

MINNIE, MY DOLL-WIFE.

She is fair as a peach, She is light as a feather, And more tuneful her speech Than all song-birds together;

O'er her bow in the wind, Little curls tress and clamber, While the thick hair behind Is of chestnut with amber;

Then her lips—ah, mon Dieu! Curving, crimson, and scented, As if made with dew,

How tender her throat And how white beyond telling! While her bust you may note Into womanhood swelling—

Like a bud, now grown, As the sun's rays unfold it; While so small is her waist,

My little Doll-wife, Had we two come together When the year of my life Was in early Spring weather,

Not a doll-wife wert thou, But a wife, warm and glowing, To whose rosy heart even now, My soul's currents are flowing.

To a little doll's cot, Set in flowers, I would sue you— Even the sunlight should not Too ungenerously sue you;

So, when weary my life Heart and brain, ear and vision— O' the long, paltry strife Which we think is ambition—

In my little doll's cot And her arms I might hide me; And, while reclining her lot, Find the peace else denied me.

MILES O'REILLY.

A New Indictment against Jeff Davis.

A Richmond dispatch has already announced that a new indictment had been found by the grand jury of the United States circuit court for Virginia, against the Hon. Jefferson Davis. The Richmond Examiner, of Monday, says:

The indictment states that in 1861 he armed and equipped troops for the purpose of making war against the United States; that he took forcible possession of the city of Richmond, and expelled therefrom the forces of the United States; that he armed and equipped military forces for the purpose of resisting war against the United States in the States of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, Tennessee, and Missouri; and that he gave to said forces information, counsel, and advice, maliciously and traitorously to assist them in laying war against the United States; and that on the 21st of July, 1861, with a number of persons, amounting to 59,000 or more armed, equipped, and organized as military forces with the usual weapons of war, and maliciously and traitorously fought against, killed, wounded, and captured officers and soldiers of the United States army, and destroyed and captured munitions and military stores, the property of the United States; and that he, with Robert E. Lee, Jubal P. Benjamin, John C. Breckinridge, William Mahone, Henry A. Wise, John Letcher, William Smith, Jubal A. Early, James Longstreet, David H. Hill, Ambrose P. Hill, Gustave T. Beauregard, William H. O. Whiting, Edward Spenser, Samuel Cooper, Joseph B. Johnston, John B. Gordon, C. F. Jackson, and T. O. Moore, did maliciously and traitorously conspire and levy war against the United States.

The remainder of the indictment consists of a recapitulation of the battles of the war, the charge that Mr. Davis appointed and commissioned persons as officers of the Confederate army, and concludes as follows: "That during the whole of the said rebellion, by reason of resistance to the execution of the laws of the United States and the interruption of the ordinary course of judicial proceedings, process for the commencement of any action, civil or criminal, against the said Jefferson Davis, or for his arrest, could not be served; and for said Jefferson Davis could not be served by reason of such resistance of the laws, and such judicial proceedings, be arrested or served with process for the commencement of any action, civil or criminal, within the intent and meaning of the statute of the United States in such case made and provided."

The republican majority in Connecticut three years ago was over 11,000. Now the democratic majority is over 1,700.

Jewelry grating in Connecticut works terribly on the nerves of the republicans. Nutmeg grating is "no patching to it."

Connecticut granted her nutmeg on Monday," says a radical sheet. Yes! and since then the radicals have been grating their teeth.

The New York Evening Post says it is a curious fact that the demand for children for their own, who wish to have a child to bring up is large and increasing.

The republican press are belittling Connecticut now of their own. She is called, by way of derision, the nutmeg state. The negro and his rabbit is a good illustration. While the rabbit was under the darkie's arm, he was juicy meat and went to take cooked in any style; when he escaped, and was getting out of reach, he was dry meat, any how cooked.

From the Anti-Slavery Standard, April 11. Another Assault Upon Grant by Wendell Phillips.

