhat different account of the dresses of the bride and bridesmaids is given from that above, though evidently both writers are describing the same thing. As the ladies will be the most interested in the dresses of anything, we give the other description, which is more full and satisfactory: "The princess wedding dress consisted of a petticoat of pearl-white silk, embroidered with the rose, thistle, and shamrock, trimmed with four rows of silver lace round the bottom, robing up the center, over which was suspended a train of crimson velvet, magnificently embroidered with the same designs in silver as the petticoat. The bodice and sleeves were composed of the same costly material. The costumes of the bridesmaids were composed of a rich white glace silk, covered with tulle skirts, the bottom trimmed with a racne of bouillonnes of tulle, the middle one looped up in spaces all round with bouquets of blush roses, heather, and shamrock. From the waist fell a long tulle tunique, which was festooned upon one side with two long hanging boquets of roses, the body and sleeves trimmed to correspond, with tulle and flowers. Coiffure, a wreath of roses, heather and shamrock, with a long tulle veil falling from the back of the head."

After the ceremony, the united processions returned to the castle and late in the afternoon the prince and princess started for Osborne, where they are to spend the honeymoon.

The following charming lines to the princess Alexandra, by Alfred Tennyson, are

THE POET LAUREATE'S WELCOME.

Sea-king's daughter from over the sea,
Alexandra!
Saxon, and Norman, and Dane are we,
But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee,
Alexandra!

Welcome her, thunders of fort and of fleet!
Welcome her, thundering cheer of the street!
Welcome her, all things youthful and sweet,
Scatter the blossoms under her feet!
Break, happy land, into earlier flowers!
Make music, O bird, in the new-budded bowers!
Welcome her, welcome her, all that is ours!

Warble, O bugle, and trumpet, blare!
Flags, flutter out upon turrets and towers!
Flames, on the windy headland flare!
Utter your jubilee, steeple and spire!
Crash, ye bells, in the merry March air!
Flash, ye cities, in rivers of fire!
Welcome her, welcome the land's desire,
Alexandra!

Sea-kings' child, as she stepped on the sea,
Blissful bride of a blissful heir,
Bride of the heir of the kings of the sea,
O joy to the people, and joy to the throne,
Come to us, love us, and make us your own;
For Saxon, or Dane, or Norman we,
Teuton, or Celt, or whatever we be,
We are each all Danes in our welcome of thee,
Alexandra!

Prayers for Donald Grant.

In the highlands of Scotland, punctually at public worship is reckoned among the cardinal virtues. The people for generations have been trained to reverence God's day and His house, so that it is considered not only wrong, but also disreputable, to lounge at home, or to stroll over heath and burn, while others are honoring God in the sanctuary.

There lived in this region, some years since, an honest farmer, called Donald Grant. He was very wise for this world; and, while professing better things, he gave all his strength and energy to his six day's toil, so that when the Sabbath came, he was unfit for the services of the sanctuary.—One in the season of barley harvest, when farm help was scarce, Donald so overwrought himself on Saturday, that his seat in the "auld Kirk" was empty the next day. He remained at home to recruit his powers for a fresh campaign on Monday. Some wag in the parish, knowing Donald's besetting sin, and fearing the effect of his example on others, resolved to nip the delinquency in the bud, and took the easiest way to his own ends.

In the afternoon, when the pastor entered his pulpit, he found a note in which was written, "The prayers of the church are requested for Donald Grant." The minister was taken by surprise, but having learned of his illness, he so announced. And did the people when they read the note? Yes, they did, and more, some of them, I fear, did a little smile at the oddity of the request. At occasions, one asked another what ailed Donald Grant, for none could tell his neighbors, and all wondered that some sudden illness had caused this request for the city for the family.

The Sabbath passed, and Donald, refreshed by many hours of sleep, and by the sweet repose and the balm of his native hills, was on Monday then strong man to run a race. But scarcely had the sun begun to gild the dewy morning, when, above the whistling of the sickle, he heard the stentorian voice of Sandy Graham, the village blacksmith.

"Hoot man, and are ye at it thus airly, after the deathly illness o' yes'ra, lay?"

It was in vain that Donald protested he had never been better. Sandy declared he was out out of his head, and ought to be in bed; and to bed—he could see *by the color of his face* there was a high fever on him!

