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CASH FOR RAGS, ALWARD'S BOOKSTORE.

MORTGAGE SALE.

DEFAULT having been made in the condition of a certain indenture of Mortgage, executed by Amos Jackson, of Elkhart County, and State of Indiana, to Rufus D. Reed, of the County of Cass and State of Michigan, on the twenty-eighth day of November, A. D. 1854, and recorded December eleventh, A. D. 1854, in the office of the Register of Deeds of Cass County, Michigan, in Liber E of Mortgages, on pages 391 and 392, on which said Mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice the sum of three hundred dollars and fourteen cents; and no suit at law or in chancery having been instituted to recover the same, or any part thereof, Therefore, notice is hereby given, that by virtue of a power of sale contained in said Mortgage, now becoming operative, and in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided, the premises therein described, to wit: The west half of the north-west quarter, and the west half of the south-west quarter of section No. ten (10), in township No. seven (7) south of Range No. sixteen (16) west, containing one hundred and sixty acres of land more or less, situate in the County of Cass and State of Michigan, will be sold at public vendue, at the west door of the Court House in Cassopolis in said County of Cass, and now called the Court House in the village of Dowagiac, on the first day of March next, at one o'clock in the afternoon, to satisfy the amount then due on said Mortgage, together with the costs of executing the same.

RUFUS D. REED, Mortgagee. Assessor J. SMITH, Attorney for Mortgagee. Dated, December 22d, 1861. dec22-30w12

PROBATE ORDER.

STATE OF MICHIGAN—County of Cass.—S. At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Cass, holden at the Probate Office, in Cassopolis, on the twenty-second day of February, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, Present, Clifford Shanahan, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Prudence E. Chamberlain, deceased. On reading and hearing the petition duly verified by the petitioner, praying for letters of Administration, on the estate of said deceased.

And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Cass County Republican, a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Cass, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, to wit: On the 22d, 23d and 24th of February, 1862.

PROBATE NOTICE. STATE OF MICHIGAN—County of Cass.—S. At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Cass, holden at the Probate Office, in Cassopolis, on the twenty-second day of February, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, Present, Clifford Shanahan, Judge of Probate.

And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Cass County Republican, once in each week for three weeks previous to said day of hearing, to wit: On the 22d, 23d and 24th of February, 1862.

Commissioner's Sale in Chancery. Pursuance of a decretal order of the Circuit Court for the County of Cass, in Chancery, entered January 20th, A. D. 1862, at the suit of Henry H. Coolidge, Complainant, against Joseph Jones, Defendant, and to me directed, I shall attend to the sale of the following described parcels of land, as much as sufficient to raise the amount due to the complainant for principal, interest and costs in the cause according to the interest and decree, which said lands are situate, lying and being in the County of Cass and State of Michigan, and known and described as follows, to wit: The north-west quarter of the north-east quarter of section thirty-two, in township seven, south of range fifteen west.

CHARLES W. CLISBEE, Circuit Court Commissioner. Dated, February 14th, 1862. feb15-42w6

Commissioner's Sale in Chancery. Pursuance of a decretal order of the Circuit Court for the County of Cass, in Chancery, entered January 20th, A. D. 1862, at the suit of Henry H. Coolidge, Complainant, against Joseph Jones, Defendant, and to me directed, I shall attend to the sale of the following described parcels of land, as much as sufficient to raise the amount due to the complainant for principal, interest and costs in the cause according to the interest and decree, which said lands are situate, lying and being in the County of Cass and State of Michigan, and known and described as follows, to wit: Lot numbered ninety in the village of Edwardsburgh.

CHARLES W. CLISBEE, Circuit Court Commissioner. Dated, February 14th, 1862. feb15-42w6

CHANCERY NOTICE. THE CIRCUIT COURT FOR THE COUNTY OF CASS—In Chancery. At a session of the Court, held at Cassopolis, on the twenty-second day of February, A. D. 1862, Present, N. Bacon, Circuit Court Judge.

