The Cass County Republican.

VOLUME IV. DOWAGIAC, CASS COUNTY, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1861. NUMBER 29.

The Republican,

Is Published every Thursday,
At Dowagiac, Cass County, Michigan.

OFFICE:
In G. C. Jones & Co.'s New Brick Block.

Terms of Subscription.

To office and mail subscribers $1,00 per annum, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

When left by the Carrier, Fifty Cents additional will be charged on regular rates.

Rates of Advertising.

(Twelve lines or less considered as a Square.)

	1 w.	3 w.	4 w.	3 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
One Square..	50	1.00	1.25	2.50	3.50	5.00
¼ Column..	2.00	2.50	3.00	6.00	8.00	15.00
½ Column..	3.00	3.75	4.50	7.00	12.00	20.00
¾ Column..	4.00	5.00	6.00	10.00	15.00	25.00
1 Column....	5.00	7.00	8.00	15.00	25.00	50.00

The privileges of yearly advertisers will be confined rigidly to their business, and all other advertisements not pertaining to their regular business, to be paid for extra.

All legal advertisements charged at the statute prices.

All transient advertisements to be paid for in advance.

☞ THE ABOVE TERMS WILL BE STRICTLY ADHERED TO.

☞ JOB WORK every description neatly executed with promptness, on the most favorable terms. Orders solicited.

Business Directory.

PROFESSIONAL.

T. P. SEELEY, A. M., M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office at his residence, on Commercial Street, second building north-west of the Post Office.
Dowagiac, Sept. 19, 1861. sep19-22y1

S. G. SANGER,
Commissioner of Deeds for the State of New York, Notary Public, and Agent of the Phœnix Insurance Company, of Hartford, Conn. Office with James Sullivan, front room, second floor of Jones' Brick Block. mar14-47m6

C. M. O'DELL, M. D.
Homeopathic Physician, Surgeon and Obstetrician.
Having bought out DR. BARNES and taking his Practice, feels happy to say to the citizens of Dowagiac and vicinity, that he is prepared to Practice his Profession in all its branches. He also keeps Medicines by the case or single phial for sale and Family Guides. Office over the Center Market.
Dowagiac, January 28th, 1861. jan31-41y1

M. PORTER, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office at Alward's Book Store, Denison Block, Front Street. Residence first door below the Methodist Church, Commercial St., Dowagiac, Mich. ap25v4y1

GEO. W. FOSDICK, M. D.
Office over Mr. Bates' Provision Store, Front Street, Dowagiac. nov22-31y1

JUSTUS GAGE,
Notary Public and general Agent for the exchange and transfer of Village Lots, and sale of real Estate. Agent for the Manhattan and Irving Insurance Companies, of New York. Office with James Sullivan, front room, second floor, Jones' Brick Block. nov22-31y1

W. H. CAMPBELL.
Notary Public. Will attend to all kinds of Conveyancing—Republican Office, Dowagiac, Mich.

CLARKE & SPENCER,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, and Solicitors Chancery. Office in G. C. Jones & Co.'s Block, Dowagiac, Michigan. Especial attention given to collections throughout the North-west.
JOSEPH B. CLARKE. ap25v4 JAMES M. SPENCER.

JAMES SULLIVAN,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery, Dowagiac, Mich. Office on Front Street. ap25v4y1

CLIFFORD SHANAHAN,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery, Cassapolis, Cass county, Mich.

MERCHANTS.

TUTHILL & STURGIS,
Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Clothing, Crockery, &c., &c. Dowagiac, Mich.
CYRUS TUTHILL. | WM. R. STURGIS.

GEORGE SMITH,
Tailor. Shop one door east of Howard & Comstock's. Cutting and Making done to order, and warranted to fit. july21v2

G. C. JONES & CO.
Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Crockery, Glassware, Hats and Caps. Front Street, Dowagiac, Mich.

D. LARZELERE & CO.,
Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Crockery, Hats and Caps, Glassware, Paints and Oils, Hardware, &c., &c. Front Street, Dowagiac, Mich.
DANIEL LARZELERE. | WILLIAM LARZELERE.