Men circulate rumors only when they have no facts to furnish. The best proof of Grant's friends have no real, sufficient proof of his hearty assent to the radical theory of reconstruction is the miserable shifts they resort to in their efforts to prove such assent. In every other case of a presidential candidate's opinions we have been furnished with authentic, precise, and authorized accounts of his conversation, or with letters stating distinctly his views. Now, we have guesses and impressions, assurances and conjectures. Mr. Washburne thinks and expresses, is confident, and has no doubt; Mr. Wilson asserts; Mr. Thaddeus Stevens believes, but no one ever pretends to speak by authority. The last straw which this drowning faith catches at is the recollection which the Hon. Mr. Gooch, of Massachusetts, has of a conversation he held, two years ago, with General Grant, in the course of which the General said Johnson's evil conduct would have a good effect, as it would make the nation more radical and vigilant. Now, this may mean something or nothing. We asked Mr. Gooch, some six months ago, to allow us to cite this conversation. He declined, on the ground that the General might not recollect anything about the matter, or attach any importance to it.

By the time this scrap of a recollection, incidental talk reaches Cincinnati, it swells into a conversation on impartial suffrage, and the Commercial, of this city, says the Boston Journal, referring to Hon. D. W. Gooch's statement of a conversation with Gen. Grant on impartial suffrage, says it is reminded of an impartial conversation with the General at a dinner party, given while he was on a visit to his former home, in Brown county, two years ago last summer. "It will not be improper to say," remarks the Commercial, "that General Grant was fully up to the most advanced ideas of the day on the question of suffrage, and that he was unqualifiedly in favor of giving the ballot to the negroes who had entered the service and fought on the side of the government for the salvation of the union. We never doubted, from that moment, where General Grant stood. If our recollection is clear, General Sherman held the same opinion at that time; and we have no reason to think that either of those distinguished men has ever changed his views."

Here, again, we launch on conjecture. The talk is two years old, but sufficient was said to convince us, "if our recollection is clear," no reason to think, either of those distinguished "men had ever changed his views." Every man of common sense knows what both and stuff all this dreamy recollection and idle supping would be considered in any case involving ten cents of disputed property. When men fall back on such hazy ground of action, it is convincing proof that there is no evidence to be produced. That no man on the continent is authorized to pledge Grant to any course of policy, is well known. If any man doubts it, we repeat him to the eagerness with which Grant's friends clutch at these straws, as sufficient proof that they have nothing better to offer.

So of Grant's intemperance. We think the evidence was sufficient before. But if anything in the way of proof was lacking, it is amply supplied by the speech of Mr. Dodge, of New York, the president of the National Temperance society, and by the letter of Mr. Senator Wilson, published in the Boston Daily Advertiser, April 1. Mr. Dodge has been in Washington, and assures temperance men they need have no fears. He knows of the reports of the General's recent public intoxication. At such a moment, and speaking as an officer of a temperance society, Mr. Dodge would have denied the truth of these reports if he had been able to do so. His opinion to do that, and the evasive, general terms in which he indulges, will convince any thoughtful tactful that Mr. Dodge knows and feels that he cannot deny the General's intemperance. He has schooled himself into thinking that it does not amount to enough to perit the state, and hence, letting his party feelings over-ride his temperance principles, he is willing to run the risk. What we claim is that, before he asks us to run any risk, he let us know the exact facts. Then we will decide whether to run it or not.

Mr. Wilson's letter is even more characteristic, and therefore evasive. He, too, knows of the reports as to Grant's drunkenness, on a particular day in last January. If we mistake not, those reports were brought more than once to his notice. In his letter he says: "I have seen General Grant in camp, in his office, at his own house, and at dinner parties where liquors were freely used by others, but I have never seen him drink even a glass of wine nor have I ever seen him when I had the slightest reason to think he was in any degree under the influence of drink."