While yet he was speaking, they were joined by Duncan McIntosh and Malcolm Stewart, two hearty neighbors, coming to sympathize in Donald's affliction, and to proffer their aid in reaping his barley; and before any explanation could be made of the puzzling matter, the living old minister, staff in hand, had arrived with the oil of consolation.

Donald persisted in saying he was never more hearty; when the pastor asked, "Why, then, man, did you forsake your seat in God's house, and neglect the prayers of his people?"

"Awed, awed, man," replied Donald, in amazement, "I was aye fra the kirk wi' the aching o' my limbs fra' the week's work, but I asked prayers o' no man alive!"

The joke was perceived, and the pastor reminded Donald that the man who absented himself from God's house for no better reason than his, ought to ask prayers if he didn't!

Donald Grant lost more time in entertaining the army who came to inquire for him on Monday, than he had gained by resting on the Sabbath; but he had learned a lesson he did not forget. The barley harvest never kept him at home again on the Sabbath.

Should it be taken for granted that sickness afflicted the families of all who absent themselves from our churches, we should have a long list of names to be prayed for. *Watchman and Reflector.*

A DANGEROUS PET.—In a solitary ranch not far from San Jaime, there once lived a poor widow, who, out of compassion for a young jacquar cub, which had been picked up by some vaqueros, undertook to rear it with the milk of her own goats, sheltering it at night from the damp under the folds of her bed, covering and treating the foundling with as much affection as though it were her child. In return the little fellow became so attached to his adopted mother that it could not endure a moment's separation from her, and would sit like a cat by the hreside while she devoted herself to the occupations of the kitchen. As I now observe, the woman's scanty stock of goats was rapidly diminished by its repeated depredations; it was in fact, deemed prudent to place it out of reach, lest the widow's little fortune should, and it was encouraged to seek for game in the surrounding woods. Whenever successful in these excursions, the intelligent creature invariably brought some in to lay at the feet of his benefactress. On one occasion, some of her neighbors having come to pass the day with her, she thought as game was plentiful and easily obtained, it would spur them on for a good deal more than it would the tooth of her favorite, and let loose the puma with its assistance a supply of venison will when to treat her guests. Accordingly, unsing the hut in their charge, she and her sufficient hunters started for the woods, proposing to be back in time to cook the dinner, to the astonishment of her visitors, the dinner hour arrived, then the night, but no tidings of the hunters; and up to this time I believe, no thing has been heard about either of the hunter tenants of the solitary ranch, although it is not difficult to imagine the poor widow's fate.—*Don Ramon.*

☞ A correspondent of the Boston Journal sends a copy of a letter written by a merchant of Waterbury, Feb. 5, 1814, in which the following prices are offered for wool: Common wool, of good quality clean and well washed, 75 cents; one-half blood do., $1; three-fourths blood do., $1.25 to $1.50; seven-eighths and full blood, $1.50 to $2. The merchant informed his correspondent that if the wool could not be obtained at the above prices he might go higher.

A lady eighty-one years of age, died in Concord, N. H., on the 9th, who commenced reading the Scriptures in course when she was but seven years old. Up to the time of her death she had read the Bible entirely through seventy-four times.

A National Fast.

PROCLAMATION BY THE PRESIDENT.

Whereas, The Senate of the United States, devoutly recognizing the supreme authority and just government of Almighty God in all the affairs of men and of nations, has, by a resolution, requested the President to designate and set apart a day for national prayer and humiliation; and whereas, it is the duty of nations, as well as of men, to own their dependence upon the overruling power of God, to confess their sins and transgressions, in humble sorrow, yet with assured hope that genuine repentance will lead to mercy and pardon, and to recognize the sublime truths announced in the Holy Scriptures and proven by all history, that those nations only are blessed whose God is the Lord; and inasmuch as we know that, by his divine law, nations, like individuals, are subjected to punishments and chastisements in this world, may we not justly fear that the awful calamity of civil war, which now desolates the land, may be but a punishment inflicted upon us for our presumptuous sins, to the needful end of our national reformation as a whole people? We have been the recipients of the choicest bounties of Heaven. We have been preserved, these many years, in peace and prosperity. We have grown in numbers, wealth, and power as no other nation has ever grown. But we have forgotten God. We have forgotten the gracious hand which preserved us in peace, and multiplied and enriched and strengthened us; and we have vainly imagined in the deceitfulness of our hearts, that all these blessings were produced by some superior wisdom and virtue of our own. Intoxicated with unbroken success, we have become too self sufficient to feel the necessity of redeeming and preserving grace, too proud to pray to the God that made us! It behooves us, then, to humble ourselves before the offended Power, to confess our national sins, and to pray for clemency and forgiveness.

