THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

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All Soldiers of 1812, who served 14 days, and their widows, whenever married to them, can now get Pensions by writing to A. W. McCormick, Pike's Opera Building, Cincinnati, Ohio. aug29,'76r.

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jy4,75r.

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Office next to Henry Miller's residence.
apr30,'78r.

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All calls promptly attended to, during the day or night.
feb23,'69.

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Physician and Surgeon,
Rooms and residence in the Kirkbride property,
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.
Having located at the above place, offers his Professional services, where he hopes by close attention to business to merit public confidence and patronage.
Chronic Diseases will receive special attention. may4,'75r

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DR. KEEPERS,
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Teeth extracted without pain by the use of nitrous oxide or laughing gas.
☞ Office over Pope & Castle's drug store.
ma25'75r.

TUTT'S PILLS!

A NOTED DIVINE SAYS
THEY ARE WORTH THEIR
WEIGHT in GOLD
READ WHAT HE SAYS!

DR. TUTT:—Dear Sir: For ten years I have been a martyr to Dyspepsia, Constipation and Piles. Last Spring your Pills were recommended to me; I used them (but with little faith). I am now a well man, have good appetite, digestion perfect, regular stools, piles gone, and I have gained forty pounds solid flesh. They are worth their weight in gold.
REV. R. L. SIMPSON, Louisville, Ky.

A TORPID LIVER

is the fruitful source of many diseases, such as Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Costiveness, Dysentery, Bilious Fever, Ague and Fever, Jaundice, Piles, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaint, Colic, etc.

Tutt's Pills exert a powerful influence on the Liver, and will with certainty relieve this important organ from disease, and restore its normal functions.

The rapidity with which persons take on flesh, while under the influence of these pills, of itself indicates their adaptability to nourish the body, hence their efficacy in curing nervous debility, dyspepsia, wasting of the muscles, sluggishness of the liver, chronic constipation, and imparting health and strength to the system.

CONSTIPATION.

Only with regularity of the bowels can perfect health be enjoyed. When the constipation is of recent date, a single dose of TUTT'S PILLS will suffice, but if it has become habitual, one pill should be taken every night, gradually lessening the frequency of the dose until a regular daily movement is obtained, which will soon follow.

Sold Everywhere, 25 Cents.
OFFICE, 35 MURRAY ST., NEW YORK.

Sick Headache

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Vegetable. Price 25 cents. Sold by all Druggists.
CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, Erie, Pa.
Five Vials by mail for one dollar.

JOHN POOL,
House Painter and Paper Hanger,
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.
WILL attend to all business in his line promptly. All work done in the best style and at low rates. apr1,'79m6.

PAINTING and GRAINING.

A. R. SCALES, the old Painter of Frame Brothers Carriage Manufactory, Barnesville, has opened a shop in Beallsville, Ohio. He is prepared to execute all kinds of Painting and Graining in the best style. Painting Carriages and Buggies a specialty.
dec25,'77m6.

NOTARY PUBLIC.

THE undersigned, having been appointed Notary Public, would inform his friends, and the public generally, that he is prepared to fill Pensioners' Blanks, administer Oaths, take Depositions, acknowledge Deeds, Mortgages and other instruments of writing. JOHN JEFFERS.
apr18,'76r. Beallsville, Monroe Co. Ohio.

Ohio Farmers Fire Insurance Com.
LEROY, OHIO.
insures nothing but Farm property. Rates lower than those of any other Company doing business in this county.
Assets, : : : : $900,000.
All Losses promptly paid.
JOHN JEFFERS,
Beallsville, Ohio,
nov12,'78. Agent for Monroe County.

MILLINERY.

CASH MILLINERY STORE
In DR. DILLON'S property.
WOODSFIELD, OHIO
MRS. N. J. CLARK
HAS OPENED A
Cash Millinery Store
In this place, and will furnish goods as cheap as any other establishment in town. Goods shown without charge,
Orders Promptly Attended to.
All kinds of goods usually found in a Millinery and Trimming Store, such as Hats, Bonnets, Silks, Velvets, Ribbons, Laces, Embroideries, Gloves, Hose, Buttons, Corsets, Neck Ties, Netts and Veil Stuff, kept constantly on hand.
PRICES REASONABLE.
MAKING OVER, PRESSING and BLEACHING done in the best manner.
Ladies are requested to call and examine my stock,
may30,'76r.

