THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

A Family Newspaper--Devoted to Politics, Foreign and Domestic News, Literature, the Arts and Sciences, Education, Agriculture, Markets, Amusemnt, &c.

VOLUME XXII. WOODSFIELD, MONROE COUNTY, OHIO, MAY 10, 1865. NUMBER 10

THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

Two dollars per annum, if paid in advance; and two dollars and fifty cents if not paid in advance.

No paper will be discontinued, except at the option of the publisher, until all arrears are paid.

JOB PRINTING

Executed with neatness and dispatch at this office and at reasonable prices.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

One square, three weeks	$2,00
One square, three months	$4,00
One square, six months	$6,00
One square, nine months	$8,00
One square, twelve months	$10,00
1 Column, one year	$25,00
1 do do	$50,00
1 do do	$80,00

Twelve lines, or less, will be charged as one square.

All legal advertisements will be charged by the line.

Notices of the appointment of Administrator's and Executor's; also Attachment Notices, must be paid in advance.

Twenty-five per cent. additional will be charged on the price of job work if not paid in advance, and on advertising if not paid before taken out.

THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their newspapers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the offices to which they are directed, they are held responsible till they have settled the bill, and ordered them discontinued.

4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publishers, and the papers are sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

5. The courts have decided that refusing to take periodicals from the office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

Professional Cards.

JAMES B. MORRIS. | JOHN S. WAY

MORRIS & WAY,

Attorneys & Counsellors

AT LAW,

Woodsfield, Monroe County, Ohio.

Office, over Walton's New Store.

April 20, 1864.

J. O. AMOS.] [J. P. SPRIGGS.

AMOS & SPRIGGS,

Attorneys and Counsellors

AT LAW,

WOODSFIELD, OHIO.

OFFICE—Two doors north of the Drug Store or old Monroe House.

April 26, 1865.

JACOB T. MORRILL,

Attorney & Counsellor at Law

AND

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Clarington, Monroe, County O.

WILL promptly and faithfully attend to business entrusted to his care. Compromise and amicable adjustment always first sought, and litigation used only as the last resort. Oct. 31, '60.

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Having resumed the Practice of Medicine, tenders his Professional services to the citizens of Woodsfield and vicinity.

Residence one door north of Drigg's Store.

DR. J. H. PIERSON

OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of WOODSFIELD and vicinity. He may always be found ready to accommodate his numerous patrons at the office formerly occupied by T. J. Adams, on Main street, one door south of Mooney's store.

May 16, 1860.—1y.

MONROE MUTUAL

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

WOODSFIELD, O.

Organized in 1852.

Capital $195,000 *in Premium Notes secured by first lien on Real estate.*

THIS Company insures first class property against loss by FIRE on better terms than any other Company in the State.

LOSSES PROMPTLY ADJUSTED.

Applications for insurance can be made by mail or by personal application at the Secretary's office in Woodsfield.

Office of the Company, above Walton's Store, Main Street, Woodsfield, Ohio.

JNO. S. WAY,
Secretary.

February 8, 1865—3m.

BLANK DEEDS

AND MORTGAGES

For Sale at this office.

Poetry.

Oh! Why Should The Spirit of Mortal be Proud.

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor—a fast-flying cloud—
A flash of the lightning—a break of the wave
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
As the young, and the old, the low and the high,
Shall crumble to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved—
The mother, that infant's affection who proved;
The father, that mother and infant who blest
Each, all are away to that dwelling of rest,

The maid on whose brow, on whose cheek, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
And alike from the minds of the living erased
Are the mem'ries of mortals who loved her and praised.

The head of the King, that the scepter hath borne,
The brow of the Priest, that the miter hath worn,
The eye of the Sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep;
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or weed,
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream we see the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers did think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers did shrink:
To the life we are clinging our fathers did cling,
But it speeds from us all like the bird on the wing.