Now, therefore, in compliance with the request, and fully concurring in the views of the Senate, I do by this my proclamation set apart THURSDAY, THE 30TH DAY OF APRIL, 1863, as a day of national humiliation, fasting, and prayer. And I do hereby request all the people to abstain on that day from their ordinary secular pursuits, and to unite, at their several places of public worship and their respective homes, in keeping the day holy to the Lord, and devoted to the humble discharge of the religious duties proper to that solemn occasion. All this being done, in sincerity and truth, let us then rest humbly in the hope, authorized by the Divine teachings, that the united cry of the nation will be heard on High, and answered with blessings, no less than the pardon of our national sins, and restoration of our now divided and suffering country to its former happy condition of unity and peace.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done at the city of Washington this thirtieth day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three and of the independence of the United States the eighty-seventh.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President:
WM. H. SEWARD, Sec'y of State.

Negro Soldiers Growing in Favor.

An officer now at Hilton Head with his regiment writes, in a private letter from which we make the following extract, some very interesting particulars respecting the negro soldiers, which indicate a change of feeling among our volunteers at the South:

"The black soldiers are becoming quite popular here. General Saxton had a hundred applications in one week for positions in the black regiments: and I would go with them myself if I could make a suitable arrangement. The Maine regiments go in for them generally, as do all other sensible men. Old soldiers do not object to the negroes fighting for them, or with them; but some of the new ones, who have never smelt powder or heard the whizzing of a shell, do object, and think they would rather do all the fighting themselves. But, on the whole, the negroes are becoming popular very fast, and it is thought by experienced men, of good judgment, that the First regiment of South Carolina negro volunteers is the most effective one in the Tenth Army Corps, and I have seen no cause to doubt it. They are soldiers by nature: they are fond of music, and it would do you good to see them march, they keep such good time. They have given a good account of themselves in several reconnoissances in which they have been engaged. Our regiment is greatly reduced in numbers, only about three hundred men being fit for duty. My own company has but one quarter of the effective men it contained a year and a half ago. It is idle to talk to me against the employment of negroes as soldiers, when I look at the fate of the regiments there. It is a needless waste of life to send Northern troops here to die, when soldiers can be had here who are already acclimated and ready to fight."

What the Donkeys Think of the Jackass's Roar.

The Planter's Banner, of Franklin, La., thus advertises the gigantic effort of the chief of the "copperheads" in behalf of his special friends the rebels. This is doubtless intended to be the circulation of sound political information in the South!

"Vallandigham's great speech will be issued from the Banner office in a few days, in the form of an extra, at fifty cents each. Those at a distance can obtain it by forwarding the price by mail. It is a tremendous thunderbolt thrown into Lincoln's camp. It was delivered in the lower House of the United States Congress last month, and is by far the greatest speech of the war. It has put the whole northwest in a blaze, and has electrified the South. It is lengthy, there being enough of it to fill the Banner full, and two columns besides."

Good Advice from a Bad Source.

Fas est et ab hoste doceri.—"It is lawful to be taught even by an enemy,"—is an old saying, of which the following lesson from the Richmond Enquirer affords a good illustration:

We are going to have a great campaign—the greatest of all—and the army wants every soldier. The country must and will sustain and arm them. If high spirit and honor do not impel stragglers to return to their duty, let public opinion do it. Let the women present crotchet needles to all laggards at home as they formerly served distaffs to the too patient gentlemen of France. The crisis is upon us. The sun rises high, and spring breezes are making favorable and verdant battle-fields, and with firm earth beneath for the hoofs of cavalry and the wheels of artillery, the battle buds, and will blow ere long. War is in season; peace is out of order.

