The Xenia Sentinel,
ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING BY
SETH W. BROWN
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:—TWO DOLLARS per year, in advance

OFFICE:—Barr Building, opposite the Court House, Main street, Xenia, Ohio.

XENIA SENTINEL.

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Physician and Surgeon.
OFFICE,
IN THE ROOM OVER CITY DRUGSTORE,
Xenia, O.

All forms of Chronic and Local Diseases prescribed for at the office on all days, except Sabbath.
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HOMŒOPATHIST.
HAS permanently located in Xenia, and offers his professional services to the public.
From long and successful practice, and prompt attention to business, he hopes to merit and receive a share of patronage.
Office and residence on Market street, in the dwelling lately occupied by Dr. Ackelson. mar31-6m.

H. M. COOPER, M. D.,
Eclectic Physician and Surgeon,
OPPOSITE EWING HOUSE,
Main Street, Xenia, Ohio.
Office Hours, from 8 to 10 A. M. and from 3 to 5 P. M. [ap14-3m

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GEO. WATT, M. D., D. D. S.
DENTAL OFFICE—First corner east of the court House.
ENTRANCE—First door north of Main Street.
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Dentist. Office on south side Main street, over Patton's Drug Store. Office hours from 8 A. M. to 12 M., and from 1 P. M. to 5 P. M. Xenia, Ohio. 19-1y

N. B. GATCH. J. A. SEXTON.
Gatch & Sexton,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law. Office in Dean's Building, North-west corner of Main and Detroit Streets, west of the Court House, Xenia, Ohio. no5*

JOHN G. KYLE, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon. Office and residence No. 3 east Second street, Xenia, Ohio.
Professional calls promptly answered.

R. PARTINGTON,
Attorney at Law, and authorized Agent for the Collection of Pensions, and all other kinds of Military claims against the United States. Office over Moore & Andrew's clothing store, Main street, Xenia, O.

M. SIMONS. A. M'ELROY.
Simons & McElroy,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, Paxton, Ford county, Illinois.
We will give prompt attention to all our professional business. Also, to the payment of taxes, and the purchase and sale of Real Estate.
We have for sale valuable tracts of lands in this and adjoining counties.
OFFICE IN COURT HOUSE. no11-1

BUSINESS.

D. B. TIFFANY,
WATCH-MAKER & JEWELER,
One Door North of the Dean Corner,
XENIA, - - - - - - - - - OHIO.
Having returned from the army I again offer my services to the citizens of Greene county, and hope by strict attention to business to merit a share of public patronage.

C. Schilling,
Manufacturer of Rag Carpet. All orders promptly attended to, and all work warranted to give satisfaction. Cash paid for carpet rags. Second street, opposite Ware House, Xenia, O. 21-1y.

L. NICHOLS. JNO. A. BLACK.
Nichols & Black,
Wholesale and retail dealers in Furnishing Goods, and Ready Made Clothing. Opposite the Court House, Xenia, Ohio. 19-1y.

Chamberlain & Son,
Dealers in boots, shoes, hats, caps &c. No. 13 Main street, Xenia, Ohio. 19-1y.

W. H. Wilson,
Wholesale and retail dealer in Groceries. Main street, opposite the Ewing House, Xenia, O. 19-1y.

John Sanc,
Boot and shoe store. Work of all kinds put up to order. Mending done in short notice. All work warranted. One door east of Beal's shop, Main street, Xenia, O. 19—1y.

Isaac Worden,
Livery Stable. Horses, buggies and carriages a good supply always on hand. Omnibus line running regularly to all trains. Hivling House stable, Xenia, O. 18—1y.

J. M. SELLARS. R. B. COOK.
Sellars & Cook,
House carpenters and joiners. Ready at all times to do work in their line, with dispatch, at low rates, and in good style. Shop, west Second street, Xenia, O. 19—1y

A. WICKERSHAM,
WITH
GEO. A. DIXON,
DEALER IN
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC
DRY GOODS,
No. 328 Third St Dayton, O.
no 25.