Of course, no doubt. We can bring 10,000 people in that very city of Washington who never saw Grant drunk. There are 10,000,000 in the north who never saw Grant drunk. If any shrewd lawyer had, in such circumstances, received from such an answer, he would have asked no further questions, but taken it for granted and argued to the jury that the witness had substantially admitted the drunkenness. To us no further evidence is necessary. Knowing Henry Wilson, we see in this equivocal convincing evidence that he can not and dare not deny that he has heard from trustworthy sources of this public drunken exposure of his candidate. Mr. Wilson's course on this occasion is precisely the same as he pursued a year ago, when having originated a report as to the drunkenness of a Massachusetts congressman, and afraid to meet the consequences, he equivocated himself out of the responsibility. Now, when all that congressman's constituents admit his intoxication, it is not probable that Mr. Wilson would think it worth while to shuffle. If Grant, as President, should show himself, in Mr. Dodge's felicitous language, "fully capable of filling Andy Johnson's place," drunkenness and all; or when Grant has been thrown aside

because he has been president, or is not needed for that office, we shall hear the absolute truth about this vice even from Henry Wilson. Now when the temperance body need his knowledge, he obeys that same law of timid self-preservation which shocked his admirers when it carried him selfishly into the know-nothing party to save his place. We call this letter equivocation. It is a mild phrase considering the vast peril, and the value the writer professes to set on temperance. We should be amply justified in applying to it a much stronger term. And the constant repetition of this offense by this public servant seems almost to call for such frank description.

The Impeachment Trial.

A Washington correspondent gives the following incidents in the impeachment trial: CHIEF JUSTICE CHASE AND AARON BURR. Looking thus at Judge Chase, one recalls the other figure, more romantic but not more historic, who filled the presiding chair just sixty-three years ago—Aaron Burr.

It was at the trial of Judge Chase, an ancestral colleague, so to speak of Chief Justice Chase, who had been impeached by the house of representatives for abuse of judicial authority. Thus our forefathers were in a hurry to impeach only fifteen years after the constitution was established permitting them to do so.

Burr was then the most exalted man in America. Seven months before he had killed Hamilton, in colder blood than James Parton afterward wrote his biography. The pulpits and firesides of the land anathematized him as if he were a Satan on earth. Between the duel and the trial he had fled from state to state; two indictments for murder against him, and suddenly re-appearing in Washington, still vice-president of the United States, he met the scorn of the capital unflinchingly. It was within one month of the expiration of his political life—when, a year later, he himself, fortune reversed, and audacity still the same, stood at the felon's bar indicted for treason.

To make his last appearance as president of the senate a dramatic spectacle, he ordered the senate chamber to be draped in blue cloth, and moving up the seats of the senators in a close semi-circle around his chair, divided and subdivided, the superiors behind, so that all the dignitaries, foreign and national, should contribute, in their successive ranks, to make the show imposing. In enlarged temporary galleries the spectators sat, ladies being particularly accommodated; for Burr's mind was never oblivious to a woman's presence. It was to the crowd eyes, a far more effective spectacle than this of to-day, where the great, half-dark, over-gilded senate hall confuses the clearest eyesight, and every figure sits in indistinct light or distance. Then the senate chamber was contracted, yet high; every face was plain, every word audible; and Burr was the incredible character of the age—Bellar and Bohean together—the best blood and the best virtue of the country crying against him for vengeance, but round his head the halo of talent, and the rarest dignity and beauty.

Compare the two presiding officers. In origin they were not unlike; both of New England stock, both brought up in a clergyman's family and educated at two colleges of rival antiquity and rank, Dartmouth and Princeton. Burr was one of the originators of that northern democracy which, in Judge Chase's time, has overthrown the national influence of Virginia, the enemy of both of them. The subsequent course of Burr in his filibustering dream was down the Ohio, past many a town in which Judge Chase has spoken, and past Cincinnati, the Chief Justice's home. When Burr presided Judge Chase was barely out of his mother's arms. He was then forty-nine years old. "He conducted the trial," says a newspaper file, "with the dignity and impartiality of an angel, but with the rigor of a devil." His eyes were piercing black, sighted rather than shaded by black, arrow-straight lashes. Smooth shaven and his powdered hair combed straight back to a ribboned queue, showing in all its fineness, his profile—the high, receding forehead, the firm, nearly straight, sharp-pointed nose, the firm, large mouth, this lippled above, sensual beneath, the combative and audacious chin and throat, and, over all, the perfect repose, yet intensity. His complexion was clear brown and white, his eyebrows arched, black and delicate. Around his throat a snowy cravat was buttoned, his coat was buttoned across the breast; in his expression the thoughtfulness of Jonathan Edwards, showed with all his own cold blooded composure. Grace carriage, address, alertness were all equal in him and all perfection. The fallen angel vice-president in heaven he looked, the real culprit of this court, though master of it, and proud of his bad eminence. As a judge we can get at his fitness by his definition of law: "Law is whatever is boldly asserted and plausibly maintained."

