

Jeffersonian Democrat.

VOL. XVI, NO. 11.

CHARDON, GEauga COUNTY, OHIO, FRIDAY, MARCH 10, 1865.

WHOLE NO. 791.

The Jeffersonian Democrat
IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING AT
CHARDON, GEauga CO., OHIO.
J. O. CONVERSE, Proprietor.

Office on the West Side of the Public Square
directly over Wilkins & Kelley's Store.

Terms, \$2.00 per Year.
All kinds of Merchandise taken in
payment, at the Market Price.
No paper discontinued until all arrears
are paid, except at the option of the Proprietor.
All communications must be addressed to the
Proprietor, (postage paid), to receive attention.

List of Public Officers.
Jas. A. Garfield, Representative in Congress.
Norman L. Chaffee, Common Pleas Judge.
Wm. C. Howells, State Senator.
B. W. Goddard, State Representative.
M. C. Canfield, Probate Judge.
B. N. Shaw, Sheriff.
Wm. N. Keeney, Clerk.
A. P. Tilden, Auditor.
O. R. Newcomb, Treasurer.
Charles H. Lamb, Recorder.
D. W. Canfield, Pros. Attorney.
Seth Edson, Surveyor.
J. O. Worrall, School Examiners.
J. V. Whitney, School Examiners.
John Nichols, School Examiners.
J. W. Collins, School Examiners.
A. Moffett, Commissioners.
John T. Field, Commissioners.
Alex. McNish, Commissioners.
George Manly, Directors of Infirmary.
A. Woodard, Directors of Infirmary.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

I. N. HATHAWAY,
Attorney at Law, Chardon, Ohio. Office
one door south of the Court House, up stairs.
7841f

D. S. DUFFEE, J. E. STEPHENSON.
DUFFEE & STEPHENSON,
Attorneys at Law. Office, 1 door south
of the Court House, up stairs, Chardon, Ohio.
3821f

MURRAY & CANFIELD,
Bankers, Chardon, Ohio. Office second door
north of Ayres' Store. Buy and sell N. Y. Ex.
5-20 Coupons, Gold and Silver. 743w1f

CANFIELD & SMITH,
Attorneys at Law, Chardon, Ohio. Office in
Union Block, up stairs. 626

E. COWLES,
Auctioneer. Having obtained a License from
Government to sell goods, he will attend to all
calls within the limits of the State. Post Office
Address, E. Cowles, Chardon, Geauga County,
Ohio. 763y1a26

JAMES BREWER,
Broad & Biscuit Baker & Confectioner,
One door south of the Court-house, Chardon, O.
All kinds of temperate drinks kept constantly
on hand. 7601f

DR. A. MCGRAW,
Physician and Surgeon, Newbury Center,
Geauga County, Ohio, takes this method to in-
form the public, that he is now prepared to re-
spond to all calls in the line of his profession.
780y1

E. W. UPHAM,
Manufacturer of Carriages and Buggies,
Ferkman, Geauga County, Ohio. 761y1*

FARMLY HOUSE,
(New Hotel, fronting Park,) Fainesville, Ohio.
Burrill, J. Proprietor. D. Burrill's Law
Office and Omnibus Line attached to the House.

WILKINS & KELLEY,
General Dealers in Groceries, Hardware,
Dyestuffs, Flour, Fish, Yankee Notions, &c.—
Store in New Block, Chardon, Ohio. 767

R. CREIGHTON,
Book Binder and Blank Book Manufacturer,
Herald Buildings, Cleveland, Ohio. Blank
Books Ruled and Bound to order. Old Books
Rebound. 526

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, Michigan.

S. EDSON,
County Surveyor, Hamden, Geauga Co., O.
Those living at a distance wishing Surveying
done by the Surveyor will have their calls spec-
ially attended to, by addressing him by letter,
giving five days' notice. Direct all letters to
Hamden, Geauga County, O. 595

BRAINERD & BURRIDGE,
Solicitors of Patents, and U. States & For-
eign Patent Agency, No. 8 Bank St., Cleveland,
Ohio. We are prepared to transact business of
every description, relating to Inventions, Draw-
ings, Caveats, Specifications, Patents, Infringe-
ments, and the Patent Laws.

