



"TELL THEM TO OBEY THE LAWS AND UPHOLD THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES."—LAST WORDS OF STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

VOL. I.

URBANA, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, MAY 28, 1862.

NO. 9.

Poetry for the Hour.

"UNDER THE SNOW."

GENERAL LAMBERT LAST FORM.

The Spring had tripped and lost her flowers, The Summer scattered thro' the glades, The wounded fowl of Autumn hours Left ruddy footprints on the blades.

And all the glories of the woods Had fled their shadowy silences down, When, white as the storm it woods, She fled before the winter's frown.

For a sweet spring had lost its flowers, She fell, and passion's tongues of flame Ran reddening thro' the blushing bowers, Now haggard as her naked shame.

One secret thought her soul had screened, When prying maids sought her wrong, And blame stalked on a mouthing band, And mocked her as she fled along.

And now she bore its weight aloft, To hide it where one ghastly bird Held up the rafters of the roof, And grim old pine trees formed a church.

'Twas there her spring-time vows were sworn, And there, upon her frozen sod, While wintry midnight reigned forlorn, She knelt, and held her hands to God.

The cautious creatures of the air Looked out from many a secret place, To see the embers of despair Flash the grey ashes of her face.

And where the last week's snow had caught The grey head of a cypress limb She heard the music of a thought More sweet than her own childhood's hymn.

For, rising in that cadence low, With "Now I lay me down to sleep," Her mother rocked her to and fro, And prayed the Lord her soul to keep.

And still her prayer was heavily veiled, Held up in two cold hands to God, That, while as some old pine tree blazed, Gleamed far o'er that dark frozen sod.

The storm stole out beyond the wood, She grew the vision of a cloud, Her dark hair was a misty hood, Her stark face shown as from a shroud.

Still sped the wild storm's rattling feet To martial music of the pines, And to her cold heart's muffled beat Wheeling grandly into solemn lines.

And still, as if her secret's foe No mortal words had ever found, The dying sinner draped in snow Held up her prayer without a sound.

But when the holy angel came, Saw this lone vigil, lowly kept, They gathered from her frozen hands The prayer thus folded, and they wept.

Some snow-fakes—wiser than the rest— Som flattered o'er a thing of clay, First read this secret of her breast, Then gently robed her where she lay.

The dead dark hair, made white with snow, A still, stark face, two folded palms, And (mother's breath her secret low) An unborn infant—asking alms.

God kept her counsel; cold and mute His steadfast mourners closed her eyes; Her headstone was an old tree's root, Be mine to utter, "Here she lies."

Our Story-Teller.

WHY THE WIDOW JENKINS DIDN'T MARRY DR. WELLS.

"Why didn't the widow Jenkins marry Dr. Wells?" That was the exciting subject of debate before the Gossiptown "Ladies' Mutual Improvement and Widows' Relief Society," at one of their weekly meetings. Now, Dr. Wells had been very attentive to Mrs. Jenkins for a number of months. He invariably walked home with her from church, had escorted her to a number of pic-nics, and in many ways had evinced his partiality. As for the young and pretty widow, she did not appear to be at all displeased with these attentions; on the contrary, she received them with evident pleasure; so their marriage was considered a settled thing by the inhabitants of Gossiptown in general and the members of the "Ladies' Mutual Improvement and Widows' Relief Society," in particular.

So, when they learned that he had suddenly disappeared, without telling them where he was going, what he was going for, when he was coming back, &c., &c., all of which particulars they felt they had an undisputed right to know and without bidding any of them good bye, their astonishment and indignation were intense.

Strange and conflicting were their conjectures and various were the rumors that were thereby set afloat. Some said that he had been arrested for high treason, some that he was a spy from the Confederate army, while others did not hesitate to say that he was a bigamist, one of those wandering gentry who go from town to town, deceiving with their perfidious wills the susceptible hearts of that cunning sex whose gullibility has become proverbial.

