

The Ohio Democrat.

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The Conduct of the War.

Under the above heading the New York Sun has an article from which we make the following extract. The Sun is one of the leading war papers of the East, and its censures of the policy of the Administration show how blundering at headquarters is beginning to operate on those disposed to be lenient to the errors and weaknesses of those who have the direction and control of public affairs. Says the Sun:

It now seems quite likely that the American people may soon be obliged to resolve themselves into a Committee of the Whole on the conduct of the war, that will arrive at very different conclusions from those advanced by the Hon. Benjamin Wade, of Ohio. It is useless to conceal the fact that serious alarm begins to pervade the public mind at the threatening aspect of military affairs.

There is unfortunately only too much ground for these apprehensions. Our armies are, almost everywhere, involved in an apparently inextricable coil. They are reduced to the defensive at nearly all points. In this condition, it is time to inquire who is responsible. Our people have been hitherto too tolerant of blunders, and it is now no longer patriotic to encourage the tribe of green-back parasites that fatten upon our reverses, and grow rich by applauding the official ineptitude that is ruining the nation.

The American people have a deeper stake in the perpetuity of the Union than any set of officials or any clique of Generals, and have a right to demand that the President shall no longer tolerate the men whose counsels have driven victory from our standards. General Halleck's reputation for strategy and combination has utterly failed to be supported by performances. He has only succeeded in removing every General whose fame and services could outshine his Corinth performances, and now employs himself in exercising a mysterious supremacy that seems to paralyze our armies everywhere.

What the people need is unconditional success. "Unconditional loyalty" demands this, though the "Loyal League" can not see it. We want victory—success. Let the President call men to his councils who can accomplish this, or require it of those around him, and he will then take away all occasion for the organization by his advisers of Leagues for the support of unconditional blundering.

The Monarchy Spy System Introduced Here.

It is well known to everybody who has traveled in the despotic countries of Europe, that spies—*Sbirri*, in Italy, they are called, *Mouchard* in the French name, *Spaker*—German; *Spion*, in Dutch, (Government Detective is now the name here, in these United States), exist in all continental monarchies and despoticisms. The Express, Friday, recorded the acts of one of these *Sbirri* or *Mouchards*. A man by the name of Lyons, who wears he is a "Government Detective," insinuating himself into and upon the premises of a farmer in Marion Township, Berks County—hid himself in the straw of his barn, where other old-fashioned German or Dutch farmers had gathered, seemingly, to raise money to buy off from the conscription. Lyons, thus hid, swears they talked very imprudently, very rashly; doubtless, they did talk. A man, in these times, here, ought, as in Europe, to look over his shoulders twice, to see who is about him, when he talks at all. Among other things, Lyons swears they talked of abducting President Lincoln, and that they were in favor of a North-western Confederacy. Well, suppose they did thus talk. Such have been, and are, the free spoken habits of people in this country, that it will take them at least five years practice to hold in here, as in Europe, their rather loose tongues. But what an absurdity to think of eighty old Dutch Pennsylvania farmers abducting Abraham Lincoln, now protected by an army of at least 600,000 men, and a body-guard in Washington of half a dozen regiments at least, one or two of which is cavalry—about as strong a body-guard as any Emperor in Europe has. This Government Detective, Lyons, then further swears of another meeting:

"March 21—Saturday: Huber (one of the Dutch farmers) made the speech at the house; all the doors were not shut; I was in disguise; I talked with no person; I listened against the shutter; I was pretty close; no one accosted me and I accosted nobody; I was rigged up for the occasion; I was blackened and in disguise."