A. N. ALWARD,
General Dealer in Books, Stationery, Periodicals, Wall Paper, Window Shades, Wrapping Paper, Pocket Cutlery, &c. Dennison Block, Dowagiac, Mich. ap25v4

MISCELLANEOUS.

DOWAGIAC NURSERY.
SEELEY & COLE, having established themselves in the Nursery Business in this village, will furnish to order Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Lawton Blackberries, Cherry Currants, Grape Vines, Evergreens, and every variety of Shrubbery.
☞ Office on the corner of Commercial st., near the Post Office.
T. P. SEELEY, M. D.
feb1v3 WM. P. COLE.

P. D. BECKWITH,
Machinist and Engineer. Foundry and Machine Shop at the foot of Front street, near the railroad bridge, Dowagiac, Mich. ap25v4

H. B. DENMAN,
Banking and Exchange Office, Dowagiac, Mich. Buy and sell Exchange, Gold, Bank Notes, and Land Warrants. Pay interest on School and Swamp Lands, and Taxes in all parts of the State. ap25v4

TIME.
"Mark the moments as they fly."
N. P. WATSON
RESPECTFULLY announces to the citizens of Dowagiac and vicinity, that he has located at this place and will give his personal and undivided attention to the repairing of WATCHES, CLOCKS and JEWELRY.
Having for several years past been engaged in some of the best establishments in New England, he offers his services to this community with the utmost confidence that he will give satisfaction.
☞ Shop at the Drug Store of N. B. HOLLISTER.
Dowagiac, March 21st, 1861. mar21-48tf

A GOOD Supply of CANDY and NUTS at the Bakery. A. G. TOWNSEND.

EVERY THING REQUIRED in the School Room can be had at
35tf ALWARD'S BOOKSTORE

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

NOTICE is hereby given that by virtue of a lisence granted by Clifford Shanahan, Judge of the Probate Court for Cass County, Michigan, we shall offer for sale at public auction, the following described real estate, to wit: Village lots number 156, 157, 160, 161, 162 and 163 in the village of Dowagiac, in said County of Cass. Also, a part of lot number twelve in Beeson's addition to said village, commencing at the south-west corner of lot number twelve, thirty-two and a half feet front on Beeson street. Also, a certain strip of land bounded as follows: Commencing thirty-three feet from the south-east corner of lot number twelve in Beeson's addition to said village, thence north sixty-six feet, thence southerly to the corner of lot owned by John S. Gage, thence westerly to the place of beginning. Also, a strip of land commencing at the corner of lot number twelve in Beeson's addition to said village, running thence parallel with the Michigan Central Rail Road, thirty-six feet to a piece of land owned by William Bannard, thence north-west thirty-three feet and six inches along the line of Bannard's land, thence south-west thirty-six feet to Beeson street, thence south-east along the line of Beeson street, thirty-two and a half feet to the place of beginning, (the last three descriptions being the Tavern Stand in Dowagiac, called the Rochester House,) on Saturday the ninth day of November next, between the hour of nine o'clock in the forenoon and the setting of the sun the same day, on the premises above described, for the payment of the debts of William Bannard, deceased, subject to the right of Dower of Hannah B. Bannard, widow of said deceased.

HANNAH B. BANNARD, } Administrators.
DAVID H. WAGNER, }
September 21, 1861. oct3-24w6

MORTGAGE SALE.

DEFAULT having been made in the condition of a certain indenture of Mortgage, executed by Erastus Stark, of the County of Cass and State of Michigan, to Isaac N. Beeson, now of Mattison, in the State of Illinois, on the seventh day of April, A. D. 1858, and recorded April 7th, A. D. 1858, in the office of the Register of Deeds of Cass County, Michigan, in Liber G of Mortgages, on pages 532 and 533, and the amount claimed to be due on said Mortgage at the date of this notice being $74.78, and no suit at law having been instituted to recover the same or any part thereof: Therefore, notice is hereby given, that by virtue of a power of sale contained in said mortgage now become operative, and in pursuance of the Statute in such case made and provided, the premises herein described, to wit:—The north-west quarter (¼) of the north-west quarter (¼) of section twenty-nine (29,) in township five (5,) south of range sixteen (16) west, containing forty acres of land, more or less, situate in the County of Cass and State of Michigan, will be sold at public vendue, at the front door of the Court House, in Cassapolis, in said County of Cass, on Monday, the twenty-third day of December next, at the hour of one o'clock in the afternoon, to satisfy the amount then due, together with the costs and Attorney fee.