DR. A. H. BRUNDAGE,
LATE SURGEON 32D REG'T O. V. I.,
Would respectfully announce that he has
Permanently Located in Xenia
for the practice of
Medicine & Surgery!
Office, Over the 2d National Bank,
OPPOSITE THE COURT-HOUSE.
RESIDENCE at J. H. Edsell's, Main street.
THE following Testimonials are respectfully submitted as reference:
HEAD-QUARTERS DEPARTMENT AND ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE, East Point, Ga., September 15, '64.
Dr. A. H. Brundage, Surgeon 32d Ohio Infantry, has served more than three years as a Regimental Surgeon, and has been faithful in the discharge of his duties in the field, having been on every occasion of an action, selected as a member of the Operating Board of his Division.
I heartily recommend his being employed as Acting Staff Surgeon, United States Army, and if he wishes it, would like to employ him in the General Hospital for the Army of the Tennessee.
JOH MOORE, Medical Director, Department and Army of the Tennessee.
HEAD QUARTERS 4TH DIV., 17TH ARMY CORPS, Atlanta, Ga., September 18th, 1864.
TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN—
I have the honor to certify that Dr. A. H. Brundage, Surgeon of the 32 Regiment Ohio Volunteer Infantry, has served on the Operating Board of this Division during the present campaign of General Sherman's Army in Georgia, with eminent success.
Clear in diagnosis, sound in judgment, and skillful in operating, he has won the confidence and esteem of this command, as well as of his professional brothers. To part with him is a loss that we cannot at present expect to repair.
Respectfully, W. S. EDGAR, Surgeon in Chief, 4th Division 17th Army Corps.
jan13-3m

HOTELS.

CLIFTON HOUSE.
Corner of Sixth and Elm Street
The above House, having been newly furnished and fitted up, is now open for the accommodation of the traveling public.
Guests visiting the city, either on business or pleasure, will find the CLIFTON HOUSE pleasantly located, and convenient to the business part of the city.
The Proprietors desire, by close attention to business, to merit the patronage of the public.
When you visit the city, please give us a call.
WM. GARRISON,
GEO. W. BROWN,
Proprietors.

BROADWAY HOTEL,
Corner Broadway and Second Street.
CINCINNATI, OHIO.
B. M. BICKN & Co., - - - Proprietors

INTERESTING NEWS
TO EVERY BODY!
MARCH 1ST, 1865.
VERY LATEST FROM EVERY POINT!
HARDWARE
At unusually low prices at
HOOVEN & SONS.
This stock of
BUILDING, SADDLERY & CARRIAGE
HARDWARE!
is unrivalled. We keep constantly on hand a large stock of
Eastern Bright French Head Springs, Ives celebrated Axels, best brands of Enamel Leather, Drill & Muslin at less than Cincinnati prices, a large and well selected stock of Saddlery from the best manufacturers, Childrens' Cabs and Gigs all styles and prices, the three best styles of Clothes Wringers in use, Hayden's celebrated Patented Water Drawer, D. Simmons' Patent Beveled Axe, a large stock of Wostenholm's, Worthfield & American Pocket Cutlery, Splendid Table Cutlery, Rogers' Silver Plated Goods, as complete a stock of HARDWARE as can be found any where.
As we buy all our Goods of the Manufacturers, and at as low prices as Wholesale Houses in Cincinnati, we are determined to sell as cheap as any house in the country. We always buy the best Goods in the market, as they are cheaper in the end, though they do cost a little more.
Call and examine the Goods and prices and compare with Dayton or Cincinnati. Deductions made on bills.
mar3-nov2]-y HOOVEN & SONS.

If you want to buy
A Good Cook Stove
Cheap for Cash, go to
BIGGER & FLEMING'S, Detroit St.,
Sign of the Big Coffee Pot.

The Xenia Sentinel.
SETH W. BROWN, EDITOR.

Presidential.

The Daily News, undismayed by the failure of its efforts in behalf of "President Davis," opens a new Presidential campaign (for 1868!) and proposes Gen. Sherman and President Johnson as democratic competitors for that station. After exhausting eulogium on the former, it turns upon the latter thus mercilessly:

"There is but one man in the country that can contend with him (Sherman) for the nomination, and the success of that one depends not upon his past but upon his future. He has been thrust into the path of an unprecedented opportunity, and he must be blind and reckless if he tread upon instead of gathering the fruits by the wayside. Andrew Johnson, by his record, effacing some few pages traced in convulsion, and which, therefore, can claim oblivion, is a Democrat of the most positive and emphatic Jeffersonian interpretation. If he has only the wisdom and the nerve to cast away from him the radical influences that surround him, and to be guided by the principles that he followed in his political apprenticeship, and under whose inspiration he laid the cornerstone of the monument of his fame, he will find no difficulty in securing the support of the Democracy, even against such a formidable rival as Gen. Sherman."

