THE WEEKLY CAUCASIAN.

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The Weekly Caucasian.

By JULIAN, ALLEN & Co.

J. M. JULIAN. E. ALLEN. W. G. MUSGROVE.

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to which she invites their attention; and a call from them is solicited before purchasing elsewhere, as I am satisfied that I can please them both in PRICE, QUALITY and TASTE.

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Her stock consists in part of Bonnets, Hats, Caps, Flowers, Ribbons Ornaments, &c. Thankful for past favors, she solicits a share of public patronage.

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Store on Main Street, one door east of the Public Square. may16 6m

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FIRST class hotel. Coaches run regularly to and from the house, to connect with all boats. And also, stages leave from this hotel every morning, connecting with the various railroads. Good Stables connected with the house. my9 1y

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WITH CHAPMAN & THORP, manufacturers and dealers in

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ARMSTRONG & BELLES,

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At their old stand three doors east of the City Hotel, which will give the LARGEST and BEST ASSORTMENT west of Saint Louis.

We extend a continuance of the patronage so liberally bestowed upon us heretofore, and shall give our best attention to the wants and interests of all our patrons. In

VARIETY AND CHEAPNESS

our stock will be unequalled by any other house, and we shall make it an object for customers to buy their goods of us. ARMSTRONG & BELLES. ap25 6f

OUR DEAD.

BY ED. A. M. HORBY.

"My house shall be called of all nations the house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves."

"Beware of false prophets which come to you in sheep's clothing; but inwardly they are ravening wolves."

"It was the worst work that Satan and sin undertook in this world; and they that suffered in it were not martyrs in a good cause, but convicts in a bad one. Who shall comfort them that sit by dishonored graves?—Sermon of Henry Ward Beecher.

Vile, brutal man! and dared thou
In God's anointed place to teach—
With impious tongue and brazen brow—
The lessons Hell would blush to preach?
The crud haunt thy lips hath hissed
Beneath Religion's holy screen,
Is false—as false Iscariot's kiss;
Is false—as thou art vile and mean.

Are these the lessons which He taught?
And was His mission here in vain?
Peace and good-will seven words of nought—
Hell rules the earth with hate again!
And thou! its chosen instrument,
Hyena-like, with heartless tread,
Hast dared invade, with blood-hound scent,
The sacred precincts of the dead.

Not such from those, dear brave old South
Who met thee in thine hour of might!
But from the coarse, polluted mouth
Of coward curs who feared to fight;
Dear loved old South! confirm the curse
That those who hate shall heap on you:
You've wept behind War's bloody hearse,
That bore away your brave and true!

Their precious blood, though vainly shed—
Long as thy shore old Ocean laves—
We'll bow with reverence o'er our dead,
And bless the turf that wraps their graves.
From Mexico to Maryland,
Those graves are strewn like Autumn leaves;
What though no mother's tender hand
Upon the tomb a chaplet weaves.

Nor wives nor sisters bend above
The honored soldier's unmarked mound—
They are objects of eternal love
In consecrated Southern ground.
It reeks not where their bodies lie—
By bloody hill-side, plain or river—
Their names are bright on fame's proud sky,
Their deeds of valor live forever.

The song-birds of the South shall sing
From forest grand, and flowery stem,
And gentlest waters murmuring,
Unite to hymn their requiem.
And Spring will deck their hallowed bed
With types of resurrection's day;
And silent tears the Night bath shed
The Morning's beam will kiss away.

Those heroes rest in solemn fame
On every field where Freedom bled;
And shall we let a touch of shame
Fall like a blight upon our dead?
No—wretch! we scorn thy hatred now,
And publish thee from pole to pole,
The brutes are better far than thou,
For hell would blush to own thy soul.

"Dishonored graves?" take back the lie
That's breathed by more than human hate,
Lest, Ananias-like, you die,
Not less deserving of his fate;
Our Spartan women bow in dust,
Around their country's broken shrine;
True—as their souls are noble—just,
Pure—as their deeds have been divine.

The dying soothed—the wounded cheered—
Did all that woman ever dares—
When wealth and home had disappeared,
They gave us fears, and smiles, and prayers,
They proudly gave their jewels up—
For all they loved—as worthless toys;
Drank to the dregs Want's bitter cup
To feed our weak and starving boys.