REJOINDER

TO MRS. STOWE'S REPLY TO THE ADDRESS OF THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND.

MADAM:—You have asked of the women of England a solemn question. You have recalled the address which half a million of us once sent you, appealing to our sisters in America to raise their voices against slavery; and you demand, where is now the spirit which dictated that appeal? You quote the evidence of our press and our public speakers, that the righteous indignation against slavery which once kindled in all English hearts has waned, if it have not died out; and you allege that we have been wanting in generous faith and sympathy for the North in her great struggle, and have even descended to afford countenance, if not assistance, to the South. You challenge us to account for this dereliction from our former ardent sentiments, and you ask wherefore it is that *now*, when the conflict has assumed its most terrible form, and the peaceful persuasions of philanthropists have been superseded by the shock of contending armies spreading desolation through your land—*now* we stand afar off coldly viewing that awful contest, and sending, instead of cheering words of sympathy and faith, only doubts and lamentations over a "fratricidal war," and regrets partitioned with strange impartiality between the sufferers in the cause of free America, and those who have, in their own audacious words, founded their commonwealth on the institution of slavery." You retort our old appeal in the face of these things, and you say to us: "Sisters, you have spoken well; we have heard you; we have heeded; we have striven in the cause even unto death; we have sealed our devotion by desolate hearth and darkened homestead—by the blood of sons, husbands and brothers. In many of our dwellings the very light of our lives has gone out, and yet we accept the life-long darkness as our own part in this great and awful expiation, by which the bonds of wickedness shall be loosed, and abiding peace established on the foundation of righteousness. Sisters, what have *you* done, and what do you mean to do? In view of the decline of the noble anti-slavery fire in England; in view of all the facts and admissions recited from your own papers, we beg leave, in solemn sadness, to return to your own words:—

"A common origin, a common faith, and, we sincerely belive, a common cause, urge us at the present moment to address you on the subject of the fearful encouragement and support which is being afforded by England to a slave holding Confederacy. We appeal to you as sisters, as wives, as mothers, to raise your voices to your fellow citizens, and your prayers to God, for the removal of this affliction and disgrace from the Christian world."

Madam, in answering this solemn appeal, we do not desire to detail the causes which may, in a measure, explain or palliate this failure in our national sympathy, whose existence (in so far as it is true) we profoundly deplore. Enough, and more than enough, debate has already been held on the complicated motives which have blended in your war, as in all other concerns; and on the occasional acts of questionable spirit which must inevitably attend the public policy and sentiments of a nation engaged in deadliest conflict, and bleeding at every pore. Somewhat you may perhaps forgive to those who have withheld their sympathies, jealous that a most righteous cause should be maintained with any save the most untainted motives, and the most unbending rectitude; and who have failed even yet to read in your policy the full *desire* to accomplish that end of universal emancipation whereto Providence is visibly directing the course of events.—Somewhat, also, may be forgiven to those who have been misled by the misrepresentations of a portion of our press, and offended by the inimical spirit of your own. But, Madam, although many lips have been closed which ought to have spoken to you words of blessing, though the voice of England which has reached you has lacked that full tone of heartfelt sympathy you had justly anticipated, yet believe not that our nation is truly alienated from yours, or apostate to the great principles of freedom which were once our glory. The heart of England is sound at the core—slavery is now and ever an abomination in our eyes, nor has the dastard proposition to recognize the Confederate States failed to call forth indignant rejection, and, that even with peculiar earnestness from those suffering operatives whose relief such a measure might have secured. It is to assure you of this, to vindicate ourselves from the shame of turning back in the hour of trial,—most foreign to our common Saxon race,—that we, the Women of England, offer you this response.