—Who shall say that Power is not a good thing? Two months ago, the News would have suspected of lunacy whoever might have suggested that it yet felt impelled to render even a sham support for next President, to Andrew Johnson. After this let no one deem any combination in politics impossible.

But this country has many grave questions to settle, many serious difficulties to surmount, before plunging again into the giddy whirl of a Presidential contest. Whoever at this day proposes a name for next President confesses himself a schemer and self-seeker, working by indirections and speaking two words for himself to one for his favorite. To kill off any man's chances for the Presidency, you have only to bring out a candidate three years before the election. —[N. Y. Tribune.

Great Men.

Mankind voluntarily manufacture tyrants. These do not make themselves any more than poets. We must have somebody or something to worship, and if we cannot find a king or queen to be the object of our stupid admiration, we will confer it on some general, orator or demagogue, which may confound with demigod. When we have got the halter of a matter round our necks, we feel easy, for we know then which way to go; that's just as we are pulled.

How fortunate it is that one man cannot look into the brain of another; if he could, adieu to popularity and fame for superhuman qualities. How lucky one cannot look into another's heart; if he could, where then would be the confidence and subserviency of a party underling and tool! Well, there have been great men, but not so great as poets and chroniclers have made them in order to comply with the exigency of rhyme and the interest of history. There have been good men, but not all of them so good but that others could equal them if they had a mind to try it. The memory is the most good-natured of the faculties, and kindly becomes a seive to the defects, and a mirror to the shining qualities of the great and good who have proceeded us. As to the hidden structure of men's minds the differences are probably about the same as in the exterior shapes and dimensions of their bodies; so that there are few giants and no demigods on earth.

Richmond Negroes.

But the niggers—it was refreshing to hear them talk. Many were taken by officers' who are now finding their way to their homes, within our lines, further South. And Richmond darkies are on all sides, telling of their joy at the capture of their city. "I was jus so happy when I knowed it, dat I couldn't do nuffin but lay right down and larf, and larf," said one. "I could jus roll up and larf. I declare I jus feel as happy as a man's got religion in his soul." "Some folks says a man can't tote a bar'l of flower," chimed in another, "but I could tote a bar'l flower dat day, or a bar'l sugar." "I seed a rebel gwine down st eet dat mornin," said a third, with an evident appreciation of the privleges of a freedman, "wid a big ham; an' I jus took dat ar' ham from him and run'd right down de street. An' he holler to me to stop; but I jus keep dat ham." "We hab more liberty in one hour after you Yankees come dan in all our lives afore." Then followed the touching recital of the sufferings of a slave; "Dey part us all. Dey send us jus whar dey please. Dey han-cuff us. Dey put us in jail. Dey gib us thirty-nine lashes. Dey starve us. Dey do ebery t'ing to us." Poor fellows! the end of all this has come, and they know it—Cor. Springfield Republican.

Was It Ever Paralleled?

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune.

Sir: The year we are now passing through, this EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIVE, stands out in grand, bold relief from all its predecessors a Star of the first magnitude in Time's constellation.

It saw the end of the imperious Slaveholder's Rebellion.

It saw the end of American Slavery.

Its earliest flowers covered the bier of a nation's murdered Hero.

The sun and showers of its young months freshened the green grass over the martyr's grave.

Its Spring-time witnessed the grandest funeral pageant that ever honored the dead or graced the living.

It saw a nation, Thirty Millions strong, drop scalding tears of sorrow on the tomb of their slain Chief.

It saw his murderer's dishonored corpse sunk in an unknown place, ere the victim reached his grave.

It saw a procession of grief-struck mourners two thousand miles in length.

