The Jeffersonian Democrat.

J. O. CONVERSE, Proprietor. A Weekly Newspaper, Devoted to the Dissemination of Republican Principles, Education, Temperance, Literature, Agriculture, and the News of the Day. TERMS--$1,50 per Annum.

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LAW FIRM.
ALFRED PHELPS & Albert G. Riddle, composing the old Law Firm of Phelps & Riddle, and Alfred Phelps, Jr., have formed a Copartnership connection for the Practice of Law, under the name of Phelps, Riddle & Phelps, at the old Office of Phelps & Riddle, where they will attend to all law business which may be entrusted to their care.
ALFRED PHELPS,
ALBERT G RIDDLE,
ALFRED PHELPS, Jr.
Chardon, December 9th, 1859. 517tf

THRASHER, DURFEE & HATHAWAY,
Attorneys & Counsellors at Law,
CHARDON, GEAUGA COUNTY, O.,
Will give prompt attention to business entrusted to them, in Geauga and adjoining Counties.
☞Office first door south of the Court House up stairs.
A. H. THRASHER, L. E. DURFEE, I. N. HATHAWAY
Chardon, Nov. 25th, 1859. 515tf

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PERKINS & NEVISON,
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☞Collections promptly made.

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Will attend to all business in the line of his profession, with promptness and fidelity.
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614tf

Orrin G. Thayer,
GUN & RIFLE MAKER,
One mile west of the Center of Hambden, Ohio.
Rifles made with improved Gunning Twist,—Shot-Guns, Fowling-Pieces, Telescope Sights—Patent Muzzle and Starter, Breech Swedger, &c., made to order. JOB WORK done on short notice. ☞All Work Warranted. 622tf
Hambden, Nov. 13th, 1861.

WILKINS & KELLEY,
General dealers in Groceries, Hardware, Dye Stuffs, Flour, Fish, Yankee Notions, &c.
Store in New Block, Chardon, Ohio.

L. PATCH,
DENTIST,
WILL be in Chardon on the first Tuesday o each month. Room at Chase's Hotel.

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SMITH & WOOD,
Attorneys at Law.
☞Collections promptly attended to.
WARREN, TRUMBULL Co., O. 533-

R. CREIGHTON,
Book Binder and Blank Book Manufacturer,
Herald Buildings, CLEVELAND, O.
☞Blank Books Ruled and Bound to Order.—Old Books Rebound. 526tf

T. C. GRIER,
Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Chancery. Also Prosecuting Attorney and Circuit Court Commissioner for Bay County.
Office in the Court House Building.
Bay City, Mich., March 15th, '61 554tf

DESIGNERS & LITHOGRAPHERS,
ENGRAVING ON WOOD,
Book Illustrations, Buildings, Horses and other Stock, Ornamental Borders, Letters, Vignettes, Agricultural and Commercial Cuts in tints, Seals, Stamps, and Machinery, in every variety of style. 502tf

UNITED STATES AND FOREIGN
PATENT AGENCY,
No. 8 BANK STREET, CLEVELAND, OHIO.
We are prepared to transact business of every description, relating to Inventions, Drawings, Caveats, Specifications, Patents, Infringements and the Patent Laws.
BRAINERD & BURRIDGE,
502tf SOLICITOR OF PATENTS.

C. M. SEIBEL,
Professor of Instrumental Music,
Would respectfully say to the citizens of Chardon and vicinity, that he has now located himself in their village, where he intends practicing his profession in all its various branches. He will give instruction in Piano, Melodeon or Band Music, in the most approved and modern styles. ☞Pianos and Melodeons repaired and tuned in the best manner, on short notice, and on most reasonable terms. C. M. SEIBEL.
Chardon, August 16th, 1861. 605tf

A HERO PROMOTED.

Alas! for the hero so quietly sleeping,
Alas! for the hearts and the home of his love;
God comfort the mourners despairingly weeping,
Sustain and protect them, O Father above!

Our pray'r for the hearts that are hopelessly breaking,
In sadness we offer, them sympathy's tears;
He sleeps the deep slumber that knows no awaking,
No more earthly trouble, nor anguish nor fears.

So youthful, so noble, e'er foremost in danger,
Brave soldier! ah, mournful indeed was thy doom;
A nation laments thee, the friend and the stranger,
A dark cloud of sorrow o'ershadows thy tomb.