SPRING AND SUMMER
MILLINERY GOODS.
I have just received a nice stock of
Hats,
Bonnets,
Collars,
Ladies' Neckties,
Ribbons, Flowers, and other articles connected with a Millinery Establishment.
Hats and Bonnets Trimmed in the Latest Styles.
Straw Goods bleached and made up. I am determined to sell cheaper than any other establishment in Woodsfield, or in the county.
Place of business west of the Court House
Call and examine my stock.
may30,'78. MARY A. GUTHRIE.

Poetry.

A GOLDEN TRUTH.

I.

Listen to the water mill,
Thro' the live long day;
How the clicking of the wheel
Wears the weary hours away;
Languidly the autumn winds
Stir the withered leaves;
On the fields the reapers sing,
Binding up the sheaves.
But a proverb haunts my mind,
And a spell is cast:
"The mill will never grind
With the waters that have passed."

II.

Autumn winds revive no more
Leaves strewn o'er earth and main;
And the sickle ne'er will reap
The gathered grain again;
But the rippling stream flows on—
Tranquil, deep and still—
Never gliding back again
To the water mill.
Truly speaks the proverb old
With a meaning vast:
"The mill will never grind
With the waters that have passed."

III.

Oh, the golden years of life
That have glided swiftly by!
Oh, the good we might have done—
Lost, gone without a sigh!
Love that we once might have saved
But by a single kindly word;
Thought conceived, yet unexpressed,
Perishing, unpenned, unheard.
Take the lesson to thy soul—
Take and hold it fast—
"The mill will never grind
With the waters that have passed."

IV.

Take the lesson to thyself,
Loving hearts and true—
Golden years are fleeting by—
Youth is passing too.
Learn to make the most of life—
Lose no happy day—
Time will ne'er return,
Sweet joys neglected—thrown away,
Leave no tender word unsaid,
But love while life shall last:
"The mill will never grind
With the waters of the past."

V.

Work while yet the sun doth shine;
Man of strength and will;
Never does the water glide
Unless by the mill;
Wait not until to-morrow's sun
Beams brightly o'er the way,
All that thou canst call thine own
Lies in the phrase—"To-day."
Power intellect and blooming health
Will not, can not, always last:
"The mill will never grind
With the waters that have passed."

VI.

Love thy God and fellow-man,
Thyself consider last,
For come it will, when thou must scan
Dark errors of the past.
And when the fight with life is o'er
And Earth recedes from view,
And Heaven in all its glory
Shines midst the good, the pure, the true—
Then you will see more clearly
This proverb deep and vast:
"The mill will never grind
With the waters that have passed."

A Shrewd Cossack.

A German almanac for 1879 contains a notable story of Cossack ingenuity. During the late war, a Cossack rode up to the door of a little inn, at Brafie, dismounted, drank successive glasses of brandy, and then made a show of remounting his horse. The landlord reminded him that he had not payed for the drink. The Cossack with a heavy sigh drew out his huge dirty purse, and began fumbling for a coin, when his horse gave a sudden snort and fell to the ground. The Cossack was in dispair; he did everything he could to raise the beast upon its legs, but all was in vain. "He is dead!—he is dead!" cried out in accord a number of bystanders, who had been attracted to the spot by the accident.

The poor Cossack would not believe it. The crowd, knowing that a Cossack's horse is his own property, and that the loss of the animal would be a terrible blow to his owner, began to make a collection in order to mitigate his sufferings as far as possible. Even the landlord was touched, forgot his bill, and presented the bereaved man with another glass of brandy, refusing any pay. The Cossack lifted up his saddle, slung his lance over his shoulder, dropped a farewell tear over the faithful beast, and walked sorrowfully away. When he was about a thousand paces distant, he suddenly stopped, turned round, and gave a long, shrill whistle. At the sound of the well known signal, the horse sprang up, neighed a friendly answer, and ran off with lightning-like speed to his grinning owner. The Cossack was soon on his back, making significant symbols of thanks to the assembled crowd for their generosity and sympathy. In a few minutes he was out of sight, and the landlord of the *krotschma* was loudly registering his vow that he would never again trust a Cossack.

A Good Education.

