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Selected Poetry.

Bingen on the Rhine.

BY HON. MRS. NORTON.

A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was death of women's fears;
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed away
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's hand,
And he said, "I never more shall see my own, my native land;
Take a message, and a token, to some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen,—at Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and stand around,
To hear my mournful story in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done,
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale, beneath the setting sun.
And 'midst the dead and dying, were some grown old in wars,
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars:
But some were young—and suddenly beheld life's morn decline,
And one had come from Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my mother, that her other sons shall comfort her old age,
And I was still a truant bird, that thought his home a cage:
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would, but kept my father's sword,
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine,
On the cottage wall at Bingen—calm Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
When the troops are marching home again, with glad and gallant tread;
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier, too, and not afraid to die.
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame;
And to hang the old sword in its place, (my father's sword and mine,)
For the honor of old Bingen,—dear Bingen on the Rhine!

"There's another—not a sister, in the happy days gone by,
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry,—too fond for idle scorning.—
Oh! friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning.
Tell her the last night of my life (for ere this moon be risen
My body will be out of pain—my soul be out of prison.)
I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along—I heard or seemed to hear,
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still;
And her, glad blue eyes were on me as we passed with friendly talk
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered walk,
And her little hand lay lightly,—confidingly in mine:
But we'll meet no more at Bingen,—loved Bingen on the Rhine!

Choice Miscellany.

Change in the Household.

"There's no use trying any longer to suit Isaac Parsons," muttered that individual's better half, as she sat in a corner of the farm kitchen, rapidly divesting a chicken of its feathers. "I've worked and slaved myself to death for him and his'n, and all the thanks I've had for the last fifteen years has been short words and general growlin' and fault findin', until now I'm just determined to stand out and have my own way or let things take their own ocurse and he'll find, after all, Melissa Talcott has got some spirit in her that can't be crushed out with all his abusin' and aggravation.

"To think he should have the heart to refuse me a new carpet after he had such good luck with his wheat crop, and I just slaved myself through harvesting and got along with one girl.

"The more the man gets, the stingier he grows, and there isn't a woman among my acquaintance that would stand such treatment and I won't. I'll put my foot down from this moment," setting down most emphatically that solid member of her comely person on the kitchen floor, "if Isaac Parsons won't come to terms, I'll quit him—that's all."

Mrs. Melissa Parsons had been a remarkably pretty girl in her youth, and thirty-seven years made her a fair and comely woman.

Her husband was a somewhat phlegmatic man, stubborn and opinionated, and as his early life and social atmosphere had not enlarged or softened his character, the hardest and most disagreeable part of it expanded with his years. He loved money, and as the asthetic part of his nature had never been cultivated he regarded it as wastefulness and extravagance to indulge in much grace or beauty of surroundings.

Still there was another side to this man. His affections were deep and tender, and a judicious woman could have reached and influenced him to almost any degree through these. But Mrs. Parsons never understood her husband. She was an impulsive, high spirited and really warm hearted woman, with a good share of pretty social ambition and she and her husband were constantly jarring each other.

Yet all these years the barns and store houses, the lands and gold of Isaac Parsons had increased, and God sent children—two boys and a girl—to soften the hearts of the father and mother, and to be to them angels of a new covenant of household peace and tenderness. But alas, alas, the sweet faces, and the beautiful ministrations of childhood had never accomplished their mission, and with hearts and tempers fretted and soured and worn, Mr. and Mrs. Parsons counted the years growing over them, and both felt that their marriage had been a mistake and a misery, and with blind eyes that would not see, and hard hearts that would not understand, each blamed the other, and mutual recrimination only produced fresh bitterness.

At last a crisis came. Mrs. Parsons had set her heart that autumn upon a new parlor carpet, which was in no wise unreasonable, and in which her husband ought to have indulged her, but the manner of the request, which was in reality a command, at once roused the inherent stubbornness of the man, and he flatly refused her. Then followed passionate words and angry retorts, till husband and wife separated with mutual bitterness and rage.

But now as Mrs. Parsons took up her denuded chicken and plunged it into a pan of hot water, her eyes glanced on a weekly paper which lay on the table, and they settled on this passage, which completed a short sketch. "Who, when he was reviled, reviled not again, but committed his cause to Him who judgeth righteously."

