

THE GOODHUE VOLUNTEER.

THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION, FIRST, LAST, AND ALL THE TIME.

VOLUME 6, NUMBER 48.

RED WING, GOODHUE COUNTY, MINN., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25, 1862.

WHOLE NUMBER 310.

The Goodhue Volunteer

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RED WING, MINN.

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DRUG STORE.
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Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
DRUGS AND MEDICINES,
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Dye-Staffs, Hair and Cloth Brushes,
PATENT MEDICINES, FANCY SOAP,
TOBACCO, ETC., ETC.
Perfumery, Red and White Lead, Zinc Paint, &c.
Red Wing, Minnesota.

W. E. HAWKINS
Painter, Glazier
AND
PAPER HANGER,
All orders promptly attended to and faith-
fully executed.
Red Wing June 1862.

FURNITURE.
On Bush Street, near the Red Wing House.
All kinds constantly on hand. Repairing
and Turning done to order. Also, all kinds
of Collars.

JOHN CORELL,
n43-ly.

G. R. STERLING & Co.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
LEATHER & SHOE FINDINGS.
Manufacturers of every kind and style of
Men's, Boys', Women's and Children's Boots
and Shoes.
Repairing done neatly and at moderate
prices. In the New Brick building, corner
Main and Plum streets. Come and see us.
G. R. STERLING & CO.
n43-ly.

C. BERG,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR.
A full assortment of
READY MADE CLOTHING
AND
Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods
constantly on hand.
TAILORING AND REPAIRING
Done to order promptly and at reasonable
prices. Shop in Wilkinson's Block.
Red Wing, June 25th, 1862.

THE CELEBRATED
EAGLE
PANNING MILL,
Manufactured and for sale by
ASHTON, COGEL & BETCHER,
Near the Kelly House,
RED WING, - - - MINNESOTA.
n43-ly.

City Bakery,
ON BUSH STREET, near RED WING HOUSE
CHAS. L. ROTHACHER, Proprietor.
A good assortment of
FRESH BAKED BREAD,
Cakes, Pies, Crackers, &c. always on hand.
Those who wish to have bread delivered at
their homes can leave their orders.

OH! COME TO THY HOME.

BY CHARLES FLORIDA.

Oh! come to thy home,
Thy so lonely and dreary;
Ah! why wilt thou roam,
From the loved ones so near thee?
Oh! come to thy home, thy long cherished
home.

Thy father's health eases,
And bereavement is bending;
His heart-broken prayer,
Is for thee now ascending!
Then come to thy home, thy desolate home.

Oh! come to thy home,
For the mother who bore thee,
In sadness doth mourn—
In lone silence weeps o'er thee.
Then come to thy home, thy far-distant home.

Thy sister's pale cheek,
And her bright, sparkling eye,
Submissive and meek,
Whisper—"Autumn leaves fly!"
Brother come home; drop one tear o'er my
tomb.

Oh! come to thy home,
One fond heart full with gladness;
Alone it doth mourn
For its mate, in sweet sadness!
THIS HEART IS THY HOME, NO MORE FROM IT ROAM.

ANOTHER SPEECH BY MR. TRAIN.

ENGLAND, FRANCE AND AMERICA.—MR.
TRAIN'S LOUD CHEERS FOR THE AMERI-
CAN UNION.

From the London American, May 21.
Ought England and France to in-
terfere in the American struggle? was
the question in the Fleet Street Dis-
cussion Hall, which found, to our sur-
prise, several supporters and a sym-
pathizing audience. By throwing the
responsibility of the terrible distress
in Lancashire on the American revolu-
tion, the secession press of England
are most industriously instructing the
people to encourage immediate inter-
vention.

The cheers which welcome the se-
cession speakers, and the evident shak-
y position of the Secession Govern-
ment, point to the strong feeling that
exists in England for the success of
the South. Mr. Train certainly is a
bold man to attack such numbers, but
it must be remembered that he never
forces his opinions upon his audi-
ence—that he never rises until loudly
called for, as was the case on Monday
night.