The late Edward Everett condensed into a single brief paragraph his estimation of what constituted a good education. Here it is: "To read the English language well, to write with dispatch a neat, legible hand, and be master of the first four rules of arithmetic, so as to dispose at once, with accuracy, of every question of figures which comes up in practice. I call this a good education. And if you add the ability to write pure, grammatical English, I regard it as an excellent education. These are the tools. You can do much with them, but you are hopeless without them. They are the foundation; and unless you begin with these, not with flashy attainments, a little geology, and all other ologies and osophies, are ostentatious rubbish."

Looking at Grant's Battle-Fields in Virginia.

(Special Correspondence of the Enquirer.)

SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT HOUSE, April 30.—About the 20th of May, 1862, I rode upon a place called on the maps Coal Harbor. It was no place at all—only an old weather blackened wooden house with a porch and a well in front, and a sort of open place opposite, where the level roads forked—as if a wagon-yard or hitching-quare. Some little distance beyond this place was a white shanty, back on a lane, kept by a crippled man—a mere half-house, two stories high, with the sign, as I remember it, of New Cold Harbor. Nothing else was in sight but level fields, last year in lean corn, and level woods bounding everything, and the old roads running back to White House, north to Bethesda Church and along the left bank of the Chickahominy from bridge to bridge. Here, however, no Chickahominy was to be seen. A little ahead, at Gaine's Mill, the swampy river was visible, and Richmond almost in sight beyond it. Everything was still around the old tavern, a few contrabands coming in, a mounted scout or two riding past. It looked to be a libel on human nature to suspect that if I would ride on a little distance somebody would shoot me.

GHOSTS OF COLD HARBOR.

That night or the next the Commanding General's head-quarters were made at old Cold Harbor. This name I suspect was derived from a sort of octagonal cupola or harbor, built over the windlass well of cool water before the tavern and some large trees standing around, spreading over the road, giving cool harbor to teams and teamsters who had climbed up the steep red clay roads after fording the Chickahominy.

About Christmas, 1865, I rode to Cold Harbor again from Richmond and my buggy was met at every turn by rifle-pits, lines of logs, old worm fences nearly buried in earth, and ramparts of trees and turf, as if gigantic ground moles had been throwing up the world. I could make nothing of it until I returned to Richmond and was told: "After McClellan was defeated on that approach, Gen. Lee had his engineers survey the whole region and throw up systematic, if plain, defenses, to be ready for another army which would come as near. Grant struck Cold Harbor and found the ground prepared. He also intrenched and the scars will never disappear from the ground."

In the battles of McClellan at and before Cold Harbor, the secession General lost nearly 10,000 men killed and wounded, the Federal forces 4,500. It was Friday, June 27. Nearly two years afterward, on May 21, 1864, Sheridan, in advance of Grant, carried Cold Harbor by assault, it was immediately attacked by Longstreet, but still held by General Wright at a loss of 2,000 men. Lee then swung his army to cover the Chickahominy bridges, in precisely the same position McClellan's General, Porter, had held in 1862. Here, on the 31 of June, Grant assaulted the rebel line and lost 7,000 men in an hour, the rebels about 3,000. Ordered by Meade to attack again, every corps refused to stir; the men had too much intelligence to be murdered without a chance.

Thus the road-side chap who had built a little tavern made it the tombstone and memorial of nearly 30,000 killed and wounded men. Cool Arbor was the *Arbor vitæ*, the cypress of the expiring.—Probably no battle-field in the world had so little of real interest, but here was the last great struggle of the rebellion, ended where McClellan had begun to fight.—Never again did the rebel army enjoy the general privilege of murder.

THE WESTERN BOSS.

The overland campaign of Grant against Lee was marked by unintermittent steadiness and confidence. By Lee it was met with clear tact and skill and a brave army. Grant soon wore down Lee's idea that he must retreat, as all other Federal commanders had done, Meade falling back as far as Bull Run only the previous autumn. Unable to beat Lee, Grant kept onward until at the last, when he crossed the Chickahominy, Lee fell back to the defenses of Richmond, believing that Grant meant to follow him there. Then, crossing the James, Grant invested Petersburg.

But it is not only as the resident supervisory commander of the Army of the Potomac that Grant is to be estimated. He was the Lieutenant General over the whole continent, and put in motion the expedition that broke the heart of the South by burning the crops, destroying the mills and supplies, and carrying poverty to the skulking element which sacrificed their sons to save their negroes. War in the early campaign was a political game—to fight just a little, save life, and be elected the great Compromise President, thus leaving for future wars the miserable questions which had plagued our fathers.

