Gallipolis Journal.

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R. L. STEWART, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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"EQUAL AND EXACT JUSTICE TO ALL MEN, OF WHATEVER STATE OR PERSUASION, RELIGIOUS OR POLITICAL."—JEFFERSON.

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JOB PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, NEATLY EXECUTED ON SHORT NOTICE.

Selected Poetry.

For the Gallipolis Journal.

LINES TO ——

BY MERRIE.

You've called me a haughty,
Proud heartless coquette,
Who can love in an hour,
And in less time forget.

You've said I was changeable,
Could love but awhile—
Would turn from one in coldness
When another sought my smile.

Dear me! I wonder how you come,
So very wonderous wise—
To know so much about my love?
Your plan I can't devise.

You've judged me by yourself maybe;
No, that would never do;
I'm sure you never loved but one,
And always will be true.

Yes, you always will be true to him—
The poor unhappy elf—
I'm sorry, but I must confess
That one, kind sir, is yourself.

Published by request.

THE OLD UNION WAGON.

BY R. L. STEWLOZIER.

In Uncle Sam's Dominion, in eighteen sixty one,
The fight between Secession and Union was begun;
The South declared they'd have the "rights" which Uncle Sam denied,
Or in their secesh wagon, they'd all take a ride.

CHORUS—Hurrah, for the wagon—the old Union wagon!
We'll stick to our wagon, and all take a ride.

The makers of our wagon, were men of solid wit,
They made it out of "Charter Oak" that would'nt rot or split;
Its wheels are of material, the strongest and the best,
Two are named the North and South, and two the East and West.

CHORUS—Hurrah, &c.

Our wagon bed is strong enough for any "revolution,"
In fact 'tis the "Hull" of the old "Constitution,"
Her coupling's strong, her axles long, and anywhere you get her,
No Monarch frown can "back her down"—no traitor can upset her.

CHORUS—Hurrah, &c.

This good old wagon the nation's all admired,
Her wheels had run for four-score years and never once been "tired;"
Her passengers were happy, as along her way she whirled,
For the good old Union wagon was the glory of the world!

CHORUS—Hurrah, &c.

But when old Abraham took command, the South wheel got displeased,
Because the public fat was gone that kept her axle greased;
And when he gathered up the reins, and started on his rout,
She plunged into secession, and knocked some "fellers out!"

CHORUS—Hurrah, &c.

Now while in this secession mire, the wheel was sticking tightly,
Some tory passengers got mad, and cursed the driver slightly;
But Abraham "couldn't see it," so he didn't heed their clatter;
"There's too much black mud on the wheel," says he—"that's what's the matter."

CHORUS—Hurrah, &c.

So Abraham gave them notice that in eighteen sixty-three,
Unless the rebels "dried it up" he'd set their niggers free;
And then the man that led the van to fight against the nation,
Would drop his gun and home he'd run, to fight against starvation.

CHORUS—Hurrah, &c.

When Abraham said he'd free the slaves that furnished their supplies,
It opened northern traitor's mouths, and southern traitors eyes;
"The Slaves," said they, "will run away, if you thus rashly free them,"
But Abraham "guessed perhaps they'd best go home and oversee them."

CHORUS—Hurrah, &c.

Around our Union wagon, with soldiers to the wheel,
A million soldiers rally, with hearts as true as steel;
And of all the Generals, high or low, that help to save the nation,
There's none that strikes a harder blow than General Emancipation.

CHORUS—Hurrah, &c.

VALLANDIGHAM'S LETTER.