ISAAC N. BEESON, Mortgagee.
CHARLES W. CLISBEE, Attorney for Mortgagee.
Dated, September 28th, 1861. oct3-24w12

PROBATE ORDER.

STATE OF MICHIGAN—County of Cass.—ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Cass, holden at the Probate Office, in Cassapolis, on Thursday the tenth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one. Present—Clifford Shanahan, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Nancy Robinson, deceased. On reading and filing the petition duly verified, of John H. Oakley, praying for proof of will of said deceased and for letters of Administration.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Saturday, the ninth day of November next, at ten o'clock, in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be holden at the Probate Office, in Cassapolis, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted.

And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Cass County Republican, a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Cass, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

C. SHANAHAN,
[A true copy.] Judge of Probate.
October 10, 1861. oct17-26w3

PROBATE ORDER.

STATE OF MICHIGAN—County of Cass.—ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Cass, holden at the Probate Office, in Cassapolis, on Monday the twenty-first day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one. Present—Clifford Shanahan, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of George Smith, deceased. On reading and filing the petition duly verified, of Charles B. Smith, praying for letters of Administration, on the estate of said deceased.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Saturday, the sixteenth day of November next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be holden at the Probate Office, in Cassapolis, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted.

And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Cass County Republican, a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Cass, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

C. SHANAHAN,
[A true copy.] Judge of Probate.
October 21, 1861. oct24-27w3

Commissioner's Sale in Chancery.

IN pursuance of a decretal order of the Circuit Court for the County of Cass, in Chancery, entered March 12th, A. D. 1861, at the suit of George W. Holt, Complainant, against William C. Hussey, Isaac B. Hussey, Charles Hussey and Rodney C. Paine, Defendants, and to me directed, I shall expose for sale, at public auction, at the outer door of the Court House, in the village of Cassapolis in said County of Cass, on the 18th day of November next, at one o'clock in the afternoon of said day, the following described parcel of land to raise the amount due to the Complainant for principal, interest and costs, in this cause according to the aforesaid decree, which said lands are situate, lying and being in the County of Cass and State of Michigan, and known and described as follows, to wit: The west half (½) of the south-west quarter (¼) of section twenty-nine (29,) in township seven (7,) south of range sixteen (16) west.

☞ TERMS CASH.

CHARLES W. CLISBEE,
Circuit Court Commissioner,
Cass County, Michigan.
S. M. BRESON, Solicitor.
Dated, October 5th, 1861. oct10-25w6

THE CIRCUIT COURT FOR THE COUNTY OF CASS.

John S. Griffis, }
vs. } In Attachment.
Alfred K. Goodrich. }

Notice is hereby given that on the twelfth day of September, A. D. 1861, a writ of attachment was duly issued out of the Circuit Court for the County of Cass, at the suit of John S. Griffis, the above named Plaintiff, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements, moneys and effects of Alfred K. Goodrich, the above named Defendant, for the sum of one hundred and eighteen dollars, which said writ was returnable on the first Tuesday of October, A. D. 1861.

CLARKE & SPENCER,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.
Dated on this 17th day of October, 1861. 26w6

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY virtue of an execution issued out of and under the seal of the Circuit Court for the County of Cass and State of Michigan, to me directed and delivered, I have levied upon and shall sell at public auction, at the front door of the Court House, in the village of Cassapolis, County and State aforesaid, on Monday the second day of December, A. D. 1861, at one o'clock in the afternoon, all the right, title and interest of Alva A. Woodward, in and to the following described real estate, to wit: The north-west quarter of section fourteen, township seven, south of range thirteen west, 160 acres, be the same more or less.

BARTH W. SCHERMERHORN, Sheriff.
Dated at the Sheriff's Office, this 23d day of October, A. D. 1861. oct24-27w6

CASH FOR RAGS
AT
ALWARD'S BOOKSTORE.

LYON.

Sing, bird, on green Missouri's plain,
The saddest song of sorrow;
Drop tears, Oh clouds, in gentlest rain
Ye from the winds can borrow:
Breathe out, ye winds, your softest sigh,
Weep, flowers, in dewy splendor,
For him who knew well how to die,
But never to surrender.