And these words stole, in a still, serene, rebuking voice through the stormy soul of Mrs. Parsons. She had read them innumerable times before, and they had for her no special message or meaning, but now God had sent His angel to drop them in her heart, and in a moment something of the real sin and wrong of her life rose up and confronted her.

She sat down in a low chair by her kitchen table, and rested her forehead on her hand. The hard, fretful, angry look went out from her face, and was succeeded by a soft, thoughtful expression, and the sunshine hung in yearning, golden, shifting beauty about her.

And then the woman's memory went back to her first acquaintance with Isaac Parsons—he had chosen her from among a score of others who envied her the good fortune, and how those early days of hercourtship came over the softened heart of the woman, as the first days of spring come from the South and go softly over the bare, despairing earth. Then she saw herself once more a shy, tremulous, joyful bride at the altar, leaning on the strong arm and tender heart, to whom she gave herself gladly and trustingly as a woman should.

And she remembered that morning and a little later, when her proud and happy young husband brought her to the house which had been his father's and how for a little while the thoughts of her being the mistress of the great old farm house, fairly frightened the wits out of her.

She meant to make it a sweet and happy home for Isaac Parsons. She remembered, as though it had all happened yesterday, the little plans and contrivances she had made for his surprise, and their mutual comfort.

But the quarrel came. How well she remembered it, and clearly she saw naw the foolish and sinful part she had born in that! If she had controlled her temper then—if she had only been gentle and patient, forbearing and forgiving, instead of being proud and passionate, fretful and stubborn! If she had only borne the women's burdens, and done a woman's duties! Here the wife and the mother broke down; she buried her face in her apron, and cried like a child.

Mrs. Parsons was an energetic, determined woman, and when she had once made up her mind upon any course of action, she would not shrink back from it. What went on in the softened woman's heart that morning, as she with her apron at her eyes, and the sobs in her rocking to and fro in her low chair, and the sweet restless sunshine all about her—what went on in the softened woman's heart—only God and His angels know.

"Are you tired, Isaac?"

The farmer was wiping his face and hands on the brown crash towel which hung near the window. He was a tall, stalwart, muscular man, sun browned and weather beaten, yet he had keen eyes, and the hard feature had an honest, intelligent expression. Mrs. Parsons was cutting a loaf of rye bread at the kitchen table. Her husband turned and looked at her a moment as though he half doubted whether he had heard aright. His wife's face was bent over the bread so he could not see it; but the words came a second time.

"Are you tired, Isaac?"

It was a long time since Mr. Parsons had heard that soft, quiet voice. It stole over his heart like a wind from the land of his youth.

"Well, yes, I do feel a kind of tuckered out. It's hard work to get in all that corn with only one hand besides Roger."

"I reckoned so; and I thought I'd broil the chicken for tea, and bake the sweet potatoes, as you'd relish them best so."

Mr. Parsons did not say one word; he sat down and took the weekly paper out of his pocket, but his thoughts were too busy to let him read one word. He knew very well his wife's aversion to broiled chickens, and as the kitchen was her undisputed territory, he was obliged to submit and have the chickens stewed, potatoes served up in sauce, notwithstanding she was perfectly aware that he perferred the former broiled, and the latter baked; and this unusual deference to his taste fairly struck the farmer dumb with astonishment, as he sat still and watched his wife as she hurried from the pantry to the table, in her preparations for tea; and then there came across him the memory of some of the harsh, angry words he had spoken during their quarrel that morning, and the words smote the man's heart.

And while Mrs. Parsons was in the midst of taking up the dainty broiled chicken, two boys and a girl burst into the kitchen.

"Hush, hush, children," wound in among the obstreperous mirth like a silver chime, the soft voice of the mother, "Father's busy reading the paper, and you'll disturb him."

The children were silenced at once, not in fear of the reproof, but in wonder at it, for the wife as seldom consulted his wishes in the small, everyday matters which make the happiness or irritation of our lives, as he did her's.

In a few moments the hungry family gathered round the table. There was little spoken at the meal, but a softer, kindlier atmosphere seemed to pervade the room.—The children felt, though they did not speak of it.

"Are you going out this evening, Isaac?"