But finally, after due deliberation and careful consideration of all the pros and cons, the why and wherefore, by the directors of the above-mentioned society, to-wit: Miss Dorothy Wormwood, Miss Lovetalk, Mrs. Pickflaw, and Mrs. Makefuss, they came to the unanimous conclusion "that this mysterious disappearance was occasioned by the rejection of Dr. Wells by the widow Jenkins, for some cause to them unknown, but supposed to be some terrible crime committed by the aforesaid doctor; and that the aforesaid gentleman had left Gossiptown clandestinely, to hide his discomfiture and to avoid the shame of a disclosure."

Indeed, Miss Lovetalk testified, "that one day, as she was walking past the widow's house, she saw the doctor and Mrs. Jenkins together in the garden, and distinctly heard the latter tell the former, 'That she should certainly expose his conduct.' And that the doctor replied, 'That he hoped she wouldn't as it would be the ruin of him.' Upon which the widow gave sort of a derisive laugh.

Whereupon Mrs. Pickflaw shook her head, and said, "That she didn't know what stronger proof they wanted than that. For her part, she was free to own that she never did like Dr. Wells. She knew he was a great favorite with some folks, but his smooth oily ways didn't go down with her! She never had said anything because she didn't wish to injure the young man's prospects, but it had long been her private opinion that he was nothing but a wolf in sheep's clothing!—Mothers ought to be very careful," she added, drawing herself up with dignity, "with whom they allow their daughters to associate. I took an early opportunity to warn my daughters against him; and it is very gratifying to me to reflect that they had the wisdom to profit by the advice." (Mam. When Dr. Wells first came to Gossiptown, this wise and prudent matron was very assiduous in her attentions, using every art in her power to entrap him into a marriage with one of her five unmarried daughters.)

"And the widow Jenkins is of the same piece, I'm of the opinion," said the amiable Miss Dorothy Wormwood. "The airs that woman puts on are perfectly ridiculous. I should think after this she'd hold her head a little lower."

"I should think so, too," chimed in the charitable Mrs. Makefuss. "I guess if the truth was known, it would be found out that she's no better than she ought to be! To my certain knowledge, she has been altogether too free, not only with Dr. Wells, but with other gentlemen I could mention. For my part, I should be glad if her conduct could be considered in the light of imprudence."

"It seems that she was not imprudent enough to marry Dr. Wells, remarked Miss Lovetalk; "though one could see, with half an eye, that she was over head and ears in love with him. What could have been the reason?"

This was re-echoed by the company, while deep perplexity sat upon all countenances. And this brings us back to the commencement of our story. "Why didn't the widow marry Dr. Wells?"

It was clear to these astute minds, that the widow herself was the only person who could settle this vexed question. But with all her kindness of heart and affability, there was a gentle dignity in this lady's manner that prevented any attempt at familiarity, so no one was bold enough to ask her point blank, and hints and insinuations she either could not, or would not understand.

Miss Lovetalk once ventured to ask, "if she expected to hear from the doctor?" to which she received a decided negative. And they had each, respectively, expressed their astonishment at his sudden disappearance, in the hope of obtaining some clue to the mystery, but the widow listened in grave silence, giving them no intimation, by word or look, that she knew any more about it than they; so they were completely baffled.

"There is Hattie Burns going by!" said Mrs. Wormwood, suddenly, as she happened to glance out of the window. "I'll warrant she knows something about it, if she was only a mind to tell, she is over to the widow's, more'n half the time."

"I shouldn't wonder if she did," exclaimed Miss Lovetalk. "I mean to call her in."

Hattie was called in accordingly; and no important witness ever underwent a sharper cross-questioning at the hands of the most ingenious criminal lawyer than did the astonished girl before this self-constituted "Court of Inquiry."

But they elicited nothing of importance.—Hattie solemnly declared "that she hadn't heard Mrs. Jenkins mention the doctor's name; though she had thought that she seemed more sober than usual since he went away."

