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The Chronicle.

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"I THOUGHT IT WAS MY MOTHER'S VOICE."

A friend told me, not long ago, a beautiful story about kind words. A good lady, living in one of our large cities, was passing a drinking saloon just as the keeper was thrusting a young man out into the street. He was very young, and very pale, but his haggard face and wild eyes told that he was far gone in the road to ruin, as with an oath he brandished his clenched fists, threatening to be revenged on the man who ill used him. The poor young man was so excited and blinded with passion that he did not see the lady who stood very near to him, until she laid her hand upon his arm, and spoke in her gentle, loving voice, asking him what was the matter.

At the first kind word the young man started as if a heavy blow had struck him, and turning quickly round, paler than before, and trembling from head to foot he surveyed the lady for a moment, and then with a sigh of relief he said:

"I thought it was my mother's voice, it sounded so strangely like it! but her voice has been hushed in death for many years."

"You had a mother, then," said the lady, "and she loved you."

With that sudden revulsion of feeling which often comes to people of fine, nervous temperaments, the young man burst into tears, sobbing out, "Oh! yes, I had an angel mother, and she loved her boy! But since she died all the world has turned against me, and I am lost!—lost to good society, lost to decency, and lost forever!"

"No not lost forever: for God is merciful, and his pitying love can reach the chief of sinners," said the lady, in her low sweet voice: and the timely words swept the hidden chords of feeling which had been long untouched in the young man's heart, thrilling it with magic power, and wakening a host of tender emotions, which had been buried very deep beneath the rubbish of sin and crime.

More gentle words the lady spoke, and when she passed on her way, the youth followed her. He marked the house where she entered, and wrote the name which was on the door-plate in his memorandum book. Then he walked slowly away, with a deep earnest look on his white face, and deeper, more earnest feelings in his aching heart.

Years glided by, and the gentle lady had quite forgotten the incident we have related, when one day, a stranger sent up his card, and desired to speak with her.

Wondering much who it could be, she went down to the parlor, where she found a noble looking well dressed man who rose deferently to meet her—Holding out his hand, he said:

"Pardon me, madam, for this intrusion; but I have come many miles to thank you for the great service you rendered me a few years ago," said he in a trembling voice.

The lady was puzzled, and asked for an explanation, as she did not remember ever having seen the gentleman before.

"I have changed so much," said the man, "that you have quite forgotten me; but though I only saw your face once, I am sure I should have recognized it anywhere. And your voice, too, it is so like my mother's!"

Those last words made the lady remember the poor young man she had kindly spoken to in front of the drinking saloon so long before, and she mingled her tears with those which were falling slowly over the young man's cheeks.

After the first gush of emotion had subsided, the gentleman sat down and told the lady how those few words had been instrumental in saving him, and making him what he then was.

"The earnest expression of 'No, not lost forever,' followed me wherever I went," said he, and it always seemed that it was the voice of my mother speaking to me from the tomb. I repented of my many transgressions, and resolved to live as Jesus and my mother would be pleased to have me; and by the mercy and grace of God, I have been enabled to resist temptation and keep my good resolution."

"I never dreamed there was such power in a few kind words before," exclaimed the lady, "and surely ever after this I shall take more pains to speak them to all the sad and suffering ones I meet in the walks of life.—*Sunny Faces.*

GEN. JACKSON'S MOTTO.—"Think before you act' but when the time for action comes, stop thinking.' This is the true doctrine. Many men fail in life and go down to the grave with hopes blasted and prospects of happiness unrealized, because they did not adopt and act upon this motto. Nothing so prepares a man for action as thought; but nothing so unfits a man for action in the course of action. Better by far adopt some course and pursue it energetically, even though it may not be best, than to keep continually thinking without action. "Go ahead" ought to be printed in every young man's hat and read until it becomes a part of his nature, until he can act upon his own judgement, and not be turned from his course by every wind of interested advice. In conclusion, we would say, "Think before you act, but when the time for action comes stop thinking."