The letter of this great unhung, advising the Copperheads to organize the party into a mob, and retaliate in kind, is a little too much even for the regular copper-faced, copper-fastened papers. The *Crisis* gives the letter, but makes no comment.—Vallandigham dived deeper that time than even Medary can follow, and when a man does that he gets where political cat fish can't find him. Where there is a bottom Medary will find it, but Vallandigham, when he wrote that letter, went down to the bottomless pit.—*Sentinel.*

During General Sherman's expedition a wounded Federal officer crawled into the yard of a secesh planter, when the latter took an axe, and, with a fiendishness scarcely credible, struck him on the head, killing him instantly. A small party of Federal soldiers, coming up shortly after, the negroes told them of it, when they immediately shot the planter and placed him in the house, which they burned to the ground.

Miscellaneous.

MURFREESBORO.

'Morton, who is that beautiful girl across the street, who has just alighted from the open carriage, and is entering the store opposite us, asked Elwood Sherman of his companion, Elliot Morton, as they stood upon one of the most frequented streets of a fashionable Southern city.

'That lady,' he replied, 'is none other than my fair-haired Sister Julia, of whom you have so frequently heard me speak. I had not noticed her proximity to us until you spoke."

"By Jove, Morton! she is the loveliest creasure I have seen since I set foot upon this glorious Southern soil. You must be proud of her."

"Yes, she is our idol, and the only daughter of a young widowed mother. She is what her looks indicate, one of the sweetest girls in the world, and a most perfect paragon of innocence and love."

I insist upon being presented to her, Morton' and at the earliest opportunity convenient. Will you not favor me with an introduction?"

As he ceased speaking, Julia Morton emereged from the store, entered the open baronche, and was driven off. Sherman followed her retreating form with his admiring gaze; and was too much enwrapt with his new-found passion to hear perfectly the careless-spoken assent of his friend, who seemed not to notice his half-unconcious manner.

Morton Sherman was a tall, handsome man, with dark, curling hair, and splendid eyes. He had lately come South from far-off New England, and about six weeks previous, made the acquaintance of Elliott Morton, who was, like himself, a fine looking fellow, with deep blue eyes and brown hair. Those two men, both young, had become much attached, and were often together. The gentlemanly, frank address of Sherman having won most effectually the favor and esteem of Morton. He knew nothing of his strange friend save what he had told him about himself, but like all Southern men was proud of his aristocratic and unsuspecting disposition; consequently it never occurred to him that Sherman was other than what he claimed to be, an honest, upright man.

The subject uppermost in the mind of Sherman, was again recurred to before the friends separated; and it was determined that he should visit his friend's residence that same evening.

Evening came, and Sherman was at his friend's mansion promptly at the appointed hour. He was formally introduced to Julia Morton by her brother, and was received by her as his chosen friend. She was all that Sherman's enthusiastic imagination had painted her— a woman perhaps eighteen years of age, looking much younger, with mild blue eyes that resembled those of her stately brother, except that they were less intense; fair brown hair which fell in wanton profusion about her neck and shoulders, and a complexion fit for a houri of the olden time. She was above the medium height, and symmetrically proportioned. Her voice was rich and liquid as the rippling cadence of sweet-toned waterfalls.

As might have been expected, Sherman was charmed with her unfeigned innocence and cultivated manners.—The hours, to him, flew fleetly by, and when the moment arrived for his departure, he quitted her coveted society reluctantly, and was half angry with the time which flew so rapidly on rosy wings. He was gently requested to call again, however, which mollified to some extent the pain of his withdrawal, from her presence.

Each evening found him a visitor at his friend's dwelling, and each evening more than the preceding one, insured him a warmer welcome.—Julia received him the more warmly at first, knowing, as her brother had told her, that he was his dearest friend, and merited her most implicit confidence. But soon another and a deeper motive was awakened within her inexperienced heart, to welcome his visits. She soon learned to look and long for him, and gradually his image wove itself steadily about her heart; and though herself unconscious of the fact, he had already grown to be a part of her being. She loved him. This state of affairs soon became apparent to the object of her love, who, strange to say, as soon as he had gained the fair girl's love, lost in proportion to the increass of her passion, his infatuation.