Upon this sort of swearing from the spy Lyons, first in the straw in the barn, then with his face blackened, listening to a meeting held in open doors—the poor Dutch farmers, searched by the conscription Act and this man Huber, were dragged from their homes in a country township in Berks County, taken (far off, to them,) to Philadelphia, and bound over for trial in the sum of three thousand dollars each; Huber in four thousand dollars; so that if men did not exist in Philadelphia abhorring this sort of espionage, they might have been incarcerated here for years, because of inability to obtain bail. Lyons, we have but little doubt, will turn out to be a new Titus Oates, and the whole a political trick to scare poor Pennsylvania farmers. We shall see.

But, it is not the act of Lyons, the spy, "in the straw," "painted black," "listening" to bad Pennsylvania Dutch, that is so much alarming, so assending as that a great Republican party, with

all the Republican lawyers in it, should be defunding, justifying, such a base system of disguise and espionage as is certain to destroy the whole spirit of republican liberty, and to crush out every vestige of freedom. Indeed, their defense can only be accounted for, upon the principle that they believe the existing form of government to be a failure, and that they prefer the monarchial and despotic system of European governments to this, our American system.

As for "the abduction of Abraham Lincoln," a man must indeed be a fool, who, in the existing crisis, would disturb him. His incompetency, inability, ineffectuality, are the only hope for the restoration of the Republic and for republican liberty. He is the very best President we can have—with such acts of Congress as we have; and we have only reasons to bless God that we have no other President now. If General Ben Butler were our President, or any such man, he would hold on and perpetuate his power as long as he lived. Under such acts of Congress as we are now under here, nothing could disturb him. A moral earthquake even could not shake him out of place. The Praise God Bearebones Parliament gave Cromwell no such powers as Mr. Lincoln has, nor even the French Senate, with their *Constitution*, to Napoleon. We bless God, we thank God, then, reverently, that Abraham Lincoln is our President, and he must be a fool, more than traitor, who even dreams of "abducting" him.

Horror of War.

We gave the other day an account of the atrocities committed in Florida by Federal troops, on the eve of their departure for Hilton Head. They reflected no credit on American soldiers.

We publish below a letter from a Mr. Gilbert to the Frankfort (Ky.) Commonwealth, detailing atrocities committed by some of Cluke's and Humphrey Marshall's troops, on the poor inhabitants of a portion of Kentucky. Mr. Gilbert is vouched for as a gentleman of intelligence and integrity:

GRAY HAWK, JACKSON COUNTY, KY.)
April 13, 1863.)

"DEAR SIR: This leaves me lower down in spirits than I have ever been since I had a family. Some ten days ago Cluke, with some five hundred men, came in through by Proctor, in Owsley County, taking all the horses they could get; came on to my house and took a mule from me; ate and destroyed all the corn I had; pastured my wheat, and committed other depredations.

"On Tuesday, the 12th of this month, Humphrey Marshall's men, with the guerrilla band from Breathitt County, commenced coming into our county by Proctor, taking horses, cattle, and everything they could get hold of; came on to Booneville, burned the jail, destroyed the records in the Clerk's office, cut the books up and scattered them through the streets; came on to my house, took every horse and mule I had—numbering thirteen—headed by Jack May, Jerry South's son, Wm. P. Lacy, James Hurd and Robert Allen. They got after my two oldest sons, up the branch from my house, and shot most of their ammunition at them; Lacy then charged upon my oldest son, with his musket in hand, cursing him; swore he would hang him. My son drew his pistol, shot Lacy through the arm, and into his canteen. Lacy threw up his hand, hallooed out, 'don't.' My son fired again, took Lacy under the ear, and dropped him off his horse dead. The boys then broke the market balls cutting all around them, ran down a steep cliff, that their horses could not charge down, and made their escape into the woods. The rebels then set fire to my houses, burning everything I had, leaving my wife and children with nothing but the clothes they had on. My wife got down on her knees to them, and offered them one thousand dollars in cash not to burn her houses. They would not hear her. She then tried to get her things out of the house. They kept her off with their muskets. Some few things however, which she did get out, were taken from her by the rebels, consisting principally of thirty-three bed-blankets. The balance all went to the flames. I was in Jackson County at the time, and am still here. My wife is in a school house, below where my house stood, with my three youngest children, my two boys being hid out on the mountains, with nothing to eat, wear or sleep on, except what the neighbors can furnish them. Neither of us can get to see the other, as the rebels are still passing.— Mine, I understand, was the seventeenth house they have burned on the route up as far as my place. I understand they burned Clarke's salt works, and also Gen. Theophilus T. Garrard's houses. How true this is I do not know. The damage done, so far up as my house, is certainly true. My son came to me last night, and gave me all the particulars.