THE Louisville *Journal* elects *Alvin* Hawkins to Congress in the 7th District, Tennessee. Col. Isaac R. Hawkins is the member elect. Hon. Alvin Hawkins is on the Supreme Bench of Tennessee, and was not a candidate.

LETTER FROM HON. JOHN A. GILMER.

Hon. John A. Gilmer, of North Carolina, has published a letter in vindication of his political course, concluding as follows:

I first argued and remonstrated against the war, and endeavored to avert the consequences, and the only regret I have in this is that so very few came *then* to my aid, (*in season,*) either in Congress or out of it. When the country was precipitated and fully committed to the war I ventured to advise and say what I conceived would be the consequences if conquest ensued. For this war, before God and my country, in my conscience and in my soul, I feel guiltless.

This brings me to the point in which you desire more particularly to hear me. I am for peace and order—I am for the Federal Government and for the State government, and am for getting the same into operation as speedily as the same can be safely and prudently done, on the terms proposed. We are powerless. We are in a state of submission. I have yielded (and in a manner satisfactory to my slaves, and to the Government, I trust) to the emancipation required. True, I should have preferred other terms. But to talk of these now is useless and out of place, and in my opinion it is unwise to think of or suggest any further resistance—I am opposed to all further rebellion. Let us strive, by willing and ready submission, to secure amnesty and a modification of the confiscation and other laws. Let us keep the peace, and infuse brotherly kindness among ourselves, and banish forever all heart-burnings growing out of past differences of opinion. Let all those be buried in the past. We should honestly unite in putting the management of our affairs into the hands of our wisest and best men, and ask the blessing of Providence on their deliberations and labors.—Let our united exertions be directed to the elevation of the material, social, and moral condition of the State rather than rangle about petty differences, and in due season, with God's blessing, all will be well with us again. Let us be honest ourselves, secure industry and fair dealing among and with all, white and black, and get back to the good old times, when the farmer's grain was safe in his pen or his crib, without the aid of locks or bolts, and his stock safe in his pasture—when all could lie down at night and soundly repose, under full confidence that they would rise in the morning and find nothing disturbed. Let us have charity for each other, and love our neighbor as ourselves. Give proper care and attention to moral and religious culture—give no ear to useless disputations—give every man his own and do hurt to no one, and I feel confident that in a few years we shall have a State improved, rather than ruined or injured. I am a friend to the State government and of the Federal Government, and shall sustain President Johnson in his efforts to bring peace and order out of confusion and war. His efforts in his last Congress, in which we served together, and more especially his speech of the 5th and 6th of February, A. D., 1861, of which I distributed many thousands, showed that he loved his country and his whole country.

Yours truly,

JOHN A. GILMER.

"And it may added for the information of reckless journalists who have so much to say about government poorhouses to feed negroes, that in Tennessee twenty white persons have been fed on government rations, where one negro has been the receiver of such bounty. A full expose of facts will be made in this case, which will put the enemies of free labor to shame."

The above is taken from a letter of the editor of the Nashville *Press and Times*. It alludes to the white and colored people of this section. The flippancy with which the editor writes about "white paupers," when the circumstances which have impoverished our people are considered, is deserving the execrations of all honest men. We grant that pro-slavery journals have done the colored race great injustice by harping on the slave-driver's argument, that the negro would not work unless compelled to do so by the argument of the lash. The negro has and is daily proving the falsity of this argument.