Uprose serene the August sun
Upon that day of glory;
Upcurled from musket and from gun
The war cloud gray and hoary.
It gathered like a funeral pall,
Now broken and now blended,
Where rang the bugle's angry call,
And rank with rank contended.

Four thousand men, as brave and true
As e'er went forth in daring,
Upon the foe that morning threw
The strench of their despairing,
They feared not death—men bless the field
That patriot soldiers died on—
Fair Freedom's cause was sword and shield,
And at their head was Lyon!

Their leader's troubled soul looked forth
From eyes of troubled brightness;
Sad soul! the burden of the north
Had pressed out all its brightness;
He gazed upon the unequal fight,
His ranks all rent and gory,
And felt the shadows close like night
Round his career of glory.

"General come lead us!" loud the cry
From a brave band was ringing—
"Lead us, and we will stop, or die,
That battery's awful singing."
He spurred to where his heroes stood,
Twice wounded no wound knowing—
The fire of battle in his blood
And on his forehead glowing.

Oh, cursed for aye that traitor's hand,
And cursed that aim so deadly,
Which smote the bravest of the land
And dyed his bosom redly!—
Serene he lay while past him pressed
The battle's furious billow,
As calmly as a babe may rest
Upon its mother's pillow.

So Lyon died! and well may flowers
His place of burial cover,
For never had this land of ours
A more devoted lover
Living, his country was his bride,
His life he gave her dying;
Life, fortune, love—he nought denied
To her and to her sighing.

Rest, patriot, in thy hill-side grave,
Beside her form who bore thee!
Long may the land thou died'st to save
Her bannered stars wave o'er thee!
Upon her history's brightest page,
And on Fame's glowing portal,
She'll write thy grand, heroic rage,
And grave thy name immortal!

Mary Moore.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

CHAPTER I.

All my life long I had known Mary Moore. All my life long, too, I had known I loved her.

Our mothers were old playmates and first cousins. My first recollection is of a young gentleman in a turkey-red frock and morrocco shoes, rocking a cradle in which reposed a sunny haired blue-eyed baby, not quite a year old. That young gentleman was I, myself. Harry Church; that blue-eyed baby was Mary Moore.

Later still I saw myself at the little red school house, drawing my painted sled up to the door, and arranging my overcoat upon it, that Mary might ride home. Many a black eye have I gained on such occasions; for other boys liked her besides me, and she, I am afraid, was something of a flirt, even in her pinafore. How daintily she came tripping down the steps when I called her name! how sweetly her blue eyes looked up to me from the envious folds of her winter hood! how gaily her merry laugh rang out when by dint of superhuman exertions, I kept her sled before the rest, and let her stand upon the steps exultingly to see them all go by! The fairy laugh! No one but Mary could ever let her heart lay so upon her lips! I followed that laugh up from my days of childhood till I grew an awkward, blushing youth—I followed it through the heated noon of manhood, and now, when the frosts of age are silvering my hair, and many children climb my knee and call me "Father," I find that the memories of youth are strong, and that, grey hairs and all, I am following that music still. When I was fifteen, the first great sorrow of my life came upon me. I was sent away to a western school, and was obliged to part with Mary. We were not to see each other for three long years! This, to me, was like a sentence of death. For Mary was like life itself to me.

But hearts are tough things after all. I left college in all the flush and vigor of my nineteenth year. I was no longer awkward and embarrassed. I had grown into a tall, slender stripling, with a very good opinion of myself in general and particular. If I thought of Mary Moore, it was to imagine how I would dazzle and bewilder her with my good looks and wonderful attainments, never thinking that she might dazzle and bewilder me still more; I was a sad puppy I know; but as youth and good looks have fled, I trust I may be believed when I say that self conceit has left me also.

An advantageous proposal was made to me at this time, and accepting it, I gave up all ideas of a profession, and prepared to go to the Indies. In my hurried visit home, of two days, I saw nothing of Mary Moore. She had gone to a boarding school in Massachusetts, and was not expected home till the next fall. I gave one sigh to the memory of my little blue-eyed playmate, and then called myself a "man again."