Their glorious flag on high no more
Is borne by that unconquered band;
'Tis buried upon "the silent shore"—
Its heroes still around it stand.
No more beneath its folds shall meet
The armies of immortal fame;
The rolling of their drum's last beat
Is echoing in eternity.

Correspondence of the Caucasian.

MESSRS. EDITORS: In your issue of last Wednesday, a week, I noticed a communication over the signature of "Traveler," in which our unpretending little village, and its people generally, are spoken of in high terms. This is all right, when it is said by a stranger, and I admit the truth of his remarks. He says that "some improprieties happen here." I am sorry to say that is true also. "Improprieties" always have, and always will, happen in any and every community where spirituous liquors are drank. Destroy all the liquor, and I will guarantee peace, quiet and prosperity in every city, village, hamlet and neighborhood.

But my object in this communication is not to write a temperance essay, but to notice some of the peculiar features of your correspondent's reflections. He represents himself to be a "York Stater," and in a former communication said he had served in the Federal army four years. He is a "veteran" then, and can claim military honors, &c. But I have my misgivings as to what kind of a man he is. In reading over his communication I became sensibly impressed that he is an "Oil-Man"—that he is the agent for some Petroleum company. After lubricating the hinges of this "quiet little village, (since which time, I must admit, there has been no disagreeable sounds or shooting of nights,) he enters three of the stores of the town, and annointed the worthy proprietors; he then gave a "first-class grocery store" a rub or two; steps over to the shops and mills, gives them a brush, then uses a little varnish on two or three of our best family residences, the churches and the "neat dwellings of the cottage style." He then uses some of his "coal tar," by insinuating that the presence of doctors had a tendency to make a place unhealthy. He then uses his "coal oil" again, and rather profusely, on the person of "an intelligent merchant." While he is rubbing it in, the "bushwhackers" again intrude themselves. One of them stops at the door of a merchant with whom "Traveler" (oil man) was not acquainted. Then he opened his "coal tar" and daubed that "six-foot-and-a-halfer," that "big-footed, long-legged, and particularly knock-kneed" gentleman with a heavy coat. This language, used towards one of our oldest and most worthy merchants, is scandalous. I would request you to read "Traveler's" (oil man's, "drummer's," &c.,) article again, and judge for yourself the propriety or decency of any such language towards any worthy and peaceable citizen, and especially one that has been doing business here longer, (during the war entirely alone for most of the time,) and one that sells as many goods, and has the confidence of the community to as great an extent as any other merchant. His character as a businessman is unimpeachable.

I do not object to a single word that "Traveler" says in commendation of other houses and gentlemen, but I do protest against the abuse of any of our citizens, worthy or unworthy, by a traveling stranger. But perhaps Jenkins' "bad whisky" had something to do with it all. WAVERLY.

What men love is the comforts of the married state, not the person who provides them—wifely duties rather than the wife. A man enjoys his home. He likes the cherry fireside, the dress-gown and slippers, the bright tea urn, and the brighter eyes behind it. He likes to see boys and girls growing up around him, bearing his name and inheriting his qualities. He likes to have his clothes laid ready to his hand, stockings in their integrity and buttons firmly in their places, meals pleasant, yet frugal. He likes a servant such as money cannot hire: attentive, affectionate, spontaneous and trust-worthy. He likes very much the greatest comfort for the smallest out lay, and certainly he likes to be loved; his only love runs in the current of his likings, and is speedily undistinguishable from them. —*Gail Hamilton.*

Correspondence of the Caucasian.

