The Norfolk Post.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 8, 1865.

All communications relating to business matters connected with this paper should be addressed to E. M Brown, Norfolk Post. All communications pertaining to Editorial matters, and all correspondence intended for the paper should be addressed to John Clark, Editor.

Advertisers are requested to hand in their advertisements before six o'clock in the evening, previous to publication.

Newsmen and newsboys desiring papers will please have their orders at the counting-room the evening previous, before six o'clock.

Mayhew & Brothers, Booksellers and Stationers, are authorized agents to sell the Norfolk Post, and all orders left with them will be attended to the same as if left at the office of publication.

S. M. Pettergill & Co. are authorized Advertising Agents for the *Post* in New York and Boston.

A FEW PLAIN WORDS.

In the plan of President Johnson for the reorganization of civil government in the seceded States through the agency of Provisional Governors, he seems purposely to have left to the people the most unlimited freedom of action. There is not even a suggestion as to what should or should not be incorporated in the new constitutions to be framed, except, perhaps, that they must recognize the abolition of slavery. He has given these people the *means* whereby they may rehabilitate the State, but the manner, the style, the peculiar formation, so to speak, of such rehabilitation he has left where it properly belongs: solely and exclusively with the people themselves. In this we discover much wise statesmanship and political sagacity. He is responsible for the plan—the people of these States for its successful execution. He has "opened a way of salvation," but the people are free agents and may accept or reject it. If they form constitutions acceptable to the President and *Congress*, these States will be *proclaimed* "out of a state of insurrection," and *in the Union*. But, suppose *they fail* in this "consummation so devoutly to be wished," what then? Why, undoubtedly, they will be kept in a state of tutilage under Provisional or Military Governors, until they do frame constitutions which are acceptable. The President will say to us, I gave you a full and fair opportunity to work out your own salvation, and if you have failed the fault lies at your own door, not mine. It becomes, then, a matter of vital importance to us to ascertain, if possible, what kind of a Constitution will be acceptable to the President and Congress. And this is not a difficult task at all. We have only to change our old constitution by recognizing and incorporating therein *the recognized results of the late war, viz: the abolition* of slavery and the utter negation of the pretended right of secession, together with the perfect political equality of the negro with the white man. We know, that there are thousands of our people, intelligent people too, who are bitterly opposed to negro suffrage; but we beg to remind all such, that the present Congress is overwhelmingly Republican—radically Republican—pledged to the doctrine not only of negro freedom, but of negro suffrage. We consider it virtually a settled fact, that no member will be allowed to take a seat in Congress from any seceded State whose fundamental law does not guarantee to the negro, for all time to come, political equality with the white man. Dislike it as we may, question its expediency as we choose, the facts nevertheless stand boldly out to view, that a large majority of both houses of Congress, backed by the popular voice of the North, will insist upon this. It is idle to speculate upon the probable course of the President upon this question. He is as yet committed to neither side, and he stands in a position to consistently adopt either. He can and probably will say to Congress: "I gave these people a fair opportunity to exhibit their judgment and magnanimity and appreciation of their present status, and they have failed to improve it. They must be made to do what they have failed to do voluntarily." And we venture the prediction, that if these States do not voluntarily accord to the negro equal political rights with the white man, it will be *made a condition precedent to their full restoration under the Union*. And it will not be a *qualified* right which will be insisted upon, but "universal negro suffrage." We are not now discussing the right or the wrong, the policy or impolicy of negro suffrage: we are merely stating what we believe will prove to be stubborn *facts*, and we are doing it in the hope that the people of Virginia may "realize the situation" and profit thereby. We suppose it to be the earnest desire of every citizen of Virginia, to have civil government restored in our State freely and unequivocally, at the earliest moment possible. That we have it not now, is potent to everybody; that we never shall have it until the constitution of our State is so amended as to guarantee to her colored citizens the right of suffrage, we firmly believe. Is it not, then, the part of wise statesmanship to act promptly in this matter? Why wait to be ignominiously kicked out of, or rather away from Congress, and forced into "universal negro suffrage?" Why not take time by the forelock—call a convention, and amend our constitution by abolishing all invidious distinctions on account of color, and permit every citizen who can read and write, and who is worth $250 in real estate, to exercise the privilege of the elective franchise. Do it voluntarily, magnanimously, sacrificingly if you will, but do it.

You will thus recognize the political equality of the negro, while at the same time you throw around the ballot box such protection and restraint as will effectually exclude the ignorant and the worthless, both white and black. Elect your members to Congress under such a constitution, and beyond any earthly doubt they will be admitted, and civil government will be restored in this old Commonwealth in *fact*, as well as in name within the next six months.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

MAYOR'S COURT.—Several peace warrants were issued, and a number of persons were fined for running vehicles without licences, and not being properly marked. Those who have not complied with the ordinances "in such cases made and provided for," had better do so at once, as the constables are on the *qui vive* for all delinquents.