Six weeks had elapsed since his introduction to her, and Julia knew no other object than Sherman upon whom she lavished her every thought. She had confessed te him, her wild adoration, in answer to his eloquently-worded declarations. One evening about this period, he asked her to walk with him, and enjoy the beauties of a moonlight scene, together with the thousand interesting enjoyments of a *tete a tete* with an accepted lover. Her brother was absent, and against the advice of her mother who kindly counseled her to refuse, she accepted his proposition, and went. In her blind love for him, she had indirectly disobeyed her poor mother, to gratify him who to her was life.—Sherman was in one of his most eloquent veins, and what with his extolling the soft witcheries of the night, and dwelling upon the purity and idolatry of his love for her, she was charmed beyond expression. Before returning home, she consented to enter a restaurant and partake of some refreshments: He ordered wine, of which she drank reluctantly; and not being habituated to its use, its influence was soon apparent upon her.—Shermen blinded by a passion which now grew bold, and stimulated by the wine he had drank, determined at once to take advantage of her almost helpless condition. She requested to be taken home, and under the pretence of complying, he proffered to go, but instead of going, he led her into an adjoining room. She feebly protested against entering, but assured of his undying, adoring, love, she permitted him to lead her within. Here we drop the curtain over his villainy, not having the heart to write his crime. When she came out, it was late; the moon had gone down, and the street lamps had been lighted; but poor, trusting Julia Morton was lost; aye, more than lost.—Lost to virtue, honor and purity; and there was left to her but a ruined life.

* * * * *

The battle of Murfreesboro! What a thrill of anguish, intermingled with feelings of awe and pride, pervades the soul of every loyal American at the sound of these words! The awful contest raged at its fiercest height. Our noble troops had driven the enemy, maddened with all the fury and desperation of a desperate cause, from many a well-chosen position; and had in turn been compelled to fall back. Thus raged the terrible battle on the first day of January. The cold winds of winter shrieked like a lost spirit over the field, among the slain and dying, and yet its wails were unheeded, as were those of the dying. History tells the carnage of that field—of heroic deeds of valor—records the hard-won glory of many a hero, among whom stands, not least, the commander of our army. but it has failed to give the world a thousand incidents that ocurred on that memorable occasion Among the number is one which has much to do with our story.

"Major Morton, said the commander in chief, "You see that battery on an eminence to our right.—It is fast destroying our men. Can you take it?"

'General,' replied the Major, 'I can try.' And turning to his tired battalion the favorite one of his commander, he ordered them to *'charge.'* In magnificent order they started for the coveted position, followed by the keen eye of the hero and warrior whose deeds have emblazened his tory's page.

'General, he will be repulsed,' remarked an officer.

'Never' cried the commander, with a flashing eye turned full upon him who had voluntarily made the remark. "*I know upon whom I can rely!* MAJOR MORTON LEADS THAT CHARGE!

'General,' said a young boyish-looking Lieut. and an aid who had witnessed the scene with an anguished face, 'will you permit me to join Major Morton?' 'Certainly, my brave Lieutenant, if you desire it.'—Mounting his panting steed, the brave boy was soon in the midst of the fray, fighting with all the courage and valor of a war-worn veteran by the side of him to whom had been entrusted the expedition. The struggle was short and furious: but impelled by the sternness and bravery of their leader, the rebels fought madly and with desperation. They gave away before the splendid charge of our horsemen, and rapidly retreated from the battary. Their commander however, gathering about him a few unterrified spirits, fought on, seeming to be unconsious of the defeat his arms had sustained. 'Surrrnder,' shouted Major Morton as his troops, surrounded them! 'Never to you, Elliot Morton,' shouted back the leader.

Morton turned pale as death, for he recognized the voice of Elwood Sherman in the speaker.

'Thank heaven!' he cried, 'that I have found the seducer of my sister! I have sworn to take your life, or that you shall take mine!'