"I have begged and plead hard with the authorities below for help. The only comfort I get is, we are not worth taking care of, and ought to leave. One thing you know, and that is, that the people here are so poor that they can not get away, and if they could, how are they to live when they have no means after they leave to go upon?"

"Those counties that are suffering so much are the most loyal portion of the State—Clay, Owsley and Jackson turning out, upon an average, five hundred volunteers to the county, and not one of them permitted to come here to the rescue of their families and friends, but are all sent to Vicksburg, Marreesboro and other points out of the State.

"I have not seen my wife for some

three weeks, and don't know what to do. We have no meat nor grain to live on here, and no horses or mules to take us away—nor no means to buy with. All my papers, notes, accounts, deeds and everything I had, burned up, and not left any clothing even for a change. I am going to try and get through to my family to-night, if I can, and will, in a few days, decide what we will do—for I have given up all hope of any protection from the Government here, and a number of families are bound to starve.

"Yours truly,
ABIJAH GILBERT."

From the Boston Courier.
A SARCASTIC QUIB.

To the Editors of the Boston Courier: I find that your suggestion with regard to the proposed visit of the President to Boston has been adopted. A meeting of highly patriotic citizens has been held, without the admittance of a single Copperhead, and the following order of procession has been agreed upon: Escort consisting of details from the 64th Mass. Vols. (colored). Gilmore's Band playing at intervals "Hail Columbia! Happy Land," interspersed with "I wish I could see it: Can you?" The Proclamation of Emancipation, richly embellished in red on a black banner.

THE PRESIDENT: In an open barouche, with black horses. The negro that was freed by the Proclamation, (if Barouche can catch him in time.) The Secretary of State, Wm. H. Seward, in a barouche with John Van Buren and Counselor Brady, the former humming "Van, Van, is a used up man," the latter singing "I wish I could see it: Can you?" A richly decorated car drawn by eight truck horses, (or more if necessary), containing Mr. Seward's diplomatic correspondence.

Elwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, in the full uniform of Major General, mounted on a splendid charger—all presented to him for the occasion by army contractors—and escorted by Three Hundred Brigadier Generals, being all that are not wanted just now in the army.

Two Hundred Army Contractors, Each riding in his own carriage, drawn by four bay horses, preceded by a banner richly embroidered with the caducæus of Mercury.

Motto: "By hook and by crook." Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy and Assistant Secretary Fox, in a very close carriage, in order that nothing may disturb their speculations as to why our cruisers have not captured the Alabama.

Morgan and twelve other agents for the purchase of vessels, followed by Two Hundred Lessors of Transports at seven hundred dollars and upwards per day, drinking champagne and singing "Vive la Guerre."

S. P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, preceded by a Copper Plate Printing Press to illustrate the "True Wealth of the Nation," Green back Banner with Motto—"The more you put down the less you take up."

SECRETARY OF INTERNAL REVENUE. His sixty clerks to answer questions as to taxes. Fifteen Thousand Collectors of Internal Revenue, each with a double-barreled spy-glass, to look into the private affairs of people.

THE POSTMASTER GENERAL, preceded by a banner inscribed with the names of the newspapers a free people should not be permitted to read.

Proclamation of the Suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, emblazoned on a black banner borne by a United States Marshal.