Commonwealth *vs.* Nunan, charged with a misdemeanor by malicious trespass, &c. It appears that Corcoran, the complainant in this case, and Nunan, purchased contiguous leaseholds. Nunan, the defendant, under the color of title, removed from the small space used as a lane, for the mutual accommodation of both, water casks placed there by Corcoran. Ellis for Corcoran and Sharp for Nunan. This case was argued by the respective counsel from "Genesis to Revelations," and the full merit of the law was brought out, pro and con, and various authorities cited to sustain each argument.—After argument being closed by the counsel, the court gave the following opinion, viz: "The Court is satisfied that a small space in the rear of lot leased to F. Decordy in the year 1849, by Mrs. Lyden Milhado, was, by the convention of parties dedicated to the use of the co-terminous tenants. Mrs. Chapman, by explanatory deed, dated August 5th, 1850, recognized this small space in the rear of Decordy's lease, now Corcoran's, and disclaimed title thereto. The Court is satisfied that Corcoran was in possession of this small space at the time this trespass was complained of, and that the water casks removed by Nunan, under the conviction that the land on which they stood belonged to him, and occupied a portion of this space of land. The Court calls attention to the nature of trespass as a civil proceeding, and trespass declared by statute to be a misdemeanor. Trespass in civil proceeding is an offence against the possession of another. The ground of this action is the injury to the possession. Any actual possession will maintain this action; it may be brought by a tenant for a number of years, at will or suffrance. A tenant may bring action against his landlord if he wrongfully intrudes upon him. There is more required, in the opinion of the Court, to justify the proceeding for malicious trespass, which is declared by statute to be a misdemeanor, than is required to maintain the civil proceeding. In the opinion of the Court to constitute malicious trespass, it must be shown that the party committing the trespass acted maliciously without the color of title or claim of right. The Court decides in this case that the act of trespass complained of was committed under the color of title and claim of right, and therefore adjudge the defendant not guilty. The Court cites the authority in Dye's case, 7th Grattan, 622, viz: "The acts to punish malicious trespass were intended to apply to acts of trespass on the property of another without color of title or claim of right, and not to cases where there is a *bona fide* claim of right to property," as in the case of larceny, if a party takes property under a fair and *bona fide* claim of right, he will not be guilty of stealing, so, under the statute, if a party, under a fair and *bona fide* claim of right, cut down a tree standing on the land of another, he will not be guilty of a willful trespass.

THE TRUCKING LANDS AROUND NORFOLK.—We all live by the field, the forest, and the sea. The tillage of the earth is the oldest employment known among men. Adam had a garden and fruit trees in Eden, and it was his employment to dress and to keep it. The alluvial lands around Norfolk for 100 miles, resemble, in a high, degree the original Eden. They only require to be tilled to produce the most astonishing crops, and the tillage itself is of very easy accomplishment. An old farmer at our elbow, informs me, that it is no uncommon thing for farmers who understand a thing or two, to buy a farm, and make enough off of it in three years to pay for it The income from the five articles of peas, strawberries, potatoes, peaches, and tomatoes, exceeds all belief, and the profits on these things are purposely kept secret by those who are the most successful in reaping them. These lands, under proper management, throw entirely in the shade the gold placers of California; for a farm here, while it affords the owner a good home in refined and settled society, amid churches and schools, brings him also a large surplus against a rainy day. *Besides all these advantages which these lands offer, there is another source of revenue still to be told.* Much of the land in this region, now in market, has naval and house-building timber enough on it to pay for it twice over, besides an ever increasing supply of fire wood, convenient to the market, and always commanding a good price. Now for a few facts by way of illustration. Twenty years ago a gentleman bought a farm for $3,000, and paid for it by selling wood to that amount. He soon sold it for $5,000, and that purchaser paid for it in Irish potatoes in three years, and since that he has been offered $40,000 for it and would not sell, and now $60,000 will not buy it. Five years ago a gentleman bought a small tract of land for $4,000. He paid for it twice over in four years, and now it is for sale at less than cost. Both of the above farms are within six miles of town. Let us go a little further off—say twenty miles. Here a farm was bought for $5,000, the purchaser paying for it in corn alone in three years. That farm has recently been sold for $20,000, and the purchaser can pay that amount for the farm in wood alone. The truth is, the trucking lands, for vegetables and fruits, and the gum bottoms for corn and peas, in the seacoast Counties of Virginia and North Carolina, under good management, are equal in production to the most favored regions of Illinois or Texas, whilst their nearness to the markets of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Richmond, makes them the most secure and certain investment anywhere to be found.

MAYOR'S COURT, *Portsmouth*.—Jos. Ogleby, charged with selling goods from the store, without having license—fined $10 and costs.

Anthony Flord, charged with violating City ordinances for allowing cart to be used for hire, and failing to obtain license for the same—laid over until to-day for further consideration.

Charles Brown, charged with allowing his horse to run at large, contrary to ordinances. Cause not sustained and case dismissed.

Mr. Kealy, violation of ordinances, running wagon without license—fined $10 and costs.

ARRESTED.—Jas. Talbot was arrested yesterday in the streets of Portsmouth, for being drunk and disorderly, and sent to jail.

Harriet Wilson and Martha Copeland (colored), *nymphs du pave*, were arrested for disorderly conduct and obscene language, and sent to jail by the presiding Magistrate of Portsmouth, to await the action of the military authorities.