But this is no reason why those who have been impoverished by the war and whose natural protectors have been taken away by the casualities of battle or by disease, should be slandered, and classed as "white paupers." Hundreds of white women and children have been fed by the Government.—And the Government has performed no more than its duty in feeding them. If the Government will pay these people for what it was compelled to take from them, it will not be required to issue rations to them another day. It is hard that a people who have suffered as much as those of this section should now be taunted with being "white paupers." They have the proud consolation of knowing, however, that it is only such as the Nashville *Press and Times* who thus brutally sneers at them.—*Chattanooga Gazette.*

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE LIFE OF PRESIDENT JOHNSON.—The New York *Times* opens an editorial under this title, with the following estimate of the President's life:

"The first duty of President Johnson to the country is to take care of his health. We mean precisely this. The very foremost of his public obligations is to keep well. No patriot was ever more solemnly called upon to die for country than he is to live for country. Since this Republic had an existence, never was there a life of such consequence to it as his. This comes not from his special personal qualifications for his office, great though they are, but from the peculiar circumstances in which he holds that office. There is no Vice Presidency behind him to furnish a successor to his place for the rest of his Presidential term, should he be taken away. Senator Foster, the present President of the Senate, would succeed to the Presidential position, but could occupy it only until a new President could be chosen by the people. The death of President Johnson would be the greatest of public calamities, because it would force the country into all the fierce excitements and agitations of a Presidential canvass, in this transitional period of reconstruction."

SOLIDIFIED PETROLEUM.—The Philadelphia *Shipping List* says:

"We are informed, upon what we consider good authority, that a number of gentlemen owning grounds in West Virginia, found some time ago, upon their premises a hard, black substance, which was supposed to be coal. It ran in veins, and was considered to be something of a mineral nature.—Upon chemical analysis it was found to be solidified petroleum crystalized upon the outside of the vein and granulated inside. It lay in a stratified form, and the vein was from fifty-five inches deep to 250 feet thick. So far as traced, the lode is about a mile in length. The discoverers were determined to put their acquisition to test, and they found it possible to distill from the substance a pure oil, at the rate of from 160 to 170 gallons to the ton.—The location of this petroleum mine is ten miles from Cairo, and thirty-one miles east of Parkersburg, Va. Should the matter turn out as represented, it will exercise a very important influence upon the production of petroleum in the fluid form."

THE FRANCHISE ACT.—Gov. Brownlow, in a letter to the Knoxville *Whig*, dated the 12th inst. says:

"Enough is also known to warrant the assertion that in many of the counties in the State the Franchise Act has been wholly disregarded. Every county in the State must be looked into, and where the law was not regarded, the vote of the county will be set aside. This review of matters may turn some men out who are now ahead. I hope for the best, but I am certain that the vote of a county can't come in where the Franchise Act was not regarded."

JEFF. DAVIS.—The Augusta *Chronicle*, of the 13th, says:

"We are informed that the ladies of Georgia have addressed a petition to President Johnson for the purpose of obtaining the pardon and release of Mr. Davis. The petition is now being circulated in this city for signatures."

HOW HE CAME TO BE MARRIED.

It may be funny, but I've done it. I've got a rib and a baby. Shadows departed—oyster stews, brady cocktails, olger boxes, boot-jacks, absconding shirt buttons, whist, and demijohns. Shadows present—hoop-skirts, and boxes, ribbons, gaiters, long stockings, juvenile dresses, tin trumpets, little willow chairs, cradles, bibs, pap, sugar teas, paregoric, hive sirup, castor oil, Godfrey's cordial, soothing syrup, rhubarb, senna, salts, squills, and doctor bills. Shadows future—more proud babies, more hive syrup, etc., etc. I'll just tell you how I got caught. I was always the darndest, most tea custard bashful fellows you ever did see! It was kinder in my line to be taken with the shakes every time I saw a pretty gal approaching me, and I'd cross the street any time rather than face one; twasn't because I didn't like the critters, for if I was behind the fence looking through a knothole, I could look at one long enough. Well, my sister Lib gave a party one night, and I stayed away from home because I was too bashful to face the music. I hung around the house whistling "Old Dan Tucker," dancing to keep my feet warm, watching the heads bobbing up and down behind the window curtains and wishing the thundering party would brake up, so I could go to my room.—I smoked up a bunch of cigars, and it was getting late and mighty uncomfortable. I concluded to skin up the door post. No sooner said than done, and I soon put myself snug in bed.