They loved—but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned—but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved—but no wail from their slumbers will come:
They joyed—but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died—ah! they died—we, things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow
And make in their dwellings a transient abode
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea, hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain:
And the smile and the tear, and the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye; 'tis the draught of a breat,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud;
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

THE GREAT MYSTERY.—The body is to die. No one who passed the charmed boundary comes back to tell. The imagination visits the realms of shadows—sent out from some window in the soul over life's restless waters, but brings its way wearily back, with no olive leaf in its beak as a token of emerging life, beyond the closely bending horizon. The great sun comes and goes in the heaven, yet breathes no secret of the etherial wilderness. The crescent moon cleaves her nightly passage across the upper deep, but tosses overboard no signals. The sentinel stars challenge each other as they walk their nightly rounds, but we catch no syllable of their countersign which gives passage to the heavenly camp. Between this and the other life there is a great gulf fixed, across which neither foot nor eye can travel. The gentle friend whose eyes we closed in their last sleep long years ago, died with rapture in her wonder-stricken eyes, a smile of ineffable joy upon her lips, and hands folded over a triumphant heart, but her lips were past speech, and intimated nothing of the vision that enthralled her.—*J. C. Holland.*

A GENTLEMAN who knows the assassin Booth, says that he (Booth) was a great admirer of Orsini, and when that Italian attempted the life of Napoleon, Booth expressed great admiration for the act, saying that had he (Booth) undertaken the business it would have been successful, and then, said he, "I should have lived forever."

MARRIED FLIRTATIONS.

The last dying cadences of a delicious, dreamy waltz, across whose weird notes the soul of Beethoven had poured out itss magic sadness, were floating over the crowd that filled the ball-room of the fashionoble Washington hotel; there was the stir and murmur of separating couples, and the ill-suppressed yawns of weary "wall flowers" that followed in the wake of every brilliant waltz. Kate Elwyn stood in the recess of the window, playing carelessly with the faded jessamines and tube roses of her boquet, while her blue, lovely eyes wandered anxiously from one place to another, evidently in quest of some familiar countenance, which they could not discover.

There were few more beautiful faces than her own, even in that festive crowd, where half the belles of the Union had brought their diamonds and brillian eyes to dazzle the grave politicians and lawmakers of the land. Rather beneath the medium size, with the fragile delicacy of a fairy, her complexion had the transparent waxen bloom that you look for only in children, while her heavy bands of golden hair lay over her somewhat low forehead in rippling waves of amber. Very dark blue eyes, translucent as a saphire of the first water, and a little crimson mouth, carved like cupid's bow. and altogether she was as perfect a specimen of the radiant blonde as one sees out of a picture gallery or a novel.

Suddenly her cheeks blossomed into roses, her whole countenance brightened, as a tall and rather elegant looking gentleman languidly sauntered toward her.

"Charley, I thought you never were coming."

"I've only been down in the supper room for a few moments, my dear. I'm sorry you missed me. Anything I can do for you now?"

"Yes—do get my fan and shawl, and we'll go up stairs. It's after one o'clock, and I'm completely tired out."

"Couldn't, my dear," said Mr. Elwyn, breaking a moss rose from his wife's boquet, and fastening it jauntily into his coat. "I'm engaged for three waltzes and a quadrille. Miss Raymond would never forgive me for deserting her."

Kate's lip curled haughtily, and a deeper shade of crimson stole into her cheek.

"Jealous, eh?" laughed her husband, patting her bright hair lightly. "Now, Kate, that's a little too silly of you.—Don't you know that at a place like this a man is expected to make himself generally agreeable to the ladies? Pray, my dear, don't become so absurd and ridiculous as to—

"And so," interrupted Mrs. Elwyn, bitterly, "your wife's wishes and conveniences are secondary to Miss Raymond's will."

"The green-eyed monster has certainly invaded your peace, my love!" said Mr. Elwyn. "Upon my word, I have always given you credit for a little more common sense." "Charles," said Kate quietly, and without heeding the careless sarcasm of his tone, "I am weary of this round of senseless gaiety; I am sick of the tumult and vanities of Washington. Will you take me home?"