MESSRS. EDITORS: In a former communication I propounded you two important questions in relation to the actings and doings of Southern men, and the manner of doing whatever they ought to do. These questions were not idly or lightly asked, but with full reflection of their situation in Missouri, and the prospects before them in the future. Their political situation is fully exhibited and portrayed by the following oath, required in the New Constitution for the State of Missouri:

"I, A. B., do solemnly swear that I am well acquainted with the terms of the third section of the second article of the Constitution of the State of Missouri, adopted in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-five, and have carefully considered the same; that I have never, directly or indirectly, done any of the acts in said section specified; that I have always been truly and loyaly on the side of the United States against all enemies thereof, foreign and domestic, that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the United States, and will support the Constitution and laws thereof, as the supreme law of the land, any law or ordinance of any State to the contrary notwithstanding; that I will, to the best of my ability, protect and defend the Union of the United States, and not allow the same to be broken up and dissolved, or the Government thereof to be destroyed or overthrown, under any circumstances, if in my power to prevent it; that I will support the Constitution of the State of Missouri; and that I make this oath without any mental reservation or evasion, and hold it to be binding on me."

The object and intention expressed in said oath cannot be mistaken. It is to deprive the Southern man and sympathizer from any and all participation in the elections, and political arrangement of affairs in Missouri. Now, the first question is, "what can they do?" Let it be remembered, Mr. Editor, 1st, that the Southern men and their sympathizing friends constitute a large majority of the citizens of Missouri, and that they are are all taxed equally with the burdens of the State; 2nd, that this oath has been procured by the combined action of some, who, at the beginning of the troubles in Missouri, urged and incited the people of Missouri to do just what they did do, and in the very way it was done, with others, who may have in good faith, opposed the institution and interest of the South. I allude to such men as John B. Henderson. Third, that as soon as they could they forsook the Southern cause and traitorously betrayed it into the hands of its worst enemies. The result was just the present condition of things in Missouri. Fourth, the oath presented is not only plainly and palpably, but clearly in conflict with the Constitution of the United States, and of this there can be no doubt, and is, therefore, void; and more especially a part of it is wholly impracticable and impossible to be complied with by any living man in the United States, who has had any active participation in the politics of the country since the formation of the Government. I allude to that part of the oath which requires every voter to swear that he has always been truly loyal on the side of the United States. What is meant in this expression but the Government of the United States? I suppose this to be clear. What is the Government of the United States? It must allude to the powers created, and as distributed in the Constitution of the United States as containing the entire majistry of the United States, placed by the constitution in their different departments, to wit: The Legislative, the judicial and the executive. These three departments contain and constitute the United States—the other provision of the constitution being but suppliance to the great component. It is seen that the Army and Navy do not constitute any part of the frame work or government of the United States, and hence a man can be loyal, as will be contended by the friends of this oath, who has never been attached or belong to the Federal Army since the Government began. But suppose a difference of policy take place between the Executive and the Legislative department, which is the United States; and if one man agrees with Congress and an other with the President which is the loyal and which is the disloyal man? Is there a man in the United States, that has always truly and loyaly been on the side of the United States, when at some time the government has not been agred as to which was its side; or whether there was any side at all. Were the men who opposed Washington, Adams, Jefferson, administrations, and especially the administration, of Mr Monroe, disloyal and always on the side of the United States? Can any of such men take the oath? I answer they cannot, for this is a highly penal act, and must require in the courts of conscience as well as law, a strict and rigid construction. Therefore, Mr. Editor, Southern men can do as much as they, and their action will have a telling effect upon the destinies and future prosperity of Missouri, as well as their own happiness and prosperity. The class of citizens in Missouri, styled Southerners or rebels, are divided into two distinctions—the actors and participators in the rebellion, those who actually took up arms and fought; and those who did none of these things, called sympathizers. The first can rely on the unconstitutionality of the oath, and its being entirely void, and is a nulity, and can act in this view as if there was no such oath at all, for if void, there is no such oath, and you stand just as if no such attempt had ever been made to make such an oath. The sympathizer has not only this, but he is placed upon an equality with every other citizen in the United States, and has been no more on the side against the United States, than any other citizen who may have differed with one and agreed with another department of the Government of the United States. All can act, and that action is plainly indicated by the contents hereof. Vote.

I shall reserve for some future number, an answer to the second question, "How shall they act?"

LAFAYETTE.

THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR.

BY THE LATE GEORGE LIPPARD.

They brought him a dollar.

He took it, clutched it in his long skinny fingers, tried its sound against the bed-post, and then gazed at it long and patiently with his dull leaden eyes.