It saw the Great Dead carried to his home by a Nation, in whose Funeral Train cities were pall-bearer, military chieftans the corpse-watchers, high civic functionaries guardians of his Bier, great Imperial States chief mourners, millions of uncovered heads bowed in tearful grief, as the mighty cortege wound its solemn march under the sun-light of day and the torch-light of night, from the scene of active duty, to the quiet rest of an honest man's grave.

It saw millions of a down-trodden race lifted to the dignities and responsibilities of humanity.

It saw Villages clothed in mourning, Towns draped in Death's insignia, great Cities suspend their traffic, the busy marts of commerce hushed with awe while the silence of death covered an Empire, fit expressions of grief for a martyr.

It saw the dwellings of the rich covered with costly badges of woe, and the homes of the poor draped in the more simple and eloquent symbols of a People's sorrow.

It heard holy ministers of Christ's Gospel speak words of peace for the murdered Dead, and of comfortable condolence for the living.

It heard the heart-prayers of sincere millions for the rest of the departed, and that his death might not leave the nation in the utter darkness of desolation.

It heard a nation of mourners chant solemn dirges in accord with organ peals and the thunder of artillery, over the passing body of the nation's martyr.

If respectful, manifest sorrow for the dead be any proof of civilization, then did Sixty-five rolled into weeks, and the weeks wheeled into months, the meridian of the year saw the people of other lands meet in sorrow for the stricken nation, heard their grief-utterances, saw their ANOINTED RULERS bow their heads in the awe of sorrowing sympathy, and for once a child of Time saw

"A world in tears."

SIXTY-FIVE saw in the mourned one the incarnation of a Freedom-Loving, Liberty-practicing people, the impersonation of the capabilities and possibilities of Institutions based on the voice of man echoing the voice of God in the recognition of human rights and manly duties, the Emancipator of a Race, and the Guarantor of their Liberties.

It saw in the "deep damnation of his taking off" the possibilities and capabilities of the barbaric system which the GREAT MARTYR had, with a pen mightier than conqueror's sword, condemned to utter destruction.

It saw the world-old conflict between Liberty and Slavery end in favor of Liberty regulated by Law, of Justice founded on Humanity, of Civiliation based on Right.

Was it ever paralleled?

SINCLAIR TOUSEY.

RELIGION AND HEALTH.

Henry Ward Beecher, in his Lecture Room Talks, thinks that health is the first step toward a healthy religious experience. He says:

'You will say, perhaps, "What, then, is there no religion for the infirm and sick?" Yes; but that does not alter the fact that in their religious experiences, they are more or less gloomy and desponding. It is not always the effect of disease to produce gloom and despondency; sometimes it heightens the sensibilities; but as a general thing, religious experiences are sounder and more rational in a healthy mind and a healthy body. So—I say that, as the first step you must be healthy, if you expect to have broad and deep and sweet experiences. Health is a Christian duty. I have heard persons praying, and praying, and praying, for the presence of God; and I have thought that, if they would eat less, and work more, and spend twice as much time in the open air, they would not need to pray so much. What they wanted was not answer to prayer, but simple obedience to the laws of God in nature."

The Record.

The fourth resolution of the Platform of the Copperheads of the Third Congressional District, adopted at Hamilton, June 15th, 1864, embraces the following sentence, viz:

Resolved, * * That the history of the past three years has already demonstrated the *utter hopelessness*, as well as the gigantic wrong of a further continuance of the present conflict. * * We are in favor of an immediate cessation of hostilities.

The fifth resolution contains the following sentence:

Resolved, That our delegates to Chicago are hereby instructed to favor the nomination of no man who is either directly or indirectly committed to the further prosecution of this war.—*Dayton Journal.*

Select Poetry.

OUR BOYS ARE COMING HOME.

THANK GOD, the sky is clearing!
The clouds are hurrying past;
Thank God the day is nearing!
The dawn is coming fast,
And when glad herald voices
Shall tell us peace has come,
This thought shall most rejoice us;
"Our boys are coming home!"

Soon shall the voice of singing
Drown war's tremendous din;
Soon shall the joy-bells ringing
Bring Peace and Freedom in.
The jubilee bonfires burning
Shall soon light up the dome,
And soon, to sooth our yearning,
Our boys are coming home.