NEW MUSIC.—J. G. Gilmore, (book and music store, Main street), laid upon our table "I've no Mother now, I'm weeping," a ballad, written and composed by T. Smith, of Virginia, and published by Henry McCaffrey, 205 Balt. street, Baltimore. We commend this piece to all who appreciate elegant and refined pathos. Also the ballad, "Did You Think of Me to-day;" words and music by Alice Hawthorne, and dedicated to Miss Emma Douglass, of Newark, N. J., from the same house and publishers. This piece is sentimental, and particularly adapted to the "tender passion."

"SWEET AS A PEACH."—We never until yesterday fully appreciated the exact force of the above analogy. James S. Richardson, Esq., of Norfolk county, thought of us, and sent us a taste of his fine peaches. They were truly delicious and very acceptable.

THE WEATHER.—On Sunday night we had a fine and drenching rain of several hours' duration, which filled up our cisterns and irrigated the soil generally—much to the benefit of our maturing crops. Yesterday the atmosphere was cool and pleasant, with rain during the afternoon and indications of unsettled and falling weather.

MILITARY COURT.—This Court did not hold a session yesterday.

THE WEATHER.—The Thermometer at Dr. W. E. Lewis' Drug Store, under the Atlantic Hotel, indicated the following state of the weather Monday:

7 A. M. ....
10 " ....80°
1 P. M. ....82°
4 " ....83°
6 " ....80°
....................78°

FROM THE LAND OF SUNRISE, far off Asia, come the aromatic roots, of which Fragrant SOZODONT is composed. In this preparation the chemistry of the toilet has achieved its most remarkable triumph. Pure, unsullied teeth, and agreeable breath, and absolute exemption from all diseases that affect the gums, are the results of a daily application of the SOZODONT.

An "entirely new comic drama," entitled *Artemus Ward, Showman*, was announced as in rehearsal at Maguire's Theatre, San Francisco.

At Saratoga they punish sluggards by charging extra for all breakfasts taken after 10 o'clock.

The corporation tax in Frederick City, Md., has been fixed at 42 cents on the $100.

There have been thirty-four suicides at the German spas this season—all gamblers.

The tobacco manufactories are commencing work again in Petersburg, Va.

Glimpses of South Carolina Unionism.

"Agate" furnishes the Cincinnati *Gazette* with a detailed account of a conversation which took place at Washington between himself and a prominent South Carolinan, a friend of Governor Perry, and now an officer of the Provisional Government, on the speech of Governor Perry, at Greenville, and the political questions of the day. We quote the greater part of his letter:

Not unnaturally I began the conversation with Governor Perry's friend, the delegate, by asking if this speech was really genuine.

"Oh, yes! I was on the platform, beside the Governor, when he made it.—But, you see, the latitude in which a speech is made makes a good deal of difference. Down there everybody thought —I myself among them—that it was an *extreme radical Union Speech!"*

"What! where," he said, for example, "that no man in the State could feel more bitter humiliation and degradation than himself in being forced back into the Union? Is that what you call in South Carolina radical Unionism?"

My impetuosity surprised my sallow-faced friend. Turning his eyes in wild astonishment upon me, he said philosophically:

"To understand Perry's speech, you must place yourself in the stand-point from which he spoke, and remember the object he had in view. Because they fail to do this, I have observed that some Northern newspapers fail to see the force of the speech. He was endeavoring to win these people back, and to coax them into sending Representatives to Congress again. To do this, of course he had to conciliate the prejudices of all. There is no better Unionist in South Carolina or in the whole South than Perry!"

"Do you mean that he never was a rebel?"

"No, not exactly. To be frank with you, we were all rebels. The North has never understood, and I doubt if it ever will understand, the absolute unanimity with which, after the war was begun, we all supported it; while there was any use in it, we resisted secession; but after the State seceded, our district, which was always strongly Union, sent more and better volunteers to the war than any other."

"You mean, then, that after secession was accomplished, the former Unionists became more violent rebels than the rest; and that, practically, not a soul in the State remained true to the Union, except the negroes?"

"Well, I suspect you are a little mistaken about the negroes. They're very ignorant, and most of them were and are governed by their master's notions."

Recurring to his statement that Gov. Perry had been trying to coax the South Carolinians to come out to the elections and vote for Congressmen, I asked him if there was likely to be any difficulty on that score.

"Well, I guess there'll be a very small vote; but," he added, with the skill of a thorough bred politician, "those who vote will very *fairly represent the wishes of all the rest.* We are a very proud and sensitive people, and a good many have a natural disposition to shrink from the oath of allegiance to a Government they cast off forever nearly five years ago. In a year or two they'll come in all right, and meantime they'll be very glad of the results which the votes of their neighbors will secure. South Carolina is and will be one of the very best Union States we have."

"But what security have we in restoring political power to a community disposed towards us as yours was, and still feeling as you now represent?"

"Oh, our people are impulsive, and they are always decided one way or the other."

"Suppose the Representatives you elect should be admitted to Congress, and South Carolina should thus be clothed with all her old power. You, who before secession were the Union men, will be the only voters now, as you state it; but in two or three years, of course, everybody will vote again. Will not you original Union men be again outnumbered by the original secessionists?"

"I don't believe we ever were outnumbered. I don't believe there ever was a majority for secession in South Carolina."

"The poll books tell a different story."