GRAND PROVOST MARSIAL OF THE UNITED STATES, followed by Twenty-four Hundred Deputy Provost Marshals, each carry the keys of the Bastilles under his coat, preceded by a banner richly embroidered with two fetterlocks. Motto—"Freemen, see your birth-right now."

THE GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS, riding on his favorite Hippopotamus, escorted by the 54th Mass. Vols., all looking anxiously around for the "Swarms," singing alternately, "Where are they and Oh! Where," and "Oh! Dear! What can the matter be?" The patriotic citizens of Massachusetts, who have so nobly served their country gratuitously, except their commissions and expenses.

REBELLION SUMNER, clad in a Roman Togas and riding in a Greek "Biga," explaining to the people how the battle of Bull Run put him in mind of the fight at Actium.

SENATOR WILSON In a heavy overcoat trying to demonstrate that he did not tell a lie when he said that he did not say what he did say on the floor of the Senate about our having 150,000 more men than we needed.

WENDELL PHILLIPS preceded by a banner—device—a bundle of fuses broken apart—motto—"I am proud to say I have successfully devoted 19 years of my life to the destruction of the Union."

Committee of the Union Club cheering Mr. P. at intervals.

MORRIS GREENEY, riding backward on a donkey, in order to cheer on 900,000 Volunteers.

Banner—Motto on front—"On to Richmond," on reverse—"Peace on any terms." Distinguished Guests, Secretary Cameron, Senator Simmons of R. I., George P. Barnham, General Fremont, Cassius M. Clay, Fred Douglass, etc., etc., etc.

Price of Specie in New York.

GOLD.		SILVER.	
New Am. Gold.	1 82	New Am. Silver	142
Old do.	1 55	Old Am. Half Doi	148
Viat. Sovereigns	7 30	Quar.	148
Old Sovereigns	7 80	English Silver	6 50
Twenty Francs.	6 70	Spain. Dols. per 100	1 50
Ten Tulsars	11 20	Spain. Dollars	1 50
Ten Guilders	5 80	Mexican Dollars	1 50
Sp. Doubloons	24 00	Five Franc Pieces	1 50
Patrols do.	23 00	German Crowns	1 50
Bank of England Notes	French do.	1 90	
2 2 sterling	7 20	Thalers	1 50
		Spain. Silver, per 100	1 50

It is said that the stream of paper money flows steadily on, and swells at the rate of a million a day.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

APRIL SHOWERS.

BY DR. J. HAYNES.

On the meadows and the mountains,
Fall the April pearly showers,
Filling up the crystal fountains,
Calling forth the summer flowers.
And there's music in the falling
Of the soft descending rain,
As the echo sound is calling
To the mountain and the plain.

O'er the valley, hill and prairie,
Flies the raven, swift-winged cloud,
While the rainbow high and airy
Spans the roaring thunder-cloud!
And sublimely great's the roaring
As the peeling grows more loud,
While the winged-lightning's soaring,
And the tear drops from the cloud!

O'er the ocean and the rivers
Come the dripping fernal showers,
Falling as the sunbeam quivers
On the blooming thirsty flowers.
And the drops in beauty glisten
On the hillock, o'er the plain,
While the birds attentive listen
To the music of the rain!

O'er the lawn, the field and woodland,
Come the sparkling diamond drops,
Dancing on the lake and island,
Spangling o'er the tangled copse!
While above the verdant sprouting
Of the young and tender grass,
Forest Kings with joy are shouting,
As refreshing showers pass.

Adventure in Rebeldom—How Reid Sanders Lost His Mail and His Liberty.

In May, 1861, Arnold Harris visited Buffalo. It was the day of the departure of the Twenty-eighth Regiment for the seat of war, and recognizing a number of his friends in the ranks he enlisted, and marched by their side. Soon after his arrival at the Army of the Potomac, he was transferred to the naval service and placed in command of the Island Belle, of the Potomac flotilla. A few months later he lost his vessel and applied for another command.