The man who entered Virginia with Meade's army, had the spirit with which secession began the war—that he preferred to kill people and expected to lose men doing it. His commanders, many of them very good, had been demoralized by jealousies and laying responsibility on each other. Grant set the example of accusing nobody, never tattling, weeding out the second-rates, and depending on his soldiers. He sent six cockadoodles to Washington, made by newspapers, and reduced the corps to three, picking Hancock, Warren and Sedgwick, and reducing his personal staff to 14 men instead of McClellan's 43.

Before this time public opinion commanded the army. He commanded public opinion. Corps commanders had been afraid of losing life on account of the great sweat and horror of the home party. Grant did not apologize for losses. All but unknown in the East, sphinx-visaged, with no beautiful sentiments attached to him and nobody to fear, he marched on where to flinch would have been pardonable in any other man. The average commander would have sat down and wept before Spottsylvania or Cold Harbor; Grant merely lit a cigar and marched by the left flank. The civil Government was so dependent on the man and the result that it played second for the first time in the war. Lincoln hastened to Grant at the end and wrote dispatches at his side. His moral weight commanded reinforcements and supplies; other commanders complained that they had not been so well supported, but they were not so much trusted. Lincoln loved Pope and Joe Hooker more than Grant; but he could draw a bigger draft because he was a bigger man.

This campaign overland is poorly shown in the public mind. The impression exists that it was very long and the movements much involved. This is a mistake. It was the usual campaign, only conducted with never-failing vigor. No movement of Early and Breckinridge could draw this army back. They penetrated to the environs of Washington, but Grant stuck to Petersburg and Richmond. He was the greater in numbers, but he did not know the roads through the Wilderness, where Lee had a great advantage. The railroads which Grant could scarcely use, concentrated to aid Lee's base, and the country was made ready at most places for defense. The Quartermaster's Department of Grant worked like a clock, however, and he went over rivers like a duck.

GRANT'S LOSSES.

In the eleven months in which Grant was in command of the Army of the Potomac, he lost 696 officers killed, and a few short of 12,000 enlisted men killed. He had 2,324 wounded officers and 47,235 wounded common soldiers.—There were missing 587 officers and 19,900 men.

The most disastrous battles in the field were: First, Spottsylvania; second, the Wilderness; third Cold Harbor and Bethesda Church.

In the different assaults on Petersburg, covering nine months, he lost 690 officers killed and wounded, and nearly 15,000 men.

After taking Petersburg the losses were still considerable. At Amelia Court House, Farmville and Appomattox, they amounted to 17 officers killed and 200 men, and 56 officers wounded and more than 600 men. In short, the great campaign in Virginia in 1864 and 1865 cost Grant, Butler and Sheridan, who were acting in harmony under the same general orders, 99,772 men, of whom 14,601 were killed.

Mr. Lincoln, the last great loss of the war, left Grant for the last time April 2, and was killed 12 days afterward. One of the last dispatches Grant sent him said: "We have taken 12,000 men since the army started out gunning."

The Adjutant of the army, Seth Williams, whom Grant sent to Lee's headquarters with a flag of truce, became insane soon after the war on account of the tremendous mental labor he had had to perform as the Adjutant General of that great column.

Grant owed much of his final success to the impetuosity of Sheridan, who was in perpetual distress on account of the slowness of Meade's movement's.

One of the best things Grant said to Lee at the surrender, when Lee remarked that he was sorry he had omitted to put in the articles of surrender that many of the horses in the cavalry and artillery were the property of the men in charge of them. Grant at once said: "All men who own their horses can retain them, like the officers. They will need them for their spring plowing."

The morning after Lee surrendered, Grant's nephew came in from the rebel lines in gray uniform, preceded by his name on a piece of paper. "Are you one of Aunt Rachel's sons?" "Yes, I'm Charley." "What are you doing here?" "I have been fighting in Lee's army; I want to go home." Grant gave him $50 and a horse. Perhaps this romance has not been without its influence in Grant's uniform good treatment of individual rebels. The last life of value shed in Grant's army was Gen. Theodore Read, of Wisconsin, who undertook to stop the whole of Lee's army at Farmville with two regiments of infantry. Read did hold Lee's advance until Ord got up in force. The gallant Custer, Sheridan's right hand, captured four trains of cars, which were the last hope of Lee to feed his famished troops. The last stroke made by Lee was under the present Senator Gordon, who undertook to cut his way through and had staggered the cavalry when the long blue lines of Ord were revealed ready for battle, and then the rebel line grew silent as death. They had had enough.