"In a year," I thought as the stage whirled away from our door, "in a year, or three years at the very most, I will return, and if Mary is as pretty as she used to be—why, then perhaps I may marry her."

I stroked my building moustache with complacency, while I settled the future of a young lady I had not seen for four years. I never thought of the possibility of her refesing me—never dreamed that she would not stoop with grateful tears to pick up the handkerchief whenever I choose to throw it at her feet.

But now I know that had Mary met me then, she would have dispised me. She was as far above me as the heavens are above the earth. Perhaps in the scented and affected student she might have found plenty of sport; but as for loving me, or feeling the slightest interest in me, save a regret that I should make such an unlimited donkey of myself—I know her now.

India was my salvation, not merely because of the plentiful share of gold I laid up, but because my earnest labor counteracted the evil of my nature, and made me a better man. And when at the end of three years I prepared to return, I wrote nothing to the dear ones I was about to meet of the reformation which I knew had taken place.

"They loved me as I was," I murmured to myself, "and they shall find for themselves if I am better worth the loving as I am."

I packed up many a token from that land of gold, for the friends I was to meet. The gift for Mary Moore was one I selected with a beating heart. A ring of rough virgin gold, with my name and hers engraved inside; that was all, and yet the little toy thrilled me strangely as I balanced it upon the tip of my finger.

To the eyes of others it was but a small, plain circlet, suggesting thoughts perhaps by its daintiness, of the dainty white hand that was to wear it. But to me—oh, to me—how much was embodied there! A loving smile on a beautiful face—low words of welcome a happy home and a sweet face smiling there—a group of merry children to climb my knees—all these delights were hidden within that little ring of gold!

CHAPTER II.

A tall, bearded, sun-bronzed man, I knocked at the door of my father's house. The lights in the parlor windows, and the hum of conversation and cheerful laughter, showed me that company were assembled there. I hoped my sister Lizzie would come to the door, and that I might greet my family when no stranger's eyes were looking curiously on.

But no—a servant answered my summons. they were too merry in the parlor to heed the long absent one when he asked for admittance. Some such bitter thought was passing through my mind, as I heard the sounds from the parlor and saw the half-suppressed smile upon the servant's face.

I hesitated a moment before I made myself known, or asked after the family. And while I stood silent a strange apparation grew up before me. From behind the servant peered out a small golden head—a tiny, delicate form followed, and a sweet childish face and blue eyes were lifted up to mine; so like—so like the one that had brightened my boyhood, that I started back with a sudden feeling of pain.

"What may your name be, little one?" I asked, while the wondering servant held the door.

She lifted up her hands as if to shade her eyes, (I had seen that very attitude in another, in my boyhood, many and many a time,) and answered in a sweet, bird-like voice,

"Mary Moore."

"And what else?" I asked quickly.

"Mary Moore Chester," lisped the child.

My heart sunk down like lead. Here was the end to all the bright dreams and hopes of my youth and manhood! Frank Chester, my boyish rival, who had often tried in vain to usurp my place beside the girl, had succeeded at last, and had won the woman away from me! This was his child—his child and Mary's. And I must go in there, and meet her once again, and then go away forever, and die, if God would let me!

I sank, body and soul, beneath this blow. And hiding my face in my hands I leaned against the door, while my heart wept tears of blood. The little one gazed at me, grieved and amused, and put up her pretty lips as if about to cry, while the perplexed servant stepped to the parlor door, and called my sister out to find out who it could be that conducted so strangely.

I heard a light step, and pleasant voice saying:

"Did you wish to see my father sir?"

I looked up. There stood a pretty, sweet-faced maiden of twenty, not much changed from the dear little sister I had loved so well. I looked at her a moment, and then stilling the tumult of my heart by a mighty effort, I opened my arms, and said:

"Lizzie, don't you know me?"

"Harry! Oh, my brother Harry!" she cried and threw herself upon my breast. She wept as if her heart would break.

I could not weep. I drew her gently into the lighted parlor, and stood with her before them all.

There was a rush and a cry of joy; and then my father and mother sprang towards me, and welcomed me home with heartfelt tears! Oh, strange and passing sweet is such a greeting to the wayworn traveler? And as I held my dear old mother to my heart, and grasped my father's hand, while Lizzie still clung beside me, I felt that all was not yet lost, and though another had secured life's choicest blessing, many a joy remained for me in this dear sanctuary of home.