The Department proposed to send him to Richmond, to frustrate, if possible, the projects of George N. Sanders, who had just secured contracts from the rebel Government for a navy to be built in England. He accepted the perilous mission, and soon made his way to the Confederate capital. Without any disguise of name or person, he succeeded in acquiring the confidence of the rebel authorities and established himself on intimate terms with several of the most important officials.

His situation, however, was dangerous in the extreme, and he was arrested and confined in Castle Thunder for seventeen days. He was recognized by two Marylanders as the former commander of the Island Belle. Upon his trial he acknowledged his identification, claiming to have done the Confederacy more service while holding a command in the Federal Navy than he could have done by openly joining its cause at an earlier day. His audacity triumphed, and he not only obtained an acquittal but continued to enjoy the confidence of the rebel authorities, or, rather, of all but Benjamin, who was suspicious of him throughout.

Soon after his discharge from Castle Thunder he became a participant of the enterprises of Sanders, who had recently returned from Europe. As soon as Sanders had perfected his arrangements with Jeff. & Co., he was to return to England with money and documents necessary to the carrying out of his schemes. His son, Reid Sanders, and Harris were to accompany him. The aim of the latter was to secure Sanders' mail. He succeeded in having it arranged that George, with his friends, should proceed by way of Matamoros to Halifax, while Reid Sanders and Harris, with the documents and dispatches to be taken, were to run the blockade at Charleston, and get to Halifax by way of Nassau. In accordance with this plan, Sanders junior and Harris proceeded to Charleston and purchased a yacht, which they loaded with turpentine and started gaily out, in January last, to slip through the blockading fleet and make for Nassau. Great interest was taken in the enterprise, and before leaving, the voyagers were entertained at a dinner party with Beauregard and the leading celebrities of the city.

Meantime, Harris had succeeded in communicating with one of the vessels of the outside fleet, and putting its commander upon the watch. The yacht, as she ran out of the harbor, was speedily detected, and subjected to a cannonade which frightened Sanders out of his wits and made him eager to surrender. The mail-bag, heavily freighted with iron, was thrown overboard, but Harris had previously abstracted from it a portmanteau containing the important dispatches and documents, substituting in its stead his own, which happened, as a remarkable coincidence, of course, to be his exact counterpart.

The capture of Reid Sanders will be remembered. Harris is at present in Buffalo on a visit to his friends. He ranks as a Lieutenant in the Navy.

Editorial Delights.

If an editor omits anything, he is lazy. If he speaks of things as they are, people get angry. If he glosses over or smooths down the rough points, he is bribed. If he calls things by their proper names, he is unfit for the position of an editor. If he does not furnish his readers with jokes, he is a mule. If he does, he is a rattlesnake, lacking stability. If he condemns the wrong, he is a good fellow, but lacks discretion. If he lets wrong and injuries go unmentioned, he is a coward. If he exposes a public man, he does it to gratify spite—he is the tool of a clique, or belongs to the "outs." If he indulges in personalities, he is a black-guard; if he does not, his paper is dull and insipid.

The Polish Scythemen.

A letter from Cracow thus describes the dreaded scythemen of the Polish army:

I believe the soldiers of Russia have the credit of being able to stand a bayonet charge as well or better than those of any other nation except one, which need not be particularized for the benefit of English readers. But at close quarters the Russian shrinks from the Polish scythe as from death itself; and whenever it has been found possible to get the Kosakari—in however small a number—within something like reach of the enemy, the latter has turned and fled.—This, after all, is not to be wondered at. The Russian soldier, who is only a Russian peasant, shaven, shorn, and half-choked in a tight military suit, is a creature of habit; he had learned that to be skawered on a bayonet is the sort of thing he has to expect, and to which the men in his regiment have, in a collective sense, long been accustomed. But to be slashed in the face by people who turn their reaping-hooks into sabres, and their scythes into two edged swords, is more than he ever bargained for, and he won't stand it.