BRAINERD & BURRIDGE,
Designers & Lithographers. Engraving on
Wood, Book Illustrations, Buildings, Horses &
other Stock, Ornamental Borders, Letters, Vign-
ettes, Agricultural & Commercial Cuts in "Tint-
Stone," Stamps, and Machinery in every variety of
Style. 5021f

G. W. C. HURLBUTT,
Photographer.

If you want an Improved Copy of your Beau-
tiful "Phiz," call at the Excelsior Photographic
Rooms, over the Clothing Store of L. J. Randall.
The Proprietor has lately purchased a Large-size
Instrument, and would like to public that he
is now prepared to make

Large Photographs.
GILT, Rosewood and UNION OVAL
Frames kept constantly on hand. No effort will
be spared to ensure satisfaction, and to make
this Gallery the Excelsior of Geauga County.
Please call and test it.
7931f **GEO. W. C. HURLBUTT.**

DENTISTRY.

THE undersigned, having permanently located
at Chardon, for the purpose of operating as
a profession, would say to his friends and the
public, that he is now prepared to attend to the
wants of all in need of anything in his line of
business. All Work WARRANTED.
Office, over Murray & Canfield's Bank. Resi-
dence, one door south of L. J. Randall's dwell-
ing. **E. D. RICHARDSON.**
Chardon, Dec. 4th, 1865. 7231f

THE LATEST WAR NEWS.

O pale, pale face! O helpless hands!
Sweet eyes by fruitless watchings wronged;
Yet turning over towards the lands
Where War's red hosts are thronged!
She shudders when they tell the tale
Of some great battle fought and won;
Her sweet child-face grows old and pale,
Her heart falls like a stone.

She sees no conquering flag unfurled,
She hears no victory's brazen roar;
But a dear face which was her world,
Perchance she'll kiss no more!

Ever there comes between her sight
And the glory they rave about,
A boyish brow and eyes whose light
Of splendor has gone out.

The midnight glory of his hair,
Where into her fingers, like a flood
Of moonlight, wandered—lingering there—
Is stiff and dank with blood!

She must not shriek, she must not moan,
She must not wring her quivering hands,
But, sitting dumb and white, alone,
Be bound with viewless bands.

Because her suffering life unfolds
Another dearer, feebler life,
In death-still grasp her hand; she holds,
And stills its torturing strife.

Yester eve, they say, a field was won,
Her eyes ask tidings of the fight;
But tell her of the dead alone
Who lay out in the night.

In mercy tell her that his name
Was not upon that fatal list;
That not among the heaps of slain
Dumb are the lips she's kissed!

O poor, pale child! O woman heart!
Its weakness triumphed o'er by strength!
Love touching discipline's stern art,
And conquering at length.

Our Military Correspondence.

U. S. GENERAL HOSPITAL,
CLEVELAND, O., March 1st, 1865.

FRIEND CONVERSE:—In the days that
have gone by, when I spent happy days
"sticking type" in your office, no grim vis-
ages of war were thought of, nor had you or
I the remotest idea that you would be the
recipient of a line from an "Old Army
Printer" who has been worried by the mis-
fortunes of the hard fought battles of this
wicked and corrupt Rebellion. Yet so it
is, fulfilling the old adage, that "An increase
of years brings an increase of trouble," and,
with it, sad and remarkable changes. For
nine long and weary months, I have been a
resident of this Hospital, being wounded in
May last, at the Battle of Dallas; and, think-
ing a few lines in regard to how we prosper
might be of interest to your readers, I give
my "military behavior" its politest tip, and
unconsciously introduce myself.