"Well, yes, I thought I'd step round to the town meetin'. Wan't anything at the store?" continued Mr. Parsons, as he tried to button his collar before the small, old-fashioned looking-glass, whose mahogany frame was mounted with boughs of evergreen, around which scarlet berries hung their charm of rubies.

But the man's large fingers were clumsy, and after several ineffectual attempts to accomplish his purpose, Mr. Parsons dropped his hands with an angry grunt, that the "thing would not work."

"Let me try, father." Mrs. Parsons stopped quickly to her husband's side, and in a moment her hand had managed the refractory button.

Then she smoothed down a lock or two of black hair, which had strayed over the sunburned forehead, and the thought of those soft fingers felt very pleasant about the farmer's brow, and woke up in his heart old sweet memories of times when he used to feel them fluttering like a dream through his hair.

He looked on his wife with a softness in his face, and a softness in his keen eye which he little suspected. And the softness and the smiles stirred a fountain warm and tender in Mrs. Parsons' heart, which not for years yielded one drop of its sweet waters. She reached up her lips impulsively, and kissed his cheek. Any one who had witnessed that little scene would scarcely have suspected that the married life of Isaac Parsons and his wife counted three-quarters of a score of years.

The woman's comely face was as full of shy blushes as a girl's of sixteen, and Isaac Parsons seized his hat and plunged out of the house without speaking one word, but with a mixture of amazement, and something deeper on his face not easily described.

But at last he cleared his throat, and muttered to himself, "Melissa shan't repent that act—I say she shan't!" and when Isaac Parsons said a thing, everybody knew he meant it.

* * * * * * *

The sunset of another autumn day was rolling its vestures of purple and gold about the mountains, when the wagon of Isaac Parsons rolled into the farm yard. He had been absent all day in the city, and the supper had been waiting him nearly an hour, and the children had grown hungry and impatient.

"O, father, what have you got there?" they all clamored, as he came into the house, tugging along an immense bundle tied with cords.

"It is something for your mother, children," was the rather unsatisfactory answer.

At this moment Mrs. Parsons entered the kitchen. Her husband snapped the cords, and a breadth of ingrain carpeting rolled upon the floor, through whose dark green ground work trailed a russet vine and golden leaves—a most tasteful and graceful pattern.

Isaac Parsons turned to his amazed wife—"There, Melissa, there's the parlor carpet you asked me for yesterday morning. I reckon there ain't many that will beat it in West Farms."

A quick change went over Mrs. Parsons' face, half of joy, half of something deeper. "O, Isaac!" She put her arm around the strong man's neck, and burst into tears.

The trio of children stood still and looked on in stolid amazement. I think the sight of their faces was the first thing which recalled Isaac Parsons to himself.

"Come, come, mother, he said, but his voice was not just steady, "don't give away now like this. I'm hungry as a panther now, and want my supper before I do anything but put up my horse;" and he strode off to that impatient quadruped in the back yard.

So the new carpet proved an olive branch of peace to the household of Isaac Parsons. While others admired its pattern or praised its quality it spoke to Mrs. Parsons' heart a story of all that which love and patience may accomplish. After many struggles and much prayer, the triumph over pride and passion, and evil habits, was achieved; and this was not accomplished in a day, or a month, or a year, but the "small leaven that leaveneth the whole lump," working silently and surely, completed at last its pure and perfect work, and in the farm-house of Isaac Parsons reigned the spirit of forbearance and self relinquishment, of gentleness and love, which was given unto those "who fear God and keep his holy commandments."

The Finances of the Government.

Colonel Forney writes from Washington to the Philadelphia Press:

The extraordinary success which has attended the financial schemes of Secretary Chase will create gratifying surprise among our European sympathizers and friends.

I learn that in high quarters the opinion begins to be expressed that we shall soon be independent of the money lenders of Europe. Our people are coming forward with so much alacrity and liberality that it is estimated they will take not only the one hundred millions offered to them, but that they will insist upon taking the balance of the loan off the hands of the banks. An English gentleman drew thirty thousand dollars from a great banking house in New York, who were paying him four per cent. per annum, and a few days since invested it with the Government, who are paying seven and three-tenths per cent. per annum. He has written to his friends in London, advising them to invest five hundred thousand dollars in the same securities. The Bank of England pays but three per cent. per annum, so that it will be seen that every inducement is held out, not merely to our own citizens, but to wealthy men in all parts of the world, to invest their money in the faith and credit of the United States.