FORMER INTERFERENCE OF ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

Mr. Train (who was repeatedly called
for, and received, as usual, with
loud applause): England and France
interfere in the American war? What
right have they to interfere? Let En-
gland and France mind their affairs,
and leave America to settle their own
dispute. The precedents mentioned
by two speakers, where England inter-
posed in the South American republics,
bear no analogy to this case. It is
positively insulting to mention the
three closer powers of Paraguay, Ven-
ezuela, or Central America, with the
more or less United States of Ameri-
ca. And why did England interfere
even there? Because they were weak
and she was strong. Belgium and
Greece were better precedents; but
those powers were also too feeble to
resist. You say France intervened in
the Revolution. Even so; but there
is a wide field between the Revolution
of the colonies against England and
the conspiracy in Secession against
the country. [A voice: Where is the
difference?]

Simply, one people revolted on the
issue that taxation without representa-
tion was robbery; while the other con-
spired against the very laws the South-
erners made themselves. Possessing
more than an equal representation,
they went in for more by robbery, ig-
noring taxation altogether. Such men
as Lafayette and De Grasse, and
Rochambeau, are again well represented
in another age by the Count of
Paris, the Duke of Choiseux, and
General Havelock, and a dozen great
names who are fighting in the cause of
freedom.

AMERICA ABLE TO MANAGE HER OWN BUSINESS.

Intervene, says you; but hands off,
say I! Europe says to America, stop
fighting. America says to Europe,
mind your own business. Europe says
to America when rogues fall out
honest men reap the reward. Ameri-
ca says to Europe when honest men
fall out rogues stand ready to pick up
the spoil.

The diplomatic wolves have been
howling for months, but the nation is
not quite dead. The European vul-
tures will have no opportunity of sat-
iating their appetites on the carcass of
a dead Republic. Look on us, you like
and commend or censor, no matter
which; but keep on your side of the
fence. We seek not your friendship,
we fear not your enmity. Enemies
never betray you—the ambush—the
betrayal comes from your friends.—
England bullies weak nations and
toadies to strong ones.

CUPIDITY THE ENGLISH RULE OF AC- TION.

The honorable speaker makes a fear-
ful admission when he says that En-
gland has put up with insults for more
than fifty years, instancing the Maine
boundary, the Oregon question, the
San Juan difficulty, and the overhau-
ling of ships in the Gulf. So much
the worse for England's bravery, if
these were insults, which they are not,
and as England is ever ready to attack
weak powers, it follows that England
was afraid of us. [Oh! and derisive
laughter.] You may sneer, sir, but
England never acts but from motives
of interest or fear.

An opium war with China, or a fil-
libustering expedition to Mexico, a
fight with the Affghians, or an attack
upon the Indians of the Southern
Ocean, just suits the tastes of your
people. Give us money, give us land,
give us trade, or judgement is ours and
we will repay, saith this Christian na-
tion. When you wanted money last
century, your war policy was compris-
ed in a sentence—*Squeeze the old Be-
gums of Cude*. Read the impeach-
ment of Warren Hastings, which
Burke prepared for Sheridan to deliv-
er to the House of Lords. Your policy
this century has been, when you
wanted to distract attention from Eu-
ropean complications, to overhaul an
American ship, and then apologize,
always ready to strike a small man,
but careful not to hit a man of your
own calibre. Intervention in our af-
fairs means war to the knife—war to
the cannon's mouth.

Oh! though perennial be the strife,
For honor dear, for heartstone fire;
Give blow for blow, take life for life!
Strike till the last arm foe expire!

LENGTH OF THE REBELLION.

You complain of our being so long
in putting down the rebellion. You
landed in the Crimea in September
1854, and did not enter Sebastopol till
September, 1855. We have been some
time; but you forget that we have
been fighting our own people—
Americans against Americans.—
Had we been pitted against English-
men or Frenchmen, as we should be in
case either dare to interfere, we would
have arranged the matter in half the
time. Invade us, proud kingdom, if
you dare, and we will

Make every horse, and rock, and tree,
And hill, our forts; and sea and foe!
Yield not; our soil shall rather be
One waste of flame, one sea of blood!
Fear not your steel, nor fear your gold—
Nor English force, nor English fraud,
Trust not your face—as false as gold!
WHOSE VERY PRAYERS ARE TIES TO GOD!

INTERFERENCE WILL BE FOLLOWED BY WAR.