"Now," says I, "let her rip! Dance till your wind gives out!" And cuddling under the quilts, Morpheus grabbed me.

I was dreaming of soft shell crabs and stewed tripe, and was having a good time when somebody knocked at the door and woke me up. "Rap" again. I laid low. "Rap, Rap, Rap!" Then I heard a whispering, and I knew there was a whole raft of gals out side. "Rap, rap!" Then Lib sings out:

"Jack, are you in there?"

"Yes," says I.

Then came a roar of laughter.

"Let us in," says she.

"I won't," says I. "Can't you let a fellow alone?"

"Are you a bed?" says she.

"Yes," says I.

"Get up," says she.

"I won't," says I.

Then came another laugh.

By thunder! I began to get riled.

"Get out, you petticoated scare crows!" I cried. Can't you get a bean without hauling a fellow out of bed? I won't go home with you—I won't—so you may clear out?"

And, throwing a boot at the door I felt better. But presently, oh! mortal buttons! I heard a still, small voice, very much like sister Lib's, and it said:

"Jack, you'll have to get up, for all the girls' things are there?"

"O Lord, what a pickle!" Think of me in bed, all covered up with shawls, muffs, bonnets, and cloaks, and twenty girls outside the door waiting to get in! If I had stopped to think I should have pancaked on the spot. As it was, I rolled out among the bonnet-ware and ribbons in a hurry.—Smash! went the millinery in every direction. I had to dress in the dark—for there was a crack in the door, and the girls will peep—and the way I fumbled was death on straw hats. The critical moment came. I opened the door and found myself right among the women.

"O, my Leghorn!" cried one. "My dear, darling, winter velvet!" cries another, and they pitched in—they pulled me this way and that, boxed my ears; and one bright eyed little piece—Sal——her name was—put her arms right round my neck, and kissed me right on my lip. Human nature could'nt stand that and I gave her as good as she sent.—It was the first time I ever got a taste, and it was powerful good. I belive I could have kissed that gal from Julius Cesar to the Fourth of July.

"Jack," said she, "we are sorry to disturb you, but won't you see me home?"

"Yes," said I, "I will."

I did do it, and had another smack at the gate too. After that we took a kinder turtle-doving after each other, both of us sighing like a barrel of new cider when we were away from each other.—'Twas at the close of a glorious summer day—the sun was setting behind a distant hen-roost—the bull frogs were commencing their evening songs, the polly wog, in their native pud-muddles, were preparing themselves for the shades of night and Sal and myself sat upon an antiquated backlog, listening to the music of nature, such as tree-toades, roosters, and grunting pigs, and now and then the mellow music of distant jackasses was wafted to our ears by the gentle zephyrs that sighed among the mullen stalks, and came heavy laden with the delicious odor of hen-roosts and pig-styes. The last lingering rays of the setting sun glancing from the buttons of a solitary horseman, shone through a knothole in a hog-pen full in Sal's face, dying her hair an orangepeel hue, and showing off my thread bare coat to a bad advantage—one of my arms was around Sal's waist, my hand around the small of her back—she was toying with my locks of jet black hue—she was almost gone and I was ditto. She looked at me like a grasshopper dying with the hic-coughs, and I felt like a mud-turtle choked with a codfish ball.

"Sal," says I, in a voice as musical as the notes of a dying swan, "will you have me?"

She turned her eyes heavenward, clasped me by the hand, had an attack of heaves and blind staggers, and with a sigh that drew her shoe-strings to her palate said, "Yes!"

She gave clear out and squatted in my lap! she corked-screwed and curflumxed and rolled in. I hugged her until I broke my suspender and her breath smelt of onions she eat two weeks before.