There was four other inmates of the room, who had arisen on my sudden entrance. One was the blue-eyed child whom I had already seen, and now stood beside Frank Chester, clinging to his hand. Near by, stood Lizzie Moore, Mary's eldest sister, and in a distant corner, where she had hurriedly retreated when my name was spoken, stood a tall and slender figure, half hidden by the heavy window curtains that fell to the floor.

When the first rapturous greeting was over, Lizzie led me forward with a timid grace, and Frank Chester grasped my hand.

"Welcome home, my boy," he said with the loud, cheerful tones I remembered so well. "You have changed so I should never have known you—but no matter for that—your heart is in the right place, I know."

"How can you say he is changed!" said my mother gently. "To be sure he looks older and graver, and more like a man than when he went away—but his eyes and smile are the same as ever. It is that heavy beard that changes him. He is my boy still."

"Aye mother," I answered sadly, "I am your boy still."

God help me! At that moment I felt like a boy, and it would have been a blessed relief to have wept upon her bosom, as I had done in my infancy. But I kept down the beating of my heart and the tremor of my lip, and answered quietly, as I looked in his full handsome face.

"You have changed, too, Frank, but I think for the better."

"Oh, yes—thank you for the compliment," he answered with a hearty laugh.

"My wife tells me I grow handsomer every day."

"His wife! could I hear that name and keep silence still?"

"And have you seen my little girl?" he added, lifting the infant in his arms and kissing her crimson cheek.

"I tell you Harry, there is not another like her in the United States. Don't you think she looks very much as her mother used to?"

"Very much," I faltered.

"Hallo!" cried Frank, with a suddenness that made me start violently. "I have forgotten to introduce you to my wife; I believe you and she used to be playmates in your young days—eh, Harry?" and he slapped me on the back. "For the sake of old times, and because you were not here at the wedding, I will give you leave to kiss her once—but mind, old fellow, you don't repeat the ceremony. Come—here she is, and for once I will manage those ferocious moustaches of yours, in the operation."

He pushed Lizzie, laughing and blushing, towards me! A gleam of light and hope, almost too dazzling to bear, came over me, and I cried out before I thought:

"*Not* Mary!"

It must have betrayed my secret to every one in the room. But nothing was said—even Frank, in general so obtuse, was this time silent. I kissed the fair cheek of the young wife, and hurried to the silent figure looking out of the window.

"Mary—Mary Moore," I said in a low eager voice. "Have you alone no welcome to give to the wanderer?"

She turned and laid her hand in mine, and murmured hurriedly.

"I am glad to see you here Harry."

Simple words—and yet how blest they made me! I would not have yielded up that moment for an Emperor's crown! For there was the happy home group and the dear home fireside, and there sweet Mary Moore? The eyes I had dreamed of by day and by night were falling before the ardent gaze of mine—and the sweet face I had so longed and prayed to see, was there before me—more beautiful, more womanly, and more loving than before! I never knew the meaning of happiness till that moment came!

Many years have passed since that happy night, and the hair that was dark and glossy then, is fast turning gray. I am growing to be an old man and can look back to a long and happy, and a well spent life. And yet sweet as it has been, I would not recall a single day for the love that made my manhood so bright, shines also upon me in my white hairs. An old man! Can this be so? At heart I am as young as ever. And Mary, with her bright hair parted smoothly from a brow that has a slight furrow upon it, is still the Mary of my early days. To me she can never grow old, nor change. The heart that held her in infancy and sheltered her piously in the flush and beauty of womanhood, can never cast her out 'till life shall cease to warm it. Nor even then, for love still lives in heaven.

☞ "There is no peace this side of the grave," said a distinguished clergyman who was preaching at the grave of a friend.

"Well, old chap," said a jolly Jack tar, "you can come over this side, we are quiet enough here."

☞ "A clergyman praying at a camp-meeting in a most fervent manner for the power of the devil to be curtailed, a zealous old negro loudly exclaimed:

"Amen, yes, bress de Lord, cut he tail smack and smoove off."

Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.