Domestic war may bring foreign
discord, but foreign war would bring
domestic happiness. *Solomon was
wise when he detected the false Mot-
ter by ordering the child to be cut in
two*. There was music in the war songs
of our revolutionary sires:

States of the West! my own fair land!
Our foe has come, the hour is nigh,
His battle fires rise on every hand,
Rise as one man to do or die!
From mountain, vale, and prairie wide,
From forest vast, and field, and glen,
And crowded city, pour thy tide,
Oh, fervid hand of patriot men!
Up, old and young! the weak be strong!
Rise for the right, hurl back the wrong,
And foot to foot, and hand to hand,
Strike for our own dear native land!

INTERFERENCE! WHO EVER HEARD OF AN AUTHOR INTRODUCING A STALEY FIGURE IN THE LAST SCENE OF A GREAT DRAMA! Think of trotting Macbeth out for the first time just before the fall of the curtain. The price of truth is slander, the price of falsehood is praise; nevertheless truth is God's law, while falsehood is the devil's coun- cil. Give me sneers and let me be honest, or give me cheers and make me a traitor. England applauds seces- sion and hisses unity and patriotism, not because she loves the South more, but the north less. My words may annoy you, but my points I will force you to admit.

ENGLAND JEALOUS OF AMERICA.

How absurd for the learned speaker
to say that America is insulting En-
gland. If it is true, why not resent
it? When the gauntlet is thrown down
why don't you take it up? No Mr.
Chairman, the fault of our people is
they think too much of England, else
they would not feel so sensitive at your
most unmanly, ungenerous, unnatural
conduct. America hate you. You
are misinformed. It is the elder who
hates the younger.

The father in England is jealous of
the son who growing up to overshadow
him; no more prominent trait crops
out of English character. The First
George hated the Second, the Second
disliked the Third, and the Third
George was always at war with the
Fourth; Pitt and the King were al-
ways plotting against Fox and the
Regent. Royalty gives the fashion—
nobles copy and hate their first-born
sons; the landed gentry follow and
dislike theirs, and the middle classes,
under the barbarous old feudal laws
of primogeniture, imitate all the vices
of the aristocracy without copying any
of their virtues. Hence the envy and
jealousy of the father towards the son.
This is the evil of primogeniture; such
is England. The aristocracy rule.
The middle classes assent, and the
people are called a mob.

This diversion I have made to prove
that the son bears the father no ill will
while the contrary is proverbial. In-
dividuals are too much like States not
to apply the simile to nations. En-
gland, the father, is jealous of America
the first-born. But the child bears no
envy against the parent. No! Ameri-
ca neither fears you nor hates you.
Her annoyance at your strange treat-
ment arises from affection, not revenge.
Besides, victors bear no malice against
the vanquished. It is the punished
who will supersede him in the entail.
This is the evil of primogeniture; such
is England. The aristocracy rule.
The middle classes assent, and the
people are called a mob.

RECEPTION OF THE SLAVE TRIBUTE TREATY.

If you have the least spark of hon-
esty about slavery, why don't you
praise our people for abolishing slavery
in the District of Columbia? Why do
you not get up and cheer for Mr. Sew-
ard for making a treaty with Lord
Lyons to put down the slave trade?
Have we not given up another point
—the right of search? Owing to our
wonderful activity England will find
that our people will overhaul the most
ships and by that means no doubt
prove that the slave trade is mostly
carried on by English ships and En-
glish capital, armed by some of the
leading disciples of Exeter Hall.
Could every man's internal care be written on
his brow.
How many would our pity share that raise our
envy now!

impossible. Besides, it would be de-
claring war against the United States.
Not the North, for America is not so
low as to choose an arbitrator in the
hour of victory. Would Havelock
have allowed Prussia to have inter-
vened as he was going into Lucknow?
Would France have allowed America
to intervene in favor of Austria before
Solferino? Would England have al-
lowed intervention in the Crimea as
she was walking through the Redan
and Malakoff into Sebastopol? Not a
mite of it. Let Napoleon do so wild
a thing as to date to interfere in our
affairs and you may purchase his crown
for a shilling. Let England desecrate
our soil by invasion or intervention,
and even the crown jewels of these is-
lands may as well be offered to the high-
est bidder. [Hear and "Question."] The
gentleman says "Question;" the sim-
ple fact of this interruption shows
how closely I sail to the subject under
debate.

AMERICA NO LONGER A CHICKEN.