"Why, Kate! after all your anxiety to pass a winter in the great center of social and political life! You have been teasing me ever since we were married to indulge you with a season in Washington."

"I know it, Charles," she meekly answered, trying to suppress the tears that were brimming to her eyes, "but I have at last learned the folly of seeking real pleasure anywhere but in the precints of one's own home. My taste for gaiety is satisfied, and you can't imagine how homesick I feel—how anxious to see the dear little ones again. When will you take me home, Charles?"

"Next week, perhaps, my love—or the week after, if you positively insist upon it."

"O, Charles, why not to-morrow?"

"Impossible, Kate. I am positively engaged for every day this week for drives and excursions in the neighborhood of the city."

"Engaged?" repeated Kate, opening her blue eyes. "I knew nothing of these arrangements."

"No, my dear, I suppose not," said Elwyn lazily. "Did you imagine I was going to come and ask your permission every time I wanted to drive out with a lady or smoke a cigar with two or three gentlemen?"

Kate's lips quivered and she turned quietly away. Charles Elwyn looked after her with an aroused expression in his eye and a half-smile on his lip.

"She's jealous, as I live!" he muttered. "Jealous of Aurora Raymond and the pretty widow. Well, let her pout it out at her leisure—it will never do to encourage this sort of thing."

If he could have seen her a few moments afterward, (just when he was whirling through the waltz with Miss Raymond's midnight curls flowing over his shoulders), sobbing in the silence of her own dimly lighted room, the golden hair all unloosened from her hair pin and jeweled comb, and her blue eyes looking like morning-glories drowned in rain.—Well, perhaps it would have done him good, perhaps not. It is not always best to let a man know the full extent of his power over that miserable little captive, his wife—it is astonishing how the sex delights in tormenting its victim. There is always one blessed avenue of relief open to woman-kind, however—a good cry!—No wonder that Kate Elwyn felt better when she wiped away the shower of tears and brushed back the lovely rippling tresses from her fevered forehead.

"What shall I do?" she murmured to herself, deluging her handkerchief with rose-water and trying vainly to cool her burning eyes; "what ought I to do?—Oh, I wish I had never come away from home—it is a judgment on me, for leaving my dear little babes in the hands of cold hirelings. I was happy before I ever thought of this hollow, deceitful whirlpool of fashion."

She burst into fresh floods of tears, as she remembered her husband's last words.

"It was cruel of him to speak in that cold, sneering way to me," she sobbed.—"Have I lost all the spells he used to tell me I possessed?" "If he only knew how these things hurt me, I am sure he would treat me in a far different manner."

She sunk involuntarily back, as if some rude hand had struck her, as Miss Raymond's clear melodious laugh suddenly floated up audibly through the closed door of her room. And then she set her compressed lips together, and a new look came into the languid depth of her wet blue eyes.

The gilded minute hand of the carved Parisian clock on the mantle had traveled twice around the circlet of enameled figures before Kate Elwyn lifted her gaze from the bunches of velvet roses in the carpet. What was she pondering on?

"Sitting up, eh, Kate? Why I thought you were 'tired to death,'" said Mr. Elwyn, as he entered the room, and his wife laid down her book and welcomed him with a bright careless smile.

"Yes, I have been so much interested in that delightful book," exclaimed Kate, enthusiastically; "I do wish I knew whether Sir Guy gets the property or not."

"She has got over her sulks amazingly quick," was the husband's internal comment, as he kicked off his boots and lazily unfastened his lavender neck-tie.

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Elwyn, I've had such a charming ride!"

And Aurora Raymond sprang lightly from the carriage step, one tiny gloved hand resting lightly on Mr. Elwyn's arm, the other holding up the folds of her violet new mantle. He touched his hat gallantly, as she tripped up the hotel steps all smiles and dimples.