On the other hand, the scythemen are said to have become quite unmanageable when they were exposed for any length of time to the fire of the Russians, to which they were of course unable to reply. Accordingly, as a general rule, they have been kept out of sight—either in ambush or behind ordinary infantry—until the moment arrived for them to rush forward and strike terror into the ranks of the Mascoviets. All the victories gained by the insurgents under the command of Langiewicz (and I can not think of one instance in which they were really beaten) have been decided by the scythemen, or the Zouaves, or the scythemen and Zouaves in combination, and generally by the scythemen alone. At Skala Langiewicz not only led the scythemen in person, but himself carried a scythe, which he took up at the last moment before giving the order to charge.

Two Women Claiming One Man.

Two Men Claiming One Woman.

A curious matrimonial difficulty occurred the other day in the Mayor's office in this city. The persons interested were five in number; but the matrimonial corps comprised but four, whose relations were, however, so intimate and so intricate that two women, who were of the number, claimed one man as their husband—and the two men made a claim of similar character in regard to one of the women, namely, that she was their wife.

It appears that the persons involved are Germans; that one of them, a man named Wirth, came to this country eleven years ago; that soon afterward he married one of the women referred to, whose name was Louise, and that they had five children, and kept a lager-beer saloon. But they parted; Louise kept the lager-beer saloon, and still keeps it, at 265 William street, under her old name, and she has prospered. Wirth lived for a while without any wife, but he finally took one—a young woman, who is a person of amiable disposition, and takes care of the children. Recently Wirth became very poor, and applied to Louise (his former spouse) for money. He said if she did not help him he would be compelled to jump into the river; and finally she lent him fifteen dollars, taking as security for its payment fourteen pawn tickets, of which he was the possessor. Hence the array of the party at the Mayor's office. Wirth did not pay Louise, without authority, however, redeemed some of the pawned goods and applied to the Mayor for further redress. Wirth had her locked up in prison to prevent her re-appearance against him, but she was bailed out; and all of the persons comprising this somewhat curious matrimonial partnership were finally brought to the Marshal's desk of the Mayor's office.

All these people were satisfied with their conjugal relations, but their pecuniary interests had brought them into unpleasant contact. Louise brought her present husband to prove the facts against Wirth; but when she was charged with faithlessly redeeming some of Wirth's personal goods, she had no defense but to claim him as her husband and assert her rights as a wife; whereupon Mrs. Wirth, the second, instituted a wordy conflict, which threatened serious consequences, and when it became necessary for Wirth to defend himself, he insisted that Louise was his wife; whereupon her second husband interposed, and the scene became ludicrous in the extreme. The pawnbroker only maintained his serenity, for there might be something to gain. Marshal Brome and Second Marshal Hinchman, whose duty it was to adjudicate the difficulty, called to their aid two Dutch interpreters. At last accounts all the facts were not fully comprehended even by the interpreters, but the arbitrators ordered the case to be settled according to the original understanding between Wirth and Louise, which was agreed to by the persons immediately concerned, or their respective sponsors. Wirth is fifty years of age.—New York Post.

The Provost Marshal of Washington, while breaking up the houses of ill-fame in that city, found in one of the very lowest establishments a Colonel. Uncle Sam's brass buttons were very plenty in all the den.

A strong-featured servant girl in New York was recently assaulted by a couple of scoundrels named Mile, and she fought them both. A miss is always as good as a mile—in this case it was better than two miles.

Separation of a Mother & Child.

—Terrible Agony of the Parent—Capture of the Fugitive Baby—After a Race of Eighteen Miles.

On the departure of the Cleveland express yesterday, an incident occurred involving a baby romance purely *affaire du coeur*, which was alike painful and interesting to all who chanced to witness it.