England may not be accustomed to
this kind of talk; but it is high time
she understood that America ceased
to be a chicken when she smashed up
all the European navies by that little
naval sea fight at Fortress Monroe,
which the *Times*, in its geographical
wisdom, locates at the mouth of the
Potomac! Do you suppose that the
American President would have allow-
ed the French to have gone to Rich-
mond without the sanction of the Ad-
ministration? The least thought would
explain to you that Mr. Lincoln and
Mr. Seward planned the whole affair,
and in acknowledgment for the ser-
vices rendered by France, the Presi-
dent pays the Emperor the high com-
pliment of going on board the French
frigate at Washington: the first time
it was ever done by any President.—
The Minister most likely went down
to tell Davis that the Emperor was
ashamed of his acquaintance.

WANT OF SYMPATHY WITH AMERICA.

Why is it gentlemen, you see noth-
ing in America to commend? Why do
you look so disheartened at the an-
nouncement of the fall of New Or-
leans? Does it remind you of the pic-
ture of General Jackson? Why is it
you continually do cry that the next
mail will bring another Bill Run? I
will tell you gentlemen it is because
the wish is the thought's farther.—
Federal victories make you miserable;
hence you pray every night for federal
reverses. Everything against us de-
lights you. Everything in our favor
you disdain. You would illuminate
all London, if you dared to, if Mc-
Clellan was defeated at Yorktown.
No wonder you object to my mention-
ing Yorktown. It certainly has some
pleasant memories to Englishmen.
McClellan has been before the town
about the same time that Washington
was in another country, and the traitor
Davis will, most likely, not wait so
long to give up his sword as Lord
Cornwallis did on a similar occasion.

POWER OF OUR ARMY.

Our army is full of Washingtons
and Kosciuskos and Lafayettes. Far-
aday saw the thunder storm in the
dish of water. Watts saw the power
of steam as the kettle sung its song of
triumph over the firewood. So the
true Union man felt his bones the des-
tiny God has ordained for his chosen
people—"Ich Dien" was his war cry.
The almighty dollar has furnished you
with many a sneer. The almighty
cotton has also stimulated your sar-
casms; but in future we intend to make
you respect the almighty Union.—
The reserve power of America is terri-
ble. Every soldier is a voltaic battery;
every officer a steam engine in breech-
es, the future to be of American
manufacture. Our revolution is a war
of ideas, a war of freedom, a war for
oppressed mankind. There is more
brains in Northern hands than in
Southern heads—that is why we take
the belt.

ENGLISH PHILANTHROPY.

Ever Wellington and Bonaparte
begin to pale, with their one-barral
artillery campaigns, when compared
with our revolving arms. England's
idea of liberty is freedom for England
and slavery for all mankind. I mean,
providing it pays. Otherwise, then
slavery for England and freedom for
all the world. It is only a question of
science; Greece added Reason;
Rome, Will; but America, possessing
conscience, reason, and will, took out
a patent for Energy and Truth.—
When England engaged a passage on
board the Secession pirate she acci-
dentally got into the wrong boat, and
posterity will refuse to pay back the
passage money.

RECEPTION OF THE SLAVE TRIBUTE TREATY.

If you have the least spark of hon-
esty about slavery, why don't you
praise our people for abolishing slavery
in the District of Columbia? Why do
you not get up and cheer for Mr. Sew-
ard for making a treaty with Lord
Lyons to put down the slave trade?
Have we not given up another point
—the right of search? Owing to our
wonderful activity England will find
that our people will overhaul the most
ships and by that means no doubt
prove that the slave trade is mostly
carried on by English ships and En-
glish capital, armed by some of the
leading disciples of Exeter Hall.
Could every man's internal care be written on
his brow.
How many would our pity share that raise our
envy now!

THE NORTH NOT APPRECIATED.

The simile is most applicable to
some Christian nations. What a howl
would have passed through England
had the Northern army been guilty of
the brutal atrocities perpetrated by
the rebels at Manassas and elsewhere!
Using the skulls of our brave officers
for spittoons, boiling off their flesh to
get their ribs for castnets, and sending
tokens made from the bones of our
brave men to the fields in the shape
of women, who seem to have acted
like so many tigresses during this
terrible civil war. *May God have
mercy on their souls!*—
Perish ye traitors and slaves,
Ye changers of men into slaves,
Ye Rebels so craven and base.
Where now is your boasted religion?
And where are your looks of defiance?
Mid clouds of defeat and disgrace!
These men and women are quite
worthy of your sympathy. But, hurrah
for the men of the North, hurrah!
You have not the inclination to appre-
ciate our army of noble women and
brave men, but I say:
God bless the Union army
And the flag by which it stands;
May it preserve with Freedom's nerve
What Freedom's God demands! (Cheers.)
Peal out, ye bells, ye women pray,
For never yet went forth
So grand a band, for Law and Land,
As the master of the North!