Well to make a long story short, she set the day, and we practised for four weeks every night how we would walk in the room to get married, till we got so we could walk as graceful as a couple of Muscovey ducks. The night the company and the minister came, the signal was given, and arm in arm we marched through the crowded hall; we were just entering the parlor door, when down I went kerslap on the oil cloth, pulling Sal arter me. Some cussed fellow had dropped a bananna skin on the floor and it floored me. It split an awful hole in my cassimeres right under my dress coat tail. It was too late to back out, so clapping my hand over it we marched in and were spliced, and taking a seat I watched the kissing the bride operation. My groomsman was tight, and he kissed her till I jumped in to take a slice, when, Oh horror, a little six-year old imp had crawled behind me and pulled my shirt through the hole in my pants, and pinned it to the chair, and in jumping up I displayed to the admiring gaze of the astonished multitude a trifle more of white muslin than was pleasant. The women giggled, the men roared, and I got mad, but was finally put to bed; and there all my troubles ended. Good-night.

☞ If you sneeze on Monday, it indicates danger.

Sneeze on Tuesday, you will meet a stranger.

Sneeze on Wednesday, you will receive a letter.

Sneeze on Thursday, you will get something better.

Sneeze on Friday, indicates sorrow.

Sneeze on Saturday, you will have a beau tomorrow.

Sneeze before you eat, you will have company before you sleep.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON AND EX-GOV. LETCHER.—The Lynchburg *Virginian* says in a recent issue:

"We have been permitted to read a private letter, written by Ex-Gov. Letcher, now at his home in Lexington, to a friend in this city. The Governor had an interview with President Johnson, with which he was much pleased, the tendency of which was to convince him that we have only to recognize the existing state of affairs, regard slavery as dead, and sustain the Government, and the President will do all for the South that we could expect. He is not vindictive toward us, as some have supposed, and will, if sustained, resist to the last the radical pressure that may be brought against him."

☞ That was a smart youngster who hearing his mother remark that she was fond of music, exclaimed, "Then why don't you buy me a drum?"

CIRCULAR, NO. 2.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF TENNESSEE,
Office Provost Marshal General,
Knoxville, Aug. 15, 1865.

The Amnesty Oath will be administered at the following named points, to the residents of Tennessee who are permitted to avail themselves of the benefit of the proclamation of the President of the United States:

Applications for pardon by persons excepted by the President, from the benefits of the proclamation, must be accompanied by a copy of the Amnesty Oath, administered by an officer appointed by order of the department commander; all applications will be forwarded to the Provost Marshal General of the Department, to be submitted to the Department Commander, for reference to the Governor of the State, and transmittal to the Department of State at Washington.

The following names are designated as administering officers. They will report direct to the Provost Marshal General of the Department for orders and instructions with reference to their duties as such:

Nashville, W. H. Torbett, Lt.-Col. 78th P. V. I.
Murfreesboro, A. M. Beebee, Maj. 29th Mich. I.
Tullahoma, W. F. Slocumb, Capt. 152d Ills. V. I.
Columbia, W. Davenport, 2d Lt. 148th Ind. V. I.
Franklin, J. C. Judy, Capt. 61st Ills. V. I.
Pulaski, A. E. Calkins, Capt. 8th Mich. Cav.
Gallatin, R. McMillan, 1st Lt. 190th U. S. C. I.
Kingston Springs, R. G. Sylvester, Lt. 12th do
Clarksville, Thos. S. White, Capt. 143d Ind. V. I.
Johnsonville, C. B. Snell, 1st Lt. 12th U. S. C. I.
Decherd, B. F. Burnett, Capt. 148th Ills. V. I.
Chattanooga, J. W. Burch, Major, 44th Ind. V. I.
Sweetwater, J. H. Cummins, Capt. 10th Mich. Cav.
Knoxville, Henry Romyne, Capt. 14th U. S. C. I.
Greenville, J. B. Charles, Capt. 1st U. S. C. H. A.
Cleveland, J. M. Stout, Capt. 11th Mich. Cav.
McMinnville, G. W. Martin, Lt. 148th Ill. V. I.