THE LAST MARCH FOR RICHMOND.

From this spot let me recite the story of the campaign of 1864.

On the morning of May 4, 1864, Grant broke up his encampment of 140,000 men, and marching rapidly for the Rapidan crossed it with 4,000 wagons early in the afternoon, and pushed for the center of the Wilderness. A portion of the army stopped on the old battle-field of Chancellorville. Grant, knowing that Lee was outflanked, thought that the Confederate army would fall back to Gordonville. Lee, however, resolved to strike Grant in the center of his long, moving line.

At the Wilderness tavern Grant and Meade established their headquarters on the night of the same day, the 4th, having marched nearly 30 miles. There were two dirt roads leading through the Wilderness by which the army started for the South, expecting to clear those woods in a day's march. The second day at 5 o'clock the troops were under way, but Lee was up even earlier, resolving to attack Grant before he could get out of the woods. Before ordinary breakfast time Warren's whole corps was engaged—it hardly knew with what.—Grant, however, discovered that Lee had anticipated him, and had all his corps brought up. These were seasoned troops who had fought at Gettysburg. The Confederates repeatedly charged the Federal battle-front, and endeavored to turn their flank, but at 4 o'clock in the afternoon began to fortify. The woods were so thick that, while the axes could be heard ringing, no man working in one line could see across the swamp hollow to the enemy on the other. A small portion of Hancock's corps held the junction of the two principal roads through the Wilderness, and resisted the main Confederate attack until Hancock got his whole corps up, and gave some of the most furious blows of the war. Here Gen. Hayes, the hero of Gettysburg, lost his life. That night the battle was resumed in the darkness, and tremendous volleys continued until nearly 2 o'clock in the morning. Lee had failed to cut Grant's army in two, and by the next day Grant would be ready with his front, instead of flank of battle, facing Lee.—Each commander proposed at daylight to assault the other.

Grant now had his whole army up, having marched Burnside's reserve corps all the way from Bull Run. Lee had also ordered up Longstreet's veteran corps from Gordonsville, 40 miles away.

The attack made by Hancock and Wadsworth on Hill's corps, plunged them into disorder, and Lee himself had to order a charge and lead it. The Wilderness was so tangled that it took two hours to reform the Federal line, and then Longstreet, having added his forces, the Federal onslaught was pushed back to the cross-roads. Gen. Wadsworth was shot down here, the same who ran against Seymour for Governor of New York in 1862. Late in the afternoon Longstreet undertook to make a flank attack on Hancock, when he was shot through the throat and shoulder, and was not able to come to the field until the last days of the war. Lee then took command personally of Longstreet's troops. Burnside failed, as usual, to bring up his men, and the Wilderness being all afire in the early evening some of the troops were scorched off the intrenchments, when the Confederates, following up the fire, leaped on the ramparts and planted a few of their colors. A single Federal brigade poured a sheet of flame into them, and ended the battle on that side. After dusk the brigade of Seymour and Shaler, not keeping a good lookout, were attacked as they were about to withdraw on the right, and lost 3,000 prisoners.

The next day was Saturday, and still in the Wilderness; there were 15,000 dead and wounded men in the Federal army, and 10,000 in the Confederate.—Both armies were dispirited, and it was supposed that Grant would fall back behind the Rapidan, as Pope, Meade, Hooker, Burnside and all had done. On the contrary he proposed to draw the enemy out of the Wilderness by moving to Spottsylvania Court House, 15 miles further on the road to Richmond. The wounded were sent through Old Chancellorsville to Fredericksburg, and that night Warren's corps was sent on to possess

SPOTTSYLVANIA HEIGHTS.