That day in the hurry of business, Death had struck him, even in the street. He was hurrying to collect the last month's rent, and was on the verge of the miserable court where his tenants herded like beasts in their kennels—he was there with his bank-book in his hand, when Death laid his hand upon him.

He was carried home to his splendid mansion. He was laid upon a bed with a satin coverlet. The lawyer, the relations, and the preacher were sent for. All day long he lay without speech, moving his right hand as though in the act of counting money.

At night he spoke.

He asked for a dollar and they brought one to him, and lean and gaunt, he sat up in his death bed, and clutched it with the grip of death.

A shaded lamp stood on a table near the silken bed. Its light fell tintly around the splendid room, where chairs and carpets and mirrors, silken bed and lofty ceiling, all said, told: as plainly as human lips can say it.

His hair and eyebrows were white, his cheeks sunken, and his lips thin and surrounded by wrinkles that indicated the passion of Avarice. As he sat up in his bed with his neck rared and the silken coverlet wrapted about his lean frame, his white hair and eyebrows contrasted with his waisted and wrinkled face, he looked like a ghost. And there was life in his leaden eye—all that life centered on the Dollar, which he gripped in his clenched fist.

His wife, a pleasant-faced, matronly woman, was seated at the foot of the bed. His son, a young man of twenty-one, dressed in the last touch of fashion, sat by the lawyer. The lawyer sat before the table, pen in hand, and gold spectacles on his nose. There was a huge parchment spread before him.

"Do you think he will make a will?" asked the son.

"Hardly *compos mentis* yet," was the whispered reply. "Wait. He'll be *lucid* after a while."

"My dear," said the wife, "had not I better send for a preacher?"

She rose and took her dying husband by the hand but he did not mind. His eyes were upon that Dollar.

He was a rich man. He owned palaces on Walnut and Chestnut streets, and hovels and courts in the outskirts. He had Iron in this State; copper mines on the lakes somewhere; he had golden interests in California. His name was bright upon the records of twenty banks; he owned stocks of all kinds; he had half a dozen papers in his pay.

He knew but one crime—to be in debt without the power to pay.

He knew but one virtue—to get money.

That crime he had never forgiven—this virture he had never forgotten, in the long way of thirty-five years.

To hunt down a debtor, to distress a tenant, to turn a few additional thousands by a shary speculation—these were the main acievements of his life.

He was a good man—his name was upon a silver plate upon the pew door of a velvet-cushioned church.

He was a benevolent man—for every thousand dollars he wrung from the tenants from his courts, or from the debtors who writhed beneath his heel, he gave ten thousand dollars to some benevolent institution.

He was a just man—the gallows and the jail always found in him a faithful and unswerving advocate.

And now he is a dying man—see! As he sits upon the bed of death, with the Dollar, in his clenched hand.

O! holy Dollars, object of his life-long pursuit, what comfort hast thou for him now in his pain of death?

At length the dead man revived and dictated his will. It was strange to see the mother, and son, and lawyer, muttering and—sometimes wrangling—beside the bed of death. All the while the testator cluched the Dollar in his right hand.

While the will was being made, the preacher came—even he who held the pastoral charge of the church, whose pew doors bore saintly names on silver plates, and whose seats on Sabbath day groaned beneath the weight of respectability, broadcloth and satin.

He came in and said his prayer—decorously and in measured words—but never once did the dying man relax his hold of the Dollar.

"Can't you read me something, say—quick, don't you see I'm going?" at length said the rich man, turning a frightened look towards the preacher.

The preacher, whose cravat was of the whitest, took a book with golden clasps from a marble table. And he read.

"And I say unto you it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of God."

"Who said those words—who—who who?" fairly shrieked the dying man, shaking the hand which clenched the Dollar, at the preacher's head.

The preacher hastily turned over the leaf and did not reply.

"Why did you never tell me of this before? Why did you never preach from it as I sat in your church? Why—why?"

The preacher did not reply but turned over another leaf. But the dying man would not be quieted.

"And it's easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of God, is it? Then what's to become of me? Am I not rich? What tenant did I ever spare, what debtor did I ever release? And you stood up Sunday after Sunday and preached to us, and never said one word about the camel. Not a word about the camel."