It is satisfactorily appearing to this Court, that the Defendant, Juan Pedro, is a non-resident of this State; On motion of Charles W. Clisbee, Solicitor for Complainant, it is ordered, that the said Defendant cause his appearance in this cause to be entered within three months from the date of this order, and if he further neglects to do so, the complainant within twenty days, cause this order to be published in some newspaper printed in said County, once in each week for at least three weeks, or that she cause a copy hereof to be personally served on the said Defendant, Juan Pedro, at least twenty days before the time above prescribed for his appearance.

CHARLES W. CLISBEE, Complainant's Solicitor. N. BACON, Circuit Judge. feb15-42w7

SHERIFF'S SALE. BY virtue of a writ of execution issued out of the Court of St. Joseph and State of Michigan in favor of Justice Field, Plaintiff, against Joseph Votaw, Defendant, to me directed and delivered I have levied upon and shall sell at Public Auction, at the west door of the Court House in the village of Cassopolis, Cass County, and State aforesaid, on Monday the 10th day of March next, at one o'clock in the afternoon, all the right, title and interest of Joseph Votaw aforesaid, in and to the following described real estate, to wit: The west half of the north-east quarter of the north-west quarter of section six, in Township seven, south of range thirteen west, containing sixty-six acres more or less.

W. B. SCHERMERHORN, Sheriff Cass Co., Mich. Dated at Cassopolis, Michigan, January 22d, 1862. feb1-42w8

DRAFTS. O. England, Ireland, France, and all parts of Germany, for sale by H. B. DENMAN, Banker, Dowagiac.

Grandpa Nathan.

By WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER. BY the bush and hickory fire Grandpa Nathan sat at night, With talks of marching armies, And the news of many a fight; When he laid aside the paper, Though its contents he had told, He was plect with many questions, By the young and by the old. It was the most informal, (Grandpa Nathan made reply,) But the legends of the Union Soon will crush it out, or die! If I only had the vigor Of just twenty years ago, How I'd fly to meet the foe! Nannie Hardin, dearest daughter, There's a spirit now abroad Thatakin to whatsoever Is as enemy with God. It has wrought upon a portion Of the people of the land, Till they almost think they're honest In the treason they have planned, It has struck the sea with rapine, It has tinged its shores with blood, And it rolls and surges inland Like a desolating flood. It has rent the nearest kindred— 'Tis the mother and the son! 'Tis as God's a God of Justice, His career will soon be done. There's a camp in Wickliffe's meadow, Not far from eighteen miles away— John, at your age I could make it, 'Tis twice 'twixt now and break of day; Fill your buggy up with bakeds, Sweep the pantry of its choicest, Till the shelves are lean and slim; Take a jug or two of apple, For these chill November damps, Oh besumb the weary sentries, As they guard the sleeping camps; Drive the get of old Sardapene— For the glory of his sires, He will make the camp at Wickliffe Ere they stir the morning fires. Tell them he has watched this quarrel From its outbreak and its end, And, with hand upon his heart, And God's light upon his brow, He invokes their trust manhood, The full prowess of their youth, In this battle of the Nation For the right and for the truth Tell them one whose years are sinking To the quiet of the grave, Such fair greeting as he may 'By the toll and blood your fathers— In the cause of Freedom spent, By the memory of your mothers And the noble aid they lent— 'By the blessings God has showered On this birthright of the free, Give to Heaven a reverent spirit, Bend to Heaven a willing knee, And in silence 'mid the pauses Of the hymn and of the prayer, To the God of Hosts appealing, By the God of Battles swear— Swear to rally round the standard With our nation that was born, With its stars of world wide glory, And its stripes that none may scorn Swear to fight the fight forced on us, While an armed foe stands abroad; Swear to fight the fight of Freedom, Of the Union, and of God! 'Ab! drives the young Sardapene— Brings the son of glorious sires, And he'll make the camp at Wickliffe's Ere they build the morning fires, Do you know, child, I am proud Of the spirit of your boy, Then of any other grandpa's? And so now, good Nannie Hardin, For the night you'd best retire, As for me, my child, I'm wafelid, And I'll still sit by the fire. Oh, my soul is in the battles Of the Washab and the Thames, Where the prowess of Kentucky Won imperishable names. I must see the camp at Wickliffe's— Nannie, you as well can go; I must mingle with the soldiers Who have come to meet our foe, I must talk to them of battles, By the ranks of freedom won, And of acts of valor ventured, And of deeds of daring done, Ab! I'll take them to the ramparts Where their fathers fought of old, For my spirit now surveys them As a chart that is unrolled— And I'll show them in the mirror Of the clouds and of the skies, Where the hosts of glory marshal, And the flag of glory flies. Take a blanket, dear from Effie, And a comfort here and there, And from my good bed and wardrobe Strip whatever I can spare Hunt the horses from top to bottom, And let the neighbors know What they need, the men who shield them, From the fury of the foe. Be up early in the morning; Ask of all what they will send To the camp in Wickliffe's meadow Where each soldier is a friend, (T'was a sin whilst there is plenty, 'Let us never feel the want) That the Legions of the Union, Braving danger, were in want. Write at once to Hattie Shelby, And—for both of them are there— Send a line to Alice Dudley, And a line for Ruth Adair; Then to-morrow write to Dorcas, And once to Mollie Todd, Say they're now for their country, For their freedom and their God; And if only half the spirit, That their mother had in theirs, There'll be rapid work with needles, And sharp ramming up stairs, Oh, it stirs the blood of seventy, Wherever it survives, Just to touch the chain of memory Of the old Kentucky waver! In a day or two—at farthest When the present rain is done— You and I will take the carriage, With the rising of the sun, And we'll spend a day or longer With the soldiers in their camps, Taking stores that best may assist them From the chill November damps, Oh, I'll cheer them out to battle— And I'll stir each lofty soul And I'll paint the fields of honor Where the drums of glory roll, And I'll bid them never falter, While their treason still abroad, In this battle of the Nation, For our Union and for God. One who fought upon the Washab By Joe Davies when he fell, And who bled at Metz with Dudley, When we met the hosts of hell, One who fought with Hart at Rainin, And with Johnson on the Thames, And with Jackson at New Orleans, Where we won immortal names, Will be listened to with patience, By the heroes now at hand, Who who bled at Metz with Dudley, In this peril of the land. By the memory of our fathers, By the Brave, and by the Just, This Rebellion shall be vanquish'd, Though each traitor bite the dust.