And yet not in vain do we grieve and deplore thee,
The sweet star of promise is rising afar;
We think of the heroes promoted before thee,
To peaceful dominions in glory's bright car.

Then rest thee, thou loved one! fresh laurels around thee;
May every true soldier e'er honor thy name;
We trust that the angels have joyfully crowned thee,
And that were far better than all earthly fame.

Thou sweet dove of peace, O return! and forever
Bear up on thy pinions the flag of the slain;
The cords of disunion they perished to sever,
God grant that their life-blood were shed not in vain.

Our Military Correspondence.

FROM SERGEANT T.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Feb. 23rd, 1862.

ED DEMOCRAT:—It is a bright and glorious day. I am forbidden to enjoy it, *save through the window.* I was taken from the hospital to the house of a friend last Thursday, and hope soon to be able to go back to camp, but confess that your correspondent's chances for promotion for gallant and meritorious conduct at the "*taking of Nashville*," are not very bright at this time.

Our friend J. C. Hathaway, of Claridon, is in this city, and makes many a Geauga boy glad by the light of his countenance. Gen. Wilson, of Cleveland, while taking care of a sick son of his own, has been making himself generally useful and greatly beloved. I believe both the above-named gentlemen, with those they came for, have returned home. So far as I know, none of the Geauga boys are dangerously sick at this time.

From accounts, the march of the 19th Brigade from camp W—— to West Point, where they embarked, was one of the severest any army was ever called to make. The cold was severe, and the mud, too deep to be frozen solid, was perfectly horrid.—The wagons were unable to come up, and many of them slept exposed to the severity of the weather. * * * *

Yours, T.

For the Jeffersonian Democrat.

Grapes.

The Ann is a white grape, and originated in Newburg, N. Y.; an early and profuse bearer, ripening Sept. 20th; will hang long on the vines without injury from frost. It is unequaled for its keeping qualities, and makes excellent raisins. The fruit from young vines have some toughness of pulp, but it disappears as it acquires age. The bunches are large and loose, the berries large and round; color light amber and white; sweet, rich and vinous flavor; not so acid as Catawba, but sweet to the center. Improves by remaining on the vines for some time, and never mildews.

The Cuyahoga is a white grape, and originated in Euclid, Ohio, a few years ago. Ripens about the middle of September. Bunches and berries about the size of Diana. Perfectly hardy, good bearer and strong grower. Color of fruit a greenish white, with a yellowish glow. Thin skin, very transparent, and but little pulp, sweet and delicious. Thought by Dr. Kirtland, of Cleveland, and Batcham, of Columbus, to be the best white grape of American sorts. It is not so good for wine as many others, not having sufficient tartaric acid.

The Alvy is another new kind, coming into notice, and thought to be equal to the best by some fruit men.

The Raab is a small, round, purple grape, very sweet, vinous, fragrant and pleasant flavor, hardy and productive; thought to be a hybrid of the Catawba and Elsingburg, and superior to either.

The Union Village is a magnificent vine, being gigantic in all its proportions; vines large and leaves larger than any other kind. Bunches and berries very large, round, black, very juicy, thin skin, good flavor, with few seeds. Fruit uninjured by frost, and improves by hanging long on the vines. Ripens about the middle of September.

The Rebecca originatad at Hudson, N. Y. It is a light-colored grape, being light green in the shade, and golden in the sun. Clusters and berries larger than the Diana, and ripen with it, but not so sweet. The berries are oval, with a light bloom, considerably transparent, juicy, sweet and delicious. No toughness or acidity in pulp. May be kept long after being gathered. Growth rather slender, and some liable to mildew; and, for this reason, Mr. Prince, of Long Island, claims that it is of foreign origin. A. B. C.

CONTINENTAL MONEY.—Mr. Lossing, in his Field Book of the Revolution, gives a scale of the depreciation of the Continental money. In January, 1777, the paper currency was at five per cent. discount.—In July it was at twenty-five per cent. discount, and before the end of the year three dollars in paper would not command a silver dollar. In 1778 the paper currency continued to depreciate, so that in April four dollars in paper were equal to one in coin. In September the ratio was as five to one, and at the close of the year was six and a half to one. In 1779 the depreciaton rapidly continued. In February the ratio was eight dollars and a half of paper to one of silver, in May it was twelve to one, in September eighteen to one, and before the close of the year a paper dollar was only worth four cents.—In March, 1780, a paper dollar was worth three cents, in May it was worth two cents, and in December seventy-four dollars in paper was worth one dollar in silver. At this point the historian stops.