"Yes, but remember we had been fighting secession for thirty years, and had got tired of it. Men said these restless spirits will never be quiet until they have tried secession. If we don't let them try it now they'll keep us in a constant turmoil until we do. It is bound to come some time, and we may as well spare ourselves further trouble and let it come now."

"In other words, then, men said let the Union be destroyed, with whatever attendant horrors, rather than one should be bothered to keep up this perpetual struggle."

"Well, not exactly that. You must remember there was a tremendous pressure. I myself had my house surrounded by a hundred and fifty armed men, one night before the election, because they thought I was a Union man. There was no making head against the current."

The South Carolinian was a gentleman, at once by birth, culture, and bearing (which is more than can be said of much of the drift-wood now thrown uppermost in Southern society in the process of reorganization), and so I did not add aloud the mental comment which no man can help making on these explanations—that if the Union men were, as he said, in a majority, they acted then like cowards; and if they were not, they are acting now like hypocrites. But I could not help saying:

"By your showing, then, the rebel element was resistless before the passage of the secession ordinance, and universal after it. As you frankly say, you were all rebels. We have incurred an enormous debt in subduing you, and we know that there is a small party at the North openly, and a larger one secretly, desirous of repudiating that debt, in order to shake off the heavy burden of taxation. Now, if South Carolina and other States occupying her position are restored to power in the nation, what security have we that you rebels would continue voting for heavy taxation to pay the debt incurred in whipping you? Would there not be very great danger of you uniting with this minority at the North, and thus securing a national majority in favor of repudiation?"

"Well, our attention has never been called to that subject, and we were not aware that there was likely to be any portion whatever of your people favorable to repudiation. I can't say, however, what our more violent people would do. There has been very little comparison of views, and all our efforts have been given to getting our civil authority and power restored, without considering what questions might come up back of that."

"With what political party at the North, then, would your people be more likely to affiliate?"

"Of course with the Democratic. We have understood all along that it sympathized more with us than any other, that it was more opposed to the war, more disposed to leave us alone with our slaves, more ready for favorable terms of peace."

"And if any considerable portion of that party were to propose lightening the taxes by repudiating (in reduction of interest or otherwise) part of the debt incurred in subduing you, would you be very apt to unite with them?"

"I don't know but we would, but I can't say; for as yet we are giving no attention to anything except re-organization."

Recurring to his admissions concerning the bitterness of the original secessionists, I asked: "What security will we have, after political power has been fully restored to South Carolina, that the secessionists may not regain control of the State Government, and prove as pestilent as ever—if not in the field, then in Congress, and in the old expedients of obnoxious State legislation?"

"Oh! a barrel of cider never ferments twice."

"What material changes will the party which you and Governor Perry represent propose to make in the State Constitution?"

"We'll make it what it never was before—Republican. We'll take away the electors from the Legislature and give it to the people. So, also, with the election of Governor, which has heretofore belonged to the Legislature. We may strike out our property qualifications, and will equalize the representation in the State Senate."

"But what about the negroes?"

"Well we want to have them industrious and orderly, and will do all we can to bring it about."

"Will you let any of them vote?"

"That question, too, has not been discussed. The people have been taken up with getting their civil rights restored, and have given very little thought to other questions. Nobody could stand up in the State who should advocate promiscuous negro suffrage. It is possible that a few might be willing to let the intelligent negroes vote---after some years, at any rate, if not now.

"I believe you let the sandhillers vote. Don't you know that the disfranchised negroes of Charleston are infinitely their superiors in education, industry, wealth and good conduct?"

"We really don't know enough about the Charleston negroes in our part of the State to say. But, of course, the house servants are intelligent. They were always very much indulged."

"It has been common here to say that the severest punishment that could be given Jeff. Davis would be to put him back at large among the Southern people he has ruined," was said with a view of turning the conversation away from a subject evidently not very agreeable.

"Indeed, you're very much mistaken," exclaimed the South Carolinian, with more warmth than he had yet manifested; "I'm almost afraid to tell you what the real feeling is—it will so strangely contradict your ideas. Jeff. Davis would be received with open arms in the South. There is a very general feeling of great kindness to him, and great sympathy for his present misfortune. One party in the South assailed his Administration very bitterly; but the feeling was not to any extent a personal one. He is greatly admired and loved by our people."

The honest Carolinian expressed the feeling, which I have reason to believe, general through the Atlantic and Gulf rebel States. Davis and Lee are still held the great exemplars of Southern Manhood.

The conversation I have above detailed, occurred this morning, in the presence of an important officer of the government, and is now faithfully recorded from notes jotted down at the time. I have no comments on it to make. It gives us a view of South Carolina Unionism that needs no comment.

Conversations with President Johnson.

A Washington correspondent of the St. Louis *Democrat* says:

It is but a short time since a distinguished Senator called upon the President. A delegation of conservatives had just left him. Turning to the Senator, he said: "I wonder if those persons, who but now passed out, imagine that I forget the power and the party to which I owe my elevation. There was not a man in that delegation that wouldn't have united in offering a reward for my scalp a few years ago, and now they talk to me as if I owed everything to them. I guess they'll find that I have a memory."

Again: A well known editor of a prominent Northern journal said to the President: "The Democracy say you will yet be found with them. That you have always been a good Democrat, and will always so remain."

