

THE SMOKY HILL AND REPUBLICAN UNION.

"WE JOIN OURSELVES TO NO PARTY THAT DOES NOT CARRY THE FLAG, AND KEEP STEP TO THE MUSIC OF THE UNION."

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JEFFERSON DAVIS AND THE KING OF DAHOMEY.

About sixty loyal Americans in Berlin celebrated the last festival of Thanksgiving at the St. Petersburg Hotel. The correspondent of the New York Evening Post says that in the absence of the American Minister, Mr. Judd, who is now on a visit home, the table was presided over by Theodore S. Fay, late Minister of the United States at Bern, who is spending the winter at Berlin, and returns to America in the spring. After the dinner speeches were made by Mr. Fay, Mr. Kreissman (Secretary of the United States Legation in Berlin), Rev. Dr. Tappan, Hon. Mr. Holton, of Milwaukee, Mr. Woodruff, of Brooklyn, Professor Newman, Professor Telkampff and others. The shocking treatment of Federal prisoners in the Libby prison was commented on by various speakers. Mr. Fay, the President of the meeting, ran the following parallel between Jeff Davis and the King of Dahomey, drawing a portrait of the traitor which must have engraved itself on the memory of all who heard his graphic description:

SPEECH OF MR. FAY.

Mr. Fay spoke with great feeling and power as follows:
With surprise and diffidence I address you from this chair. I am called to occupy it in consequence of the temporary absence of our excellent and highly esteemed minister, Mr. Judd. I am not insensible to the honor. I rejoice in every opportunity to express my opinion upon the great, the much misrepresented crisis through which we are passing. I rejoice particularly to-night, because I wish to touch upon a subject of pre eminent interest.

There is a country called Dahomey in Africa. The government is a despotism, pure and simple—hell-born, God-defying—without disguises or pretensions to be other than it is. The king has founded his commercial prosperity upon the neighboring tribes, thus procuring slaves for exportation. His people manufacture spears, swords, daggers, clubs; but his chief staple is men, women, children, young girls. He is worshipped as a deity. One of the sacred symbols is a leopard, another a serpent, perhaps a rattlesnake. The royal bedchamber is paved with skulls; the roof is adorned with jawbones of chiefs he has slain in battle. Once a year all the women of the country appear before him. He selects, first, wives for himself, then for his ministers and officers. If any person would speak to His Majesty, they must approach by lying flat on their faces and rolling their heads in the dust. One of the late kings was named Bossa. His first act of sovereignty was to put to death every person of that name in his dominions.

The atrocities perpetrated to supply the slave trade pass all comprehension. The king is not a mawkish sentimentalist—no fanciful "puritanism" embarrasses his large mind, or checks his far-seeing projects to place on a solid foundation the powerful empire of Dahomey. Once a year he holds a grand festival, which lasts for several weeks, during which he waters the graves of his royal ancestors with the blood of hosts of human victims. A few years ago he caused to be built a reservoir, and collected human beings for sacrifice—enough to fill it with blood—so that he could appear on those gory waves in a boat, and his admiring subjects behold him in all the greatness of his power and the beauty of his glory.

The British government—for England has always stood in the van of civilization—is the declared enemy of slavery, a Christian nation (from her Queen flows out through the world an example for all men and sovereigns)—may her statesmen never lower her among the nations—the British government remonstrated with the King of Dahomey upon this grand annual festival. The bland monarch replied, it was undoubtedly objectionable in many respects; but it was a "peculiar institution"—a legal institution—and one of the corner-stones of the Kingdom of Dahomey. Foreigners could not understand its operations, and under these circumstances it was not easy or expedient to abolish it abruptly!

Ladies and gentlemen, I stand here to defend the King of Dahomey. Africa, by its natural configuration, the absence of bays, gulfs, inland seas and great navigable

rivers, has, in the mysterious plan of God, been almost unavoidably left in a state of barbarism. A recent traveller states, he saw in its interior people coming from market with baskets of meat, which proved to be fragments of human bodies. This is the land of the King of Dahomey. No white winged ships sweep across the continent from the different quarters of the globe, bearing improvements of civilization and the light of the gospel.