Little Eddie, the Drummer.

A correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, writing from Benton Barracks, St. Louis, gives a very touching story of a drummer boy:

"A few days before our regiment received orders to join Gen. Lyon, on his march to Wilson's Creek, the drummer of our regiment was taken sick and conveyed to the hospital, and, on the evening preceding the day that we were to march, a negro was arrested within the lines of the camp, and brought before our captain, who asked him 'what business he had within the lines.' He replied, 'I know a drummer that would like to enlist in your company, and I have come to tell you of it.' He was immediately requested to inform the drummer that if he would enlist for our short term of service, he would be allowed extra pay, and to do this he must be upon the ground early in the morning. The negro was then passed beyond the guard.

On the following morning there appeared before the Captain's quarters, during the beating of the reveille, a good-looking, middle-aged woman, dressed in deep mourning, leading by the hand a sharp, sprightly looking boy, apparently about twelve or thirteen years of age. Her story was soon told.—She was from East Tennessee, where her husband had been killed by the rebels, and her property destroyed. She had come to St. Louis in search of her sister, but not finding her, and being destitute of money, she thought she could procure a situation for her boy as drummer for the short time we had to remain in the service; she could find employment for herself, and perhaps find her sister by the time we were discharged.

During the rehearsal of her story the little fellow kept his eyes intently fixed upon the countenance of the Captain, who was about to express a determination not to take so small a boy, when he spoke out, saying, 'Don't be afraid, Captain, I can drum.'—This was spoken with so much confidence that the Captain immediately observed, with a smile, 'Well, well, sergeant, bring the drum, and order our fifer to come forward.' In a few minutes the drum was produced, and our fifer made his appearance, a tall, round-shouldered, good-natured fellow from the Dubuque mines, who stood, when erect, something over six feet.

Upon being introduced to his new comrade, he stooped downward, with his hands resting upon his knees, that were thrown forward into an acute angle, and after peering into the little fellow's face a moment, he observed, 'My little man, can you drum?'—'Yes, sir,' he replied; I drummed for Capt. Hill, in Tennessee.' Our fifer commenced straightening himself upward until all the angles in his person had disappeared, when he placed his fife to his mouth, and played the 'Flowers of Edinburgh,' one of the most difficult tunes to follow with the drum that could have been selected, but nobly did the little fellow follow him, showing him to be master of the drum. When the music had ceased, our Captain turned to the mother and observed, 'Madam, I will take your boy. What is his name?' 'Edward Lee,' she replied; then placing her hand upon the Captain's arm, she continued, 'Captain, if he is not killed'—here her maternal feelings overcame her utterance, and she bent down over her boy and kissed him upon his forehead. As she arose, she observed, 'Captain, you will bring him back with you, won't you?'—'Yes, yes,' he replied; 'we will be certain to bring him back with us. We shall be discharged in six weeks.'

In an hour after our company led the Iowa First out of camp, our drum and fife playing 'The girl I left behind me.' Eddie, as we called him, soon became a great favorite with all the men in the company. When any of the boys had returned from a horticultural excursion, Eddie's share of the peaches and melons were first apportioned out. During our heavy and fatiguing marches from Rolla to Springfield, it was often amusing to see our long-legged fifer wading through the mud with our little drummer mounted upon his back—and always in that position when fording streams.

* * * * * * * *

The night after the fight at Wilson's Creek, where Lyon fell, I was detailed for guard duty. The hours passed slowly away, when at length the morning light began to stream along the eastern sky, making surrounding objects more plainly visible. Presently I heard a drum beat up the morning call. At first I thought it came from the camp of the enemy across the creek; but as I listened I found that it came up from the deep ravine; for a few minutes it was silent, and then as it became more light I heard it again. I listened; the sound of the drum was familiar to me; I knew that it was

Our drummer boy from Tennessee,
Beating for help the reveille.