A lady passenger from Cincinnati, who subsequently proved to be Mrs. Gray, wife of a conductor on the New York and Erie Railroad, stepped hastily to the refreshment stand of Onner & Co., to get some delicacies, receiving assurances from the clerk that her train would not leave soon. In the car she had left her boy, a beautiful child of two years, in the care of an unknown lady passenger. The train also contained all her baggage and effects. Warned by the tap of the bell she hastened not only to find that she was too late, but her child moping off at fearful speed amid total strangers.

The shock at the sight on her nervous system was terrible to witness. Not that she was noisy or even wept aloud, but the agony depicted in her pale face, the quiver of her lip, her starting eyes and words of alarm and affection told of the intense emotion of a mother's love.—Already the train was beyond hailing distance, and the only resort now left was the faithful telegraph wires.

Fortunately the lady made her first application to those capital gentlemen, Messrs. I. H. Hutchinson, Agent of the Stenbenville line, and Robert Blee, conductor on the C. C. and O. The latter, on learning the sad case, directed, by telegraph, the operator of the road at Lewis Center, to take the child and baggage in charge till further ordered.

Mr. Patterson, the resident Agent of the Company, with all the kindness of a tender parent, informed Mrs. Gray that he would place an extra train on the track, and the moment a return dispatch was received from Lewis Center, proceed there.

A half-hour of anxiety to the mother passed, when the following was received: "Child and traps all safe at Dr. —. Lady passengers on the train unwilling to part with so good a child."

In thirty minutes the extra train made the eighteen miles, and the baby boy was smiling in the arms of his dear mother—a picture of love and relieved solitudes that seldom meets the eye.

The strange lady in the train—Miss Holmes of Cleveland—exhibited more than common affection, stopped off with the child to watch over it until the parent could be found. The joy of the meeting, the slight alarm of the little fellow in his new quarters, the thanks of the mother, and the parting of the new-made friends on the return of the extra train, were links in the romance that might be easily extended.

The residence of Mr. Gray and lady is at Hornersville, on the line of the New York and Erie Railroad. She is a lady of rare intellectual and maternal gifts, and the "hero of the story" as bright and interesting a boy as ever sought mischief.—State Journal.

Exciting Adventure.

About dark last night there was an exciting adventure at the river, in the neighborhood of Court-street Bridge and the aqueduct, and hundreds of people gathered there, drawn by a report that three boys had gone over the dam in a skiff. It appears that three lads, from ten to fourteen years of age, named Connors, Maher and Sonny, got into a skiff to cross the river above the dam. The river being high and the current stiff, they could not control the boat, and it was swept over the dam into the rapids toward the aqueduct. How the boat was kept upright all the way is a mystery. After passing Court-street Bridge, Connors jumped out, or, as some say, was pitched out in consequence of the boat coming in contact with a rock. At all events, he clung to the rock while the skiff passed down the tumbling rapids to the arches of the aqueduct, and there ran foul of a lodged tree, upon which the lads climbed and saved themselves.

The rescue of Connors from the rock in the middle of the river was now the sole object of the people who had begun to collect. Jonathan Dresser, ex-policeman, who happened to be near by when the accident occurred, with commendable promptness ran to Oriat's mill and procured a small boat to rescue the lad. Ex-policeman Monroe Green was also at hand with the skiff. A rope was procured, attached to the skiff, and it was floated down from Court-street Bridge to the rock. The boy caught the rope, and it was then pulled up toward the west shore. Before getting the lad safely in, it was found that the rope was over the telegraph wire, and there the boy hung in the water four or five rods from the shore. Before an ax could be procured to cut down a telegraph pole, two brave fellows had gone to the rescue—John Wilson and George Baylis. They brought Connors to the shore amid the cheers of the spectators, and gave him to his mother, who stood upon the shore witnessing the movements to save her son and listening to his agonizing cries for help.

The boy was in the water three-fourths of an hour, and was much exhausted when brought to the shore.—Rocheater Union, April 9.