When this dark ruler shall be asked at the bar of his Maker, "Why hast thou done this?" I believe he will answer, "I had no light—I had no Christ, Father, forgive me!" And will not the Infinite Mercy cover him with its mantle? Ladies and gentlemen, there is another land. Its natural configuration marks it for the seat of a high civilization. Gulfs, bays, lakes, rivers are there—the largest and most numerous on the globe. There the school, the pulpit and the legislative chambers have been at work. The press speaks aloud. The work of God flows in streams broader than the greatest rivers. Yet in that land—almost an estate of Washington—by order and under the very eyes of that bad man, Jefferson Davis (whose name has been held up for veneration by a British statesman as the "creator of a new nation"), ten thousand prisoners of war, who have given their life for Christian liberty and for the right of free labor—whose only crime is defending their legitimate government (which Earl Russell has declared a great blessing to mankind)—ten thousand prisoners of war are held in Libby Prison in Richmond by a usurped, vindictive, tottering, poverty-stricken authority, so that many of them are *staring to death!*

This seems exaggeration. I have reason to believe, from public and private sources, that it is true. One hundred and eighty were late released, (on account of their dying state), squalid, meagre, exhausted skeletons; eight died on their way home; thirty-five died afterwards, and thirty are stated to be dying. This atrocity is unequalled, either by the Black Hole of Calcutta, the cave of Algeria, or the fete of Dahomey. The latter is prolonged only three weeks. They are not tortured. They are mercifully massacred, as our butcher slays the ox. A blow with a club—a sombre groan—and the deed is done. But in the Libby Prison I know some have been six months. Many have become insane from want of food, and their maniac shrieks ring through the building. The kitchen adjoins the dead house, where the corpses are suffered to accumulate till the keepers are obliged by their stench to remove them. The man in command at the prison is called General Winder. A jailer, with some humanity left in him (not General Winder) threw to one of the prisoners a piece of bread. The wretched being grasped it with his bony hand, and died before he could raise it to his lips. Is there any one with heart so dead and with mind so besotted as to plead, in defence of this crime, the law of nations, the laws of war, or that the rebels themselves have no food? If they cannot feed their prisoners, why do they not parole them?

This is the explanation:
The exchange of war prisoners is arrested by the following dilemma: The rebels refuse to exchange negro war-prisoners on the same footing as white—meaning to treat them as criminals. Our government cannot, ought not, to exchange on such conditions. The rebels, doubtless, under other circumstances, would not deliberately starve ten thousand prisoners to death; but themselves in want of food, drunk with rage and despair, and unwilling to betray their poverty to the world, they thus retain prisoners whom they have no means of feeding. The spirit in which this is done may be judged by the following remark in a late number of the Richmond Enquirer: "Let the d—d Yankees learn to meet the bullet on the battle field, but let them take care not to get into the Libby Prison!"

The Richmond Enquirer means, in other words: "Leave the negro war-prisoners entirely to our tender mercies, and thus surrender the principle which lies at the bottom of this war, or we will leave your ten thousand white countrymen to perish by hunger." This, I believe, is the spirit of that narrow-minded, selfish, unscrupulous demagogue, Jefferson Davis, and the desperate adventurers in his immediate confidence—not, I am sure, of all the Southerners, or even the Southern leaders, among whom are honest and good people enough, duped or forced into this crime.

I have placed the King of Dahomey and Mr. Davis together. The two gentlemen are associates in business. They do the same work, deal in the same article, and in the same spirit—the spirit of savage despotism, and the lowest pecuniary speculation. The King of Dahomey sweeps the adjoining territories with his armies, in order to procure a supply of the glorious staple, while Mr. Davis has organized this rebellion for the purpose of creating a large demand. The firm consists of three parties: the King of Dahomey is the resident agent in Africa; Mr. Davis, the head partner, resides, for the present, in Richmond; the third partner, of inferior rank but of equal utility and merit, is the slave trader—the ferocious pirate who carries the human cargo from Africa to Cuba, and whom the success of the rebellion would admit into the ports of New Orleans, Charleston, New

York and Boston. Both Empires have the same object, and are built of the same corner-stone. If Mr. Davis succeeds, it will extend and consolidate the empire of Dahomey. If the King of Dahomey and his co-conspirators are suppressed, the whole enterprise of Mr. Davis must fail for want of supply.