Additional offices will be opened in other portions of the department as soon as practical.

By command of Major General GEO. STONEMAN.

THOS. C. WILLIAMS,
Brevet Lieut. Col. U. S. A., and Pro. Mar. Gen'l.

THE LAUGH OF WOMAN.—A woman has no natural gift more bewitching than a sweet laugh. It is like the sound of flutes on the water. It flows from her in a clear, sparkling rill; and the heart that hears it feels as if bathed in the cool, exhilerating spring. Have you ever pursued an unseen fugitive through trees, led on by a fairy laugh, now here, now there, now lost, now found? We have. And we are pursuing that wandering voice to this day. Sometimes it comes to us in the midst of our care and sorrow, or irksome business; and then we may turn away and listen, and hear it ringing through the room like a silver bell, with power to scare away the evil spirit of the mind.—How much we owe to that sweet laugh! It turns the prose to poetry; it flings flowers of sunshine over the darkness of the wood in which we are traveling: it touches with light even our sleep, which is no more the image of death, but is consumed with dreams that are shadows of immortality.

DEATH OF MADAME JUMEL-BURR.—Madame Eliza B. Jumel, says the New York *Evening Post*, died at her residence on Washington Hights. Her decease was not unexpected; age and feebleness had done their work, and dissolution had been imminent for a long time. She was married in early life to M. Jumel, a French gentleman, who died, leaving her with one child. Later, her singular marriage with Aaron Burr brought her into notice. They were married about the year 1832; but the alliance was soon followed by separation. Since that time she has lived at her residence on Washington Hights. She resumed the name of her previous husband many yeans since. She was respected and esteemed by the few to whom she was known. She owned a considerable tract of real estate on the island. Her property is probably left to her grandchildren, the children of her daughter.

USEFUL ORTHOGRAPHICAL RULE.—Among other difficulties of English orthography is the relative position of i and e in the words ending in "ieve" or "eive," and both in manuscript and print are seen "believe" and "beleive," "recieve" and "receive," reprieve" and "reprelve." The writer was somewhat surprised on being told not long since, by a foreign lady, who was taught English in Holland, that there was a rule regulating the position of the letters referred to in all such words; and as it was new to him, and so far as he has discovered, new to every one, he thinks it may be useful to give it publicity. When the preceding consonant is a letter which comes after i in the alphabet, e comes after i in the word, as "believing;" but when the preceeding consonant comes before i in the alphabet, e comes before i in the words, as "receive." The rule is invariable as applied to the class of words referred to, but is not of as general application to words of one syllable having the same vowels in juxta-position; thus we have "niece," "cell," &c., which conform to the rule, and "chief," "seize," &c., which do not.

CHOLERA MEDICINE.—The New York *Sun* publishes the following invaluable remedy for cholera morbus, dysentery, etc.:

Mix in a small bottle equal parts of the tincture of opium, (laudanum;) tincture of rhubarb; tincture of capiscum, (red pepper;) tincture of camphor; essence of perppermint—treble strength; and two drachms of spirits of romatic ammonia. Then shake all the ingredients together, cork the bottle, and have it ready for instant use. It will keep for years.

DOSE.—Ten drops, twenty drops, or a teaspoonful, mixed with a little sugar and water; to be taken every fifteen minutes, thirty minutes, or an hour, according to the severity of the attack and the age of the sufferer.

The *Sun* says: "The compound is pronounced by medical men one of the most judicious ever prepared for popular use; but, at the same time, it must be borne in mind that it is a medicine which should be used discreetly, although no one can be harmed by it if they follow the above directions. A few doses generally relieves the patient.—Children require only half the quantity used for grown people."

☞ Betsy Wilder, a negro women, died in Richmond, last week, aged 108 years. She was present at Yorktown, Va., when Cornwallis surrendered his army, and used to relate with peculiar pleasure many incidents connected with that memorable event. A son ninety years of age, attended the funeral of his venerable mother. This old negro man resides at Petersburg, and apparently bids fair to attain even a greater age than his mother.