A Compliment for Vallandigham.

Among the effects in a "contraband" trunk seized in Cleveland, were found various letters from a "Secesher" in Nashville to his wife, who had been seeking a safe retreat at the North. In one letter the "Secesher" talks thus:

I see by your letter that you thought Richmond in great danger of being taken by old Scott, and that you did not want me to take the chances. What say you now? When do you think it will be taken and by whom? As old Scott is now defunct, I suppose the Ohio Chief, McClellan, is the next man to go to Richmond. But I can assure you that there is but one man in Ohio that will ever get to Richmond of his own free will, and that is Vallandigham. A man like him can go where he pleases.—[Cleveland Herald, 13th.

SECESSIONISTS BY NATURE.—Take notice that wherever you find a snob or flunky—male or female—you find a Secessionist.—There seems to be a sort of elective affinity that draws the species towards the thing.—One encounters at times specimens of the kind in society—brainless creatures, who, unable to feel what there is noble and dignified in sharing the destiny of a great nation, drivel out their feeble and idiotic sneers, and think it a fine aristocratic thing to be Secessionist. These miserable toadies are infinitely more offensive than out and out traitors. It sometimes becomes a duty to squelch an insect of this kind; do it, though the operation disgusts you.—[N. Y. Times.

GENERAL CASS, in a recent conversation with President Fairchild, of Hillsdale College, Michigan, said that though he had always been heretofore opposed to abolition, yet this was now the only way to successfully and permanently end the contest. Without abolition, if we had peace to-day, we should have war to-morrow.—[N. Y. Post.

The Convention--The Ticket.

[From the Cleveland Herald, Sept. 14.]

It is seldom accorded us to look upon so imposing a scene as that witnessed on the Eastern steps of the State Capitol on the 5th. No building in Columbus, not even the spacious Representative's Hall, could give standing room to the delegates that had come from every county in the Ohio, to express the will of the people of the State upon the all engrossing subject of the day.

As is known to those who have seen the State House, a flight of steps lets you down from the halls, out of which open the State offices, upon a broad stone area which forms the roof of a basement into which fuel and other articles are carted, and from this stone area another flight of steps lets you down to the ground. It was on this stone area that the Convention assembled. The magnificent head of Tom Ewing was the centre of attraction, he, as President, facing the steps that lead up to the building, while those steps, flanked by settees, chairs, &c., accommodated the delegates. It was an imposing sight; the entire space crowded with as intelligent, harmonious, and unselfish body of men as ever gathered in a political Convention. And indeed it was no political Convention, for the moment a too sensitive delegate enquired the politics of a candidate whose name was announced, or in any way referred to party, the Convention as one man, repressed the indiscretion by such emphatic condemnation as silenced every breath of party feeling.

In that Convention met men from all over Ohio who for years have been arrayed against each other in politics; and not only were the masses—the private citizens—so represented, but the prominent men of the different parties; men who—to use a well traveled phrase—have been the wheel-horses of the different party organizations; and the sight was a strange one—to one who has been conversant with the party conventions of the State—to see the heretofore most determined partizans mingling with each other in perfect harmony, laying aside every political prejudice, remembering the past as a bye-gone, and all standing in solid phalanx the supporters of the war policy of our government, and pledging themselves to stand by that government until this infernal rebellion shall be put down.

In that Convention we saw nothing unfair, nothing ungenerous, nothing that looked like trickery, nothing that reminded one that its parts had ever been antagonistic.—We believe that Convention was actuated by honest motives, and its business conducted upon perfectly fair principles, and we certainly never saw a body of men representing the entire State—every county was fully represented, not only by its Delegates, but by the Alternates—in which the proceedings were characterized by so little bickering, so little ill-feeling. The duties of the Chairman were purely formal, for not a question of order was raised, not an appeal taken, not a particle of confusion more than was absolutely unavoidable in so large a body in which the different members of the delegations were compelled to consult each other.

So much as to the Convention. Now of its doings.