"Do they," responded Mr. Johnson.—"Well, sir, you are at liberty to tell all such gentlemen that, while as President, I shall endeavor to drop any partisan character, I certainly am not prepared to do more than *pray* for those who despitefully use me. I think they stand in need of prayers, and it's *all* I can do for them."

"Mr. President, we are discouraged," said a committee of freedmen to the President, "Richmond is as much in the hands of Secessionists now as it was before Lee surrendered. Nominally free, we are yet the worst of slaves, and we see no hope of redress unless you aid us."

"Gentlemen," answered Mr. Johnson, "you must exercise patience. You *are free*, and the vainest Virginian shall yet not only acknowledge your freedom, but your *equality, if you are true to yourselves."*

"But the local and State laws of Virginia, Mr. President"—

"What of the local and State laws of Virginia? Until these F. F. V.'s come to their senses, I rather think United States bayonets will be about the only *laws* they shall have. Go back to your homes—work hard, do your duty, and I will see that the lowest among you is secured in his right and title to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

As the President uttered the last remark his face glowed with a high resolve, and I never saw manhood more sterling and erect than his every lineament betokened.

From what I have written, and from many more things of similar import, you have the reasons for my faith in our new President. The work before him is Titanic. He feels its great import, and he does not wish to err through haste or imprudence. He is now feeling his way, and will yet justify the hopes of the progressive and the patriotic.

The merchants of Alexandria, Va., are about to organize a Corn Exchange.

An anaconda in Cincinnati has been delivered of thirty-three young reptiles.

The Princess Mary of cambridge is said to be the fastest lady in Europe.

Hon. John Bell took the amnesty oath in Nashville on the 1st instant.

The mose unpopular club in this city is said to be The Policeman's.

Mary Harris, the murderess, is going to live with her parents.

They have a genuine Irish jaunting car in Bridgeport, Conn.

The "waterfall" is going out of fashion at Saratoga.

Arrivals at the Atlantic Hotel Aug. 7.

P. E. Maguire, Richmond; James S. Saunders, Northampton; Thomas Devericks, Northampton; R. Pollard, Adams' Express; T. C. Jones, Va.; John Albright, Va.; Charles Post, Va.; N. Post, Va.; N. B. Pettit, Va.; A. L. Follett, Va.; James O'Neal, Va.; W. R. S. Beauband, N. C.; V. R. Gallagher, N. C.; G. W. Willis, Norfolk; J. W. Gay, Ark.; D. F. Parkerson, Augusta, Ga.; H. Clay Ellyot, Wilmington, N. C.; W. H. Roberts, Baltimore.

The Conspirators.

What they said on their Arrival at the Dry Tortugas.

The Washington correspondent of the *Times* says:

"Brigadier General Dodd, who had charge of the assassins Mudd, Arnold, O'Laughlin and Spangler, and who delivered them to the prison-keeper at the Dry Tortugas, made his report to-day to the War Department, and was discharged from this special duty.

"General Dodd reports that on the trip Dr. Mudd acknowledged to Captain Budd, General Dodd and others, that he knew Booth when he came to his house with Harold on the morning after the assassination, but was afraid to tell of his having been there, fearing the life of himself and family would be endangered thereby. He knew that Booth would never be taken alive. He also acknowledged that he had been acquainted with Booth for some time, and that he was with Booth at the National Hotel on the evening referred to by Weichman; that he met Booth in the street, and Booth said he wanted him (Mudd) to introduce him to John Surratt; that they started up Seventh street, on their way to Mrs. Surratt's house, and on their way they met John Surratt and Weichman, and returned to Booth's room at the National, where he and John Surratt had some conversation of a private character. He said that the Military Commission, in his case, had done their duty, and as far as they were concerned, the sentence in his case was just, but some of the witnesses had sworn falsely and maliciously.

"O'Laughlin acknowledged that the court had done its duty, and said that he was in the plot to capture the President, but that, after the ineffectual attempt in March, when the party hoped to have captured the coach containing the President, he thought that the entire project was given up, and it was, as far as he was concerned. He denies positively that he had part or knowledge in the plot to assassinate the President, General Grant, or any one else.

"Sam. Arnold made about the same statement as he did before the trial—that he was in the plot to capture, but not to assassinate; that that had failed, and he considered himself out of it, and never knew anything about the assassination, which he thought was gotten up by Booth only a few hours before executing it. He thought the court could not have done otherwise than it did. He expressed his sorrow that he had been led into the plot to capture by Booth and others, and expressed himself thankful that the punishment was no worse.

"Spangler, on the voyage, expressed some impatience at his own stupidity in not having recollected while on trial a circumstance in connection with Booth's escape from the stage, that would have told materially to his (Spangler's) advantage. Some of the testimony went to show that Spangler had slammed the door to after Booth's exit, in a way to hinder immediate pursuit. Spangler says it quite escaped his recollection that some time previous to the assassination a patent spring had been put on the door for the purpose of closing it when left carelessly open. He says, however, that he supposes the Court had done right, and if they give him plenty of work and plenty to eat he was satisfied. Although he was not guilty and knew nothing of Booth's intentions, he says that he did say to Booth, I will do all I can for you, but that it was in reference to selling his (Booth's) horse and buggy, and that it was three days before the assassination. He said that some of the witnesses lied in their testimony, especially about his slapping any one in the mouth and telling him to keep his mouth shut."