Gen. Meade's cavalry blocked up the road half the night, and barricades had been thrown up by felled trees, so that it was half-past eight before Warren got in sight of Spottsylvania Court House.—Lee had supposed that Grant was going to retreat on Fredericksburg, and had begun to move on his right flank, and therefore had troops in Spottsylvania first, commanded by Anderson, of Longstreet's corps. There was fighting all that day around Spottsylvania, but Lee, with his whole army, was in possession of it. Sedgwick was shot dead while placing a battery on the 9th of May.—His men had winced a little at musketry firing, when he cried out: "Pooh! They can't hit an elephant at that distance," and drew himself up to full height, when a rebel shot struck him in the face. All day on the 10th there were efforts made on the Confederate left, and, poor as the description must be of such woods battles, there were 10,000 men of the flower of the Army of the Potomac lost around Spottsylvania.

On the 11th Hancock made a direct charge on the center of the Confederate works, went through the abattis and over the breastworks, and took a whole division of Ewell's corps. "I have finished up Johnson," telegraphed Hancock to Grant, "and am now going into Early."

It turned out, however, that the Confederates had an inner line. All day and far into the night there were repeated charges by the rebels on the captured salient, which was held by Grant's troops, but at terrible loss. On that day the Union troops lost 10,000 killed and wounded, and the Confederates about as many. Then for six days Grant maneuvered to turn Spottsylvania Heights, and everywhere found strength and intrenchments.

On the 18th Grant resolved to cross the North Anna, and go on toward Richmond. He was attacked by Ewell's corps, which was easily repelled, but it delayed him. On the morning of the 22d Lee awoke and found the army in front of him gone.

NORTH ANNA AND COLD HARBOR.

Grant made a two days' march through a fresh and fertile region, and when he got to the North Anna found Lee on the opposite bank. Despite resistance, the two corps of Hancock and Warren got over at points four miles apart. Lee shoved his army between these corps in a position to attack either, and two days afterward Grant recrossed the river and flanked again on the left.

Both armies had been reinforced, and on the 28th of May Grant was on the Pamunkey, with his new base of supplies at White House. During the past week he had lost 1,600 men, the Confederates more. The next strategic position was to be Cold Harbor, which the cavalry of Torbert and Custer seized. It was held by the Confederates despite attacks, but at a loss of 2,000 men. Lee then endeavored to keep Grant from crossing the Chickahominy. His engineers had long before prepared all that country for resistance by ditches, breastworks, obstructions, &c.

Grant now resolved to have one decisive assault for the possession of the open field with Lee, and got the men ready on the night of the second of June, when they sprang forward at a run in the gray dawn. The first line of works was carried, but Barlow's division gave way, and although gallantly supported by Gibbon and Birney, they had another Fredericksburg to encounter—a sheet of flame repeated and repeated. They reached the rebel entrenchments and planted their battle flags upon them.—Burnside, as usual, failed to attack on the left, and the Federals in position had time to look upon their losses—7,000 men in about an hour. The rebels lost half as many.

THE GRIP LET GO.

General Grant then determined to go south of Richmond and cut the Confederate communications. He stayed ten days around Cold Harbor, extending his lines toward the Chickahominy, the army living in burrows under a hot sun. On the 14th of June the army crossed the James River near Charles City.

In thirty-seven days, beginning May 5th with the battle of the Wilderness to the close of the fighting on the Chickahominy, Grant had lost nearly seventy three hundred killed and thirty-eight thousand wounded. The Confederates had lost in the same five weeks twenty-three thousand men. For the first time, however, the Confederate army had found an enemy which meant to hang to it, whether it could hang on by the fore lock, the rear, or anywhere. Accompanying Grant's battles his cavalry, under Sheridan, had penetrated to Richmond, killed J. E. B. Stuart, the cavalry leader, and threw the whole country into consternation—the beginning of that starvation which soon struck the enemy.

FINIS.

Petersburg might have been taken readily, but for the want of character of General Smith. It was saved by Beauregard, and the final assaults, making two days of heavy fighting, in which Grant employed three-quarters of his army, cost about 10,000 men.

It was the 19th of June, forty-six days after Grant moved out from Culpeper, that he fairly began the siege of Petersburg. His whole operations in the East lasted eleven months. The Confederate army never fought so well as during this campaign nor was more wisely handled. Grant, besides, received no assistance from other portions of the campaign which he had planned, such as the operations of Sigel, Hunter, Butler and Crook in the Valley and in Bermuda Hundred. During this campaign, however, his cavalry under Sheridan was brought up to a superiority which it always afterward felt in the face of the enemy. I see General Lee, whom he had paroled, ride into the City of Richmond, and many a baby has been born since which would wish to have seen it. Of all Lee's great commanders none live except Longstreet, his best, and he neglected.