A DRUNKEN and pugilistic soldier put in the guard house in Washington one night last week, blazed the eyes of forty culprits in the room with him. They presented a very mournful appearance when brought into court the next morning. The hard-hitter was severely shower-bathed and sent to his regiment.

Thrilling Incident.

The Lawrence (Mass.) Sentinel publishes the following extract from a letter received from Mr. James Evans Fallon, Third Assistant Engineer on the steam sloop Mississippi, when she was destroyed at Port Hudson, on the 14th of March:

I would give you an account of the fight at Port Hudson, but you will have read it in the papers ere this reaches you. One fact I will state: I was standing at my station when a shell burst beyond me; a piece of it hit my sword and broke it short off by the hilt, and sent the hilt plump into my stomach, which set me down alongside the bell-pull (which was against all rules), and made me see more stars, &c.

Shortly after I was struck with a splinter, which broke one of my ribs, and made me senseless to all outside, but I had all my senses. I heard the order given to take me below to the cockpit; then Liehard the Surgeon asked them why they brought a dead man down; then I heard the orders given to get all the wounded out of the ship. There I was, laid out among the dead men and amputated limbs, unable to let them know that I was alive; but the wounded were taken out, I was left; then they commenced to fire the ship forward and aft. The man who had been detailed to fire her forward passed by me; I threw out my hand and hit him on the leg; he stopped; I beckoned for him to put his head down, and I whispered to him that I was not dead; he took me up in his arms and put me into a boat, and took me to the Essex; here I lay until daylight; then I was put on board the Richmond; there I was made comfortable by Mr. Dove, of Andover, Third Assistant Engineer of the Richmond.

I am still weak from my injuries, but will soon be all right. I am doing duty now on the prize steamer Antona.

How Uncle Sam is "Peeted."

The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Sunday Dispatch gives the following recipe for making money:

Talk about "making money," why its just as easy as "sliding off a log," now a days, if you are only in the secret—i. e., have the Government favor. You can not make "your salt" otherwise. An ordinary business you may toll from "morn till noon" and "noon till dewy eve" to very little purpose in these times; but if you can get the ear of a Government contractor, or a finger in the public purse, you can dip your arms into it up to the elbows, and your fortune is made. You may pull out the plans at your leisure, and greet-backs will spring up around you like mushrooms over night, astonishing even your own cupidity, however exorbitant. Let me give you an instance of how it works in this city, and I have no doubt it works in a somewhat similar manner everywhere else.

Par example: a friend of mine, whom I shall call Captain Blank, is a steam-boat dealer. He has built and sold several vessels, at a round price, to Government, and makes—suppose we say a thousand dollars a day, in speculating in sales of a cognate character. The other day he happened to drop into the office of a ferry company.

"Do you want to buy that boat?" said the treasurer, pointing to a well-worn ferry-steamer lying up in an adjacent dock.

"Well, I don't know," replied Captain Blank; "what's the price?"

"You may have it for \$3,000."

"How long will you give me to answer yes or no?"

"Will a week do?"

"Yes, I accept the conditions," said Captain Blank; and off he started to see a Government contractor.

The latter was prepared to buy any thing with a "margin."

"You can have the boat for \$12,000," said the Captain.

"And the margin?"

"Well, just say half the profit."

"Good again."

The Government was "let in" for the boat at the price mentioned, and the profit, \$9,000, was divided between the Captain and the contractor. A pretty nice three days operation, for it only required that time to complete it from the beginning.

But the Captain is not always so fortunate. He gets "caught" occasionally. He was offered for \$7,000 another old ferry-boat, recently, and ten days given him to reflect upon it. The contractor was on hand, as usual, and ready to purchase, but thought the price demanded by the Captain (\$30,000) rather "steep." The two, however, could not agree on the "margin." So the contractor goes to the ferry company and privately stipulates to take the boat at \$7,000 if the Captain, at the expiration