The Treatment of Federal Prisoners at Andersonville.

The New York *Post*, of Thursday, publishes the following letter in relation to the treatment of Federal prisoners at Andersonville by "Hog" Winder, of Maryland, and Captain Wertz, the commandant of that post. The *Post* says the author is a "loyal Georgian, a gentleman well known in New York city and State, and who spoke of what he saw and knew of the condition and treatment of our unhappy men who were in the hands of Wertz and Winder:"

There appears to be a disposition on the part of some of the public press to mitigate the offences and crimes of Major Henry Wertz, late the responsible keeper of the stockade at Andersonville, Georgia, and to throw upon others the responsibilities that justly attach to those alone who were in immediate command of that prison. Being personally acquainted with most of the officers who were stationed at Andersonville, and knowing much of the treatment of those who were so unfortunate as to have been confined in that pen of horror, I have thought that a condensed statement of how things were managed and prisoners of war were treated there, might not be entirely unacceptable to your readers.

I wish to be understood as not desirous to forestall the action or opinion of the commission which is about to investigate this matter, or to add anything to the feeling entertained towards Major Wertz. It is enough for him to rest, now and forever, under an obloquy that no time and no repentance can obliterate; to feel within himself the unenviable pangs which the recollection of his powerless murdered victims will ever arouse, and to know that whatever may be the award of a human tribunal, his punishment is already decreed.

The prison of Andersonville is a stockade of about eighteen feet high, the posts comprising it being sunk in the ground five feet—it originally comprised an area of eighteen acres, but was subsequently enlarged to twenty-seven acres. The enclosure is upon the side of a hill, looking towards the South, at the foot of which is a small brook, about five feet wide, and as many inches deep, which furnished the water for the use of the prisoners. Within this enclosure were turned the prisoners as they arrived, and left to provide for themselves, there being no shelters, or arbors, or any kind of protection afforded by trees, or otherwise, against the burning rays of the Southern sun, the furious storms or the freezing winters.

The position was selected by Captain Winder, a son of General John H. Winder, who was sent from Richmond for the purpose in the latter part of 1863.—When it was suggested to him by a disinterested but humane spectator of his operations, that it would perhaps be better to leave the trees standing within the proposed stockade, as they would afford shade to the prisoners, he replied, "That was just what he was not going to do; he was going to make a pen for the d—d Yankees, where they could rot faster than they could be sent there."

And admirably did he accomplish his mission.

The first commandant of the post was Col. Persons, who was soon succeeded by John H. Winder, with his son as Adjutant, his nephew as commissary and sutler, and Henry Wertz in immediate command of the prisoners. There were generally stationed there for guard duty, from three to six regiments of infantry, with one company of artillery, having a battery of six pieces, according to the exigencies of the case, the number of prisoners then confined, or the fears entertained of an attempt to set them at liberty by raiding parties of United States troops.

When prisoners were first received it was usual to subject them to a search for money, valuables, &c., which ostensibly were to be restored to them when they were released from captivity, but which in reality went into the pockets of those who controlled the prison. Notwithstanding a law of the Confederacy expressly prohibited the dealing in greenbacks, yet the initiated, a few whose "loyalty" was unquestioned, could always obtain for a consideration the greenbacks which they required.

The writer of this was the foreman of the last grand jury which was empanneled for Sumter county, Ga., and in the performance of his duty he had to investigate a large number of presentments for dealing in the forbidden currency, which were brought against poor Union men in every instance. Struck by this fact, he resolved to examine, as his position gave him a right to do, into all the circumstances; where the money originally came from, *who* did the selling of it—indeed, the whole *modus operandi*—and he elicited the fact above stated, how the money was obtained; that the Winders and Wertz were the principals, acting through subordinates in gathering bushels of plums, in the way of premiums, &c. Meanwhile, the poor prisoners were left to the tender mercies of their jailor and commissary for their food, which might have been improved in quantity, at least, if their money had been left in their own possession.

At first it was customary to send a wagon into the stockade every morning at ten o'clock, loaded with the rations for the day—bacon and corn bread, nothing else—but as the number of prisoners increased and the greed of gain grew upon the trio above mentioned, the corn bread was reduced in its quality, being then manufactured of equal proportions of ground field peas and corn, unbolted unsifted, uncleansed indeed, from the dirt and trash which peas naturally accumulate; and at last when the number of prisoners increased to over thirty-seven thousand, the meat rations per week were reduced to a piece of bacon for each man about three inches long and two wide, with one pone of the bread above described per day. Then, also, the custom of carrying the prisoners' food into the stockade in wagons was abolished. They drove up to the gates, which were slightly opened, and the scanty food, foul and unhealthy as it was, was thrown inside by the guard to be scrambled for by the wretched prisoners, the strongest and those nearest the gate getting the largest share, the weak and sickly getting none.