GATH.

ORIENTAL LEGS.

The Envy and Despair of Western Pedestrians.

[Troy Times.]

LAZY as we are wont to consider the Orientals many of the "matches against time" achieved by them may bear comparison with the best of those now pending among ourselves. An Arab donkey-boy will go at a run all the way from Cairo to the Pyramids and back again without any visible signs of fatigue. A Sikh dispatch-bearer will scamper through miles of jungle in the dark with a heavy bag on his shoulders, shaking a bunch of metal rings to scare away the tiger and the hyena. Four meager Hindoos, who appear barely able to carry a hand bag, will take a heavy palanquin, containing an officer and all his belongings, over the ground at a smart trot for hours together. Even more marvelous are the achievements of the Persian shatirs (professional couriers), who, trained from their very childhood to feats of strength and activity, daily accomplish distances bordering upon the incredible. Not many years ago one of these men reached Teheran fully two hours before his appointed time, having covered an immense tract of difficult country in fourteen hours of almost incessant running; but his chief, so far from praising him, simply remarked: "Could you not have done it in twelve?" and on his return journey the indomitable man actually did so. The occupation is a dangerous one, not only from the extraordinary exertions which it demands, but also from the fact of the runners being so tightly girded that a fall or even a stumble would be death. Persian chroniclers relate that a certain native Prince once promised his daughter to any man who would keep up with his chariot from Teheran to Ispahan. A celebrated shatir undertook the task, and held his own till the gate of Ispahan was in full view, when the Shah, alarmed at the prospect of having to make good his rash promise, let fall his whip. The runner, knowing that it would cost him his life to stoop, contrived to pick it up with his feet. The treacherous monarch then dropped his ring, when the shatir, seeing that his fate was sealed, exclaimed reproachfully: "Oh! King, you have broken your faith, but I am true to mine!" picked up the ring and fell dead on the spot.

The Original Brother Jonathan.

Governor Jonathan Trumbull, of Connecticut, was the original "Brother Jonathan." He was always so addressed by General Washington, and finally the whole Yankee nation, and especially New England, became soubriquetted, characterized and identified in the person of "Brother Jonathan" Trumbull, a plain, unassuming, honest, common-sense man, who resided in Lebanon.—When in full dress, "Brother Jonathan" Trumbull looked very much as he is now represented in what is generally supposed to be caricature. He was of a tall, gaunt form, and wore a swallow tail home-spun coat, manufactured in his family out of wool raised on his own farm, and colored with maple bark procured from his own wood-pile, the dye being set with iron filings obtained from the blacksmith shop in the neighborhood. His genteel tight-fitting trowsers, reaching six inches short of his ankles, were made of striped linsey woolsey, prepared and spun in his own family.—*Philadelphia Press.*

☞ A minister of the gospel, in a reform meeting, was showing how that a man might take strong drink moderately and yet do right, and how the head of a family might have strong drink on his dining table and yet do right in the matter; and after an eloquent argument he sat down in the pulpit. Then an aged man arose in the audience and said: "I have a broken heart; I have buried my only son. He started in life with beautiful prospects. He is to-day in a drunkard's grave, and when he was dying he told me that he started that awful habit at the table of a Christian clergyman, and that Christian clergyman, is the man who just sat down in the pulpit!" O, may God keep us from ruin and keep us from trying to ruin others.

High Authority.

The late eminent chemist, Prof. Jas. V. Z. Blaney, says, in his letter of December 4, 1874: "Since I became satisfied, by my analysis, with the purity of Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder, of its freedom from adulteration, the care taken in its preparation, I have had it used in my own house."

'TURN DOWN FOR RICHMOND.'

How the Telegraph Bore the News of the Fall of the Confederate Capital.

[Philadelphia Weekly Times.]