'You shall never take mine, but you shall die, and by my hand,' and quick as thought he leveled a pistol Morton's breast. But the ball never done the fatal deed. A sharp report rang in the ears of those around, and Elwood Sherman staggered back and fell to the ground' his pistol falling harmless by his side. Turning quickly around, Morton beheld the smoke wreathing itself gracefully around the head of the boy Lieut., and knew at that moment that to him he owed his life

'I thank you,' he said, pressing the hand of his deliverer.

'Not to you, but to me, belonged the deed of that double-dyed villian and traitors death.

'Look on me.' and lifting her hat a rich profusion of woman's hair fell about the neck of Julia Morton—'I am your sister whom that villian seduced. When this war broke out, and you took sides with the Old Republic and came to the North, leaving your native South because you loved your country, I followed you. Our poor mother's death left me nothing to live for and my Ruined Life, was so intolerable that I quitted the scenes of my woe, hoping to find relief in the wild excitement of battle fields. I donned male attire, procured a commission, was placed upon the General's staff, and have fought besides you on many a field. 'That man,' pointing to the body of Sherman, "being a natural villian and traitor, joined the rebel cause, and knew well his fate if he surrendered to you. But thank Heaven, I have slain him ere he harmed you. Oh God! brother, I am wounded," and she fell fainting in the arms of Morton. She had been wounded in the flight, but the excitement of the scene recorded had given her sufficient strength to bear up thus long. Tearing open the girl's bosom, Morton beheld a ghastly wound, and knew at once that it must prove fatal. "Julia my sister," he cried. "you are slain!' and the strong man sunk to the earth overpowered with grief.

'Yes, Elliot, I know it; and perhaps it is better so. Life is a cursed existence, and it is as well that I should die.

'Oh Julia! though worse than lost to me so long, God knows that I have loved you to idolatary and is a brother should.

'I know it: oft in the night, when the camp slept, the fires were out and the stars have sweetly glimered above your head, I have heard you speak tenderly loving of me; and I in silent anguish have wept that I so little deserved your love and confidence. But will you, my brother before I die, forgive my fault—my crim?'

'All is forgotten long ago, my sweet Julia and—Heavens! She is dead!' And he rested her body upon the cold ground, where slumbered many a valiant spirit, but none nobler than hers.

LETTER FROM "OCCASIONAL."

WASHINGTON, March 15, 1864.

Talking to a very radical man, a few days ago, one of those who think that Mr. Lincoln has not come up to the extreme standard, and that he hesitates to take what is called 'ultra ground,' he said, in his frank way, that he guessed, after all, Abraham would have to submit to another term. "*Never was there a more unpropitious time,*" he continued, *'to swap horses than know.* A few months ago I thought we were near the end of the rebellion, at present I don't think we have reached the middle of it.—How do you think a new fresh man would meet all the terrible troubles growing out of such a state of facts? Even if he were of our own party he would make many changes, and Heaven knows how many experiments. If of the other, then God help our poor country! Many things have taken place under Lincoln that I do not approve—very many; but I would rather such mistakes, wholly unintended as they were, should be perpetrated by one I support and confide in. than that that I saould be oppressed by the dreadful thought that they were committed by one who was laboring for the destruction of his country." What better argument could be made against the 'one term' cry? Two terms have always been accorded to a faithful President. If Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and Jackson, were re-elected, why not Abraham Lincoln? Do you want a fresh man introduced into a trying and responsible position which it will require years to understand? Mr. Lincoln came into his high office inexperienced and new. His native common sense, his even temper, and his consistent refusal to be driven when he thought reflection was best, and to be forced away from a position once deliberately selected and held, are now added to a knowledge of his duties and to a full familiarity with the people. He has not an enemy who, in the midst of his satire and his slander, does not admit that he is 'honest' What an immense advantage it is to have a spontaneous verdict like this in favor of the head of a Government in the midst of a war such as no nation has ever experienced! I have never pretended that Mr. Lincoln has not made mistakes. He admits himself that he has made many. But who would have passed through such tempests as those of the three years gone by with less? And what new man would be able to pass through the huricanes before us, and near us, without committing a thousand times more, no matter how honest or able?