I have mentioned the small brook that runs through the lower part of the stockade, and which supplied the water for drinking and washing. This brook has its rise in a swamp not far from the prison, and at no time, certainly not for a lengthened period, was the water suitable or healthy; but when the fæces and filth, the drainage of the whole camp of prisoners, came to be superadded to the natural unfitness of the water for drinking or cleansing purposes, my readers can judge what thirst was assuaged, or fevers cooled, or throbbing temples washed, by this floating stream of filth and disease! At any time, under the most rigid hygienic restrictions, it is difficult to maintain health and cleanliness amongst a large body of men—what do you think was the condition of thirty-seven thousand half naked, have starved men, without any police regulations, under no moral or restraining influences? If the remnant who were finally allowed to pass out of this military Golgotha were not wild beasts, unwashed, befouled devils, no thanks are to be given to Henry Wertz for lack of effort to produce such a consummation.

When it rained, as it does in that climate almost continually during the spring and fall months, the soil within the encloseure was one mass of loblolly, soft mud, at least fifteen inches in depth, through which stalked and staggered the gaunt half-clad wretches thus confined. *The stench from the prison could be perceived for two miles, and farmers living in the neighborhood began to fear for the health of their families.*

As a consequence of this, the hospitals—facetious was Wertz in his horrible humanity—were crowded to repletion with the emaciated, starved and diseased men who wear trundled into them. The hospitals were constructed of logs, unhewed, the interstices unfilled and open, admitting the rain, without floors, cots, bunks or blankets, filthy and fetid with the festering, putrid bodies of the sick, the dying and the dead. Words fail, language is impotent to describe one of these dens of disease and death. I once mustered the courage, impelled by the earnest entreaties of a Northern friend, to enter one of them, to visit one who was tenderly reared, and walked in the best ranks of Connecticut society.—I believed I had seen before this what I deemed to be human wretchedness in its worst forms. I thought I could nerve myself to witness mortal agony and wretchedness, and destitution, as I had heard it described, without blanching or trembling. But if the condenesd horrors of a hundred "black holes" had been brought before my mind to prepare me for the ordeal, they would have failed to realize the facts as I saw them face to face.

I cannot, in a daily paper, read by innocence and virtue, detail what met my sight on the occasion I refer to. I will not pollute any page, save the records of the court that must try the culprit for the crime of torture by disease and filth, with the details of that caravansary of horrible, intentional slaughter. For fear that some may think I have exaggerated, an episode here will perhaps dispel such illusion. Convicted by the horrible fact that was a disgusting stench in his nostrils, General Winder, then Commissary General of Prisons, but having his headquarters at Andersonville, was forced by *decency*, not humanity, for this he himself asserted, to ask the aid of the Presiding Elder of the Methodist Church of that circuit to adopt some means to alleviate the miseries and soothe the wretchedness of the poor inmates of the Andersonville Hospital. This gentleman invoked the cooperation of the women of Sumter county, who responded with clothing and necessaries only (for those alone were allowed), to the amount of four wagon loads. Upon the day appointed, four ladies, accompanied by their husbands, went to the prison and sought from the Provost Marshal a pass to take their benefactions to the sick prisoners. *It was refused with a curse!* The party proceeded to Winder's headquarters, where Henry Wertz was in company with the General. The demand for a pass was repeated. Understand, the ladies were present, and the reasons given why the party were there, in accordance with Winder's special request. To their astonishment, they were met with this reply: "G—d d—n you, have you all turned Yankees here?"

"No, General," responded the spokesman of the party, "I am not, as you know, nor are any here present; we have come, as you requested us, through Rev. Mr. D., to bring necessary articles for the Federal hospital, and ask a pass for the purpose of delivering them."

"It's a d—n lie! I never gave permission for anything of the kind! Be off with you, all of you!"

As if this fearless display of martial valor and gentlemanly bearing was not sufficient, Henry Wertz essayed to and did eclipse his General in profanity and indecency—and I here assert that if the lowest sinks of the most abandoned parts of your city were gleaned, they could not surpass the ribald vulgarity and finished profanity of this jailor, exhibited in the presence of refined and "loyal" ladies.

Shocked, terrified, beaten to the very dust with mortification, the party retired, and, foiled in their efforts to succor the sick or alleviate the tortures of the dying Union soldier, they gave their loads of clothing and food to a passing column of Federal prisoners, on their way to another place—Millen. They at least had the satisfaction of knowing that some were benefited, even if they had failed in their efforts for those who most needed their assistance.

During the last winter—which was unusually cold for Georgia, when the ice made an inch thick—no shelter, no blankets or clothes, no wood was provided for the wretched inmates of that prison. Squads were permitted to the number of thirty, to go out under guard daily for one hour, without axes or any cutting tool, to gather the refuse and rotten wood in the forests; and if they outstaid their time, they were tried by drum-head court-martial, charged with violating their parole, and if found guilty, were hung! I myself saw three bodies hanging, who were thus executed. Poor fellows, I thought, God has taken pity upon you and given you deliverance from your cruel jailor. When you and he meet, at another judgment-seat, woe to him if his authority be found insufficient for this taking of your lives, wretched though they be.