It is safe to say that no message ever sent by telegraph was of such national interest as the one which Mr. William E. Kettles, then an operator in the service of the Government at the War Department in Washington, received from Richmond on the morning of the 3d of April, 1865. Mr. Kettles, then a mere boy of fifteen, but an expert telegraph operator, was working the Fortress Monroe and City Point wire at Washington. Shortly after half-past nine the Washington and Cherrystone operators were engaged on a long message, when suddenly both men were taken aback by what seemed to be a most foolish demand from Fortress Monroe: "Turn down for Richmond, quick!" Had a flash of lightning struck through the walls at that moment the shock could not have been greater than it was on the part of every man in that room. Such a thing as communication with Richmond, which had not been known since the beginning of the war, notwithstanding the frequent successes of the Union army of late, was entirely out of the question in every body's mind. Richmond, the great stronghold of the South! Could it be a joke?

There was a great alacrity in turning down the adjustment. There were trembling fingers while it was being done, and there was a gathering around of many operators with curiosity, suspense and impatience combined to see what it meant. Sure enough! the signals of the operator in Richmond to the operator in Washington were bounding along the line. No signal was ever answered so promptly. Then came the question:

"Do you get me well?"

"I do; go ahead."

"All right. Here's the first message for four years:"

"RICHMOND, VA., April 3, 1865.

"HON. E. M. STANTON, Secretary of War: We entered Richmond at eight o'clock this morning.

G. WEITZEL,
"Brigadier-General Commanding."

Mr. Kettles concedes that he copied the message, but he could never tell how. He remembers of starting up from his chair and upsetting ink-stand and instrument, of kicking over a tin that sat at the fire-place, in order to make a noise; of rushing for General Eckert's room, where sat President Lincoln and Mr. Tinker, the cipher clerk, talking in a low tone. As Kettles was about to hand the message to Mr. Tinker, the President caught sight of the body words, and, with one motion and two strides, message and President were out of sight, on the way to Secretary Stanton's room. Mr. Tinker and everybody else were dumbfounded. Kettles quietly returned to his instrument, walking like one in a dream; proceeded mechanically to turn the inkstand right side up, and to straighten up his over turned machine. Then he sat down in his chair and stared straight before him in blank amazement. Around him were the other operators, every man alike flustered, and unable to get their minds back to their work or to utter connected words. It was a time, a great time, but a mighty good time.

☞ The New York "World's" Washington correspondent says General Garfield said, in his great speech on the new revolution:

"The last act of the Democratic domination in this House eighteen years ago was striking and dramatic. It was heroic and high souled. Your leaders did the heroic thing in withdrawing from their seats and flinging down to us the mortal gage of battle. We called it rebellion, but we admit that it was honorable, that it was courageous, and that it was noble to give us the fell gage of battle and to fight it out in the open field."

This is the way the passage appeared in the "Record:"

"The last act of the Democratic domination in this House was striking and dramatic—perhaps heroic. Your leaders though holding a majority in the other branch of Congress, were heroic enough to withdraw from their seats and fling down the mortal gage of battle. We called it rebellion, but we recognized it as courageous and manly to avow your purpose to take all the risks and fight it out in the open field."

The story is that a Stalwart told Garfield he would denounce him on the floor if he did not revise his remarks.

A Cure for Croup.

There are many varieties of croup, up to its most dangerous form, according to some, diphtheria, when the whole body becomes infected with the disease, and death generally ensues. Dr. Teste, a physician of standing, reiterates that he never failed to cure croup by means of bromium since he first employed it 12 years ago. The remedy is simple: the one-hundredth part of pure bromium is dissolved in distilled water. Take every hour, and oftener if necessary, at the commencement of the disease two or three drops of the solution in a teaspoonful of sugared water.

People are so commonly employed in pointing out faults in those before them as to forget that some one behind may at the time be descanting on their own.

A little girl was asked by her mother, on her return from church, how she liked the preacher. 'Didn't like him at all,' was the reply. 'Why?' asked her mother. 'Cause he preached till he made me sleepy and then hollered so loud he would not let me go to sleep.

It was a colored preacher who said to his flock last Christmas day: "We hab a collection to make dis morn'n', and for de glory ob heaben, which ebber of you stole Mr. Jones' turkeys, don't put any t'ing in de hat." One who was there says: "Ebery blessed niggah in de chu'ch come down wid de rocks."

A sick person can be sustained by this when nothing else can be taken: Make a strong cup of coffee, adding boiling milk as usual, only sweetening rather more; take an egg, beat yelk and white thoroughly together; boil the coffee, milk and sugar together, and pour it over the beaten egg in