I was about to desert my post to go to his assistance, when I discovered the officer of the guard approaching with two men. We all listened to the sound, and were satisfied that it was Eddie's drum. I asked permission to go to his assistance. The officer hesitated, saying that the orders were to march in twenty minutes. I promised to be back in that time, when he consented. I immediately started down the hill, and upon reaching the valley, I followed the sound of the drum, and soon found him seated on the ground, his back leaning against the trunk of a falling tree, while his drum hung upon a bush in front of him, reaching nearly to the ground. As soon as he discovered me, he dropped his drumsticks and exclaimed, 'Oh, corporal, I am so glad to see you! Give me a drink,' reaching out his hand for my canteen, which was empty.

I immediately turned to bring him some water from the brook that I could hear rippling through the bushes near by, when, thinking that I was about to leave him, he commenced crying, saying, 'Don't leave me, corporal—I can't walk.' I was soon back with the water, when I discovered that both of his feet had been shot away by a cannon ball. After satisfying his thirst, he looked up into my face and said, 'You don't think I will die, corporal, do you?—this man said I would not—he said the surgeon would cure my feet.'

"I now discovered a man lying in the grass near him, dead. By his dress I recognized him as belonging to the enemy. It appeared that he had been shot through the bowels, and had fallen near where Eddie lay. Knowing that he could not live, and seeing the condition of the boy, he crawled to him, took off his buckskin suspenders, and corded the little fellow's legs below the knee, and then lay down and died. While he was telling me these particulars, I heard the tramp of cavalry coming down the ravine, and in a moment a scout of the enemy was upon us, and I was taken a prisoner. I requested the officer to take Eddie up in front of him; he did so, carrying him with great tenderness and care. When we reached the camp of the enemy, the little fellow was dead. It is now about two weeks since I made my escape from McCulloch's grasp."

Interpretation of the Word "Gentleman."

Two great errors, coloring or rather discoloring, severally, the minds of the higher and lower classes, have sown wide dissension and wider misfortune through the society of modern days. These errors are in the modes of interpreting the word gentleman.

Its primal, literal, and perpetual meaning is, a man of pure race, well bred, in the sense that a horse or dog is well bred.

The so-called higher classes, being generally of purer race than the lower, have retained the true idea and the convictions associated with it, but are afraid to speak it out, and equivocate about it in public; this equivocation mainly proceeding from their desire to connect another meaning with it, and a false one—that of a man living in idleness on other people's labor—with which idea the term has nothing whatever to do.

The lower classes, denying vigorously, and with reason, the notion that a gentleman means an idler, and, rightly feeling that the more any one works the more of a gentleman he becomes, and is likely to become, have nevertheless got little of the good they otherwise might from the truth, because with it they wanted to hold a falsehood, namely, that race was of no consequence. It being precisely of as much consequence in man as in any other animal.

The nation cannot truly prosper till both these errors are finally got quit of.—Gentlemen have to learn that it is no part of their duty or privilege to live on other people's toil. They have to learn that there is no degradation in the hardest manual, or the humblest servile labor when it is honest. But that there is degradation, and that deep, in extravagance, in bribery, in indolence, in pride, in taking places they are not fit for, or in coining places for which there is no need. It does not disgrace a gentleman to become an errand boy, or a day laborer, but it disgraces him much to become a knave or a thief; and knavery is not the less knavery because it involves large interests, nor theft the less theft because it is countenanced by usage, or accompanied by failure in undertaken duty. It is an incomparably less guilty form of robbery to cut a purse out of a man's pocket than to take it out of his hand on the understanding you are to steer his ship up the channel when you do not know the soundings.

On the other hand, the lower orders, and all orders, have to learn that every vicious habit and chronic disease communicates itself by descent, and that by purity of birth the entire system of the human body and soul may be gradually elevated, or, by recklessness of birth, degraded, until there shall be as much difference between the well-bred and ill-bred human creature (whatever pains be taken with their education) as between a wolf-hound and the vilest mongrel cur. And the knowledge of this great fact ought to regulate the education of our youth and the entire conduct of the nation.—*Ruskin.*

Southey's Love of Books.

Having no library within reach, I live upon my own stores, which are, however, more ample, perhaps, than were ever before possessed by one whose whole estate was in his inkstand.

My days among the dead are passed;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old—
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse every day.