It is true the bedchambers of Mr. Davis are not paved with human skulls; but has not his gigantic crime laid a hundred thousand—yes, three or four hundred thousand—heads in the dust, and carried anguish into almost every family of the country? It is true he has not filled a cistern at Richmond with blood, and thus outwardly revealed himself to his admiring followers in a boat; but the waves of blood upon which he has attempted to float his barge into power—are they not far greater in quantity than was ever shed by his royal partner? They are marked by the Christians of the earth; and God has doubtless noted them in that great book out of which, we are told, "the dead shall be judged according to their works."

The King of Dahomey is said, under the influence of the British government, to have modified his annual festival, and to have discovered that palm oil, ivory, salt, etc., are articles of commerce as well as slaves. Will not the British government and the newspaper organs of British opinion persuade Mr. Davis, also, that slavery and the slave trade are not, as he has officially proclaimed, "the corner-stone rejected by man and received by God," but the corner-stone rejected by God and received by men, and defended only by the Devil and his children.

Again: The British government and press promptly remonstrated with the Federal government for its pretended intention to destroy Charleston harbor. Why do they not now remonstrate with Jefferson Davis for unnecessarily and ferociously inflicting upon so many prisoners the most frightful, lingering form of death?

Whence this black treason—these diabolical crimes and passions in our once happy land? They are the children of slavery. What fairer offspring could such a mother bring forth? How strikingly it recalls the passage quoted by Mr. Senator Sumner: "Paradise pard—tigers from tiger spring. No dove is hatched beneath the culture's wing."

A TOUCHING INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

After the battle at Bean Station, East Tennessee, the rebels were guilty of all manner of indignity toward the slain. They stripped their bodies, and shot all persons who came near the battle-field to show any attention to the dead. The body of a little drummer-boy was left naked and exposed. Near by, in an humble house, there were two little girls, the eldest but sixteen, who resolved to give the body a decent burial. They took the night for their task. With their hammer and nails in hand, and boards on their shoulders, they sought the place where the body of the dead drummer-boy lay. From their own scanty wardrobe, they clothed the body for the grave. With their own hands they made a rude coffin, into which they reverently put the dead boy. They dug the grave, and lowered the body into it and covered it over. The noise of the hammer brought some of the rebels to the spot. The sight was too much for them. The stillness of the night—the story so eloquently told by the heroic labors of the little girls. Not a word was spoken; no one interfered, and when the sacred rites of burial were performed, all separated; and the little drummer-boy sleeps undisturbed in his grave on the battle-field. Such tenderness and heroism deserve to run along the line of coming generations with the story of the women who broke the alabaster box on the feet of the Saviour, and with her who of her penny cast her two mites into the treasury.

THE DEACON AND THE WASPS.

A worthy Deacon of a town in Maine, was remarkable for the facility with which he quoted scripture on all occasions. The Divine Word was ever at his tongue's end, and all the trivial as well as important occurrences of life furnished occasion for quoting the language of the Bible. What was better, however, the exemplary man always made his quotations the standard of action. One hot day, he was engaged in mowing, with his hired hand, who was leading off, the Deacon following in his swarth, conning his apt quotation, when the man suddenly sprang from his place, leaving his swarth just in time to avoid a wasp's nest.

"What is the matter?" hurriedly inquired the deacon.
"Wasps!" was the laconic reply.
"Poh!" said the deacon, "the wicked fee when no man persecuteth; but the righteous are as bold as a lion!" and taking the workman's swarth, he mowed but a step when a swarm of the brick insects settled about his ears, and he was forced to retreat, with many a painful sting, and in great discomfort.

"Ah!" shouted the other with a chuckle, "the prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself, but the simple pass on, and are punished."

The Deacon had found his equal in making applications of the sacred writings, and thereafter was not known to quote scripture in a mowing field.

Only five slaves are left in Polk county, Missouri.

"HOW ARE YOU, SANITARY?"

Down the picket-guarded lane
Rolled the comfort-laden wain,
Cheered by shouts that shook the plain,
Soldier like and merry—
Phrases such as camps may teach,
Sabre cuts of Baxon speech,
Such as "Bully!" "Them's the peach!"
"Wade in, Sanitary!"