The vacant fireside places
Have waited for them long;
The love-light lacks their faces,
The chorus waits their song;
A shadowy fear has haunted
The long deserted room;
But now our prayers are granted,
Our boys are coming home!

O mother, calmly waiting
For that beloved son!
O sister, proudly dating
The victories he has won!
O maiden, softly humming
The love song while you roam—
Joy, joy, the boys are coming—
Our boys are coming home!

And yet—oh, keenest sorrow!
They're coming, but not all;
Full many a dark to-morrow
Shall wear its sable pall
For thousands who are sleeping
Beneath the empurpled foam,
Woe! Woe! for those we're weeping
Who never will come home!

O sad heart, hush thy grieving;
Wait but a little while!
With hoping and believing
Thy woe and fear beguile.
Wait for the joyous meeting
Beyond the starry dome,
For there our boys are waiting
To bid us welcome home.

A Lecturer's Experience.

Lecturers must have some funny experiences and adventures in their annual peregrinations. Holland once threatened to write a book on the subject; and Curtis, after his Tuesday night lecture, was "reminded of a little story," as he, with several Trojans, partook of the hospitality of a friend after "Political Infidelity" had ended. At a town in Western New York, which Mr. C. reached one afternoon this winter, the officers of the literary institution waited on him to hope that he would not talk on any political subject, as there were two parties in the town, and feeling rather high. Mr. Curtis expressed some regret, as he had intended to speak on "Political Infidelity," but remarked that he had in his carpet bag a lecture on "Thackeray," which he would give.

"Thackeray? Thackeray?" said his interlocutor, "who is Thackeray?"

Mr. Curtis explained that he was an eminent novelist, now deceased—a writer of books.

"O, that fellow, we'll hear about him, then."

The lecture came off—it was in the Court House—the audience was slim, the enthusiasm slimmer. The President, after a long pause, said, in a sepulchral tone. "Are you ready?" "Yes, sir, when you are." "Well, then, begin." And so, without any introduction, Mr. Curtis spoke of Vanity Fair and the Virginians, of Olive Newcome and Becky Sharp, of Arthur Pendennis, of fair Ethel and the grand old Colonel—he spoke, too, of the mind, so mighty yet so genial, of which these wondrous characters were but the creation,—William Makepeace Thackeray himself. The benches were unresponsive, and Mr. Curtis cut the entertainment very short. He sat down; the audience waited a few minutes, as if to see whether or not he was going to recommence, then slowly retired. There was a dead silence on the stage; the officers did not even pay the customary congratulations that are about as often uttered in cases of failure as success—even this mock courtesy was not forthcoming. At last a man was seen climbing over benches upon the platform. The President introduced him as "our schoolmaster." "Ah!" thought Curtis, here is a man, no doubt, who has read Thackeray, and has come to compare notes." But the teacher abruptly exclaimed:

"Mr. Curtis, we've had a little dispute in our town this winter, and we think you are just the man to decide it."

Mr. C. moderately asked to be excused, but it was no use.

"The question is," continued the pedagogue, "whether or not Longfellow is dead?"

"He was not dead last week," said Mr. Curtis, "for I had the pleasure of seeing him."

The interlocutor's under jaw dropped. Evidently he was a champion of the party that maintained the poet's decease; and he was disappointed to know that his victim lived, but brightening up, he said:

"Well, who the d——e is dead? Is nobody dead?"

Mr. Curtis ran over the mortuary list of illustrious men—from General Price upward, till he came to Nathaniel Hawthrone. "Ah!" said he, perhaps you mean Hawthrone?"

"Hawthrone? Hawthrone?" said the teacher, "who is he?"

This was duly explained to him, and, with the sentiment, "Well, I knew somebody was dead," off he went, to tell the anti-Longfellow party that the poet "still lived."

As Mr. Curtis will hardly visit that village again, and the Times does not circulate there, we may be pardoned for giving this experience.—*Troy Times.*

Gen. John C. Fremont has lately purchased a country estate at Tarrytown, New York.

Apprehended Slave Insurrection in Cuba.