My house was the resort, or I should say, refuge, of most of the prisoners who made their escape from the stockade, and their tales of starvation and distress which they told would have melted an iron heart. I must close my hurried account of what I have seen. It is far from full; not one-half has been told; by far the most has been kept back from very shame, and in respect to your readers. I have not embellished. The pictures were too rough, the characters too forlorn for the flowers of rhetoric to bloom in their presence. Broken hearts, crushed spirits and manhood trampled on, may answer as fitting subjects for the romancer's pen, but the horrible reality, so seldom seen, burns its image upon the beholder's soul, that no other impression can efface, and they remain life-pictures indeed.

A MYSTERIOUS ROAD IN MAINE.—A correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, writing from Wiscasset, Maine, says:

"Maine has her mysteries also. There are, in various places, various indications, of former inhabitants not like the Indians; but in East Northport there is the most remarkable trace of at least the visit here of another people, which the writer at present remembers. It is a mineral spring of chalybeat water. That it was once a place of much importance and of great resort there is evidence. Beginning at the spring, and running due east, is 'a highway cast up.' A road, straight as an arrow, from three to four feet high, and about twenty feet wide, is traceable for between one and two miles. It reaches across a farm, is lost in a morass, appears again just beyond the swamp, ascends a ridge of land into the woods, goes down on the east side of the wood into a field and is finally lost in wet land, where the frost and other causes have destroyed it.

The earth of which this remarkable road is formed could not have been taken from the neighborhood, as it is full of yellow mud, of which the soil in the vicinity is quite destitute. Sixty years ago this road was covered by a large old growth of trees, which proves the work to be a very ancient one. Whose were the hands that fashioned it? Not the red man's, certainly. They never were so industrious. We lived amid mysterious relics of the past, ignorant of how to understand them. The course of this old road lies directly to Penobscot Bay. Perhaps in remote ages people came in strange ships to the coast of Maine, and travelled this highway to the health-giving waters. What sort of hotels did they have at the spring? It is too cold a region to be comfortable in mere tents. And what sort of people were they that drank at the spring? Ah! there was no power in the draught to confer immortality, or even to enable those who drank to leave behind them the story of their life. This road, almost unknown, invites the notice of geologists and antiquaries. Why do they not explore it?"

Richard Thornton, who died a few weeks ago in England, left the large fortune of £3,700,000; and his will, just proved at Doctor's Commons, contains the following bequests: £1,000,000 to Mr. Thomas Thornton, who likewise is to inherit tho estates; £1,000,000 to Mr. Richard Thornton West; £500,000 to be divided among other relatives and friends; £100,000 to be divided among all the charities, hospitals, asylums and benevolent institions in London, &c.; £15,000 to Christ Hospital, where the testator was educated; £10,000, in trust, for the benefit of the schools in Merton, Surrey; £10,000, in trust, for the schools in Mr. Thornton's native village, Burton, in Yorkshire; £1,000 for the benefit of the aged poor at Burton; £500 for the poor at Merton.

The London *Court Journal* states that a family of position has been thrown into the deepest distress by the elopement of their daughter, a child fourteen years of age. Every effort to find a clue to her whereabouts has proved fruitless. The young lady has a fortune in her own right of ten thousand pounds.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

PORT OF NORFOLK, AUGUST 6.

ARRIVALS.

Steamer Louisiana, Russell, Baltimore.
Steamer James T. Brady, Landis, Baltimore.
Steamer City Point, Talbot, Richmond.
Steamer Hatteras, Parrish, New York.
Steamer Yazoo, Couch, New York.
Steamer Thomas Collyer, McCarrick, Richmond.

AUGUST 7.

Schooner E. J. Pickuf, Bowen, Philad.
Schooner Ella, Lynn, Roanoke.
Steamer George Leary, Blakeman, Baltimore.
Steamer B. & J. Baker, Cole, Baltimore.
Schooner Guard, Jas. Pierce, Pasquotank, N. C.
Schooner J. C. McShain, Hoffman, Philad.
Sloop Forrest, Hatch, Murfreesboro, N. C.
Steamer Melville, Renoir, Philad.
Steamer Eclipse, Pearson, Fairfield, Va.
Steamer Georgiana, Pearson, Baltimore.
Steamer M. Martin, Livingston, Richmond.
Steamer Dictator, Dearing, Richmond.

DEPARTURES, AUG. 6.

Steamer Jas. T. Brady, Landis, Baltimore.
Steamer Louisiana, Russell, Baltimore.
Steamer Dictator, Dearing, Richmond.
Steamer M. Martin, Livingston, Richmond.
Steamer Albemarle, Bourne, New York.
Steamer Creole, Thompson, New York.

AUGUST 7.

Steamer George Leary, Blakeman, Baltimore.
Steamer City Point, Talbot, Richmond.
Schooner Geo. Henry, Sallidey, New York.
Steamer Putnam, Leach, Philad.
Steamer Eclipse, Pearson, Baltimore.
Steamer Thomas Colyer, McCarrick, Richmond.
Steamer Georgiana, Pearson, Baltimore.

LIST OF ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES AT FORTRESS MONROE, August 6.

ARRIVALS.

Steamer C. W. Thomas, Richmond.
Steamer Blackston, Norfolk.
Steamer John Tracy, Norfolk.
Steamer Ocean Wave, Washington.

DEPARTURES.

Schooner Clara, Point Lookout.
Steamer Wm. P. Clyde, Richmond.
Steamer Blackston, New York.