With them I take delight in weal,
And seek relief in woe;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedewed
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the dead; with them
I live in long-past years;
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears;
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the dead; anon
My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
Through all futurity;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To this may be appropriately added an extract from a letter of Wordsworth's, dated July, 1840:

"I ought not to forget that, two days ago, I went over to see Mr. Southey, or rather Mrs. Southey, for he is past taking pleasure in the presence of his friends. He did not recognize me till he was told. Then his eyes flashed for a moment with their former brightness; but he sank into the state in which I had found him, patting with both hands his books affectionately, like a child. Having attempted in vain to interest him by a few observations, I took my leave."

Could there be a more affecting instance of "the ruling passion strong in death?"

EVIL IMAGINATIONS.—Evil imaginations are voluntarily entertained. I have no right to hang vile pictures around the chambers of my brain. Not even in thought have I a right to indulge in forbidden pleasures. All such indulgences debase the mind, pollute it, prepare us to realize in our conduct the wicked imagination or conception. For are such pictures, such impressions upon the tablets of the soul ever effaced? Moral chemistry has no neutralizers that wholly extract the stain. No graver's tool can ever wholly abrade it; for it is like the image upon the shield of Phidias, graven so deep that whatever would remove it would annihilate the soul itself. It may be covered up, and thus hidden from the common eye, but a reagent will detect and expose it.—*Horace Mann.*

PEOPLE who like so much to talk their mind, should sometimes try to mind their talk.

[PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.]

DARK HOURS.

BY CAROLINE A. BRIGGS.

Oh, my tired soul, be patient!—Roughest rinds
Fold over sweetest fruit: ge; heaviest clouds
Rain the most ample harvests on the fields;
The grass grows greenest where the wintry snows
Have fallen deepest, and the fairest flowers
Spring from old, dead decay. The darkest mine
Yields the most flashing jewels from its cell,
And stars are born of darkness, day of night.
Oh, my tried soul, be patient!—Yet for thee
Goes on the secret alchemy of life;
God, the One-Giver, grants no boon to earth
That He withholds from thee; and from the dark
Of thy deep sorrow shall evolve new light,
New strength to do and suffer, new resolves,
Perchance new gladness and freshest hopes!
Oh, there are times when I can weep no more
That I have suffered, for I know great strength
Is born of suffering; and I trust that still,
Wrapt in the dry husk of my outer life,
Lie warmer seeds than ever yet have burst
From its dull covering; stronger purposes
Stir consciously within, and make me great
With a new life—a life akin to God's—
Which I must nurture for the holy skies.
Help me, thou great All-Patient! for the flesh
Will sometimes falter, and the spirit fail;
Add to my human Thy diviner strength,
When next I waver; rouse my faith as now,
That out of darkness I may see great light,
And follow where it ever leads—to Thee!

National Era.

Scholars and Statesmen of Great Britain.

It is nothing new for English statesmen to be accurate and profound scholars. Curran, the Irish orator, carried his Virgil always in his pocket, and his biographer found him crying over the fate of the unhappy Dido, in a storm at sea, when every other person on board would have seen Dido hung up at the yard arm with indifference. Fox, the English orator, statesman and historian, complains in his letters of *interruptions* of the politics, while he speaks with delight of whole days devoted to the classics. Sheridan pored over Euripides day and night, and drew from the Greek poet the inspiration of his eloquence. Pitt was the best Greek scholar in the kingdom; so says Lord Granville, who was his constant companion in such studies. His apartments were strewn with Latin and Greek classics; and they were at all suitable times his favorite theme of conversation. Sir Robert Peel won the first honors of the University of Oxford, both in the classics and the mathematics. In his inaugural address, when entering on the lord-rectorship of Glasgow University, he declares that "by far the greater proportion of the chief names that have floated down and are likely to remain buoyant on the stream of time, are those men eminent for classical acquirements and classical taste." "Take the Cambridge calendar, or take the Oxford calendar for two hundred years," says Lord Macaulay, "look at the Church, the Parliament, or the bar, and it has always been the case with the men who were first in the competition of life." And so thoroughly are the leading minds in Great Britain convinced of this truth and the practical inference which it involves, that by a recent law of Parliament civil and military appointments at home and in India are based on competitive taste in classical and mathematical studies. We are not surprised, therefore, when we see statesmanship and scholarship go hand in hand in Great Britain.—*Bibliotheca Sacra.*

General Buckner.