The Colonial Standard, of Jamaica, has the following startling intelligence:

From a conversation which we have had with a gentleman who returned to this city from Cuba in the Jamaica packet, we learn that matters in Cuba had begun to assume a very threatening aspect. There was evidently a deep and bitter feeling of revenge slumbering among the negroes, which only awaited a favorable moment to burst forth with immeasureable fury. Already had several estates been burnt by the torch of the incendiary; and so deep and silent was the plot which had been laid for carrying out those acts of incendiarism, that no clue to the perpetrators had as yet been discovered. At Guantanamo, where the first two fires occurred, an overseer of a large property had been murdered, and two companies of troops had been sent thither from St. Jago in order to repress any attempt at rebellion. On the departure from St. Jago, on the evening of the 22nd of March, of the Jamaica packet, two large fires were plainly seen from deck. Little doubt is entertained by our informant but that they will be found to have been owing to further acts of incendiarism. Our next advices from Cuba, then, may be anxiously looked for, although the Government is most watchful in keeping from the public the least information which might give a clue to the present wide-spread disaffection.

A House for Jefferson Davis in Liverpool.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SAVANNAH HERALD:

Now that everything regarding the movements of Jeff. Davis has a peculiar interest, I have thought it well to give the public, through the columns of your valuable paper, a fact which came to my personal knowledge bearing upon the subject.

When I was in Liverpool, England, now about a year ago, there had just been completed a splendid brick mansion in one of the most fashionable squares of the city, which was generally known and talked of having been erected from the proceeds of the Confederate loan, and as intended for the future resident of Jefferson Davis, in the event of circumstances forcing him to leave the country.

During my stay in Liverpool, the windows of the house remained painted white, which, according to the custom in that city, indicated that the house had been engaged and was waiting for its occupant—a circumstance which gave plausibility to the town-talk of its being the sometime residence of the fugitive President of the Southern Confederacy.

The Poisoning of Andrew Johnson.

There can be but little doubt left in the minds of those who have attentively perused the details of the plot to assassinate the leaders of the Government, that Andrew Johnson, who has endured so much undeserved obloquy for his singular abberration on the 4th of March, was on the occasion under the influence, not of spirituous liquors, nor of a mere disturbing drug, intended only to disfigure him, but of a deadly poison, furtively insinuated in his drink with a view to take his life. It is in proof that the assassinations were to have been perpetrated on the 4th of March, and that Booth, chief assassin, had posted himself in a position where Mr. Lincoln must pass closely by, and it was doubtless expected that about the time the President would have perished by the pistol, the new Vice President would have expired in the Capitol from the effects of the poison he had taken. Probably this view of the matter has never struck the mind of Mr. Johnson and it is not to be supposed that under the mystery of that strange occurrence which must have puzzled him more than any one else, he would care to allude to the affair with any attempt to explanation that might have been misunderstood. The disclosure of the instructions distributed among the assassins, that "they were at liberty to use the blade, the pistol, or the bowl, but they must bear in mind that the latter had once failed," seems to be conclusive upon this point, and will doubtless suggest some important recollections to the President's mind. His powerful nature triumphed over the infernal draught, and thus, in addition to an invaluable life, being saved to the nation, we are gratified in the conviction, that one who has always been a sober, self-respecting statesman, is now providentially relieved from even a passing cloud on his career.—*Wilkes' Spirit.*

Booth's Body Again.

A correspondent of the *News*, who, by way of illustration, spoke of the disfigurement of Booth's lifeless remains as rumor told the tale, now says:

"For the honor of the country, I am glad to say, there is no truth in the shocking tale. Booth's body was buried without disfigurement. It was buried in secret and in the night, and no stone marks, or ever will mark the spot—but this was the choice of his family. The body was given to them. They had it carried far away to the north—away beyond New York—and there interred, and there to remain until the last day, when the quick and the dead are to be judged.

White slavery is in full vogue in Egypt. The number of Circassion children of Christian parents annually exported from Constantinople and other Turkish ports to the Egyptian port of Alexandri amounts to more than ten thousand. The boys are sold to their Egyptian masters at from 3,000 to 4,500 piasters each; the girls at from 10,000 to 13,000 piasters a piece. The trade is stated to be carried on openly under the eyes of the Turkish government.

The Prisoners Out of Court.