"I wonder if Kate would like a turn round Jackson Square before dinner," he said to himself, consulting his gold watch. I'll run up and see—poor little thing."

He sprang up the stairs two steps at a time, and burst into his wife's room.

"Put on your bonnet, puss, and we'll take a ride," he exclaimed. "Hello, she isn't here—what the mischief does this mean?"

No, she was not there—neither was her blue velvet hat with the white ostrich plume, nor the magnificent Cashmere shawl that had been sent from India for her wedding present just five years ago, and Mr. Elwyn came slowly down stairs again, feeling much inclined to get in a passion.

"Do you know where my wife is?" he asked Mrs. Artworth, a lady who spent one-half her time at the hotel windows, and the other half in chatechising the servants, and who consequently knew all that was to be known concerning people's out-goings and in-comings, generally.

"She's out riding in Col. Warrington's barouche—been gone ever since morning," returned the gossiping matron, with great promptitude.

"Strange—very strange," he muttered, "to drive out in that sort of a way without so much as saying a word to me! I always fancied that Warrington a puppy, and I'm sure of it now."

He went down and dismissed the equipage, and then returned to the drawing-room, as restless as the Wandering Jew. After one or two gloomy turns across the long apartment, he sat gloomily down in the window recess. Even Aurora Raymond's pretty lisping chatter could not interest him. "Would Kate never come?" he thought, as he looked for the fortieth time at his watch.

She came at last, just in time to run up stairs for a hurried dinner toilet—came smiling and lovely, with her hair blown about by the fresh wind, and her eyes sparkling brilliantly. Elwyn—dog in the manger as he was—could have knocked Colonel Warrington down for the involuntary glance of admiration with which he looked after his fair companion.

Presently Mrs. Kate reappeared in a magnificent dress of lustrous silver green silk, lighted up by the flash of emeralds at her throat, and frosted green mosses dropping from her hair.

"Why have you put on that odious green dress?" asked Elwin, catching at some slight pretext as an escape valve for his ill humor. "You know how much I dislike green."

"O, well," said Kate, nonchalantly, "you are so fidgety, Charles. What difference can it possibly make as to whether I wear green or yellow? It is entirely a bygone fashion for husbands and wives to study one another's whims, *a la* Darby and Joan. We dress entirely to please the public, the gay world, you know.—And I put on this dress to please Mr. Garnett—he admires green so much."

Charles Elwyn stared at his wife in speechless astonishment. What did it mean? She had always been the humblest slave to his slightest wish or caprice—and now she smilingly set him at defiance. What evil spirit possessed her?

She never came near him all the evening—never sought his approval by the little sly glances of appeal or the questioning looks that had been so inexpressibly dear to him. No, she chatted away bewitchingly self-reliant, the center of an admiring group, until Mr. Elwyn was ready to rush out of the room in a transport of exasperation.

"Allow me to congratulate you on your treasure of a wife, sir," said Colonel Warrington, "I have always known she was a beauty, but I never appreciated her claims as a wit."

Elwyn gazed speechlessly at the polite Colonel, who was evidently surprised at the ungracious reception of his little compliment.

"Just what I might have expected," he muttered to himself, plucking fiercely at his moustaches. "What in the deuce did I bring her here for, if I didn't want every fool in society to fall down and worship her?"

"Would you like a drive after dinner, Kate?" he asked one evening, after about three days spent in this very edifying manner.

"I couldn't possibly this evening," she said, adjusting the wreaths of ivy that depended from her shining hair. "We've arranged such a nice moonlight party to ride out to the navy yard."

"Well, what's to prevent me from driving you there?" asked Mr. Elwyn, anxiously.

"Our party is already made up," said Kate, coolly. "I've promised to go in Mr. Garnett's carriage. He is so delightfully agreeable, and I like him so much."

"The dickens you do," growled Elwyn, his face elongated and growing dark.