At last by the dint of tact and flattery with which they plied her liberally, Hattie, who was but a young, giddy girl, and not a little elated at the idea of being a person of so much importance, was induced to promise that she would ask Mrs. Jenkins why she refused Dr. Wells, for that she had refused him they were fully convinced, and duly report her reply.

Hattie had hardly left the house before she heartily repented of the promise that she had so thoughtlessly made, but as she had given her word she determined to redeem it.

So the next morning she set out upon her errand. The nearer she approached the house, the more unpleasantly she felt; for she was a sensible, though impulsive girl, and could not but feel upon reflection, that this inquiry was impertinent, and one which their intimacy, open and unrestrained as it was, gave her no right to make.

When she reached the house, the cloud upon her usually sunny brow and the unwonted constraint of her manner, could not fail to be noticed by Mrs. Jenkins, who, though but a few years her senior, felt a motherly interest in the young girl, who was an orphan.

"What ails you, Hattie?" she inquired kindly. Are you sick?"

"No—yes," stammered poor Hattie, who began to feel what little courage she had been able to muster oozing out of the ends of her fingers "that is, I don't feel very well. The fact is," she added, desperately, "I've got into a scrape."

The kind-hearted widow looked a little anxious, for she was well acquainted with Hattie's impulsive disposition, but she said quietly, "And you have come to ask me to help you out of it?"

"Yes. And if you only will, my dear Mrs. Jenkins, I promise you that I will never get into such another."

"You may be sure that I will do the best I can for you, Hattie, but you must first tell me what it is?"

"Well, the 'society ladies' yesterday made me promise to ask you a question, a very impertinent one, I am sure you will say, when you hear it."

Mrs. Jenkins' countenance cleared. "Is that all, you silly child?" she said. "Why, I thought it was something terrible! But do pray tell me what the question is? I am very curious to know."

"They want to know," said Hattie hesitatingly, "why you didn't marry Dr. Wells? They will have it that he has turned out some dreadful character, a pirate, a robber, to say the least; and that you have found it out and dismissed him."

Mrs. Jenkins' expressive countenance as she heard this, underwent various changes; first she looked astonished, then indignant, then she colored and then smiled.

"I hope you are not angry," said Hattie, in some trepidation, as Mrs. Jenkins made no reply. "I promised to ask you, so I thought I must. But you needn't tell me, indeed I hope you won't. I don't see why it should be any of their business, and I'm sure it's none of mine."

"I am not in the least angry with you, Hattie," said the widow, smiling. "Though I should advise you not to be so hasty, another time, in giving your promise, inasmuch as this occasioned you so much uneasiness, you may tell these ladies, that I will invite them to take tea at my house to-morrow afternoon and that I will then and there answer that important question, I trust, to their entire satisfaction. You may come, too, Hattie," she added, as the young girl caught up her hat preparatory to making a hasty exit.

This message was received by the aforesaid ladies with mingled surprise and self-congratulation. With surprise, because Mrs. Jenkins had, hitherto, stood steadily aloof from the society; because she had been so uncharitable as to declare it to be nothing but a "school for scandal," and that it accomplished far more mischief than good. With self-congratulation, because they felt, with Miss Wormwood's felicitous expression, "that something was coming now that would astonish some folks."

The next day at the appointed hour, found them all quietly seated in Mrs. Jenkins' pleasant little parlor.

Mrs. Jenkins received them with her usual amiability. Indeed, she was more than usually sociable, and seemed to be particularly desirous of making her guests feel perfectly at home. But there was a certain constraint in their manner, but especially in their tongues, which were more than usually quiet, and their minds seemed to be solemnly impressed with the important disclosure that was about to be made. Every time their hostess opened her mouth to speak all eyes were fixed upon her in eager expectancy, and as there fell from her lips some casual remark, as far as possible from the subject of their thoughts, their disappointment was evident.

But the widow seemed to be quite unconscious of all this. She looked as cool and comfortable in her simple white muslin, laughed as gaily and chatted as though there was no such person as Dr. Wells in existence, and nothing in the mystery of his disappearance that she was expected to clear up.