There are about 3 and 80 patients here,
and, out of this whole mass, there are not
50 good men. All, more or less, have been
wounded, and are perfectly familiar with
the "Elephant," "hard tack," the "Johnnies,"
hard fighting, and despise a "Copperhead,"
having learned, among military tactics, to
"for God and hals snakes." We are all
comfortably provided for, having an excel-
lent and generous Steward to provide for
us; and I might here add that our Steward
has again re-enlisted. Mr. McCabe, of
whom I speak, has been in the service from
the beginning of the war, and to the sol-
dier, he is a brother. You may find him
ever busy, alleviating the wants of the suf-
fering here. Previous to his taking
charge of this Hospital, he was, for 16
months, at Camp Dennison, providing for
nearly 2,000 soldiers, and this Hospital may
well feel proud of him, again enlisting—
One thing I do know: the patients are, for
no other man could fill his place. A kind-
hearted steward is everything to a hospital,
and, in Steward McCabe, we have found the
true gentleman, possessing that charity and
good feeling for the wounded and sick sol-
dier that he so much needs, while languish-
ing upon a bed of affliction. I merely
make mention of this fact, that the true
merits of a noble man should be made
known to the public, as many of the boys
of your County will bear me witness.

The boys from Old Geauga are in luck,
for many of them are getting discharged.
In our ward particularly, has it been so.—
Young Hathaway, Hawley and Hildreth are
now on the eve of bidding us good by, hav-
ing obtained the "walking bizzard." They
are all good fellows, and have been brave
soldiers, and, in old Ward A, their jovial
faces will be missed, to cheer us in our lon-
ely hours. Yet Father Abraham holds on
to Wesley Bartlett, of your County. Stub
is badly shot up, and ought to go with the
balance. However, like most of the boys
of your County, he is full of fun and fight,
and takes things like a philosopher.

I suppose the grand Ball of the season
will soon come off at Washington, as well
as "fandangos" of a similar nature in other
places. Well, let it be so; yet, in my
opinion, it is wrong, let that opinion be
worth what it may. There are other ways
of celebrating this occasion. Starving sol-
diers' widows and their orphan children
might be fed, and, I ask, is this the time
to dance? It is said that Nero fiddled and
sang when Rome was in a blaze. Ameri-
ca's sons and daughters, apparently as
reckless as the Roman tyrant, revel and
dance on our National and State capitals,
while our country is bleeding at every pore.
All this is pretended for the relief of the
wounded and dying soldiers. I do not ex-
press my thoughts at this announcement,
in a spirit of fault finding with those whose
noble efforts have thus far carried on this
great work, but of regret that, in all things,
the ruling spirits of that association have
not incorporated in the bright pageant
"whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever
things are pure and of good report." On
the assumption that the end will justify the
means, a Turkish Harem has been repre-
sented there, attracting general observation
and remark. Its peculiar characteristic of
secrecy is suspended for the gratification of
the paying crowd, so all may gaze upon a
lordly Turk, lying off in oriental magni-
fence, surrounded by half a score of "lovely
favorites of the Harem." Christian moth-

ers have encouraged or permitted their
daughters to exhibit their charming faces
and graceful attitudes in this chaste domes-
tic group. Even more, since this Turkish
Harem has been generously photographed,
its beauties may secure a permanent noto-
riety, sell their fair faces throughout Chris-
tendom; yes, transmit copies to Turkeydom,
thus evincing their appreciation of Eastern
morals and their institutions.

The 4th of March is to close with a Ball
instead of a Benediction. This glorious
charity, freighted with the labor, sacrifices
and prayers of professing Christians, is to
be transmitted to the soldier, opened and
closed without one humble recognition of
that Power which casteth down and alone
can raise up. A friend facetiously remarked,
'why not a gay ball? the soldiers have balls
all the time.' Theirs are balls which mangle
the quivering flesh; balls which mangle
fragments the arms lifted in our defense;
balls which cover the arteries, and make the
warm heart's blood cold as the turf on
which they sink and die. They have music,
too, when shot and shell are whistling thro'
the sky, carrying their missiles of death.

Oh, tender, merciful woman, when, in the
mazes of the dance, "Forward" and "Back"
salute your ears, think of the defenders of
your home. "Forward," to the soldier,
means "charge," "onward," to face danger—
"carnage—death!" "Back," when hope and
all is lost, to retreat or hasten to some rest-
ing place, "while his life blood ebbs away."
Mothers, wives, sisters, now, if ever, lift the
heart and bend the knee, not striving to
show forth grace in form and motion, so
that our charities may be owned and blessed
by Him, when Earth's fairest vision shall
have passed away, and, not

"Rush in where Angels fear to tread."
Often I see the good "old Democrat." It
is always a welcome visitor. Please send
us some along. Wishing you success, and
a long life for the noble principles advocat-
ed in your valuable columns, I am ever
Very truly your friend,
WM. THOS. McDOWELL,
1244 O. V. I.