The prisoners are properly cared for and fed, an attendant being constantly on duty at each cell. In the case of Mrs. Surratt the prison diet has been varied somewhat, to the extent of allowing her toast, &c., when she has been ill. She spends most of her time in reading a prayer-book. Harrold's mood is mercurial, sometimes exuberantly buoyant, and sometimes as much depressed. Mudd pays considerable attention to his personal appearance, and is particular as to cleanliness of body. Like Mrs. Surratt, he occupies much of his time in reading religious books. Atzerodt is solemn and uncommunicative for the most part. O'Laughlin conducts himself quietly; seems to feel his situation the most deeply of any of the prisoners, and walks his cell much of the time.

Payne displays the same cool audacity invariably, whether in his cell or in the court-room, and exhibits not unfrequently that devil may-care reckless spirit of good humor that springs from high physical condition. When spoken to he replies with off-hand bluffness, using barely enough words to convey an answer, and is equally costive of speech in making known his wishes. Who and what is this man Payne is the great mystery of the day. There have been various reports concerning him and his antecedents, but it is believed that all are at sea concerning him; and it is doubtful if his real name is Payne.

Arnold appears in his cell as in the court-room, quiet and pleasant, and gives his attendants little trouble. Spangler, despite his lugubrious face, is said to be uniformly light-hearted and exceedingly talkative. His appetite is superb, and when the ordinary ample prison allowance is given him and he is asked if that is enough he signifies that he can manage a little more. He has already learned to distinguish the voices of the different guards, and calls to them as they pass, seeming inclined for conversation to break the loneliness of his confinement.

Now developements are constantly coming to astonish the country more and more as to the extent of the perfidy of the leaders of the rebellion. From the inception of their treasonable plot to the present moment, there seems to have been no crime which they have not committed. It now appears, from a statement by a correspondent of the Boston Daily Advertiser, made on the authority Governor Aiken, that care was taken to prevent the people of the South from seeing President Lincoln's first inaugural. It was garbled and misrepsented to suit rebel schemes. The opinion of Governor Aiken and others is, had that document been generally known, no State, with, perhaps, the exception of South Carolina, would have seceeded.

How to Take Life.

Take life like a man—take it by the forelock, by the shoulders, by the spine, by every limb and part. Take it just as though it was—as it is, an earnest vital, essential affair. Take it just as though you were personally born to perform a merry part in it; as though the world was waiting for your coming.

Take it as though it was a grand opportunity to do and to achieve, to carry forward great and good schemes, to help and cheer a suffering, weary, it may be a heart sickened brother.

The fact is, life is undervalued by a majority of mankind. It is not made half so much of as should be the case. Where is the man or woman who accomplishes one tithe of what might be done? Who cannot look back upon opportunities lost, plans unachieved, thoughts crushed, aspirations unfilled, and possible effort. If we knew better how to take and make the most of life, it would be far greater than it is. Now and then a man stands aside from the crowd, labors earnestly, steadfastly, confidently, and straightway he becomes famous for wisdom, intellect, skill, greatness of some sort. The world wonders, admires, idolizes, and yet it only illustrates what each may do, if he take hold of life with a purpose, by the head and shoulders. If a man but say he will, and follow it up with the right effort, there is nothing in reason he may not expect to accomplish. There is no magic, no miracle, no secret to him who is brave and determined in spirit.

An Indian Tradition.

Among the Seminole Indians there is a singular tradition regarding the white man's origin and superiority. They say that when the Great Spirit made the earth, he also made three men, all of whom were fair complexioned; and that after making them, he led them to the margin of a small lake, and bade them go in and wash. One obeyed, and came out of the water purer and fairer than before; the second hesitated a moment, during which time, the water, agitated by the first, had become muddier, and when he bathed, he came up copper-colored; the third did not lead in until the water became black with mud, and he came out with his own color. Then the Great Spirit laid before them three packages, and out of pity for his misfortune in color he gave the black man his first choice. He took hold of each package, and having felt the weight, chose the heaviest; the copper-colored man then chose the next heaviest, leaving the white man the lightest. When the packages were opened the first was found to contain spades, hoes, and implements of labor; the second unwrapped hunting, fishing and war-like apparatus; the third gave the white man pens and paper, the engines of the mind—the means of mutual, mental improvement, the social link of humanity, the foundation of the white man's superiority.