SCENERY OF THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

We are indebted to Chas. Brewster,
Esq., for the following verbatim report
of the opening passages of Mr. Ever-
ett's lecture.
It will be seen that Mr. Everett pays
a high compliment to the beauty of the
scenery of the Upper Mississippi.—
Coming from a man of Mr. Everett's
extensive travels, and high culture and
taste, our local pride in the fame of
our river scenery may be indulged by
reproducing it in our columns:
"I have had opportunities of de-
scending the Ohio and Mississippi
from Pittsburg to New Orleans twice
in my life, and oftener have I visited
St. Louis. Yesterday, and the day be-
fore, I was gratified in contemplating
the magnificent—the beautiful scenery
that lines the Upper Mississippi; and
more beautiful, more magnificent scen-
ery have never seen upon the Rhine or
Danube.
Even that feature, supposed to be
peculiar to the scenery of the rivers of
Europe—of ruined castles of the rob-
ber Counts of the Middle Ages, hav-
ing no architectural beauty whatever
—no interest except as they call up as-
sociations of the past, and those not of
the most agreeable character—I say
these peculiar features of the scenery
on the Rhine and Danube are to my
eyes well replaced by the castellated
crags of stratified limestones, which
the Great Architect has piled upon the
bluffs of your noble river.
With this opportunity of becoming
acquainted, I may say, with the great
Mississippi from almost its head wa-
ter to its mouth, I formed new ideas
of the plan of Providence which pou-
red out this great stream, which bears
its course from the snows of the North
to the tepid Gulf—formed new concep-
tions, I say, of the designs of Provi-
dence in leading these waters across
the continent to make them a ligament
to bind our glorious Republic to-
gether.
May I not say I find new illustra-
tions of the folly and wickedness of
the cotton States, that thought they
would be permitted to break this sac-
red bond—that the three millions of
population upon the banks of the Up-
per Mississippi and along its course
would ever permit its mouth to pass
under the control of an alien power?"

JEFF DAVIS' EARLY HISTORY.

A trifling little rebel paper in Ken-
tucky, professes to doubt the truth of
our statement respecting the origin of
Jeff Davis. What we stated is well
known to hundreds of our best citi-
zens of Christian and Todd counties,
Kentucky. Jeff Davis' father lived
for a number of years in a log cabin
situated in what is now the town of
Fairview, twelve miles from Hopkins-
ville, Kentucky. The house is now
weatherboarded and used as a tavern.
Old Davis was a man of bad charac-
ter, a horse trader, a swindler, and of
very low habits. A fine horse was
missing on one occasion in the neigh-
borhood, under such suspicious cir-
cumstances that he found it safest to
leave the country immediately and fly
to Mississippi. Jeff Davis his illegiti-
mate son, born some miles from his
father's house, and taken home by him
when several years of age. These are
notorious facts. Some of Davis' rela-
tives still live in that part of Kentucky.
We would never have alluded to this
sinister bar on Jeff's escutcheon, were
not his friends continually prating
about Southern gentility and the low
breeding of Union people. Our own
opinion is that Jeff's birth does him
more credit than any portion of his
subsequent life.—*Nashville Union.*

THE DISPLAY OF JEWELRY IN THE GREAT EXHIBITION, IN LONDON, IS DESCRIBED AS BEING EXTREMELY MAGNIFICENT. FOUR OR FIVE FIRMS ALONE SENT IN GOODS TO THE VALUE OF OVER FIVE MILLIONS OF DOL- LARS.

It seems something to see the inside
of the World's Fair in London. The
lowest figure at which it can be inspec-
ted by an irreverent, prying, demo-
cratic Yankee, is \$16.

RARE BIT OF CRIMINAL HISTORY.