Simon Bolivar Buckner, the Rebel General captured at Fort Donelson, is a Kentuckian, and graduated at West Point in 1844, his age being about thirty-eight.—He served with distinction as an infantry officer in the war with Mexico, and was wounded at Churubusco. In 1847 he was transferred to the Quartermaster's Department, and in 1852 to the Subsistence Department. In 1852 he resigned his commission. Buckner then became somewhat of a speculator, and acquired a large property in the Free States, chiefly in Chicago. Last spring he had command of the Kentucky militia, and pretended to be loyal to the Union.

Last summer he visited Washington, representing himself there as loyal, ingratiated himself into Gen. Scott's confidence, obtained permission to inspect all the fortifications in that vicinity, made Hon. Robert Mallory and others believe that he wished to take active service in the army of the United States, returned to Louisville and remained for a brief period, without giving public indication that he contemplated any disloyal movement, but all this time was holding conference with Jeff. Davis and his conspirators. Subsequently he managed to seduce a large part of the State Guard into the Rebel service, and for this was appointed to the command at Bowling Green. He is an adroit, skillful, bad man. The days of his active treason, however, are now ended.

The Rebel Jackson's Poem.

The Rebel Gen. Jackson, now commanding on the Upper Potomac, wrote a beautiful poem addressed to "My Wife and Child," while commanding his regiment, in the Mexican war, at Camargo. The following are the first two stanzas:

The tatoo beats—the lights are gone—
The camp around in slumber lies;
The night with solemn pace moves on,
The shadows thicken o'er the skies,
But sleep my weary eyes hath flown,
And sad, uneasy thoughts arise.

I think of thee, oh! dearest one!
Whose love mine early life hath blest;
Of thee and him—our baby son—
Who slumbers on thy gentle breast;
God of the tender, frail and lone,
Oh! guard that little sleeper's rest!

In 1849 Jackson was elected by the Legislature of Georgia Judge of the Eastern Circuit for four years. Soon after the expiration of his term of office, he was sent to Austria, as Charge by President Pierce, and in 1854 was made Minister Resident. After his return, during Buchanan's administration, he was Prosecuting Attorney in the attempts to bring slave-traders to justice at Savannah, and boldly resisted popular sentiment in endeavoring to discharge his duty.

☞Official returns show three hundred and twenty-one killed, ten hundred and fifty-four wounded, and one hundred and fifty wounded in McClernand's Division, at Fort Donelson.

The Washington Family Relics.

When Mrs. Lee left the Arlington House, some time after her traitorous husband had joined the confederate army, she undertook to carry with her all the Washington relics which had been so jealously preserved by her patriotic father, George Washington Parke Custis. Repeatedly she wrote to General McDowell, with whom she had been acquainted as her husband's associate on the staff of Gen. Wool, during the Mexican war, that she had left nothing at Arlington in any way connected with the public or domestic life of the Father of his Country. What Mrs. Lee, or any one favoring Secession and rebellion could want with relics which must be a constant reminder of him who said,—"Whatever measures have a tendency to dissolve the Union or contribute to violate or lessen the sovereign authority, ought to be considered as hostile to the liberty and independence of America, and the authors of them treated accordingly," cannot easily be imagined. Nor is it surprising that, after all their protestations to the contrary, the wife of the Confederate General should have left behind some of the choicest and most valuable mementoes of the home life of him whose wise teachings both she and her husband have so thoroughly ignored.

For a long time after the flight of the Lees, General McDowell, though quartered on the grounds, refused to enter the Arlington House. A scrupulous respector of private rights, he would neither occupy, nor allow to be occupied by his officers or men, any portion of the mansion, which, in his opinion, belonged to Gen. Lee quite as much as though he still made his home within its massive walls. When the confiscation act was passed by Congress, and a telegraph operator had taken possession of one of the best rooms, he was still reluctant to enter the old building, on account of the Washington memories clustering around it, and it was at last by force of circumstances, rather than his own free will, that he made it his head-quarters. For a long time access to the upper rooms was forbidden, and even the cellar was not open to curious visitors. The daubs of Mr. Custis, nicknamed historical paintings, which so clearly demonstrate that, however true a patriot that worthy descendant of the Washington family may have been, he was by no means an artist, and which Mrs. Lee had shown good taste in leaving behind, were most carefully guarded. Never did tenant use a house more gingerly. Relics of inestimable value might have slumbered in its upper chambers, or had quiet preservation in its basement rooms, forever and aye, had none but Gen. McDowell entered the venerable premises.