"But I'll tell you what you might do if you pleased," susggested Kate innocently. "Miss Raymond would like to go, I have no doubt, or Mrs. Everet, and there can be no possible objection to an extra carriage in the party, so that—"

"Hang Miss Raymond and Mrs. Everet," ejaculated the irate husband.

"With all my heart, my dear," said Kate. "Only you see it's quite impossible for me to break my promise to Mr. Garnett."

Mr. Elwyn's temper was by no means improved when he stood on the hotel steps and watched the merry party drive off, their gay voices and jubilant laughter re-echoing through the serene moonlight like a mockery of his own gloomy reflections. He had never felt so utterly forlorn in the whole course of his life.

"Dear me, what a beautiful evening for a ride," sighed Aurora Raymond, looking up from a volume of poems, as Mr. Elwyn re-entered the drawing-room, looking not unlike a man who had just had a molar extracted.

But he didn't take the hint, acting, as Miss Raymond afterward indignantly remarked, "more like a bear than a man," and sitting down to the perusal of the newspapers. Alas, for the midnight curls and oriental eyes—their spell was broken.

How long the slowly creeping hours seemed before Kate came! Long ere the sound of carriage wheels grated on the pavement before the door, he went up to his own room, and tried uselessly enough to amuse himself with books and letter-writing. All his efforts were unavailing; between him and every occupation to which he turned crept one gloomy thought—a sore pang—to think that Kate was happy without his society, and that she never missed his absent voice and smile.

"I wonder if I'm jealous," he muttered to himself. "It's not an agreeable sensation, at all events. I wonder if Kate felt so whenever I flirted with Aurora and the widow."

This was a new consideration.

Would the time ever come when Kate's heart would be estranged from him—estranged by his own conduct—when her loving, sensitive nature would cease to respond to his touch? The very fancy was agony.

He was wrapped in these gloomy meditations when the door opened and his little wife tripped in, looking very much like a magnified sunbeam. She stopped suddenly when she saw his head bowed on his hands.

"Charles, does your head ache?"

"No."

"Then, what's the matter?"

"My heart aches, Kate," he said sadly, "it aches to think that my wife has ceased to love me."

She came to his side and put her arms around his neck with caressing affection.

"Charles, what do you mean?"

"I mean, Kate, that when you desert me for the society of others, and cease to pay any regard to my wishes, I can come to but one conclusion."

"Charles," said Kate, smiling archly up into his face, "does it grieve you to have me prefer the society of others to your own?"

"It breaks my heart, Kate," he said passionately.

"Then, dearest, let us make a bargain. Let us allow Miss Raymond and Mrs. Everet to console themselves with Col. Warrington and Mr. Garnett, while we are happy with each other. Shall it be so?"

"Kate, you have been playing a part!"

"Of course I have. Did you suppose for a moment that I was in earnest?"

The loving kisses that she showered upon his brow dispelled every lurking shadow from the husband's heart, and he felt how inexpressibly dear his wife was to him.

In the next day's train Mr. and Mrs. Elwyn left Washington, mutually convinced that they had had enough of the gay capital. There were two unmistakable effects consequent upon their sojourn, however; Kate was satisfied to remain quietly at home for the rest of her life, and Charles was completely cured of every latent tendency to flirt.

"WE ARE SOLDIERS AND APPLAUD NO ASSASSINS, was the expression of rebel inmates of Libby Prison, on receiving the news of the murder of Lincoln. The telegraph erroneously attributed to them directly the opposite sentiment.

WHY is a man who stakes his money in a gambling-house like a star? Because he is an ass-te-risk.

Important Military Order.

The Order for the Reduction of Expenses of the Military Establishments.

WAR DEPARTMENT, ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE, WASHINGTON, April 28.—*General Order No. 77, for Reducing the Expenses of Military Establishments:*

First—That chiefs of the respective Bureaus of their departments proceed immediately to reduce the expenses of their respective departments to what is absolutely necessary, in view of an immediate reduction of the forces in the field and in garrisons, and a speedy termination of hostilities, and that they severally make out the statements of the reductions they deem practicable.