Judge Chase, so far from being vigorous and keen as Burr, is very modest and reserved upon the bench, there being about him less of the adventurer than about any public man in the country. He has won the best opinions from all non-partisans.

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Now, for the first time in the history of the world, has a nation brought its chief magistrate to grief, by high legal process, for administering the powers and duties of his high office in a manner somewhat disagreeable to the feelings of those who expressly desired him to do otherwise. In other times and lands, it has been found that despotism of this kind could never be brought to trial in courts, save upon rejoinder of the defendant to recover costs and damages for frivolous prosecution, and, in the absence of assassination, constitutional matters were obliged to endure rulers who had been pronounced mad or imbecile by many whom those rulers had blindly neglected to appoint to high and remunerative offices. Only recently one of the most civilized countries in the world, and the one whom we imitate and abuse the most, was obliged to submit for years to the rule of a king currently believed to be insane by every great man whom he had ever failed to make a prime minister; and this because nobody could hit upon any particular reason for his removal.

Our fathers were wise in founding our government, and provided constitutionally that a president shall be removed on conviction of treason, bribery or other high crimes and misdemeanors. The provision is exact and comprehensive in every particular save one. It covers the whole ground of impeachment save the specification of just what a disagreeable man can be impeached for. This was wisely done, because human foresight must have been inadequate, and the most ingenious human intelligence must have failed in the task of anticipating anything like the fine point to which modern intellect has brought the act of impeaching.

It may not be unamusing to remember that the framers of the constitution had their minds improved, and their pride of human calculations humbled, while at their noble work, by an exemplary case. In the previous year, only, Thaddeus Burke, from his place in the house of commons, in England, had impeached Thaddeus Hastings for the misdemeanor of governing India in such a manner as to absolutely render soldiers and politicians unnecessary there. The mails were continually bringing the gorgeous and burning speeches of the impeachers across the Atlantic; and the great stress laid in these upon the above facts, and upon the additional unheard-of enormity of Hastings not having made a fortune by his government, so worked upon the intellects of our fathers, that they at once gave up all earthly hope of anticipating what a man might be impeached for next, and left the document open for modern improvement.

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A radical editor in Indiana says that a radical, according to the very definition of the word, is one who goes to the roots of things. So is a grub worm.—Lynnville Journal.

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Judge Curtis' Speech.

Mack, the Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial, thus describes Judge Curtis and his opening speech in defense of the president:

The opening speech for the defense was a quiet and grave reminder of a sort of legal eloquence that was rare forty years ago. It brought to mind in its stately periods, dispassionately, rationally, coolly uttered, the days of Marshall, Kent, and Story.

Mr. Curtis is a man without a smile or a frown. Sober is his vesture, purple in his color. He is very like Daniel Webster in stature, face, and manner. He seldom walks in any body's company—but with a slow, deliberate stride, leaning on a cane, he comes alone to the capitol, ponderously mounts the steps, wipes his forehead in the anteroom, and, entering the senate, sits in a condition of vigilant retirement, like a turkey gobbler holding up his rage and working his comb. He exchanges no words with his legal brethren. If he is introduced to anybody in any pass or recess, he shakes hands with that gravity that Webster used to reveal in him. He weighs about a hundred and sixty pounds, perhaps more. Nature gave him a good, large Websterian head; and his face is a fine old rose-color. His forehead with great forehead, but never through great forehead. His punch is lastingly; his cloth gaiters are commonly legal; no gold seal disturbs the demureness of his vest; his blue eyes retreat into his brows, and his head into his standing collar, and he listens like a phosphenescent bull dog in a dark cellar.

Such is Judge Curtis, with the addition of straight, black hair, and a face smoothly shaven.