The afternoon wore slowly away, and Mrs. Jenkins led her guests out to the supper table, whose bountifully spread board seemed to have a benign effect upon those for whom it was provided.

As they seated themselves around it, and sipped the fragrant nectar, vulgarly called tea, their hearts began to expand under its genial influence, and they all commenced, with one accord, to praise the light and crisp biscuits, the spicy loaf cakes, the delicious custards and preserves, &c., which they severally declared were the best they had ever tasted. All of which were made by the small, white hands of their hostess, who was a notable little house-keeper, and though she kept one servant, generally spent a part of each morning in the kitchen.

The pretty widow bore the honors very meekly; though she did not, in accordance with the time-honored custom, declare, "that there was nothing on the table fit to eat, and that she was really afraid that none of them would be able to make out a supper."

But the supper, like all subsidiary joys, came to an end at last, and the whole party adjourned to the parlor. As soon as they were seated themselves, a deep silence reigned, for they perceived by the widow's look and manner that she was about to speak.

This time Mrs. Jenkins did not disappoint them. "Ladies," she said, in a tone that instantly secured their attention, "I have understood that you are all very anxious to know why I haven't married Dr. Wells.—Have I been correctly informed?"

"Yes, my dear Mrs. Jenkins," said Miss Dorothy Wormwood, who, being President of the "society," and accustomed to speak in public, volunteered to become spokesman for the rest, "you are. Not from motives of curiosity, oh, no, we are above such feelings, but because we are anxious that the villain should be unmasked who has so basely deceived us. That in case he should return, which God forbid, he should not be allowed to desecrate with his unholy presence our virtuous and peaceful home."

Having given vent to this burst of eloquence the amiable spinster leaned back in the chair, and subsided into a solemn silence, whose dignity struggled unsuccessfully with the impatience distinctly visible in every glance of the keen restless eyes, and in each line of the sharp angular face.

Mrs. Jenkins continued; "In order that I may relieve the disinterested and highly commendable anxiety which has so distracted your minds for some weeks past, and silence the many rumors to which it has given rise, I have concluded to answer that important question to the best of my ability, upon two conditions. The first is that the secret which I shall unfold to you be strictly confined to your own bosoms."

This was said with a look and tone of great solemnity, and as the reader will readily imagine, it produced a corresponding degree of curiosity and excitement in those who heard it.

They all, individually and collectively, began immediately to declare "that they would never breathe a syllable to any living being!" Miss Wormwood heroically adding, "Not if he was to be stretched upon the rack?"—Which, as there was little danger of the occurrence of that rather unpleasant alternative, seemed to be somewhat superfluous.

"My other condition," resumed Mrs. Jenkins, "is that none of you ask me another question concerning it."

This last condition was harder to be complied with; but as the widow declined to proceed without it, they gave their consent to that also.

"Then ladies," said Mrs. Jenkins, speaking slowly and distinctly, "I will inform you that the reason why I haven't married Dr. Wells, is—because he has never asked me!"

So completely absorbed were these ladies in this anxiously expected revelation, that they had not noticed that they had an addition to their number, in the form of a tall, fine looking gentleman, who had stood for a few moments on the threshold of the half opened door, evidently uncertain as to whether he had better advance or retreat. Neither did the widow observe it, until at the conclusion of her sentence, she raised her eyes, and met the gaze of the large and handsome pair that were fixed upon her countenance, in which there was a singular blending of mirthfulness and wonder.

The consciousness that he had heard what she had said, sent the warm blood to her cheeks, but she did not lose, otherwise, the quiet self-possession that characterized her usual manner.

Dr. Wells, for it was he, had already received an inkling of the rumors that were afloat concerning him, so he was at no loss to understand the present state of affairs. But without appearing to notice the evident consternation of the company at his unexpected entrance, he turned to the widow, and said quietly, "Good evening, Mrs. Jenkins. I rang twice at the door, but receiving no attention, and hearing the sound of voices within, I ventured to enter unannounced."