But there lately came to Washington a curiosity hunter—an antiquarian, vigorous and insatiable—an enthusiast in Washington relics—Caleb Lyon by name—he of Lyonsdale, who, disdaining the letters of Mrs. Lee, sought permission to unveil the deepest recesses of the establishment. He searched the house from foundation to rooftree. Fortunate search! for in an inner cellar he found a priceless prize, in a variety of household articles identified as belonging to Washington; but which one less familiar with the history of Mount Vernon and Arlington would have passed by as of no especial interest or value.

Among these articles are a number of pieces of the Martha Washington china. The centre of each piece has the monogram "M. W.," from which four golden rays diverge, each point reaching to a blue oval, in which, in distinct rings, connected by golden links, are written the names of the original States and Kentucky, while around the rim the Egyptian symbol of eternal union—a green serpent with its tail in its mouth—and a crimson ribbon bearing the legend, "*Decus et tutamen abilis*," exquisitely painted, completes the decoration, which, for richness and appropriateness, has never been excelled at Sevres.

This set of porcelain was presented by General Lafayette and his brother officers, including Rochambeau and Count de Grasse, as a fitting testimonial to the lady whose house had been their home while fighting the battles of the Revolution, and also with the sanction and subscription of the Mayor of the municipality of Paris. The set originally contained four hundred pieces. A plate, a saucer, or a cup, were occasionally presented by Mrs. Washington or Mr. Custis as the choicest *souvenir* they could give of the household relics of Mount Vernon. Specimens are in possession of the widow of Maj. Gen. Brown, the family of the Alderman Peters, Major Popham, Caleb Lyon and others; and it was from a familiarity with the one given to the latter gentleman some years since by Mr. Custis, that he was able to promptly identify the remainder of the set remaining at Arlington.

Two of the rich porcelain vases presented to Washington by Mrs Vaugh, and sketched by Lossing in his "Mount Vernon and its Associations"—those ornamented with lions and tigers—were also brought to light by Mr. Lyon. The one decorated with leopards has not been discovered, and is probably lost. The ground work of these vases is of the finest and rarest blue, but they are somewhat broken.

It will be remembered that the officers of the Revolutionary Army, belonging to the Society of Cincinnati, sent to China an order for a thousand pieces, including breakfast, dinner and tea sets, of the finest India ware, for presentation to Washington. The ornamentation is blue and gilt, with the coat of arms of the society, held by Fame, with a blue ribbon from which is suspended the eagle of the order, with a green wreath about its neck, and on its breast a shield representing the inauguration of the order. Altogether fifty pieces of this set yet remain at Arlington, more or less perfect. The tea table used by Washington and one book case also remain. General McDowell has rendered Mr. Lyon every facility for brushing up those interesting relics, and expects an order from the War Department to place them in the patent office or Smithsonian Institute. They would be perfectly safe at Arlington while the General remains there, but to guard against the carelessness of those who may come after him, when the long-promised advance begins, and to gratify the public, it is doubtless wise to so dispose of the precious articles.—*Cor. N. Y. Evening Post.*

TREATMENT OF ENEMIES.—There are many who will endure any hardship, make any exertion, bear any sacrifice, for their friends, for whom they can never do enough; but toward their enemies, they are unkind, implacable and resentful. The man who has injured them, they can never forgive; for him they have no kindness, but hold him in contempt, aversion and neglect. But Christianity requires a higher and more disinterested virtue than this, for it commands us to be kind to our enemies.

The Fall of Fort Donelson.