Second—That Quartermaster-Generals discharge all ocean transports not required to bring home troops in remote Departments. All river and inland transportation will be discharged, except that required for necessary supplies to troops in the field. The purchase of horses, mules, wagons, and other land transportation, will be stopped; also, purchases of forage, except what is required for immediate consumption. All purchases of railroad construction and transportation will also be stopped.

Third—That the Commissary-General of Subsistence discontinue the purchase of supplies in his Department, except of such as may, with what is on hand, be required for the forces in the field, to the first of June next.

Fourth—That the Chief of Ordnance stop all purchases of arms and ammunition and material therefor, and reduce the manufacture of arms and ordnance stores in Government arsenals as rapidly as can be done, without injury to the service.

Fifth—That the Chief of Engineers stop all work in all field fortifications and other works, except those for which specific appropriations have been made by commanders for their completion, or that may be required for proper protection of work in progess.

Sixth—That all soldiers in hospitals who require no further medical treatment be honorably discharged from service, with immediate payment. All officers and enlisted men who have been prisoners of war, and are now on furlough, or in parole camps, and recruits in rendezvous, except those for regular army, will likewise be honorably discharged. Officers whose duty it is, under the regulations of the service, to make out rolls and other final papers, connected with the discharge and payment of soldiers, are directed to make them out without delay, so this order may be carried into effect immediately.

Seventh—The Adjutant-General of the Army will cause immediate returns to be made by all commanders in field, garrisons, and posts of their respective forces, with a view to their immediate reduction.

Eighth—Quartermasters', Subsistence, Engineer's and Provost Marshal Generals Departments will reduce the number of their clerks and employes to that absolutely required for closing the business of their respective departments, and will, without delay, report to the Secretary of War the number required of each class or grade. The Surgeon-General will make similar reductions of Surgeons, nurses and attendants in his bureau.

Ninth—Chiefs of the respective Bureaus will immediately cause proper returns to be made out of public property in their charge, and statements of property in each that may be sold upon advertisement and publication without prejudice to the service.

Tenth—Commanders of prisoners will have rolls made out of name, residence, time and place of capture and occupation of all prisoners of war who will take the oath of allegiance to the United States, to the end, that such as are disposed to become good and loyal citizens of the United States, who are objects of Executive clemency, may be released upon such terms as the President shall deem fit and consistent with the public safety.

By order of the Secretary of War.

[Signed] W. A. NICHOLS,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

Official.

THOMAS M. VINCENT,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

GREELEY ON JEFF. DAVIS.—In reply to the query of a correspondent as to what Mr. Greeley would do with Jeff. Davis, the Tribune characteristically replies:—"We would do nothing with him till we had caught him, and would say nothing calculated to increase the difficulty of catching him or that of putting down the rebellion. If we had him fast, our treatment of him would be governed, first, by the conditions of his surrender, if such there were, next by a careful determination of what was best for the country But we fail to perceive the wisdom of counting chickens not yet hatched."

☞ The delegations that have been boring President Johnson with congratulatory addresses are characterized by the New York *Tribune* as "well dressed mobs," which it implores to cease boring the President and to go home, so that he may address himself to the great work of peace and re-construction. It says:

Everything calculated to alarm and disturb the South has been said—the words fitted to calm and reassure her yet remain unspoken. When will the self-appointed delegations have done magnifying their office and give the new President opportunity to think and speak on the one topic of greatest imminence and of trascendent importance?

THE Duke of Northumberland left his widow a President's salary—$25,000 a year.

What Sherman's Treaty with Johnston would have Done.