The platform is the best ever laid down.—The man who cannot stand on it, cannot stand on the Constitution. The man who will not stand on it is either a traitor to his country, or so devoted to mere party that he can see no good outside party lines. The first merits death; the latter excites pity.

The ticket could not have been bettered.—Mr. Tod, on the instant that news of Sumter reached him, threw off all party trammels and has since devoted himself to the cause of his country by word and deed; declaring that the all absorbing question before the people is a vigorous prosecution of the war until every rebel in arms dies or surrenders. More than that, Mr. Tod throttled treason in his own party and denounced Northern Democrats who refused to support the war policy of the Administration as enemies to their country.

Mr. Stanton has long been known as one of the strongest Republicans in Ohio; devoted, heart and soul, to the maintainance of the Constiution and the laws.

Mr. Dorsey—like Mr. Tod—is a prominent Democrat, but has never wavered in his support of the war policy of the Administration since hostilities commenced by the act of the South.

Judge Scott is a member of the Supreme Court, as such well known and highly esteemed. He was elected before on the Republican ticket.

Mr. Riley is among the best business men of Columbus, has a good name, and will make an honest and faithful officer. He is a Democrat.

Mr. Cowen comes from good stock, is well known as the admirable Clerk of the House, is now serving in the war, and is an upright, correct, intelligent and honest business man. He is a Republican.

Of Mr. Torrence we know less than of the others, but he comes bearing the best of reputation for capacity and integrity, and was ardently supported by those who knew him best. He was an 'American' in politics.

Such is the ticket; strong in all its parts, properly apportioned between old parties, yet nothing sacrificed to policy, nothing to prejudice; every man fit for the place designated and every man will be assigned such place by the people in a majority that will be counted not by units but by tens of thousands.

UNION FEELING IN TENNESSEE.—We conversed yesterday with a distinguished gentleman from Augusta, just on his return from Virginia. He disclosed to us facts and circumstances which prove beyond doubt that East Tennessee is rotten to the core on the secession question. He traveled over the road from Bristol to Knoxville. He witnessed the greatest indignities towards the wounded soldiers who were returning home by that route. Their papers were most rigidly scrutinized by the conductors of this road, and in some cases poor wounded soldiers came very near being thrown off the cars because their papers did not exactly suit the fastidious notions of those Union gentry.—[Atlanta (Ga) Intelligencer.

HOW DOES HE KNOW?—The Albany Argus says if there be anything that will make a woman swear it is hunting for her night cap after the light is blown out. How does the Argus know?

AN IRISHMAN'S IDEA OF A YANKEE.—"Bedad, if he was cast away on a disolate island, he'd get up the next mornin' an' go round sellin' maps to the inhabitants."

General McClellan.

The correspondent of the Providence Journal thus describes him:

The man, of all others, towards whom the nation is now looking with the deepest interest and anxiety, is Gen. George B. McClellan. To-day he seems to have our destiny in his hands. *He is* the army of the Potomac. He directs everything, inspires and controls all its movements.—Whatever he says needs to be done, must be done. He personally inspects all departments; is here, there and everywhere in the course of twenty-four hours, but he is never flurried, never seems to be in a hurry.

If you were waiting in a room to see the General, and he were to slip in without an introduction, you would never dream that you were in the presence even of an ordinary military official. You would see a young man apparently about thirty years of age, in the ordinary dress of a citizen,—not a particle of gold lace about his person, rather short and full, compact, easy and supple in his movements,—*pantherlike*, as a friend by my side remarks,—a well rounded head, with no marked, or excessive development, a clear, open, penetrating, *reading* eye, a weather worn complexion, strong, healthy, and in complete possession of all his physical faculties. This is what would strike you at a glance, if your attention were directed to his person, without which, perhaps you might not look at him a second time.

As he proceeded to express his views in conversation, you would begin to feel that you are in the presence of an extraordinary kind of man, and if he has confidence enough in you to unfold himself and his plans, you would soon say to yourself here is a man who will never undertake anything in which he is not bound to succeed, he has never failed yet, and he never means to fail; if he has not great power of reflection, he has an institution that is surer than logic; he understands himself and he understands other people; he is very self-reliant, and still always willing to be counselled; he is as competent in matters of detail as he is in the projection and execution of great designs.