The preacher, in search of a consoling passage, turned rapidly over the leaves, and, in his confusion, came to this passage which he read:

"Go to now, ye rich man, weep and howl, for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your gold and your silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be witness against you and shall eat your flesh as it were fire; ye have heaped treasure together for the last days. Behold the hire of the laborers who have reaped down your fields which is of you kept by a fraud, crieth; and the cries of them which reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of the Sabbath."

"And yet you never preached that to me!" shrieked the dying man.

The preacher who had blundered through the passage from James, which we have quoted, knew not what to say. He was perchance terrified by the very look of the dying parishioner.

Then the wife drew near and strove to comfort him, and the son (who had been reading the will) attempted a word or two of consolation.

But with the Dollar in his hand he sank into death, talking of stock, of rent, of copper mines and camels, of tenant and debtor, until life left his lips.

Thus he died.

When he was cold, the preacher rose and asked the lawyer whether the deceased had left anything to such and such a charitable society, which had been engrafted upon the preacher's church.

And the wife closed his eyes and tried to wrench the Dollar from his hand but in vain. He clutched it as though it were the only savor to light him through the darkness of eternity.

And the son sat down with dry eyes and thought of the hundreds of thousands which were now his own.

Next day there was a hearse followed by a train of carriages nearly a mile in length. There was a crowd around an open grave and an elegant sermon upon the virtues of the deceased by the preacher. There was a fluttering of crape badges, and rolling of carriages, and—no tears. They left the dead man and returned to the palace where sorrow died even as the crape was taken from the door knob.

Living Creature in Woman's Stomach.

Correspondence of the Rochester (N. Y.) Express.

In the village of Lancaster, Erie county, there is a case of peculiar interest, not only to medical men, but to the general reader. There resides there a Mrs. D., a German woman, who formerly enjoyed good health, but who has lately been afflicted with singular and terrible symptoms. Six years ago the patient was of good ordinary figure and healthy appearance; now she is bloated and shapeless in form, her skin is of a tallow-like, cadaverous hue, and her countenance wears a sunken, pinched and anxious expression.

She believes there is a snake in her stomach, and that her terrible malady is entirely owing to the presence and growth of the reptile there. The movements of this creature during the periods of disturbance, and when it is deprived of food, (if her theory be the true one,) are plainly discernible, even through the patient's clothing, and are often so violent and prolonged as to produce dislocation of the skin over the region of the stomach, as if from blows.

It is also the opinion of her physician that a living creature of some sort, most probably a snake, has taken up its residence in the stomach of his patient.

Revenge.

Banish all malignant and revengful thoughts. A spirit of revenge is the spirit of the devil: than which nothing makes a man more like him; and nothing can be more opposite to the temper which christianity designs to promote. If your revenge be not satisfied it will give you torment now, if it be, it will give you greater hereafter. None is a greater self-tormentor than a malicious and revengeful man, who turns the poison of his own temper in upon himself. The Chirstian precept in this case, is "Let not the sun go down upon thy rath;" and the precept, Plutarch tells us, the Pythagonians practised in a literal sense: "Who if at any time in a passion they broke out into opprobrious language, before the sun set gave one another their hands, and with them a discharge from all injuries; and so with mutual conciliation, parted friends."

Maryland.

GOVERNOR SWANN of Maryland has definitively separated himself from the Radicals, and taken his position among the conservative-Republican supporters of the President. In a letter defining his position he says:

I am utterly opposed to universal negro suffrage and the extreme radicalism of certain men in Congress and in our own State, who have striven to shape the platform of the Union party in the interests of the negro suffrage.

I look upon negro suffrage, and the recognition of the power in Congress to control suffrage within the States as the virtual subordination of the white race to the ultimate control and domination of the negro in the State of Maryland,

* * * * * *

I deny that the admission of the revolted States, by loyal representatives, subjects the reconstruction plan of the President to the charge that no guaranty has been secured for the future. The States asking admission have, by a constitutional amendment, granted universal freedom to the negro, and they have further guaranteed, in another form, a repudiation of the debts incurred by them in the rebellion. These guarantees I deem as securing for the present all that can be reasonably asked.