The *Commercial*, in an article upon the Sherman-Johnston treaty shows how completely and honorably the war would have been closed if the Radicals had allowed it to be carried out. It says:

"But it should not be forgotten that if the 'principals' of Generals Sherman and Johnston, Department Commanders—that is, the authorities of the United States and the Confederate States—had ratified the 'treaty' made at Chapel Hill, North Carolina, all the rebel armies would have been disbanded, and ours would not, Kirby Smith, as well as Joe Johnston, and all the guerrilla squads in the Cotton States and west of the Mississippi, acknowledging Confederate authority, would have been sent home. Thus the first essential condition of peace, proclaimed since the first commencement of the war, would have been fulfilled, viz: The rebels would have thrown down their arms and dispersed.

"As to the places of the deposit of the arms, the fact should not be overlooked that the State capitals of North Carolina, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, Arkansas and Louisiana are in our possession, and that arms deposited therein would have been in our hands. More than this, there is no State capital that we could not reach and occupy in a fortnight; and after such an experience as the Southern people have had, their armies once disbanded, could not be called together.

"Therefore, in a military point of view, Sherman's treaty would have closed the war entirely in our favor."

From Washington.

NEW YORK, April 29.—The Herald's Washington special says: The post mortem examination of Booth's body shewed the ball did not touch the brain, but striking the spinal column produced immediate paralysis. The opinion of the surgeons is that he must have died a terrible death, the brain being active and consciousness complete up to the very moment of dissolution.

Nearly all the parties directly implicated are now in custody. Payne, Seward's assassin, is a brother of the St. Albans raider. There are three brothers, all reckless and daring. Two were with Walker in Nicaragua.

Edwin Booth arrived here to-day to ask for his brother's body. The request will not be granted.

The Time's special says the paroled officers and soldiers are robbing the inhabitants in the vicinity of Fredericksburg. The officers, members of former wealthy families, who never did a day's work, declare they will not earn their living.

The Tribune's Washington special says Edwin Booth is here for the purpose it is supposed, of procuring the body of his brother. His desire cannot be granted, as the grave of the assassin will never be known. The surgeons who held the autopsy upon Booth assert that he must have endured untold anguish of body as well as of mind, from the nature of the fracture of his leg, the small bone having cut its way through the flesh and protruded. Mortification of the leg had also commenced, and it was the opinion of the Surgeon General that he could not have lived many days more in any event.

A JOKE.—A country school teacher, preparing for an examination of his school selected a class of pupils, and wrote down the questions which he would put to them on examination day. The day arrived, and so did the hopefuls, all but one. The pupils took their places as had been arranged, and all went on glibly until the question of the absentee came, when the teacher asked:

"In whom do you believe?"

"In Napoleon Bonaparte?" was the answer quickly returned.

"You believe in the Holy Catholic Church do you not?"

"No," said the youngster, amid the roars of laughter, "the boy that believes in that church hasn't come to school today, he's at home sick abed."

WENDELL PHILLIPS AGAINST HANGING THE REBELS.—Wendell Phillips made a speech a few days ago at Boston, in which he discussed the propriety of hanging the rebel leaders. He is opposed to hanging them. He claims that a thousand men have ruled the rebellion, and that we can not hang them all, and that if even we could, to do so "would sink our civilization to the level of Southern barbarism." He, however, favors the banishment of the leading rebels and the confiscation of their lands.

"MA'AM," said a quack to a nervous old lady, "your case is a scrutunutary complaint."

"Pray doctor, what is that?"

"It is the dropping of the nerves, ma'am: the nerves having fallen in the pizarinctum, the chest becomes morberous, and the head goes tisarizeen, tisarizeen."

"Ah, doctor!" exclaimed the old lady, "you have described my feelin's exactly."

GEN. JOHNSTON expresses deep and apparently sincere sorrow and much concern at the assassination of President Lincoln, in which he was joined by each Confederate officer present. Gen. Johnston regards it as the most terrible blow yet inflicted upon the Confederate cause and the Southern people, and seems deeply to deplore the event, coming as it does upon the close of this great struggle.—*From the Raleigh (N. C.) correspondent New York Tribune.*