DIXON SPRINGS, TENN.,
Feb. 20th 1865.

EDITOR DEMOCRAT:—Owing to the unusu-
al amount of business on my hands for the
past week, (having been on the march), I
have been unable to fulfill my promise
made you in my last; but will partially
make amends for not giving you an account
of my march to and return from Johnson-
ville, by sending you a specimen of South-
ern chivalry, in the form of a love letter,
which I took from the pocket of a dead
guerilla, killed by my men, while on the
march to Johnsonville. I also send a copy
of it, for fear it will tire your patience too
much to read the original. I read it as fol-
lows, viz:

Dear Sir: In this evening tak the oppor-
tunity of riding to you to let you to that I
am well at this time hoping that these few
lines may come safe to hands and find you
enjoying the same health Dear Sir I re-
ceive your kind letter and hit give me
great satisfaction to hear that you war
well I want to see you the worst of my
body ells in the service fro I Cant see no
Satisfaction fore you clame my hole stud-
ies day and nite Dear Sir I Cant tell you
with the pen and ink half what I Coule if I
Coule be with you once more and converse
with you if I Coule see you this day I Coule
rest Contented untill deith I will Cum to
Close hopping to meet on the land on Co
more with you again on the land and if not
maby we will meet whar the time never
Comes to part.

my love to you is lik a ring of gold it is
lik a round and pure and it has no end so
is my love to you my friend I have rot 6 let-
ters and this makes the 7 one and when you
rit to me direct youris later pigeon Creek
Po, my love to you is lik a ring of gold my
pen is bad my ink is pail my love to you is
lik a ring of gold hit will never fail when
this you see remember me the many miles
apart mabe mabe Henry snaps (stamps) is
hard to git here and if there is plenty thar
send me some I will quit
from Sintha baros
to Henry Burk
love me

If the above letter is not a good specimen
of Southern chivalry, I have searched in
vain for nearly the four years that I have
been in the army.
Very respectfully yours,
Lt. L. P.

WIND MUSIC.—The wind is a musi-
cian by birth. We extend a silken thread
in the crevices of a window, and the wind
finds it and sings over it, and goes up
and down the scale upon it and Paganini
must go somewhere else for honor,
for lo! the wind is performing upon a
single string. It tries almost everything
on earth to see if there is music in it—
it persuades a tune out of the great bell
in the town, when the sexton is at home
asleep; it makes a mournful harp of the
giant pines, and does not disdain to try
what sort of a whistle can be made out
of the humblest chimney in the world.
How it will play upon a tree until every
leaf thrills with a note on it, and the wind
up a river that runs at its base in a sort
of murmuring accompaniment. And
what a melody it sings when it gives a
concert with a full choir of the waves of
the sea and performs an anthem between
the two worlds, that goes up, perhaps,
to the stars which love music most and
sing it first. Then, how fondly it haunts
old houses; mourning under eaves; sing-
ing in the halls, opening doors without
fingers, and singing a measure of some sad
old song around the fireless and deserted
hearths.

A SMALL quantity of vinegar will gen-
erally destroy immediately any insect that
may find its way into the stomach; and
a little salad oil will kill any insect that
may enter the ear.

Missouri Emancipation.

The prayer offered by Rev. Dr. Elliot
in the Missouri Convention, after the
adoption of the Emancipation Ordinance,
is a model in its way. The reverend gen-
tleman happened in the hall at the time,
and was on motion of Mr. Owen, invited
to offer a prayer of thanksgiving. It was
as follows:

Most Merciful God, before whom we
are all equal, we look up to Thee who
hast declared thyself our Father and our
Helper and our strong defense, to thank
Thee that Thou art no respecter of per-
sons; to thank Thee that Thou didst send
Jesus Christ into the world to redeem the
world from sin; that He was the friend of
the poor; that He came to break the manacles
of the slave, "that the oppressed
might go free." We thank Thee that this
day the people of this State have had
Grace given them to do as they would
be done by. We pray that Thy blessing
may rest upon the proceedings of this
Convention; that no evil may come to
this state from the wrong position of those
who do not agree with the action of to-
day, but that we, all of us, may be united
to sustain that which is now the law of
the land. We pray, O God, that our
hearts are too full to express our thank-
sgiving. Thanks be to God for this day;
that light has now come out from dark-
ness; that all things are now promising a
future peace and quietness to our distract-
ed State. Grant that this voice may go
over the whole land, until the Ordinance
of Emancipation is made perfect through-
out all the States. We ask it through
the name of our dear Lord and Redem-
er, Amen.