Being to speak to-day there were about twenty books of reference before him. He put his hands on the hazy table, looked his gloomy grandest, and began with the manner of a funeral oration. His voice is not strong, but naturally trained by the temperament of the man, and pitched upon the same easy key, it reaches the ear very pleasantly and strives to do no more. As it carried so its calm burden, or argument at an equal pace, the minds of all of us left the domain of politics, and rose with its cadences into the atmosphere of law, feebly as we all began to feel that General Butler's speech, which we had all supposed a great performance, had been no more than a smart anachrony. This old-time man, never in a hurry, never in zeal, addressed himself to the supposition that his auditors were all learned and self-respecting gentlemen. Every time he said "senators," he made a odd ching through the senate; for during the past two weeks one-half of the senators have forgotten their rank. I venture the supposition that this speech got more respect in every senator's silent mind than any utterance of his own has had for a year past. I did not follow it closely enough to tell you the effect of it as an argument. But it did this, which Butler, Stanbery, Wilson, and Bingham had failed to do—it reminded the senate of itself and of the occasion. Everything that had been said before grew little and mean after Curtis had talked on here. In all that time he never changed his place, never filtered for a word, nor used any undignified expression whatsoever. Judge Chase heard the argument with the gravest care. It was a study to look at the chief justice and the solid old peender, taking his time so tremendously.

Article ten alleges that, intending to produce a question of the undoubted superiority of congress in the solemn personalities of eloquence, he, Andrew Johnson, president of the United States, did make public speeches which upon being compared with innumerable speeches by congress from time immemorial, are calculated to produce the impression that congress has at least a competitor in the article of political vituperation, and to destroy that confidence in the superior vulgarity in congressional oratory which is one of the elements of our national compact. Competition of this kind with the legislature has generally preceded a seizure by a despot of the legislative power of the country; and if we, through having set the example, can not accuse the respondent of crime in attempting the first, we can at least assume for his destruction that he really must have intended the latter.

The house of representatives has done its duty. We have presented the absence of facts in a constitutional manner, and demand judgment at your hands, in preference to expecting it from your heads. I speak, therefore, not the language of exaggeration, but the words of truth and soberness when I say, that the future political welfare of quite a number of persons not accustomed to doing anything for a living hangs trembling on the decision of the hour.

At the conclusion of this able argument, all of which I heard through my bit of smoked glass, quite a number of the audience, who were not asleep fled instantly from the house with a strange kind of terror on their faces.

"Why is this?" ejaculated I. "They fly," said the Mackerel Chaplain, solemnly, "because they know not at what hour they, too, may be impeached. It is a serious time we live in, and who can tell when he, or she, or it may be impeached?"

Put your house in order my boy; for if you have either committed or omitted any act whatsoever, you are guilty of a very high crime and misdemeanor. Yours, criminally, ORPHEUS C. KERR.

The editor of the Muscatine (Iowa) Courier was sued the other day. He took it philosophically. Hear him: "The dim recess of our dark sanctum were illuminated by the rubicund visage of our friend Scott. Our hair stood on end, as with tears in his eyes he proceeded to read a nicely printed blank, on which our name figured conspicuously, with that of Justice Kerline. To cut short a long article, we were sued. Were you ever sued, reader? Yes, Nicc, ain't it. We put our pen behind our ear and looked wise at the officer. He trembled a little, for the idea of suing an editor was new to him. He never imagined that anything could be got out of them fellows by suing. We didn't either. We don't now. The art of suing is a science. Young lawyers anxious for suits, sometimes bring them for fun. Old ones, however, never do anything of the kind, unless they can get something. We never knew anybody to get anything where there wasn't anything to be had. We hope they'll get a judgment against us, then we hope they'll take out an execution; and, lastly, we beg they'll execute it. If we've got any property, we'd like to know it. They might garnish a lot of other fellows we owe around town. We guess they will. If they are sharp, they'll commence on Gov. Schneider. We owe him for a glass of beer. If they get that it will help a little. Failing in this, we advise them to attach a box of spoiled paper collars we have on hand. They haven't been turned yet, and they might use the clean side. If this won't do, we are unable to help them."

AMT. OF THE TENNESSEE.