Interesting General Order---Glimpse of what the Naval Expedition Expects to do.

An interesting general order was issued yesterday, and read on board each vessel. I subjoin a copy.

HEADQUARTERS, E. C., STEAMER ATLANTIC, October 25, 1861.

SPECIAL ORDERS, No. 19.—1. This command will sail for its destination in a very few days, under convoy of a naval squadron, commanded by commander Dupont. The transports will move in three columns, and in rear of the main body of the squadron. The transports belonging to the First Brigade will compose the right column; those of the Second Brigade and Third Rhode Island Regiment the centre, and the Battalion of Volunteer Engineers, the left column.

2. Each vessel will retain its order in column, and the columns will move in parallel lines equidistant, regulating from the right. The sail vessels and other transports, inadequate to the task of sailing with the fleet, will be towed by such steamers as the Chief Quartermaster may designate. Commander Dupont, in co-operation with the land forces, has kindly made such an arrangement of his fleet as will secure the transports from unnecessary diffusion, and all senior officers on transports, and masters of vessels, will enter into the spirit of, and conform to these arrangements, a plan of which will be duly given.

The General Commanding announces to the Expeditionary Corps that *it is intended to make a descent upon the enemy's coast*, and probably under circumstances which will demand the utmost vigilance, coolness and interpidity, on the part of every officer and man of his command. In consideration of the justness and holiness of our cause, of the ardent patriotism which has postponed the virtuous and industrious citizens of our land to fly to their country's standard in the moment of her peril, he most confidently believes that he will be effectually and efficiently supported in his efforts to overthrow a zealous, active and wily foe, whose cause is unholy, and principles untenable.

3. On the approach of the transports to the place of disembarkation, each Brigade Commander will anchor his transports as near each other as practicable, and will at the proper time superintend the disembarkation of his brigade. The surf boats, and other means of disembarkation at hand, are believed to be capable of landing at once from three to four thousand men. The surf boats are different sizes; two of the largest may take the officers and men of a company of one hundred men; two of the next size a company of seventy men, and so on in proportion. The other means of transportation may take the remainder of a brigade, with possibly one or two sections of field artillery.

4. The disembarkation will be made in three lines. The first line will be the brigade of Gen. Wright, flanked by two sections of Hamilton's Light Battery, accompanied by the squad of regular Sappers and Miners, and two companies of Serrell's Volunteer Engineers, with a sufficient supply of entrenching tools and sand bags. The second will be the brigade of Gen. Stevens, and, if necessary, accompanied by a section of Hamilton's Battery, and two field pieces, to be manned by a company of the Third Rhode Island Regiment. The reserve will be composed of Gen. Viele's brigade, the remaining portions of Sirrell's Volunteer Engineers and the Third Rhode Island Regiment, and will be disposed of according to circumstances.

5. The boats of not only each company, but of each regiment and brigade, will land abreast, as far as practicable, and in the order of battle. The utmost effort will be made to effect the landing in that order. Should it be found impracticable to land immediately from the lighters, then the surf boats, when emptied, will immediately proceed to the rapid landing of the men from the lighters, and as soon as the whole line is landed, all the boats will return and bring forward in like manner the troops of the second line, and so with the reserve.

6. The general officers and commanders of battalions, &c., will be furnished in time with the plan of descent and the peculiar order of battle. It is probable that the first line will have to conquer the ground on which to establish itself, and if opposed by greatly superior numbers, to manœuvre and probably to momentarily entrench. If not seriously opposed the first line, after overcoming immediate difficulties, will continue to drive backward the enemy, but will not venture beyond supporting distance from the shore before the landing of the General Commanding, or without his special order.

7. The commanding officer of the Naval Squadron has kindly consented to furnish 300 sailors to assist in launching and manning the surf-boats, and he appeals to the patriotism of the masters, mates and sailors of the several transports to furnish an additional number of coxswains and oarsmen. Any deficiency of oarsmen in surf-boats will be supplied from the platoons on board of these respectively, so that each boat, when ready, may be rapidly rown ashore. The soldier oarsmen will land and form with their platoons.

8. General and field officers, with their respective staffs, will endeaver to obtain landing boats for themselves, and the necessary coxswains and oarsmen from the transports and other hired vessels of the fleet.