Teach Your Boys to Aspire.

Much prosy advice is bestowed on boys
and young men that never gets beyond
the drums of their ears. One of the most
useful ideas you can introduce in a young
head is that its owner is bound to make
his mark in the world if he chooses to try.
Teach him that it depends solely upon
himself whether he soars above the level
of mediocrity or not; whether he crawls
or flies. Give him as far as possible, con-
fidence in his own inherent capabilities.
Argue that he has the same faculties by
which others have arisen to distinction,
and that he has only to cultivate them
and apply in their exercise that mighty
propulsive agent, a determined will, in
order to rise. Bid him shoot his arrows
not at the horizon, but the zenith. A boy
who sets out in life with the Presidency
in his eye, although he may fall short of
the mark, will be pretty sure to reach a
higher position than if his ambition had
been limited to the position of town cou-
stable, or a tide waiter's berth in the
Custom House. This is not a land where
poverty is a serious impediment to ad-
vancement. Very few of our million-
aires were born with gold spoons in their
mouths, and several of the most distin-
guished of our statesmen earned their
bread in early life by the sweat of their
brow. Fortune's gifts are wrung from
her in this country by heads and hearts
that know no such word as fail, and Fame
has no special favor for the silk stocking
class. Action, says Aristotle, is the es-
sence of Oratory, but it is more true that
an energetic will is the soul of success.—
The best temporal advice a father can
give a son is "aspire."

"Boy, let the eagle's flight ever be thine,
Onward and upward and true to the line.

A RELIC OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.
—The legitimate papers announce the
death, in Tonraire, at the venerable age
of 88, of the Marquis du Puy. The de-
ceased was a descendant of Raymond du
Puy, the companion of Godfrey de
Bouillon at the capture of Jerusalem in
1099. He was born on the 24th of Octo-
ber, 1776, and he was at the college of
Pontlevy when his father and his uncle
emigrated. With his mother he was con-
fined in the prison of Chateauroux,
where, thanks to the ecclesiastics who
shared their captivity, he was able to con-
tinue his studies. They were released at
the death of Robespierre. In 1807 he
married Madlle. de Wissel. In June,
1830, the King appointed him to preside
over the Electoral College of Loches, a
mission of which he acquitted himself to
general satisfaction. After the revolu-
tion of 1830 he retired to his hereditary
estate of La Roche-Plouquin, to the im-
provement of which, and to works of
charity, he devoted his life. He leaves
a widow and only daughter, married to
Count Ludovic de Poix.

It is a curious fact, though no
minister of the Gospel nor theological
writer has yet noticed it, that the year
1866, which Louis Napoleon has fixed on
as the time for withdrawing his troops from
Rome—which will be virtually leaving
Papacy in that city to its fate—is the
very year which nearly to our eminent
commentators on the New Testament,
and writers on prophecy, from the time
of Bishop Newton downwards, have, by
a wonderful concurrence of opinion,
named as the year in which popery is to
receive its death-blow.

A LADY complained to Frederick the
Great, king of Prussia, that her husband
treated her badly. "That is none of my
business," replied the king. "But he
speaks ill of you," said she. "That,"
replied he, "is none of your business."

Parson Brownlow Defines his Position.

Since the partialities of our Union
friends have led them to confer upon us
the nomination for Governor, those who
did not approve the nomination as warm-
ly as they do the acts of Jeff. Davis, have
made the remarkable discovery that we
have conspired with certain Federal offi-
cers to sacrifice Union widows and chil-
dren, and that we have caused the late
military changes to be made in this dis-
trict. Neither to procure votes, nor to
gratify the vain desires of such enemies,
can we stoop to defend ourselves in such
cases. The truth is—and we desire to be
candid—we neither want the friendship
or votes of any set of men mean enough
to make such charges or fools enough to
believe them.