RELIGIOUS GUERRILLAS.—The La Cross (Wisconsin) *Democrat* says:

We know of no better name than religious guerrillas for the great majority of army chaplains who put on their blue and tinsel, shouted for Lincoln and the negro, begged their way to promotion, and went South to eat sanitary supplies, pilfer from private houses, and help bleach out the negro race.

THE Tennessee delegation in the Congress of the United States will stand thus: Senate—Hon. D. T. Patterson, of East Tennessee; Hon. J. S. Fowler, of Middle Tennessee. House of Representatives—First District, John Miller; Second District, Horace Maynard; Third District, Wm. B. Stokes; Fourth District, Edward Cooper; Fifth District, Wm. B. Campbell; Sixth District, D. B. Thomas; Seventh District, Isaac R. Hawkins; Eighth District, John W. Leftwich.

CURE FOR LOVE.—Into a pint of the water of oblivion put of the essence of resignation two grains, of prudence and patience each three grains; and of sound judgment one drachm. Mix well; and after they have stood some time, take off the scum of former remembrances, and sweeten the mixture with the syrup of hope. Pass it through the filter of common sense, by the funnel of conviction, into the bottle of firm resolution, stopping it tightly with the cork of indifference. Take a drachm night and morning, or oftener if the constitution will bear it, reducing the dose as the disease decreases.

WHAT STEPHENS' THINKS AND SAYS.

The Boston *Transcript* contains the following respecting the ex-Vice President of the Confederacy:

Stephens thinks it rather severe that he, of all the Georgia leaders, should be held in durance, while the rampant Secessionists of his State are at large. Stephens always disliked Davis, and for two years kept away from Richmond. He avers that Jeff, established a despotism throughout the South, destroying all freedom of opinion, and compeling obedience to his Government. For upwards of a year before the collapse of the rebellion, Stephens believed that all chance of its success had vanished. He considers the people of the South thoroughly satisfied with the whipping they received. They have suffered terribly, lost almost everything, and could not be goaded into another such suicidal enterprise. Stephens was opposed to the war at the outset, but finally gave it his support, as it was useless to endeavor to breast the popular tide.

Before the capture of Stephens, Toombs called upon him to inform him that he was determined to leave the country. Stephens argued the question with Toombs, who endeavored to persuade the furious fire-eater that he had better not run away. The "Vice President" stated that so far as he was concerned he had rather be hung in the United States than live anywhere else.

As soon as Lee had surrendered, Stephens gathered the slaves of his plantation together, and told them they were free, and advised them to stay where they were, and cultivate the soil for a fair proportion of its products. Stephens said that he did not know what might become of him; perhaps the General Government might hang him. He speaks with some self-complacency of the superior character of the culture on his plantation. It is chiefly a corn producing estate.

Stephens has no doubt that slavery has been destroyed. He never had an overseer for his slaves, most of whom he purchased at their own request, and encouraged them to exercise as much skill in tilling the earth as was in their power. From his former opinions and social position in Georgia, the Rebel ex-Vice President has no doubt that he could render the Union cause essential service if he were now allowed to visit that State.

Stephens is quite social and communicative with all obtaining access to him, and his frank and manly bearing invariably makes a favorable impression upon visitors, the number of whom has been quite large of late.

ADJUTANT GENERAL THOMAS ON THE MONROE DOCTRINE.—Adjutant General Thomas on being serenaded at Elmira, 10th inst., by the band of the First Veteran Reserve Corps, responded in a brief speech, in which he said:

He had been through the war, and his whole heart had been in the cause of the Union. He said that Maxmimilian would have to get out of Mexico, or we would hurry him out. The Monroe doctrine must be enforced; we were in a condition to hold our own against the world. He hoped that the soldiers would now return to the arts of peace, populate the immense territories of the West, and carry civilization with them. He hoped and felt sure that if the safety of the Union should again be endangered, every man of them would rush to the rescue.