Right and left the caissons drew
As the car went lumbering through,
Quick succeeding in review
Squadrons military—
Sunburnt men, with beards like frizzle,
Smooth-faced boys, and cries like these:—"U. S. San. Com." "That's the cheese!" "Pass in, Sanitary."

In such cheer it struggled on,
Till the battle-front was won,
Then the car, its journey done,
Lo! it was stationary.
And where bullets whistling fly,
Came the sadder, fainter cry,
"Help us brothers! ere we die,
Save us Sanitary."

Such the work. The phantom flies,
Wrapped in battle-clouds that rise;
But the hero's dying eyes,
Veiled and visionary,
See the jasper flags swung wide,
See the part-d through outside—
Hears a voice to those that ride—
"Pass in, Sanitary."

CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT CONGRESSMEN—WHAT THE MEMBERS ARE NOTED FOR.

The best speaker on the Union side is W. D. Kelley, of Pennsylvania; on the Democratic side, W. D. Voorhees, of Indiana.

The best parliamentarian, Union side, E. B. Washburne, Illinois; Democrat, S. S. Cox.

The readiest debater, Union, John A. Kasson, Iowa; Democrat, Gen. H. Pendleton, Ohio. In the last John A. Bingham, Ohio, and C. L. Vallandigham, Canada.

The member with the best blood is John Low, Indiana, whose patriot grandfather was a member of the old Continental Congress, 1776. His maternal grandfather was a member of the first Congress under the Constitution, his father was a member of Congress during the war of 1812, and Mr. Low, the present representative, is now serving his second term.

The oldest consecutive member is E. B. Washburne, Illinois, who has held his seat for eleven years. In the last Congress, was John S. Phelps, Missouri, who was a Colonel in the Union army, and had been in Congress for eighteen years.

The oldest man is Thaddeus Stevens, of Pennsylvania, who is almost 72 years old. The youngest is General James A. Garfield, who is only 32 years old. Ignatius Donnelly, Minnesota, is just sixteen days old.

Walter D. McIndoe, Wisconsin, a very efficient gentleman, has only one hand. The General of the highest rank is Major General Robert C. Schenck, whose commission dates from August 30th, 1862. The other Generals are Garfield, Ohio; Dumont, Indiana; Blair, Missouri.

The handsomest man is William Windom of Minnesota.

The wealthiest man is Oakes Ames, a manufacturer from Massachusetts, who is worth over two millions.

The most rapid speaker is the Speaker, Schuyler Colfax, of Indiana.

The tallest man is Brutus J. Clay, Kentucky. The shortest members are J. W. McClurg, Missouri; Augustus Brundage, Connecticut; Nehemiah Perry, New Jersey; Francisco-Perea, New Mexico; the difference to be decided by the respective thickness of the soles.

The smallest member is S. S. Cox; the largest is John D. Baldwin, Massachusetts.

The most productive—General Ebenezer Dumont, the father of nineteen children.

The most graceful man is William H. Wadsworth, Kentucky.

The dignified man is Rufus P. Spaulding, Ohio.

The most sarcastic man is Thaddeus Stevens, Pennsylvania.

The social man is General F. P. Blair, Missouri.

The member who has sent away the most speeches is S. S. Cox, this Congress; the last, B. Wood, the speech Fernando wrote.

The largest farmer on the Union side is Josiah B. Grinnell, Iowa, who has six thousand acres of land, and keeps six thousand sheep. The big farmer on the "other side," is a good substantial Union man, Brutus J. Clay, Kentucky, who owns sixty five hundred acres of land, and whose home farm contains two thousand acres, worth \$150 per acre. Mr. Clay has two hundred and seventy-five negroes, fifty mules, two hundred sheep, one hundred and fifty cattle—some of the most famous in the United States. His usual stock of cattle is about four hundred head.

The member who never fails to move an amendment is William S. Holmes, Indiana.

The member who lives the farthest East is Frederick A. Pike, Maine. West, John R. McBride, Oregon. North, I. Donnelly, Minnesota. South, Cornelius Cole, California, whose district reaches down to Mexico.

James Brooks is the best read man, and has a district of the smallest area—three wards in New York City.

Idaho is the largest Territory, and has an area of 226,373 square miles. Mr. Donnelly, of Minnesota, has the largest district of any member—his is 500 miles wide.