Then, without waiting for a reply, he turned to the rest of the company, and inclining his head remarked, "I believe that I owe an apology to some of my good friends here for alarming illness of a near relative will prove, I am confident, to such kind and charitable hearts a sufficient excuse."

A deep silence followed these words, which was broken by Miss Dorothy Wormwood, who rising from her seat, said, "That it was getting dark, and she guessed that she would have to be going."

Whereupon a number of others stood up declaring, that they "had no idea that it was so late!"

So, one by one, they stole out, confusion upon their countenances, and shame and discomfort in their hearts, leaving the doctor and the widow to themselves.

Now we would not have the reader suppose, for one moment, that we would be guilty of such a breach of confidence as to relate the conversation that followed; besides, we are well aware, though the most delightful thing imaginable to the parties themselves, that it is sufficiently flat and stupid to everybody else, especially when put upon paper. But this we may safely say, that if the widow Jenkins didn't marry Dr. Wells, it wasn't because he didn't ask her!

All Sorts of Good Reading.

A Michigan Captain Captures Thirteen Live Scotch.

At daybreak this morning our regiment (3d Michigan Cavalry) left Hamburg Landing, three miles from the left of Shiloh, and two miles from Pittsburg Landing; from our advanced posts on the road to Corinth; and, having reached our destination, but before the regiment had formed in line where we were to camp, the news came that the enemy were driving in our pickets, which needed no further confirmation than the volleys of musketry that came echoing along the woods from a southerly direction. Orders came at once for two companies of our regiment, and two companies of the Seventh Illinois Cavalry, to be immediately sent to assist the pickets and repel their attack. Col. Minker detailed Company I, Captain T. H. Botham, and Company M, Capt. Thos. Sailor, to assist in the service to be performed, and they, with the two Illinois companies, all under the command of Major W. S. Barton, also of the Third, one of the coolest and most accomplished officers, went forward at a rapid gait, and were soon in the direct vicinity of the rebel cavalry, which was about three hundred strong, as we afterwards learned. The rebels were posted in a thick wood, but in their rear the country assumed the character of "oak openings," for the distance of a mile, and then again came the most impenetrable underbrush, covering low marshy ground. One of the Iowa companies engaged the foe in front, the other took off to the left, while companies L and M, by a rapid detour to the right, attempted to gain their

rear. Meantime the firing was brisk in front, and the latter companies urged their horses forward at the top of their speed, but the enemy soon espied their movement, and turning their horses, clapped spurs to them, and away they flew in the direction of Corinth.

Forward dashed the Federal cavalry in pursuit. The race at once became exciting. They had the start of us, but we kept firing at them, and finally, with drawn sabres, we were among them. The first "scotch" blood drawn, flowed from a long-legged chap in buttoned habiliments, who dismounted and attempted to gain a thicket at the right, but Captain Botham, who led the advance, was too quick for him, and giving him a handsome blow that laid open his skull and a portion of his neck and head, put him in a condition that rendered his capture perfectly easy. Another fellow in the everlasting butternut, strove hard to escape, but a well mounted Illinois bay dashed up to his side and ordered him to halt. Nothing hesitating, on he went, faster and faster, the command to halt was repeated with no result, when the Federal clapped his revolver just back of the poor wretch's ear, and firing, sent a ball quite through his head. The horse gave a leap at the report, the body rolled out of the saddle, and when we returned, lay stark and stiff where it had fallen. On we went, over hills, and logs, and gullies, while, meantime, the rebels separated, one party keeping straight forward, the other varying off to the right; and now occurred, I will venture to say, one of the most gallant and daring feats of personal bravery that the annals of this war can furnish.