I look upon the war now being waged upon President Johnson as ungenerous, unwise and uncalled for, and I believe that its longer continuence will greatly embarrass the national prosperity by keeping alive a state of uncertainty, and distrust in the public mind, both North and South, certain to eventuate in financial trouble—affecting the tide of imigration now flowing in upon us—the domestic commerce betwen the States, and exercising a most destructive and paralyzing influence generally upon all the great interests of the country.

Ex-Gov. Bradford has also left the Radicals, and unites with Gov. Swann in denouncing the convention which that wing of the Republican party propose to hold in Baltimore on the 6th of June. The American, while mournfully chronicling these important defections from its party says:

What has heretofore been a doubt is now made stubborn fact by this definition of the views of the Governor, and as he has thrown his influence into the scale with those who are endeavoring to sell out the party in Maryland, the issue must be accepted and manfully met at the threshold. We must now go into the coming contest with new leaders, as most of those whom we have hitherto delighted to honor, have proved faithless to the trust reposed in them.

Prentice on Brownlow.

From the Louisville Journal.

Parson Brownlow, irreverend Governor of Tennessee, has published one of his characteristically low and dirty articles about us in the Knoxville Whig. In that article he has not stated a single truth, or any thing approximating to the truth. Whenever he sits down to abuse any body, lies cluster around his pen like blue-bottle flies around a horse's ears in July or August. He lies with his pen, lies with his toungue, lies with his gestures, lies through every pore of his yellow and shriveled hide.

Lies issue from his mouth like the horned locusts from the throat of that other great beast described in the Apocalypse. He is probaly the "father" of as many lies as the horned and tailed master he serves.

The Parson is now a fierce Abolitionist. He goes as far in Radicalism as the lowest and worst Radical in the nation. He would gladly bathe his hands and feet, and wash his face in the blood of every man who is not a Radical.

It is most extraordinary and most disgraceful that any portion of the people of Tennessee, knowing this man as they all did, voted to make him Governor of that State. No other State was ever afflicted, and disgraced, and cursed with such an unmitigated and unmitigable, such an unredeemed and irredeemable blackguard as her Chief Magistrate. He is a parody, a caricature, a broad burlesque on all possible Governors. He is a monstrosity. He is a thing as much out of nature as Barnum's woolly horse, or his giants and drawfs, or his calf with two heads and eight legs—four of the legs pointing toward the zenith. His blood is hell-broth, which Satan will one day sup with his long spoon. They say there is fire in him, but it is hell-fire, every particle of it. Though he is but a single swine, there are as many devils in him as there were in the whole herd that "ran violently down a steep place into the sea." His heart is nothing but a hissing knot of vipers, rattle snakes, corba, and cotton-mouths.

He never argued a case in his life, approaching no subject but with fierce, bitter, coarse, low and vulgar objurgations. His toungue should be bored through and through with his own steel pen, heated red-hot.

This, man, as we have said, calls himself a clergyman. He holds forth in pulpits. He preaches, prays and exhorts, draws down his face, drops the corner of his mouth, and undertakes to look sanctimonious. And yet he seems always trying, in his pulpit discourses, to see under how thin a disguise he can venture to curse and swear and blaspheme. He can't offer up a prayer in the house of God without telling the Lord what an infernal scoundrel, dammed thief, or cursed vagabond, this, that or the other neighbor is. From his youth up to his old age he has had no personal controversies, without attacting the wives, fathers, mothers, grandfathers, grandmothers, brothers, sisters children, uncles, aunts and nephews of his opponents. He has sought to strew his whole path of life with dark wrecks of wantonly-ruined reputations. He has never had an hour's happiness except in the unhappiness of others. He has ever said to evil, "Be thou my good!" He has always carefully jotted down all that he heard unfavorable to gentlemen, while professing to be their friend, so as to be ready for the day of alienation. He howls venom, talks venom, coughs venom, sneezes venom, spits venom, drools venom, sweats venom, thinks venom, and distills venom from his nose. Nott he fuliginous exhaltations from the bottomless pit, nor the fire-and-brimstone from the sooty throat of the Devil, were ever more blighting and blasting than his accursed serpent breath. He never had a friend on earth outside of his own family. No doubt there are those who fear him for his fiendish ferosity, but no human being, not of his own household, ever loved or respected him. He will yet have his reward.