So far as abuse is concerned, coming
from rebels and rebel sympathizers, let
them all cut loose—"Tray, Blanche and
Sweetheart." Let the kennel be unloosed
—all the pack—from the slobbering
hounds of the Richmond confederation to
the growling cur of Constitutional Union
training—let them all bark at once.—
While this unholy alliance of traitors are
doubling on us, and expiring from the
venom of their own fangs, they will not
be working on better men.

We have some of the meanest rebels in
Tennessee that are to be found anywhere,
and we have some who sympathize with
them, and seek in every way to serve
them, who are several degrees meaner
than they are. The vilest and the black-
est-hearted of the Sepoys would spurn
these traitors, regarding an association
with them as contaminating; the most
treacherous Malay would regard them
with scorn; the whitest-livered wretch
that ever ran from the battle field would
despise their paltriness. Put these
devils in what position you will, all the
bad traits of ungenerous nature, deceit,
cruelty, selfishness, envy, malice, hate,
thrift, murder, seem to have taken a more
debased and disgusting form in the char-
acters and persons of these miscreants,
and all these have mingled with a degree
of treachery and cowardice, which is not
human—scarcely canine.

Come, you cowardly rascals and mal-
icious traitors, try your hand upon us,
in connection with some new and greater
charges. Can't you, with your large cor-
ruption fund, bribe some one to swear
that we have robbed a bank? Can't you
convict us of horse-stealing? Prove coun-
terfeiting upon us? You have not made
out a case plain enough to keep loyal men
from supporting us for Governor, and if
something is not done we really expect to
be elected. And when these rascals are
convicted by our courts of high crimes
and sent to the penitentiary, we may be
slow to pardon them out.—*Knoxville
Whig.*

How to Grow Beautiful.

Persons mayout grow disease and be-
come healthy by proper attention to the
laws of their physical constitution. By
moderate and daily exercise, men may
become active and strong in limb and
muscle. Bat to grow beautiful, how?
Age dims the luster of the eye and pales
roses on beauty's cheek; while crowsfeet,
and furrows, and wrinkles, and lost teeth,
and gray hairs, and bald head, and tot-
tering limbs, most sadly mar the human
form divine. Bat dim as the eye is, pal-
lid and sunken as may be the face of
beauty, and frail and feeble that once
strong, erect, and manly body, the im-
portant soul just fledging its wings for its
home in heaven, may look out through
those fade-windows as beautiful as the
dew-drop of summer's morning, as melt-
ing as the tears that glisten in affection's
eye—by growing kindly, by cultivating
sympathy with all human kind, by cher-
ishing forbearance toward the follies and
foibles of our race, and feeding, day by
day, on that love to God and man which
lifts us from the brute and makes us akin
to angels.

CORRECT SPEAKING.—We would advise
all young people to acquire, in early life,
the habit of correct speaking and writing;
and to abandon, as early as possible, any
use of slang words or phrases. The longer
you live the more difficult the acquire-
ment of correct language will be; and, if
the golden age of youth, the proper sea-
son for the acquisition of language, be
passed in its abuse, the unfortunate vic-
tim, if neglected, is very properly,
doomed to talk slang for life. Money is
not necessary to procure this education.
Every man has it in his power. He has
merely to use the language which he
reads, instead of the slang that he hears,
to form his taste from the best speakers
and poets in the country; to treasure up
choice phrases in his memory, and ha-
bituate himself to their use, avoiding at
the same time that pedantic precision and
pomposity which show the weakness of
vain ambition rather than the polish of
an educated mind.