The House has twenty-five members with bald heads, thirty with monstrosities, and two with wigs.

Henry Winter Davis lives the nearest, thirty-nine miles, and has \$32 for mileage. William H. Wallace, of Idaho, travels 7997 miles and gets \$6397.60 for mileage. The politest member is Reuben E. Fenton, of New York.

Three members represent each a State—Smithers, Delaware; McBride, Oregon; and Wilder, Kansas.

There are seventeen members who are slaveholders. There are twenty-four members from slave States, of whom fourteen vote with the Union party, and ten with the Democrats.

The best penman is Augustus Frank, New York; the poorest, Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania.

The member who is always there, sound and true, is Henry L. Dawes, Massachusetts; the antipode, Benjamin Wood, of New York.

A TRICK THAT ENDED WELL.

A young man was studying at college. One afternoon he walked out with an instructor, and they chanced to see an old pair of shoes lying by the side of the path, which appeared to belong to a poor old man at work close by.

"Let us have a little amusement at his expense," said the student. "Suppose we should hide those shoes and conceal ourselves in the bushes to watch his perplexity when he cannot find them."

"I can think of a better trick than that," said the instructor. "You are rich. Suppose you put a silver dollar in the toe of each of his shoes, and then we will hide."

The young man did so. The poor man finished his work soon, and went to put on his shoes. You can imagine his surprise, when he stopped down to take out a pebble, as he supposed, from the toe, and found a bright silver dollar; and when he found still another in the other shoe, his feelings overcame him; he fell upon his knees; looked up to heaven, and uttered a long, fervent thanksgiving, in which he thanked a kind Providence for sending some unknown hand to save from perishing his sick and helpless wife, and his children without bread. Do you wonder that the young man stood in his hiding-place deeply affected? Young friends, when you wish to enjoy real pleasure in witnessing the perplexity of others, see if you cannot, some way, imitate the student. Such tricks are well worth being performed.

THE POLICE OF ENGLAND.

Where ever you go in England, Ireland, or Scotland, the police are sure to attract the attention of the stranger. They seem to be everywhere the same class of men, all dressed in the same uniform, each of the required height, six feet, drilled to walk erect, with a military step, and to maintain an air of respectability and authority that gives character to them in the community. They are dressed in blue swallow tail coats, and pants of the same color, the coat buttoning to the throat with metal buttons. Their hats are of fur, with oil-cloth tops, and they wear their number on the hat band in silver figures. The fact of their being all of a uniform height, and of erect and manly carriage, show that they are picked men, none of them seeming to be over forty or under thirty years. They are never seen without white cotton gloves, or with the slightest negligence in dress or personal appearance. They move about with cleanly shaved faces and neat appearance like so many walking statues, always alert in the performance of their duties, and whenever they have occasion to interfere it is with a voice and air of authority that no one would dare to dispute. They are not allowed to lean against lamp posts, smoke cigars, talk on the corners with acquaintances, enter taverns except on duty, or to slack their vigilance for a moment under any pretence whatever. To a stranger their services are invaluable, and they will, with the politeness of a Chesterfield, impart any information that may be required, or direct him to pass on to the next officer, who will point out the locality he is in search of.

GARFIELD ON LONG.

We can imagine nothing more powerful than Gen. Garfield's picture, which he drew when Long had taken his seat, after the delivery of his late speech in Congress. He said:

When Satan, who had rebelled against the glory of God, was hurled down from Heaven, he suddenly lifted up his head, exclaiming: "Which way I see is hell." And like Satan, his colleague might have added: "Myself am hell." During the Revolutionary War, Lord Fairfax, after deliberation, decided to go over to the Mother Country, and went over grandly and solemnly.

But there was another man who had joined his fortunes to the struggling country, and remained with it until the war was well nigh done; but as in the darkness which precedes the morning, that man hatched treason, to surrender to the enemy all that had been gained. And that man was Benedict Arnold. When the present war commenced, some men hesitated as to what they should do, while others went over to the enemy. Robert E. Lee, who sat at his home in Arlington, hesitating and doubting, at last went over almost tearfully.