Sowing in wrath he will reap in agony. Fury and hate may stifle in his heart the feeling of remorse for a time, but Nemesis, with her horrid whip, will yet scourge him around the whole orb of being. All the hairs upon his head will seem to him to be snakes, like the hissing and forked-tongued locks of the Eumenides. When he retires, as he soon must, from the noisy and tumultuous strifes that have ever engaged, and still engage all his thoughts, he will not have a solitary, pleasant and serene memory of the past. On the contrary, a store of bitter and torturing recollectinos will corrode and eat up his very heart, until cut from all human sympathies, exiled from the pale of all beautiful genialities of life, having no friends or companions around him to sooth him in his moral or physical solitude, deserted by mankind, whose enemy he has been, and loathed by God, whose holy temple he has sacrilegiously descerated by his horrid mockeries of religion, festering from head to foot with poluted and poisonous puddle-water of his veins, standing as an outcast and pariah on the lone desert of despair, shrinking from the past, agonized by the present, and not daring to gaze into the future, beholding in infancy on the door of his own soul the words, "Hope comes not here that comes at all," shut out by murkiest clouds from every star that to others light the path to the tomb, and writhing under myriad curses and execrations piled up like a mountain of living coals upon his head, he shall long at last to make his escape from earth, scarcely asking to what more dreadful destiny.

"I expect," said a young physician on his way to Jamaica, on hearing exaggerated rumors of the cholera, to witness a great many death-bed scenes this summer." "Doubtless," replied a friend, "if you get mudh practice."

The cotton crop throughout the South will be short, from bad seed, overflows, and a scant of hands. The wheat is reported good.

Work on the North Missouri has been resumed, and one hundred miles of the road will be finished within the year.

Alluding to "the false calves" a New York paper says, "We admit the false hair and teeth, the artificial bust, the whalebones, steel, and so on; but when it comes to fictitous understandings, we cannot cotton to the idea with anything like equanimity."

Mrs. Jeff Davis.

HER VISIT TO HER HUSBAND—THE INTERVIEW.

FORTRESS MONROE, May 3.—Mrs. Jeff. Davis arrived here this morning. Her youngest child, a sprightly girl twenty months old, a colored man servant, possessing the stalwart form and fierce mustache of a Russian grenadier, four trunks of emensley large proportions, and a traveling basket of the largest pattern, bore her company. Upon landing she went to the Hygeia Hotel, adjacent to the wharf, and without stopping to change her traveling dress, or even removing her bonnet, breakfasted, and then sent a message inside the fort, announcing her arrival and the permission from President Johnson she bore with her to visit her husband. Meantime the news of her presence spread rapidly, and a retinue of anxious persons soon gathered to get a look at her. With admiral imperturbability, not to say an agreeable equanimity of temper—probaly the result, to some extent, of past similar experiences—she submitted to the painful necessity of being gazed at. Time, that old and stern teacher of wisdom, and unerring revelator of the mutabilities of earthly dynastics and hopes, has very sensibly changed her from the haughty and defiant woman she was a year ago. Her tone is more subdued, her manners more quiet and reserved, and she dose not seek to shine as resplendently in flashing dimonds and costly laces. She has a much older look—the look of a woman who has long borne the burden of grief and waged war with conflicting troubles and hopes. But a poor student of phisiognomy is he who dose not still read in that face and penetrative glance of those eyes, a power of will and determination as strong and pertinacious as life itself. At half past eight o'clock Lieutenant Fessenden, Fifth United States artillery, waited upon her to escort her to inside the fort. Her child accompanied her. She was taken to General Miles' headquarters, who received her with every politeness due to her position. Under other circumstances she might have striven more sedulously, perhaps, to evoke the most favorable impression possible upon the custodian of her husband, but her great anxiety was to proceed at once to her husband's place of confinement and see him. She wanted to see how he had borne his imprisoment, whether he was sick or well, and learn all about him. She was not long kept in anxiety. Mr. Davis had been apprised of her coming. Within fifteen minuets from the time of her admission to the fort, she was with him in Carroll Hall. Lieutenant Fessenden still bore her company. She remained with Mr. Davis all day, and took her dinner with him. An officer has been constantly in the same room. The meeting was a tender and affectionate one, as such meetings must naturally be after such a protracted seperation, and we let the curtain drop over their talks of the past, their realizations of the present, and hopes for the future. She confesses finding Mr. Davis in better health than she had expected; but still avers that he is much feebler than when brought here. She is in every way satisfied with the treatment he has received, and acknowledges that every thing, save his restaration to liberty, has been done for him that could be. To Dr. Cooper, his medical attendant and adviser, she is specially thankful, and gives him the unqualified credit of keeping him as well and cheerful as he is. It is not known yet wether she will stay at Dr. Cooper's during her sojourn here, or the Hygeia Hotel. It is also not known yet how long she will remain here.