We do not less abhor slavery now than when your eloquent words called out an echo of feeling throughout Europe, such as no other appeal for the wronged or the miserable ever produced. We abhor slavery, judging it simply as *human beings*, and because of all the agonies and tortures it has occasioned. We abhor it, judging it especially as *women*, because of all the unspeakable wrongs, the hideous degradation it has inflicted on our sex. But we abhor it not only because of these its results, nor with a hatred which would be withdrawn, were they disputable now or remediable hereafter. We abhor slavery for itself, and for its own enormous iniquity—even the robbing from a human being of that freedom which it was the supreme gift of Omnipotence to bestow. We hold that, were it in the power of the slaveholder to make his slaves absolutely happy, slavery would not less be an injustice and a crime. Happiness is not to be measured against freedom, else would God have left us brutes, not men, and spared us all the sorrows of struggling humanity. And whereas it has been argued that the negro is of a race inferior to his master, and that therefore it is justifiable to enslave him, we reply that the right to freedom is not founded on the equality of the holder to any other human being, else were every white man also lawfully to be enslaved by every other stronger or wiser than himself. But the right to freedom is founded simply and solely on the moral nature wherewith God has endowed every man and woman of the human race, enabling them, by its use, to attain to that virtue which is the end of their creation. And whereas others, again, have defended slavery on the grounds of the supposed Divine sanction to be found for it in the scriptures; we reply that we deplore the condition of those whose religion can lend itself to the task of seeking to appeal to God for the permission of an institution which the consciences He has made unequivocally loathe and condemn. Nor shall we hesitate to stigmatize such an appeal as hypocrisy, until the theologians who make it advance a step further, and tell us that they are prepared to represent Jesus of Nazareth as one who, in fitting time and place, might have been a purchaser and a master of slaves. Thus, Madam, do we still condemn and abhor slavery as we have ever done, as in itself, and in its own nature, utterly indefensible; and we consider its vast and terrible results of cruelty and immorality to be only the natural fruit of so stupendous a wrong.

We have not withheld from your nation either the tribute of admiration for the vast sacrifices you have made, or of sympathy for the bereavements and sufferings you have endured. But the expression of such admiration and sympathy from the truest hearts among us has been almost silenced by the solemn joy wherewith we have beheld your country purging herself, even through seas of blood, for her guilty participation in the crimes of the past, and preparing for herself the stainless future of "a land wherein dwelleth righteousness." We have rejoiced in the midst of sorrow to know that the doom of slavery was written by a Divine Hand, even from the hour when its upholders dared to believe it possible in the face of Heaven to build up a state upon an injustice. We have looked with awe-struck consciences to this great revelation of the moral laws which govern the nations of the earth, and showed to men who sought for God in the records of distant ages that the Living Lord still rules on high, and is working out even before our eyes the delivery of the captive and the punishment of the oppressor. The greatest national sin of christian times has wrought the greatest national overthrow. The hidden evil of the land which long smouldered underground, has blazed forth at last like a volcano, bursting in sunder the most solid of human institutions, and pouring the lava-streams of ruin and desolation even to the remotest shores where the spoil of guilt had been partaken. But while we behold with awe, in the present calamity, the manifestation of supreme justice, we look with confident hope to the final issue to which it must lead. In whatever mode that end may be brought out, and through whatever struggles America may be doomed to pass, we are assured that only one termination can await a conflict between a nation which has abjured its complicity with crime, and a confederation which exists but to perpetuate that crime for ever. It is not now, in the presence of the events of the last three years, that we shall be tempted to fear that wrong and robbery, and the systematic degradation of woman, may possibly prove to be principles of stability, capable of producing the security and consolidation of a commonwealth! Your courage in this Titanic strife; the lavish devotion with which the best blood of your land has been poured out on the field, and the tears of childless mothers, shed in homes never before visited by the sorrows of war; the patriotic generosity with which your treasures have been cast into the gulf opened suddenly in your busy and prosperous land, even as of old in the Forum of ancient Rome,—these noble acts of yours inspire with confidence in you, no less than pride in the indomitable energies of our common race. But above your valour and your patriotism, we look with still higher hope to those moral laws whose vindication is involved in the issue of the conflict: and we feel assured that, while for the slave power the future can hold no possibility of enduring prosperity; for Free America, it promises the regeneration of a higher and holier national existence when the one great blot which marred the glory of the past shall have been expiated and effaced forever.