COLONEL CROSS SECURES HIS OWN
PARDON BY FORGED PAPERS.—UN-
PARALLELED SKILL IN CHIROGRAPHY

The finesse and strategy of Monroe
Edwards and other noted criminals
are matters of police history. The
Eastern Penitentiary holds an occupant
in the person of Colonel Cross, who
has proved himself the Napoleon of
his profession—the brightest star in
the constellation of forgers and bogus
financiers who have figured in the his-
tory of crime.
Of Colonel Cross' exploits the tenth
part has not been told. It was he who
forged a pardon for the forger, Hunt-
ington, by which that distinguished
culprit almost escaped from Sing Sing
prison; and but for the hesitancy of the
warden, would have been let again
loose upon the community. Captured
himself at last, and imprisoned in At-
torn (N. Y. State,) Colonel Cross for-
ged documents by which a genuine
pardon was obtained, and his libera-
tion secured before the fraud was de-
tected and his person detained in cus-
tody.

The history of this illustrious culprit
is too well known to be here repeated
as far as his career in this city is con-
cerned. Suffice it to say that on
Wednesday Marshal Millward received
an envelope from the War Depart-
ment. The envelope bore the name of
Secretary Stanton, and was post-
marked Washington. The enclosure
was a letter from Mr. Watson, Assis-
tant Secretary of War, directing the
Marshal personally to draw up a peti-
tion to the Governor asking for the
pardon of Colonel Cross. He was to
take the petition to the various United
States officials for signature, and hav-
ing obtained the pardon, to bring Col.
Cross to Washington, where his ser-
vices were required by the Govern-
ment.

The document was to the eyes of
the Marshal unmistakably genuine.—
The sheriff would have hung any pris-
oner in his charge upon a similar war-
rant, and the warden of the Peniten-
tiary, upon taking authority, would
have opened the doors of "boarders'
house," and turned all hands loose.
The Marshal, of course, obeyed in-
structions. He drew up the petition,
and District Attorney Coffey, the Col-
lector of the Port, and all the United
States officials, except the Postmaster,
who was not in the city, affixed their
signatures to it without the least hesi-
tation, after first reading the letter
from the War Department.
Marshal Millward took the docu-
ments to Harrisburg, and returned by
next train with a full pardon. He took
a carriage direct for the penitentiary,
and presented the pardon to the war-
den. The genuineness of this docu-
ment being beyond peradventure, Col.
Cross was delivered up. The tidings
were conveyed to him in his cell, much
to his apparent astonishment, and with
a bag over his head he was brought
out to the Warden's office. Here he
was dressed in the clothes in which he
entered the prison, his striped livery
was taken off, and in company with
the Marshal and a deputy, he was
driven to the Baltimore depot. The
Marshal still "froze" to him, the in-
structions being to bring him to Sec-
retary Stanton.

The trip to Washington was made
without mishap, and the Marshal, his
assistant, and Colonel Cross drove up
to the Secretary's office. They alight-
ed and entered. The Marshal asked
for Mr. Stanton, and was shown into
his room. Hand-shaking all around
until Col. Cross was reached.
"Mr. Secretary," said the Marshal,
"this is Colonel Cross, whom you have
sent for."
"Glad to see Colonel Cross—how
do you do, sir?" said the affable Sec-
retary, shaking Colonel Cross' hand;
"but I can't remember sending for
you, sir."
"This," said the Marshal, "is Col.
Cross, whom I brought down by your
orders from the Eastern Penitentiary
at Philadelphia."
"Sir?" exclaimed the Secretary, in
utter surprise.
"Colonel Cross, sir, I said, pardon-
ed by Governor Curtin from the East-
ern Penitentiary, at your desire, and
brought here by me at your request."
Secretary Stanton looked puzzled
and rubbed his temples.
"The authority by which I have ac-
ted," said the Marshal, "is this," plac-
ing in Secretary Stanton's hand the
letter from Mr. Watson, bearing his
own frank.
Mr. Stanton took the envelope with
a bewildered air. It was a genuine
War Department envelope. The frank-
closure was an order, written upon the
imprint used in the War Office, with
the signature of the Department, in the
assistant handwriting of Mr. Watson, the
Assistant Secretary, to the purport as
above named.
The Secretary declared his entire
ignorance of the matter, and touched
his bell. A messenger responded.—
The messenger was sent for Mr. Wat-
son