Captain Botham, who was finely mounted, pursued the rebels who bore off to the right, and with the cry, "Come on boys!" gave his horse rein and spur, and quickly disappeared in the wood through which their course lay. He was followed by two or three of our cavalry, Captain Sailor taking the same direction with his company. But Captain Botham, without hat, his face glowing with excitement, his sabre flashing aloft, outstripped all save the three men in question, and went flying after the frightened foe, now fairly on the Corinth road. The cavalry ran well, but the mud-sills gained upon every instant. The party numbered about fifty strong; and in the mad race they threw away their blankets, haversacks, and, in some instances, their revolvers, carbines, and sabres. Like all reconnoitering parties, they were all armed to the teeth. At the end of the first mile the Captain led both of his companions behind, and about the time the half of the second mile was accomplished he came up with the rear of the flying column, selling at the top of his voice, "By a single blow with his sabre, he killed the first man he reached, the good blade cleaving his skull; but just at this time observing a road that led into a field on the right, in order to avoid a stretch of the highway that was very bad, he dashed into it, and by the maneuver headed off about thirty of the rebels, crying out to them to surrender or he would cut them all down, at the same time swinging his sabre madly around his head. They drew rein at once, and there he stood alone with them, and in a loud voice bade them throw down their arms and surrender. Meantime, one-half of them, when they found themselves headed off, turned down a road to the left. But their captor put a stop to this by swearing that if another man left he would shoot him dead in his saddle. The two cavalrymen who started with Capt. Botham now came up and disarmed the prisoners. Upon counting them the Captain found that he had bagged thirteen live "scotch" single-headed and alone! Has the feat been beaten during the war? Thirteen of the cavalry taken by a single mud sill! Upon each of the prisoners was either a loaded pistol, a loaded carbine, or a sabre. They were never more completely panic stricken. They were all safely brought to camp. Eight or ten others were also taken, and four or five killed and wounded. None of our men received a scratch, although several of our horses were wounded.—Cor. Detroit Advertiser.

Palpit Politics and Parson Brownlow—Yancey and the Parson.

But a few weeks prior to the Presidential Election, they announced in their papers that the great bull of the whole disunion flock was to speak in Nashville—a man, the two first letters of his name are W. L. Yancey—a fellow that the Governor of South Carolina paraded out of the State prison for murdering his wife, Dr. Earl. He was announced to speak, and the crowd was two to one Union men. I had never spoken to him in all my life. He called out in an insolent manner "Is Parson Brownlow in this crowd?" The disunionists bellowed out, "Yes, he is here."

"I hope," said he, "the Parson will have the nerve to come upon the stand and have me catch him." "No." But the crowd bellowed to Yancey, "Brownlow is here, but he has not nerve enough to mount the stand where you are." I rose and marched up the steps and said, "I will show you whether I have the nerve or not." "Sir," said he—and he is a beautiful speaker, and personally a very fine looking man—"are you the celebrated Parson Brownlow?" "I am the only man on earth," I replied, "that fills the bill!" (Laughter.) "Don't you think," said Yancey, "you are badly employed as a preacher, a man of your cloth, to be dabbling in politics, and meddling with State affairs?" "No, sir," said I; "a distinguished member of the party you are sitting with once took Jesus Christ up upon a mount—(uproarious laughter)—and said to the Savior, look at the kingdoms of the world. All this I will give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me." "Now, sir," said I, "his reply to the devil is my reply to

you, "Get thee behind me, Satan." (Renewed laughter and applause.) I rather expected to be knocked down by him; but I stood with my side to him, and a cocked Derringer in my breeches pocket. I intended if I went off the scaffold that he should go the other way. (Cheers.) "Now, sir," I said, "if you are through, I would like to make a few remarks." "Certainly, proceed," said Yancey.