McClellan is a man of faith, and he inspires others with faith. You feel too that he has a deep and real humanity. Little children would instantly climb into his lap, and dogs would rub their noses against his hand, and he would be sure not to repulse them. You become, after a while, strangely sensible of the power, the magnetism of his will, and at the same time there grows upon you a feeling of personal affection, as though you had always known him and had received special favors from him. He talks with much freedom—*talks out*, as the phrase runs—says nothing for mere effect, self-possessed, but not self-conscious.

If he is ambitious he does not seem to know it; his great desire is to succeed in the present contest for the sake of his country. I asked him, as a sort of psychological question, what were his sensations in coming suddenly into so responsible a position? He replied that it was strange to him that it did not seem any stranger. "I never sought this position," he added, "and I would be glad if the work in hand were done up and I could go back to my quiet home, but now that I am here I *will have* what I need in order to the success of my plans." And he will have it. If inefficient men stand in his way, they must be removed; red tape must be cut if it bind the arteries of the nation like a ligature.

The Trouble about Fremont.

[From the Wheeling Intelligencer, 19th inst.]

The President has ordered Fremont to modify his proclamation so as to conform to the act of Congress, in relation to the confiscation of rebel property. The letter containing the order will be found in this morning's paper. We published the section of the act referred to yesterday morning.

This would confine the operations of the proclamation to slaves of rebels actually employed, in a military sense, against the government, and would confiscate none other. It would not change the efficiency of the proclamation in any other respect, but would acknowledge the right of commanders to execute under martial law, all persons found in arms against the Government, and to confiscate all the property of such persons, except slaves not employed in a military sense against the Government.

This is the matter in a nut-shell, as we understand it.

The public press is very general in its condemnation of this act of the Executive.—The belief that Fremont was right, seems to be nearly universal. Such has been our own conviction from the first, and we have found no reason to change it as yet.

People are too apt, in times of excitement, to overlook general principles, and we don't know that Presidents are any exception to the rule. In the prosecution of a war, the object of the enlightened commander is not to destroy, but to inspire fear—to convince an adversary that he can be destroyed, and will be, if he persists. To this end great armies are raised, great fortifications built, great navies fitted out. Convince an adversary that he has no chance at all of success, and how long will he hold out? Suppose when this rebellion first made its appearance, the Government of the United States could within a week have displayed an efficient army of half a million and a navy of corresponding strength. The rebellion would have slunk away and hid itself without ever daring to strike a blow. It was the weakness of the Government which they were sure of, having caused it, that animated the traitors; it was its tenderness which they felt sure they could presume on that made them insolent. Great abilities to resent injury are the surest guarantee of continued peace in a time of peace. Great ability to inflict injury and a disproportionate weakness on the part of an enemy will compel a suspension of hostilities without ever employing it; for belligerents are governed by the same considerations of consequences as govern individuals.

It was on this general principle that Fremont acted in declaring that the power of the Government should be brought to bear upon the weak point of the rebellion. Believing, as we do, that nothing could inspire such terror among the rebels as the punishment proclaimed by Fremont, declaring the slaves of all persons in arms against the Government free men, it seemed to us not only a just measure of retaliation, but a wise stroke of military policy.

It must not be overlooked in this connection that in exigencies like the present, military law is higher than civil. The President by his act cannot be understood as denying this; for, while he attempts to make a portion of the proclamtion conform to a civil act, he leaves the main point of it, involving the right of executing rebels (and this is the highest assumption of power belonging to any authority) without presuming to interfere with it. The right to remove a commander the President, of course, possesses, but he does not even by this act profess to annul the military action of that commander while in authority.

Therefore, it seems to us that this requirement of the President, in reference to a portion of Fremont's proclamation, is irregular, to say the least, aside from its bearings on the war, which would be unfortunate, depriving the Government as it would of a powerful weapon, assuring the rebels that they should not be attacked in their vulnerable point, and that the great bulk of their property is in any event safe.

It now remains to be seen whether Fremont will obey orders or resign. One or the other he will do shortly, for promptness is one of his characteristics.

This matter is now threatening serious dissension in northern sentiment. We hope sincerely that it will be speedily settled, and some general principle of action determined on.