OCCASIONAL.

PERPLEXITIES OF THE COPPERHEADS.

Next to the rebels, we know of no class whose dilemmas are more numerous or deplorable than those of the Copperheads. We give a sample:—

1. Unless they can pass for Democrats they have no party, but
2. If they try to pass for Democrats the party won't have them.
3. Unless they can combine with the rebels, neither can succeed, but—
4. If the rebels succeed they can no longer combine with them.
5. So long as the Union cause triumphs, they can never rule the country, but—
6. When the Union cause fails there will be no country to rule.
7. Before fighting they would seek a disunion peace, but—
8. Before getting a disunion peace they must fight the Unionists.
9. Peace to them means peace with those who are fighting against the Union, and war with those who are fighting for it, but—
10. They find it costs more 'knocks' to fight the country's friends than it would to subdue its enemies.
11. They believe in all the rights of man, especially in his right to own men, but—
12. They oppose 'woman's rights' particularly the rights of a black woman to her chastity and her children.
13. They favor the largest liberty, to-wit: The liberty of a State to secede, in order to promote slavery, but—
14. They oppose insurrection and rebellion, especially the rebellion of the Federal Government against the supremacy of the slave States.
15. They sympathize with the conservative efforts of Jefferson Davis to preserve the "Union as it was, and the Constitution as it is," but—
16. They believe all the acts which Abraham Lincoln has done, can do, or ever may do to maintain the Union, are unconstitutional and revolutionary usurpations.
17. They would colonize all soldiers of color, but—
18. They do not believe in colonizing the Vallandighamers who desert their colors.
19. They fear abolition, lest it may lead to amalgamation, but—
20. They like slavery because it compels amalgamation.
21. They believe that God has ordained the negro their inferior, but—
22. They fear abolition will make him their superior.
23. They know McClellan to be opposed to the war, or they would not nominate him, but—
24. They want him to carry on the war, because he is opposed to its being carried on.
25. They pretend to believe that McClellan made war on the rebels, but—
26. They republish his official report as a campaign document, to show how successfully he made war on the Administration.
27. To require rebels to swear to support the Constitution and laws, before voting, is to infringe the right of suffrage, but—
28. To prevent volunteers who are fighting for the Union from voting, is to sustain the right of suffrage.
29. They deny that the civilization of the North is superior to that of the South, but—
30. This involves the admission either that bad as are the rebels, the Copperheads are no better, or else that the Copperheads enjoy no share of Northern civilization.
31. The above facts tend to show that this is a contest not between States, communities, or institutions. but between all the depravity of the human heart, on the one side, and what the secesh organs openly scoff at, as "God and humanity," on the other.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A New Orleans correspondent of the New York Times says nineteen hundred colored children are now learning to read and write in the day schools of New Orleans. A year ago over 20,000 negroes were fed by the Government commissariat in Banks' Department, besides 15,000 more who hung around our camps and were more or less dependent.—These are now all at work. There are to-day only 50 colored orphans and about 100 aged men at the public expense.

General Sigel, who has just assumed command of the Department of West Virginia, had a narrow escape from capture by the rebels a few days since. While in Martinsburg he rode outside his picket lines for some reason, and just at that moment a force of two hundred rebels rode between the General and his lines. Had they known of his presence, they could have captured him with ease.

Complete returns of the vote for Governor in New Hampshire give Gilmore 5,663 majority. It is now believed that the fifth Union counsellor is elected, as the remaining four certainly are. The Senate stands 9 Union to 3 Democrats; the House stands 205 Union to 108 Democrats, with three or four to be heard from.

CAN WE TRUST A TRAITOR?

"Breathes there a man, with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said
This is my own, my native land."