"Well, sir, you should tread lightly upon the toes of preachers, and you should get those disunionists to post you up before you launch out in this way against preachers. Are you aware, sir, that this old gray headed man sitting here, Isaac Lewis, the President of the meeting, who has welcomed you, is an old disunion Methodist preacher, and Buchanan's pension agent here, who has been meddling in politics all his life time?" "Sir," said I, "are you aware that this man, James P. Thomas, on my left, is a Breckinridge elector for this Congressional District? He was turned out of the Methodist ministry for whipping his wife and slandering his neighbors." "Sir," said I, "are you aware that this young man, sitting in front of us, Colonel Loudon C. Haynes, the elector of the Breckinridge ticket for the State of Tennessee at large, was expelled from the ministry for lying and cheating his neighbor in a measure of corn?" "Now," said I, "for God's sake, say nothing more about preachers until you know what sort of preachers are in your own ranks!"—From Parson Brownlow's New York Speech.

Banner and His Fast Horses.

PASNON COURSE, Tuesday, May 13. The feature of the day, however, was a bit of sport not in the programme, and which no one had looked for. He of the Ledger, the Bonner, the great Bonner—who has not yet been headed in the Weeklies, nor on the road behind a gay pair of trotters with the ribbons in his own hands showed on the track with his equine wonders Lady Palmer and Flat-bush, of "vast renown." Handling the ribbons, he gave the throng a taste of both his and his horses' quality.

After a preliminary turn of a mile he halted before the stand, and asked the judges of the race just over to time him, and away he set his horses spinning at a rate that no double but Bonner's can do. He went without a skip through the first mile, well in hand, and with a pace to spare, until near its end, when a chirp quickened them for a split to the stand, to which they came in 2:32. The first mile over, the gay and noble pair rushed into their bits and flew away as no others, in double, to the pole, could fly, with steady stride, and never a break or a flaw of pace, dashed thro' the mile and passed the stand in 2:23.

Clapping of many hands, waving of fair handkerchiefs by the fair hands of delighted ladies, and the shouts of strong lungs, greeted the noble horses as they came home in so gay and so grand a manner; and when the signal went up with 5 m. 1 1/2 s. as the time of the miles done by a pair of gentlemen's horses, again the air was filled with huzzas, again fair hands waved white handkerchiefs, and fair tips smiled applause at no noble a feat. The throng had seen what no other throng had ever before seen, and could only be wild with delight. Mr. Bonner then announced that he would give any gentleman, who, driving his own pair, should go two miles beating 5 m. 1 1/2 s. the magnificent prize of ten thousand dollars, a willing gift for the pleasure conferred.

Our readers will recollect that this great feat is not Bonner's first great one, for last October, with the same pair, he trotted over the same course a mile in 2m. 27 s. This feat of yesterday, like that of last year, was a public display, and scores of watches told the time of flight that Bonner had done. To these we may add another yet more wonderful. A few days since this same pair did a single mile on the Fashion Course in 2m. 26s.—N. Y. Tribune.

A TRUSTY BEAT.—A lady last night was walking briskly down Chestnut street, evidently upon business. A magnificent black and white Newfoundland walked by her side. Having no arm to give her, he held one end of her handkerchief by way of substitute, in his teeth. He kept an eye and a half upon her charge, and used the other upon the sidewalk loafers who scoured the lady as she passed. At Eighth and Chestnut streets, where gamblers often congregate in the evening, "rope in" greenhorns to a crib in Walnut street, near Eleventh, a two-legged puppy made a motion toward the lady, when doggy showed a set of ivories that caused the loafer to turn his back at sudden notice. As the quadruped walked along he seemed proud of the charge, while the lady, we opine, felt quite as safe as if leaning upon the arm of a husband.—Philadelphia North American.

CONGRESSMAN AND TORPEDES.—A good joke occurred about Congressmen this afternoon. A Michigan Colonel was in command of the guard. Citizens were prohibited admittance. Several came up and asked the corporal to pass them, saying that they were Congressmen. The corporal stated the case to the Colonel.

"They are Congressmen, are they?" asked the Colonel.

"So they say."

"Well, let them pass and go where they please," said the Colonel. "Let them tramp on torpedoes, go into the magazines and where there is any prospect of their being blown to the devil, for that is the picked way to end the war.—Yorktown Correspondence.