This, Madam, is the belief, and these are the hopes of thousands of Englishmen. They too, we are persuaded, even more universally the belief and hopes of the women of England, whose hearts the complicated difficulties of politics, and the miserable jealousies of national rivalry, do not distract from the great principles underlying the contest. Our failure of English sympathy whereof you complain is but partial at the most, and for that partial failure we deeply and sorrowfully grieve. But the nation at large is still true; and wherever it has been possible to form the feelings of the great masses, no lack of ardent feeling has ever been found in England for the northern cause. Though senseless words and inhuman jests have been bandied across the Atlantic, yet we are assured that in the heart of both our nations survives unchanged that *kindred* regard and respect whose property it is, above other human feelings, to be indestructible. At this hour of your own greatest need and direful struggle—at this hour, when a pirate from our ports is ravaging your shores, as you believe (albeit erroneously) with our guilty connivance—at this very hour you have come forward with noblest generosity, and sent us the rich vessel which has brought food to our starving people. The Griswold has been your answer to the Alabama. It is a magnanimous, a sublime one; and English hearts are not too cold to read it aright, or to cherish through all future time the memory thereof. Storm and hate are transient and evanescent things—charity and love have in them the elements of immortality.

Madam, we answer your appeal by this rejoinder, and send this message through your honored hands to our sisters in America: Our hearts are with you in unchanged sympathy for your holy cause, in undying abhorrence of slavery—in profound sorrow for your present afflictions—and in firmest faith in the final overthrow of that unrighteous power whose corner-stone is an injustice and a crime.

IN BEHALF OF ENGLISHWOMEN.

Charade.

Me, the contented man desires;
The poor man has, the rich requires;
The miser gives, the spendthrift saves,
And all must carry to their graves.
Ans. Nothing.

RIDDLES FOR THE POST OFFICE.—The following is an exact copy of the direction of the direction of a letter mailed a few years ago by a German living in Lancaster county, Pa.:

"T is is for old Mr Willy wot brinds de Barber in Lang Kaster ware ti god is. gist rede him assume as it cums to ti Pushtufous."

Meaning—This is for old Mr Willy, what prints the paper in Lancaster, where the jail is. Just read him as soon as it comes to the Post Office. Inclosed was an essay *against public schools.*

The Oldest Church in America is one in the state of Virginia, and built of timber imported from England during the reign of Charles I.—*Notes and Queries.*

"Greenbacks will go down when you go down," said a gallant Indiana colonel to one of his men whose mind had been somewhat poisoned by the treasonable teachings of copperheadism. "The blue-coats and greenbacks are in the same boat, and must sink or swim together." "Then," said the soldier, "a discount on greenbacks is a discount on us." "That's it, exactly," said the colonel, "and as long as we win victories in the field, greenbacks will be worth a premium."

The Providence Bulletin says that some of the copperheads are so intense in their determination to withold support from the present administration, that they have taken to drinking Saratoga water because by some mistake that fluid monopoly pays no government tax.

The Lamb that Built a College.

"What a beautiful building" said I, as we passed—my friend and I—in our walk under the trees in the college grounds, and looked at a new building, just finished. It was handsome and useful and will probably stand there for generations to come.

"That building," said my friend, "was built by a little lamb!"

"Do explain yourself!"

"Well many years ago there was a poor boy lived in the south part of the county.—He was a motherless boy, his mother having died when he was four months old. He was living with a married sister at the age of twelve years, when a young law student agreed with him that if he would catch and put out his horse for a given length of time, he might ride his horse and see his friends at thanksgiving. So they made the bargain. In the same spring there was a beautiful lamb born, and sporting on the hills near by. When thanksgiving had arrived, and young Nathan, the boy, was mounted for his journey, his friend, the student, calls to him, "Nathan, have you any money to spend, if you need?"

"Yes, sir, I have three nine-penny pieces."

The student knew he had been very faithful, and handed him a silver half dollar. Nathan took it, surprised, glad, wondering! How large it looked! He had never been so rich before. How carefully he put it in his pocket, and how often he let the horse walk that he might thrust his hand in his pocket, and feel of it and turn it over, and then take it out and look at it! What should he do with it? At last he thought of the beautiful lamb, and determined to buy it! And buy it he did. But he had no home and no place to keep it, and so he tied a string around its neck and led it to an honest man, who took it and agreed to give him half the increase. For just forty years he held on to his sheep, letting them out here and there to people who wanted them. Then he found how he could increase his property if he had his sheep in money. The little lamb had increased to 1,064; and he sold them for $1,596. From that time his property increased very fast. He is now an old man; but at his own expense he has just reared that beautiful building, and has done much more for the college besides."