It is difficult for us to judge of the motives that control the man who does not love his country. We can as well form an opinion of the internal workings of the brain of a brute, for one is no more foreign to the loyal heart than the other. We can imagine how a man can differ from us in matters of religious opinion, or political judgment, or upon any other subject except a love of country. We cannot understand the man who does not love his native land, or who would do anything, directly or indirectly against it. We know several men who are 'copperheads' and who do not lend the government the aid and comfort of loyal patriot hearts, and we confess we do not understand them. The plea that the administration is not the government is simply preposterous. It is all that there is of the government of the United States, duly elected and constitutionally placed in power. Any other doctrine would, during any administration, make traitors of all those who had not voted for it. But it has always been the beauty of our government and principles, that the defeated party quietly submits to the victorious—that we as a people acquiesce in the result of our elections and sustain the elected. If it were otherwise our Government would be merely a succession of partisan triumphs, the object of which would be the spoils of office, rather than the administration of constitutional powers.

But, if there such a man as a traitor; in what way is he trustworthy?—Can we rely upon his words, his promise, or his oath? Will he be honest in any business capacity? To all these queries we answer, no! His soul is 'dead,' and all vestige of honest principle is gone. We would not trust him with a check to bank. The oath that binds our military officers to be true and loyal to the United States is not more binding than the unwritten, unspoken love that binds us all to the interests of our native land. The man who would violate such an oath is unworthy of confidence any where, but he is no worse than any other disloyal man.

The mere formality of the oath of allegiance amounts to nothing. We want the spontaneous love of a loyal heart. Without this, a man is without principle. His soul is dead.

BACK FROM THE WAR.

Artemus Ward has turned his mind to martial matters, and in his happiest mood relates a personal experience that will bet relished:

I must relate a little incident which happened to your humble servint, on his return home from the wars. I was walkin' along the streets lookin' so gallant and gay in me brass kote & blue buttons, an' other military harness, when a excited female rushtout ov a house, threw'd her plump handles aroun' me neck—which part I didn't mind much, as they was fair, round ones—an' exclaimed:—

'Doo I behold thee once again?' 'You do—an' I think you are holdin' me too fastly,' sez I, trying to release the excentrick femail's arms.

'Oh, hav you cum back—hav you cum back?, she wildly cried, hangin' tighter to my neck,

'Certainly I've cum back,' say I. 'or else I wouldn't be here. but I don't think I know you muchly.'

'Not know me—your own Claretta Rosetta Belletta—she who has not sot eyes onto you for morn'n 2 years. Yes, she continued, placin' her hands onto me shoulders, and lookin' up into me face like a dyin' hoss fly—' 'yes, I see me own Alfred,s eyes, his nose, his ears, his—'

'Madam,' sez I, 'excoose me, but allow me to correct you. Ef I air not mistaken, these earses, and eyeses, and noses, be long to meself, individoosly, an' your Alfred never owned 'em scarcely!'

'Away with this farce', sez she.—You can't deceeve your own Claretta. Com into the house and see your little son, Lincoln Burnside McClellan Beazer.

It was evident that the femail was mistaken—tnat it was not me but another man she want'd.

'How old is he?' sez I.

'Which?' sez she.

'Them little son, Lincoln Burnside McClellan, and so 4th.

'He's just six 6 months old—the little darlin'!'

'Wall, madam,' sez I, 'if little Lincoln McClellan Burnside, and so 4th, is only 6 months old, and you haven,t sot eyes onto Alfred for more'n an' two years, I think thar's a mistake somewhar, an that I'm not Alfred, but another man altogether.'

The woman shot into the house like 40, an' this was the last I saw of my own Claretta Rosetta, but I pity Alfred.

A copperhead named John Launder, killed a soldier named David B. Monroe, in Zanesville, a few days ago. He shot the soldier through the brain. There was no provocation. The murderer is in jail.

REVOLUTIONARY PENSIONERS.