Judge Birch for Congress.

We copy the following from the Plattsburg (Clinton county) Register, edited by Judge James H. Birch:

FOR CONGRESS.

The editor of this paper respectfully announces himself a candidate for Congress, in the reliance that neither his political antecedents nor his present position may render it distasteful to the supporters of the present national Administration. He is not insensible to the claims of others, nor will he be found unreasoning or unreasonable in deferance to such considerations (if any) as may have been overlooked, in view of combinations which may be necessary to a common and glorious triumph. As the years of depressing anxiety, through which he has looked to the comparatively "free election" which the great body of people may at last exact from themselves, have in no respect abated his reverence for the principles and the guarantees of "Constitutional Liberty," he but asks of his contemporaries the courtesy of copying this brief announcement from the tripod, and that they will listen to him from the hustings before opposing him in their papers.

Prarie Park, May 5, 1866.

Anniversary of Camp Jackson.

The Radicals of St. Louis had a celebration of the 10th of May, the fifth anniversary of Camp Jackson. We are not advised as to the number present who participated in the "capture."

Frank Blair (who will be remembered as the chief actor in that initial proceeding to crush the rebellion) was not at this anniversary celebration. He despises the company of those who sneakingly steal his thunder for their own glorification. Governor Fletcher was not at the Capture, but he was at the meeting. Several other persons were present; among the rest, Dick Oglesby, Governor of Illinois; c. d. drake that infamous father of Missouri's disgraceful constitution; Pony Boyd, the bob-tail would-be Congressman of the Southwest—*et id omne genus.* Fletcher and Ogsley (fellows well met) made speeches. (Tom invited Dick to come over and help to abuse the Copper heads.) The drake "quacked"—the Pony nickered—the Radical devotees cried "great is Dina!"—the meeting ended—the Mississippi river, we are happy to learn, is not on fire, (as was foolishly supposed by some would be the result,) but still continues on its downward course to the Gulf.—*Glasgow Times.*

I hold that this Government was made on the white basis, by white men, for the benefit of white men and their posterity forever, and should be administered by white men, and none others. I do not believe that the Almighty made the negro capable of self-government.—DOUGLAS.

Mexican Matters.

THE CONFEDERATES.

Advices from the City of Mexico up to May 3d, state that a number of ex-Confederate settlers in Mexico, have had an interview with Maximilian, during which the Emperor welcomed them as exiles, and expressed his desire to see American capital and labor introduced into the country, urging them at the same time to take no part in the political discussions on the question of slavery. Maximilian in especially strong language condemned forced labor of every description.

FUNERAL OF GOV. ALLEN.

An effort was made on the evening of the funeral, in Mexico City, of the late Henry W. Allen, ex-Governor of Louisiana, to have the coffin borne to the grave and covered with the Confederate flag, but owing to the firmness of the U. S. Consul at the capital, this demonstration was abandoned then by the friends of the deceased.

BEVERLY TUCKER ROBBED.

Beverly Tucker while on his way to Mexico City, whither it is said he had been dispatched to act as a correspondent for several English journals, had been plundered by guerillas near Orizaba.

THE HEALTH.

The mortality of Mexico City is reported to be very great at present, owing to the defective sewerage and accumulation