My friend paused, and we walked on silently.

"Ah!" said I to myself, "if that boy had spent his first dollar on something to eat, or to drink, or to smoke, how different might have been his whole life! How much may have turned on the sight of the lamb that drew his eye to it, or on a word dropped by some friend! He might have wasted his dollar, but now that building will stand and be doing good long after he is dead and gone. The babe now in his mother's arms will come here and be a student, and bless that man.—*Rev John Todd.*

Thought Essential to Health.

If we would have our bodies healthy, our brains must be used, and used in orderly and vigorous ways, that the life giving streams of force may flow down from it into the expectant organs, which can minister but as they are ministered unto. We desire the vigorous animal life of the Greeks, and with justice we recognize, and partly seek to imitate, the various gymnastic and other means which they employed to secure it. But probably we should make a fatal error, if we omitted from our calculation the hearty and generous earnestness with which the highest subjects of art, speculation and politics were pursued by them. Surely, in their case the beautiful and energetic mental life was expressed in the athletic and graceful frame.—And were it a mere extravagance to ask whether some part of the lassitude and weariness of life, which we hear so much of in our day, might be due to lack of mental occupation on worthy subjects, exciting and repaying a generous enthusiasm, as well as to an over-exertion on lower ones? Whether in engrossment on matters which have not substance enough to justify or satisfy the mental grasp, lie not at the root of some part of the maladies which afflict our mental organization? And one who tries it, soon finds out how wearying, how disproportionately exhausting, is an overdose of "mind furniture" compared with an equal amount of time spent on real work. Of this we may be sure, that the due exercise of brain—of thought—is one of the essential elements of human life. The perfect condition of a man is not the same as that man in a fever. The preponderating excitement of his nervous parts demands a counterbalancing life.—*Churchill Magazine.*

OLD MR. WEBSTER'S BEAU.—The late Kendall O. Peabody of Franklin was accustomed to tell the following, which we have never seen in print: Mr Webster and Henry Clay were standing on the steps of one of the houses in Washington, and Mr Peabody was close by and heard what was said. A drove of Jackasses was passing by, and Mr Clay thought it a good opportunity to get a joke upon Mr Webster. He patted Mr Webster on the shoulder—pointing to the long eared donkeys, and said: "Mr Webster there are some of your northern constituents." "Yes," replied the great statesman, "going South to teach school."—*Worcester Transcript.*

The Rutland & Burlington railroad has got into litigation in respect to the appointment of trustees of the 2d mortgage bonds. D. A. Smalley and E. A. Chapin having been appointed temporarily by the court, a majority of the 2d mortgage bondholders have protested against the permanent appointment of these gentlemen. A hearing was held at Burlington, Thursday, and a commissioner appointed to take testimony. Only nine lawyers, without counting Judge Smalley, appeared at this hearing, but doubtless more will participate as the case progresses, and, whoever else suffers by the litigation, the attorneys will make a good thing out of it.

MRS ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING'S posthumous volume, now in press by James Miller, of New York, under the editorship of Theodore Tilton, is not a volume of verse, but of poetic prose; being essays on the Christian Greek poets, (with whose writings she was familiar in the original,) and a series of striking criticisms on the whole line of English poets from Chaucer to Wordsworth; valuable as giving the opinion of one of the sweetest of English singers, concerning the songs of all the others of the choir.

A box was sent from Providence recently with the following address: "John McPherson, skuire, kumpinay C, sekand regiment rode Ilan privateers, Washington, d. cee.—Kaep close tu the Wrappanok, tere aye New York, an ask my kreak." The translation is: John McPherson, Esq., company C, 2d regiment R. I. volunteers, Washington, D. C.—Camp close to the Rappahannock. Via New York and Aquia Creek.

The mysterious disappearance of considerable numbers of horses belonging to the Government has led to inquiry, which establishes the fact that a regular organization of horse-thieves exists in the the army.

A distiller in Bethlehem, Pa., has had his stock of whisky (200 barrels) seized for attempting to defraud the government in the matter of tax. The penalty is $500 per barrel. The total amount of the fine is $100,000.

It is stated that Gen. Fremont's estate at Mariposa, Cal., has been sold to a New York millionaire for eight millions of dollars.