But now, what hundreds of thousands of brave soldiers have ascended to God, under

the shadow of the banner which now waves over us, and when thousands more have gone into a state of decrepitude—when three years of terrific war have been raging, and our arms have pushed back the rebellion—and now, when the uplifted arm of majestic power is ready to let fall the lightning of vigorous execution, here in the quiet of this hall, rises the dark purpose of Benedict Arnold, which would surrender the nation, its flag, and honor, and glory to the bitter curses of the traitors of our country. For the first time in the history of the war it is proposed to give up the struggle and abandon the war, and let treason run riot in the land.

NOON IN A BRAZILIAN FOREST.

An almost death like quietude reigns, but it is a quietude induced by the farnacolic heat of the vertice sun, whose rays pour down with a direct fierceness from which there is no shadow, except actually beneath some thick tree, such as the mango, whose dense and dark foliage affords an absolutely impenetrable umbrella in the brightest glare. Such, too, is the smooth barked mangabeira, a tree of vast bulk, with a wide spreading head of dense foliage, beneath which, when the sun strikes mercilessly on every other spot, all is coolness and repose. The birds are all silent, sitting with panting beaks in the thickest foliage; no tramp or voice of beast is heard, for they are sleeping in their covert. Even and anon the seed capsule of some forest tree bursts with a report like that of a musket, and the scattered seeds are heard pattering among the leaves, and then all relapses into silence again. Great butterflies with wings of resplendent azure, almost too dazzling to look upon, flap lazily about the glade, or alight on the glorious flowers. Little bright-eyed lizards, clad in panoply that glistens in the sun, creep about the parasites of the great trees, or rustle the herbage and start at the sounds themselves have made. Hawk! There is the toll of a distant bell. Two or three minutes pass—another toll! A like interval, then another toll! Surely it is the passing bell of some convent, announcing the departure of a soul. No such thing, it is the note of a bird. It is the campanero, or bell-bird of the Amazon, a gentle little creature, much like a snow white pigeon, with a sort of soft fleshy horn on its forehead, three inches high. This appendage is black, clothed with a few scattered white feathers, and being hollow and communicating with the palate, it can be inflated at will. The solemn clear bell note, uttered at regular intervals by the bird, is believed to be connected with this structure. Be this as it may, the silvery sound, heard only in the depth of the forest, and scarcely ever except at mid day, when other voices are mute, falls upon the ear of the traveller with a thrilling and romantic effect. The jealous recluse habits of the bird have thrown an air of mystery over its economy which heightens the interest with which it is invested.

"DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND."

A few evenings since your correspondent sat within the stately walls of Equire McClurg's parlor. After his charming daughter, Miss Anna, had performed several pieces on the piano she turned about, still sitting on the stool, and narrated the following episode in real life:

My friend, Miss S—, a sweet Southern belle, was here one day, when a Lieutenant in the 5th Illinois stepped in and asked her to favor him with some music.

"What shall I play you?" she said mischievously, as she sat down in front of the piano.

"Oh, just any thing so it is quick and fast," answered the officer nonchalantly.

"Have you ever heard the *Southern Quickstep*?" she continued, with a little sarcasm in her words.

"No, but I have seen it!" was the stinging reply, and from that moment she had no use for him, while in anger she left the room.

I laughed all over; laughed even down to my boots; and as Miss Anna rattled off a Southern melody,

"The war will soon be over, John!" I wondered if her own brother, now a prisoner of war in some Northern camp, could not hear the sweet strain as they were borne on the evening air, and from the inmost depths of his soul say, "Amen!"

May God grant it.—*Correspondence Cincinnati Commercial.*

Not long since, an elderly woman entered a railroad car at one of the Ohio stations, and disturbed the passengers a good deal with complaints about a "most dreadful rheumatism" that she was troubled with. A gentleman present, who had himself been a severe sufferer with the same complaint, said to her—"Did you ever try electricity, madam? I tried it, and in the course of a short time it completely cured me." "Electricity!" exclaimed the old lady—"y-e-s, I've tried it to my satisfaction. I was struck with lightning about a year ago, but it didn't do me a morsel of good!"

The New York Sanitary Fair gets \$200,000 from A. T. Stewart and Commodore Vanderbilt. The way of it was, Vanderbilt said he would give as much as any other man; and he did.