A judicial election takes place in Kentucky this month. An order from General Halleck requires that all candidates who are Secessionists or Rebel sympathizers shall be arrested.

Col. Phelps on Arming Negroes.

COT. PHELPS of Missouri, the gallant and loyal member of Congress from the Springfield District, who led a regiment of loyal Missourians in the battle of Pea Ridge, made a speech in Congress the other day, on the question as to whether negroes should be armed. He said:

This is a war of white men, not of Indians and negroes, and the proposition to employ negroes to fight against white men is worse than one to employ Indians to fight against white men. During the American Revolution, when a proposition was made to employ savages for the purpose of putting down the rebellion of the thirteen colonies, it was denounced in the British Parliament. The slaveholders of a majority of them, were the last to give in to this rebellion, but those who from the first plotted this rebellion placed themselves at once at the head of the State governments in nearly all the Southern States. They had the executive and other State offices, and they controlled the Legislature, and they could do, therefore, whatever they saw fit to do. When the people of the seceding States met in convention and passed the ordinance of secession, by which they declared that they no longer owed allegiance to this government, they enacted, the condition in which they placed. There are laws on the statute books of every State punishing persons for treason against their State governments, and a Union man in any one of these rebellious States, if he had risen up to assert the supremacy of the United States, and declared allegiance to the government, would thereby subject himself to three old punishments.—First, the punishment of treason against the so-called confederate government; secondly, for treason against the government of his State; and, third, the punishment of being arrested by the military authorities, either of the confederate government, to do service or be despoiled of his property. As to the employment of negroes, the people were compelled to give the labor of their servants to aid in the construction of fortifications and intrenchments in the vicinity of the rebel armies. They did not do so willingly. They were coerced by military authority, for the people themselves, or a majority of them, were opposed to it. It would be wicked and unjust to turn the arms of these negroes against their former owners on the plea that they were opposed to and in arms against the Government.

Rebel Prices.

On the first day of May, eggs sold in Richmond, Virginia, according to the Richmond Examiner, for twenty-five cents per dozen, and butter for a dollar and a half a pound. High as these prices appear, they are not exorbitant in comparison with the prices demanded for butchers' meat, bacon, groceries, dry goods, wood, etc. Butchers' meat was held, according to quality, at between thirty-five and a half and fifty cents a pound; bacon (hog round) thirty-five cents; common brown sugar, forty cents; and firewood, from county carts, sold at the rate of twelve dollars a cord. In the way of dry goods, we give a few instances: Unbleached cotton is sold at from twenty-five to thirty-seven and forty cents a yard, according to the coarseness of the dry goods man; bleached cotton from thirty-five to forty cents per yard; spool cotton, two dollars a dozen; Irish linen, from seventy-five cents to one dollar and a quarter a yard, and domestics at fifty cents a yard.

A Screen given at the Astor House recently, was attended by Parson Brownlow, Capt. Bailey, famous as the second in command under Commodore Farragut, and other celebrities. During the festivities, the Capt. was called upon for a speech. One who was present thus reports it:

Now the Captain is the reverse of Parson Brownlow in figure and manner. He is a rotundity, and there is no "forty thousand parson power" of talking in him. I believe somebody pried him up with a handspike or in some way, and he underwent to make a speech. It is no detraction from Dr. Hitchcock, who made a most eloquent one just before, to say that the Captain's talk better, from pure want of words. "Gentlemen," said he, "as he nervously twisted his napkin into a hard rope and hesitated between his words—"I don't claim any more than my share—we don't any of us—we all want what belongs to us and no more. Farragut did it—he planned it all out; all we had to do was to obey his orders; that's just what we did. As to the particulars, the way of it was—was—well, we had a jolly good fight!" Whereupon the gallant Captain jumped himself into his chair.

Congressman and Torpedoes.

A good joke occurred about Congressmen this afternoon. A Michigan Colonel was in command of the guard. Citizens were prohibited admittance. Several came up and asked the corporal to pass them, saying that they were Congressmen. The corporal stated the case to the Colonel.