PHOTOGRAPH OF THE MOON.—A large photograph of the moon, taken in March last, at Mr. Rutherford's observatory in this city, has been published by the artist, Oscar G. Mason, 599 Broadway. It is perhaps the finest work of the kind yet produced; the tone being clearer and better, in consequence of favorable atmospheric conditions, than of the numerous experiments of the kind tried in England. The moon is taken in its gibbous phase, and its irregularities, mountains, valleys and volcanic craters, examined with a glass, are revealed with wonderful distinctness. As a triumph of the photographic art and a scientific study the work is worthy of attention.—*New York Post.*

THEY ARE HERE.—One of our cotemporaries announces the arrival of distinguished visitors in the following graphic and expressive style:

That's so—they've come those pesky peace-disturbing, wheezing, wheedling, never to be caught, probing, blood-drawing, villainous, despicable, diabolical, detestable, contemptible, contumacious, condemnable, long billed, long legged, and always to be anathematized exercisers of sweltering human nature—mosquitoes! Up with the bars, keep your blinds closed—your lights out—your bump of patience distended to its fullest capacity—and perhaps with the help of claret, ice water and soda, you sufferers may survive. But remember, they are here! Whizz-zist-zip-po-lap!

STRIKING WHILE THE IRON WAS HOT.—A colored woman applied yesterday for a marriage license, stating that her proposed husband was a soldier on duty, and couldn't apply in person. On being further questioned, she admitted to have done most of the courting, and thought she had better clinch the marriage while her friend was in the notion. Of course she got the license.—*N. Y. Times.*

GOOD DEEDS.—Thousands of men live, breathe, move—pass off the stage of life—and are heard of no more. Why? They do not a particle of good in the world, none are blessed by them as the instrument of their redemption. Not a word they spoke could be recalled, and so they perished; their light went down in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O, man immortal? Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, and love, and mercy, on the hearts of thousands you may come in contact with year by year. You will never be forgotten. No! your name, your deeds, will be legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of the evening. Good deeds will shine as the stars of heaven.

☞ Young ladies are often asked why they blush so when spoken to about their lovers, but they are seldom able to give a satfactory answer. Taking pity on their bashfulness, a writer in the *American Medical Gazette* furnishes the following lucid explanation of the beautiful phenomenon: "The mind communicates with the central ganglion, the latter, by reflex action through the brain and facial nerve, to the organic nerves in the face, with which its branches inosculate." The mystery is now perfectly clear.

THE SECESSION NOMINATIONS IN OHIO.—The "State rights" or secession wing of the Copperhead Democracy, met in convention at Columbus, on Thursday last. Alexander Long, of Cincinnatti was nominated for Governor, and C. A. White for Leiutenant Governor. Strong State rights' or secesion resolutions were adopted. The other branch of the party, though pretending to endorse Gen. Cox's position, will probably be compelled by this flank movement of the Long faction to accept the dictation of the latter.

HOW TO RAISE A REPORT.—Equal if not superior to the mode pursued by the reliable gentleman: Mother Hopkins told me she heard Green's wife say that John Harris' wife told her that granny Hopkins heard the widow Bushman say, that Col. Hopkins' wife believed that old Mrs. Lamb reckoned that Samuel Dunham's wife had told Goulding's wife that she heard John Frank's wife say, that her mother told her, that old Mrs. Jinks heard granny Cook say, that it was a matter of fact.

ALL COLORED TROOPS TO BE MUSTERED OUT.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune says: "There is good authority for stating that all the colored troops in the service are soon to be mustered out. The idea that they would be retained as a part of the regular army is erroneous. They form simply a provisional corps, which will be discontinued in a few months."

☞ The exports of petroleum from January 1st to January 14th of the present year were 13,238-117 gallons; for the same time last year 5,044,024 gallons.