After three days of the most desperate fighting ever witnessed on this continent, (so declares a veteran regular officer,) the most desperate fighting against the most tremendous odds, in which day after day the multitudinous host of invaders were driven back past their own camp, our glorious Spartan band, from sheer exhaustion, has been borne down by a new avalanche of reinforcements piled upon the already enormous weight against which they have hitherto struggled with complete success, and has suffered one of those misfortunes which are common to war, but which entail no dishonor on our cause, and which will only animate to the most stern and undying resistance every true Southern heart. If these bloody barbarians, whose hands are now soaked to the elbows in the life-blood of men defending their own homes and firesides, dream that they are now one inch nearer the subjugation of the South than when they started on their infernal mission, they prove themselves to be fools and madmen as well as savages and murderers.—They have taught us a lesson, we admit; they have admonished us to be more wary and circumspect, to husband with greater care our limited resources, and not to underrate our enemy. But they have also placed between them and us a gulf that can never be crossed by their arts and arms, and a universal determination to die, if die we must, for our country, but never permit her to be subjugated by the most malignant, the most murderous, the meanest of mankind, whose name is at this very moment such a by-word of scorn and reproach throughout Europe, for their combined cruelty and cowardice, that their own ambassadors cannot stand the storm of the world's contempt, and are all anxious to fly back to the United States. Their success at Fort Donelson, gained only by vast superiority of numbers, will only have the effect of converting the whole population of the South—men, women and children—into an immense army, who will resist them at every step, and everywhere "welcome them with bloody hands to hospitable graves." The glorious valor of our troops at Fort Donelson is not dimmed in the slightest degree by their inability to hold their ground against overwhelming odds; but, on the contrary, shines through the black clouds of disaster with a radiance which will kindle the whole South into a blaze, and surround their own names with a halo of imperishable renown.—*Richmond Dispatch.*

The Crisis.

The crisis of the war is at last upon us, and reverse upon reverse comes in quick succession. We have scarcely recovered from the depression consequent upon our defeat at Fort Henry and Roanoke, ere we are called upon to meet a still heavier calamity in the fall of Fort Donelson and the surrender of our brave troops holding that important post. It is true, the facts concerning this last disaster have not yet reached us from sources entitled to our belief; but enough is known to convince us that we have sustained another staggering blow. We have not been of those who entertained the belief that our arms would always be successful, or that it was within the bounds of possibility our small army could meet and drive back the overwhelming hordes of the enemy at every point at which they could penetrate, and are not, therefore, taken by surprise, nor greatly discouraged, by the untoward events which have taken place in the West, and on the Atlantic coast. We have not known our own strength, although we have been greatly too confident of the weakness and cowardice of our foe. If these disasters shall turn our thoughts in upon ourselves, and shall arouse us to the full comprehension of our perilous situation, and to the energy and activity requisite for the occasion, they will not have overtaken us in vain.

We do not believe the defeat at Fort Donelson is of the proportion our telegraphic columns would give us to understand. It must be remembered the intelligence they furnish comes from the enemy, who are not apt to depreciate the victories they gain. And we see much to encourage us even in this dark hour.—Our permanent Government is launched up on the stormy sea, it is true; but we think her timbers are stout enough to bear the strain, and that the noble structure will be none the worse for the rough usage to which it has thus early been subjected.

The War Department received Monday evening from Gen. A. S. Johnston, a telegram announcing the fall of Fort Donelson, but couched in so ambiguous a style that it became necessary to request more intelligible information. No answer has yet been received from that officer, probably on account of the interruption of telegraphic communication, occasioned by the severity of the weather.—*Richmond Dispatch, Feb. 19th.*

The Hero of Fort Donelson.

Brigadier-General Ulysses S. Grant, the Hero of Fort Donelson, is about 40 years of age. He is a native of Ohio, and a graduate of West Point, being the appointee of Hon. Wm. L. Hamer, when a member of Congress, and who was subsequently killed in the Mexican war.

Gen. Grant served in the Mexican war, was in some of the principal battles, and was twice brevetted for gallant and meritorious conduct. He was in the 4th Infantry, resigned in 1855, and went into business in St. Louis. He subsequently moved to Galena, Ill., where he now resides, and became interested in a large leather establishment.

At the breaking out of the rebellion he immediately offered his services to the Government, and was soon put in command of an Illinois regiment. He participated actively in the campaign in Missouri, and obtained great credit. At the extra session his name was brought forward for a Brigadier-Generalship by Mr. Washburn, of Illinois, of the House of Representatives, and the entire delegation joined in the recommendation, and he was appointed. He soon after went into command of the military district of Cairo.

The Hero of Donelson has been unanimously confirmed as Major-General—an honor nobly won and worthily bestowed.