Mr. Law, of Indiana, set forth recently in Congress, some very interesting facts on this subject. Only twelve of the long, great roll are left, said Mr. Law,—

'Twelve, sir; twelve only, of all that army which the Father of our Country led to victory, now, after eighty years since the treaty of peace in 1783, are living, and it is a matter of wonder, as well as a matter of congratulation, that they are living. The youngest, who must have entered the army probably not over twelve years of age, as he must have been fourteen when peace was established, is ninety-four. The oldest, one hundred and five.'

Mr. Law, after a very classical and pretty speech, submitted the following letter to himself:

PENSION OFFICE, Feb. 18.

SIR: In reply to your letter of February 10, requesting me to furnish you with the names of all revolutionary pensioners. I have the honor to submit the following report, which is believed to furnish, so far as is in my power, the information desired:

James Barham, on the St. Louis, Missouri roll, at $32 33 per annum; born in Southampton county, Virginia, May 18, 1764; age, 99 years 9 months.

John Goodnow, on the Boston, Massachusetts roll, at $36 67 per annum; born in Sudbury, Middlesex county, Massachusetts, January 30, 1762; age, 102 years 1½ months.

Amaziah Goodwin, on Portland, Maine, roll, at $33 33; born in Somerworth, Strafford county, New Hampshire, February 16, 1759; age, 105 years.

William Hutchings, on Portland, Maine, roll, at $21 66; born in York, York county, Maine, (then Massachusettts,) in the year 1764, age 100 years.

Adam Link, on Cleveland, Ohio, roll, at $30 per annum; born in Washington county, Pennsylvania, age, 102 years.

Benjamin Miller, on the Albany New York, roll, at $24 54 per annum; born in Springfield, Massachusetts, April 4, 1764; age, 99 years 10½ months.

Alexander Mossey, on the Alamacy, New York, enlisted at Lake George, New York; age, 94 years, as near as he knows; he was young.

John Pettingill, on the Albany, New York, roll, at $50 per annum; born in Windham, Connecticut, Nov. 30, 1766, age 97 years 2½ months.

Daniel Waldo, on the Albany, New York, roll, at $96 per annum; born in Windham, Connecticut, September 10, 1762; age 101 years 5½ months.

Daniel Downing, (papers do not show his age,) on the Albany, New York, roll, at $80 per annum; served in the second New Hampshire regiment.

Samuel Cook, on the Albany, New York, roll, at $100 per annum; no age or birth-place given in papers.

Jonas Gates, on the St. Johnsbury, Vermont roll, at eight dollars per month; papers mislaid.

Respectfully,
JOS. H. BARRETT,
Commissioner.

Hon. John Law, House of Representatives.

Mr. Law then submitted resolutions thanking these surviving soldiers, 12 in number, for their Revolutionary services, which were unanimously adopted.

CIRCULATE LOYAL NEWSPAPERS.

The New York Tribune, speaking of the importance of increasing the circulation of loyal newspapers preparatory to a vigorous campaign for the next presidency, says, "the work of preparatory for the eventful canvass of 1864, properly commences now. Throughout the ensuing three months the industrial classes have more leisure than at other seasons.

Now is the time to persuade every farmer, mechanic, teamster or day laboror, to take at least one good newspaper, and make himself better acquainted with the daily progress of of public affairs. Now is the time to sow broadcast the seeds which shall ripen the harvest for next November.

Let a concert effort be made to place at least one good newspaper, for the ensuing year, in every household in the United States where it will be welcomed and read. Perhaps half of those who do without, through mere heedlessness—only need to have their attention called to the subject. Many more will pay the trifle that a cheap weekly costs if solicited to do so by a friend in whom he has confidence. And, if there be any more who can't pay for such a paper, they ought to be supplied by their more fortunate neighbors and townsmen without charge.

The Militia bill passed the Ohio Senate yesterday, only four members—all Copperheads voting against it.