9. The senior officers of the troops on board each transport will arrange with the master for voluntary helps of this kind, which may be needed and can be given, and will make a special report to Headquarters, as early as practicable, of the assistance thus rendered.

10. As soon as the landing shall have been effected, the surf and other landing boats will revert to the Chief-Quartermaster for immediate supplies.

11. The sick and non-effective men will remain on board the several transports, until provision can be made for them on shore. The non-effective will be especially charged with the care of the sick, under directions to be left by the respective medical officers.

12. Medical officers, excepting one from each brigade, to be designated by the respective brigade commanders, will land with the troops. The three medical officers left afloat will, under the direction of the Medical Director, divide the duty by visiting all the sick on board, including those of the Third Rhode Island Regiment, and the battalion of Volunteer Engineers.

By order of
(Signed) Brig.-Gen. T. W. SHERMAN.
LOUIS H. PELOUZE, Captain 15th Infantry.
Assistant Adjutant-General.

A War Between France or England and the United States, Impossible.

(From the Boston Post, Oct. 22.)

What with "sensation" dispatches, gross exaggeration, conflicting reports and ingenious misconstructions of fact, it is not wonderful that the public mind should be confused by what, in reality, are offshoots or details, and should occasionally be turned aside from a close and steadfast contemplation of the grand real march of events.

Now the one great truth about France and England, just now of their pressing need of breadstuffs. This is admitted in both countries by all the authorities. Great Britain alone, according to the *Times*, has imported $100,000,000 worth of cereals in the last eight months.

What France has purchased abroad we know not exactly, but she has already bought so much that in Paris money is 6 per cent. while it is only 3 per cent. in Holland and Germany, and but 4 in Belgium, her next neighbor. France has not had so bad a harvest for twenty years. At last accounts the Bank of France had borrowed *five millions* of dollars of individuals—a proceeding without a precedent, and it was reported that a loan of two millions sterling was to be obtained of the Bank of England.

Of the English imports during the last eight months, the United States have furnished 36½ per cent. in wheat, and 61 per cent. of floor, and from the figures given, it is evident that the continent of Europe in general has all it can do to take care of itself in respect to bread. At the same time, it is a well ascertained fact that for a year to come, at all events, Europe will take all the breadstuffs we can spare at a good price. At this moment there are in New York from thirty to thirty-five large vessels loading with grain for Europe; while the weekly figures of exports, and the known condition of the grain markets and grain supplies abroad, fully sustain us in our general position. Moreover, Europe will take all we can spare, and even then *will have no considerable surplus* to carry into next year. In all probability, therefore, we are sure of large foreign demand for grain for two years to come.

And if we stop sending grain abroad, where is England to get the 36½ per cent. of flour, received this year, from the United States, and required in 1862, and perhaps in 1863? Grain is already quite high in Europe. Where would it stand if the American supply of these millions of bushels per week were to be cut off, or even *if there were any reasonable fear of such a disaster.*

We do not question that great Britain, under certain circumstances, could be drawn into war, corn or no corn; but, as an English Minister once said to an American Ambassador, the United States can do almost anything with England." Great Britain needs our bread more than she needs our cotton.

Losing our cotton and losing our trade, *she must have bread nevertheless;* and France must have it even more than Great Britain. American affairs have already injured both countries severely, and the worst, perhaps, has not yet been experienced. But war would not help them, either cotton or trade, *and they know it;* while war would *double the price of bread* to their work people, already needy and discontent. Our position is, therefore, that war with England or France is almost impossible, *unless it be declared by the United States*, whatever may be the feelings of the European Governments or newspapers.

OAT STRAW AS FOOD FOR SICK ANIMALS.—"I have often noticed," says Dr. Dadd, "that sick horses will eat oat straw in preference to any other kind of fodder; as a matter of course, however, some will refuse to eat it. Oat straw contains a large proportion of nutrimental matter and some phosphates, and when converted into a sort of bran by means of mill-stones, is a very nourishing diet. This sort of ailment is useful when combined with ground oats, for animals whose systems lack the requisite amount of phosphates. A milch cow, for example, the subject of prostrating disease, is very much benefitted by food of this kind.

SENSE.—A sensible wife looks for her employment at home—a silly one abroad