**MEDICAL men are loud in their denun-
ciations of the custom of partially turn-
ing down kerosene lamps, and letting
them burn in sleeping apartments. The
Lansing Journal tells of a woman found
dead in her bed from a kerosene lamp at
her head. When the lamp is properly
trimmed this poisonous gas is consumed,
but when partially turned down the gas
escapes.**

General Sherman to a Friend.
A letter written by General Sherman
from Marietta, Ga., to a lady in Balti-
more, which has just been made public,
affords a clear insight into the private
character of the great captain. The let-
ter commences by saying:
"Little did I dream, when I knew you
as a little school-girl on Sullivan's Island
beach, that I should control a vast army,
pointing like the swarms of Alaric to-
wards the plains of the South. Why,
oh! why is this? If I know my own
heart it beats as warmly towards those
kind and generous families that greeted
us with such warm hospitality in days
long passed, but still present in memory."
He then reviews the progress of the re-
bellion, asserting that the South "had no
cause, not even a pretext," for secession,
and declaring that though his heart often
bleeds at the scenes of carnage around
him, yet duty demands of the North a
steady prosecution of the war until the
South shall submit, and her people "re-
sume their places as American citizens
with all their proud heritages." He closes
by saying:
"Should the fortunes of war ever bring
you or your sisters or any of our old
clique under the shelter of my authority,
do not believe they will have cause to re-
gret it."
Eight months have elapsed, and a
"wondrous cycle of events" completed,
has brought Sullivan's Island, and his
friends of other days, under the shelter of
Sherman's authority.

Burning of the Calhoun Mansion.
The burning of the house, says the
Port Royal Press of Feb. 11th, in which
John C. Calhoun was born, and lived un-
til within four years of his death, was an
event which occurred during the latter
part of last week. The house situated at
Braddock's Point, and had been used as
a signal station ever since the possession
of Port Royal Island by our forces. The
fire is supposed to have originated from a
defective flue. The building was com-
pletely destroyed. Those who have vis-
ited the locality within late years will re-
member, perhaps, a tomb which is erect-
ed on the grounds; not far from the spot
where the house once stood. It is the
belief of many that the remains repos-
ing in the tomb are those of Calhoun, but
such is not the case. After the death of
the great agitator, the property passed in-
to hands of members of the family, and
subsequently into the possession of his
overseer. When the overseer died his
body was placed in the tomb of which
mention has been made, and where it now
rests. Since the fire occurred carpenters
have been sent to Braddock's Point, where
they have built a high tower to be used
by the signal corps. We presume no
loyal person will regret the burning of
the mansion.

Smoke for the Cure of Wounds.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentle-
man* recommends smoke as a cure for
wounds in men and animals. He says:
"I cut my foot with an axe. The lady of
the house, seizing the foot while it was
yet bleeding freely, held it over a pan
containing smoking tag-llocks. In a few
minutes the bleeding stopped, and the
smoke removed, and a bandage applied
to protect it from accidental blows. The
wound never suppurated and consequen-
ly never pained me. I have seen the
remedy tried in many similar cases, and
always with the same result."

Let the reader bear in mind that no
liniment or salve, drawing or healing,
should be applied. You have merely to
smoke the wound well, and nature will do
the rest. I suppose the smoke of burning
wood would produce the same results, but
it would not be so manageable. There is
a principle in the smoke of wood, which,
when applied to the flesh, coagulates the
albumen, thus rendering it unsusceptible
of putrefaction. The same principle stops
bleeding by coagulating the blood. It
promotes healing, and may be applied
with decided benefit to all ulcers, wounds
and cutaneous disease."

UNION OF METHODISTS.—The indications
are apparent that on the return of peace,
will come a reunion of all the Methodists
in the country. Previous to the breaking
out of the war there were nearly 2,000,000
of communicants in the Methodist Church,
which was only divided on the question of
slavery. This evil abolished, the hope is
indulged that all the Methodists in the
country will be united at the approaching
centenary year. Already a movement has
been inaugurated to this end in Tennessee,
Rev. W. A. Critchlow, of Murfreesboro, hav-
ing published an address upon the subject,
acknowledging the hand of God in using
the rebellion to sweep away the pretext for
the division of the Church and the dissolu-
tion of the Union, and declaring it proper
that with the restoration of the authority of
the government over the revolted States,
efforts should be made to reunite the
Church.

More than nine thousand different kind
of animals have been changed into stons.
The races or genus of more than half of
these are now extinct, not being at present
known in a living state upon the earth.
From the remains of some of these an-
cient animals, they must have been larger
than any living animal known upon the
earth.