Appalling Calamity--Frightful Accident on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad--A Train of Cars Precipitated into a Stream--One Hundred Persons Killed and Wounded.

[From the Cincinnati Gazette, 18th inst.]

One of the most shocking disasters we have been called upon to record for years, occurred on the Ohio & Mississippi Railroad, one hundred and forty-three miles west of this city, about half past eight o'clock last evening. The particulars of this disastrous affair, so far as we have been able to gather them up to one o'clock this morning, are as follows.

On Saturday last Col. Turchin's Illinois Regiment, the "Bloody Nineteenth," as they were generally known, at that time stationed on the Kentucky shore of the Mississippi river, about eight miles below Cairo, received orders to proceed to Washington. Some delay attended their transhipment, and they did not leave Cairo till Monday night.

Arriving at Sandoval or Odin, they were transferred to the Ohio & Mississippi Railroad, and left on two trains for this city.—The first train, composed of ten cars, passed Vincennes about two o'clock yesterday afternoon, followed by the second, composed of eight cars, some ten minutes later.

While crossing a bridge that spanned Beaver Creek, three miles west of Huron, and about fifty this side of Vincennes, the second train broke through, precipating six of the eight cars to the bottom of the stream, and killing and wounding a large number of the regiment; some reports placing the number as high as one hundred and fifty, though it is impossible to ascertain, at the present writing, the mortality, with any degree of certainty.

The engine, fortunately, became detached from the train, and the engineer at once ran it to the nearest station for assistance. The first train, containing the remainder of the regiment, which had safely passed over the bridge a few minutes previous, was stopped at Mitchell, twelve miles east of Hudson, and sent back to the scene of the disaster.

The Express train for St. Louis, which left this city at five o'clock, was also telegraphed, and hastened to the spot, taking along all the surgeons that could be found on the route. Surgeons also left Vincennes for the scene by special train.

Intelligence of the calamity did not reach the city till a late hour last night. Superintendent Lewis, of the Ohio & Mississippi Road, at once prepared a special train, and, in company with Drs. Judkins, Mussey, Wood, Norton and others, left for Huron to render all assistance possible.

LATER FROM THE DISASTER.

Since writing the foregoing, we have received the following dispatch from the scene of disaster, by an operator who went down from Mitchell on the return train, and addressed to the Superintendent of the Road in this city. It is dated "Ten minutes past one o'clock."

Bridge No. 48 is broken in two—it let four of the passenger cars down into the bed of the creek, and one on top of them. Engine and one car came to the east side; engine all right, the car off clear of the track, and it will be necessary to transfer it. There are about 100 men wounded, and as many as ten or fifteen are known to be killed.—One of the brakesmen is under the ruins, not to be found; another got his leg broken, and otherwise injured; one of them all right. We sent him to Shoals as soon as got off; had to walk all the way, as some of the soldiers got the hand car. Two cars with officers and a baggage car were left on the west side I expect all right. Patterson, brakesman, lived in Vincennes and was buried in the ruins. Don't know but that fifteen will include the number killed until the roll is called. The Colonel says that is about the number killed, although nearly all of one company are missing.

It is thought that the bridge was weakened by some malicious persons. It gave way in the center, from the best information we can get.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 18.—11 o'clock.—The accident on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad proves to be worse than at first reported. Four passenger cars went into the creek, and one box and one baggage car on top of them. These cars contained 250 men, companies E, F, G and I. The two latter are the principal sufferers. Captain Howard, of Co. I, was killed. Up to this time about thirty dead have been taken out, and more are under the wreck. A train is now on the way here with 90 wounded. The impression at the wreck is that from 40 to 50 were killed. Circumstances indicate that the bridge had been tampered with by malicious or traitorous persons. The bridge was 60 feet span and 10 feet high, and had been lately inspected.

SEND your little child to sleep happy.—What ever cares press, give it a warm good-night kiss as it goes to its pillow. The memory of this, in the stormy years which fate may have in store for the little one will be like Bethlehem's star to the bewildered shepherds. "My father and my mother loves me!" Fate cannot take away that blessed heart-balm. Lips parched with the world's fever will become dewy again at this thrill of youthful memories. Kiss your little child before it goes to sleep.

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