Washington in Love. In 1746—twenty years before the brilliant era which shines like a rich gem in the pages of the world's history—a gentleman named Beverly Robinson occupied a dwelling (statute in New York), which, at that time, was considered a model of elegance and comfort, although, according to the prevailing taste of the present day, it was nothing of the kind. It was standing, more little altered from its original condition, six years ago, on the side of the Hudson River, within two or three miles of West Point. Mr. Robinson enjoyed all the luxuries known to the colony, and some beside, which the other colonists did not know—for instance a rich and massive silver tea urn, said, by the gentleman's descendants to be the first article of the kind, and for a long time the only one used in this country. In this dwelling, so much admired, the space between the floors and ceiling was exceedingly low, and in many of the rooms (set off about the fire-places, by polished tiles), the rafters were massive and uncovered, and all things else in the structure were exceedingly primitive. In this house were born or reared a brood of the most prominent and inveterate foes to the patriots of the American Revolution, that history mentions. Two generations of the Robinson family bore arms and held office in the armies of the English King, and fought determinedly against our sires and grandfathers.

Well—in this house, which will already have attached itself to the interest of the reader—the only victory that was ever gained over George Washington, took place. In 1756, Colonel George Washington of Virginia, a large, stalwart, well proportioned gentleman of the most finished deportment and careful exterior; a handsome, imposing, ceremonious and grave personage—visited his firm and much esteemed friend, Beverly Robinson, and announced his intention of remaining his guest for many weeks. A grinning negro attid attendant called Zeph, was ordered to bring his master's portmanteau, additional fuel was cast into the broad and cheerful fire-place, an extra bottle of prime old Medaria was placed upon the table, whose griffin feet seemed almost to expand to twice their original size in the prospect of an increase of social hilarity and Col. Washington was duly installed as a choice claimant of old fashioned and unstrained hospitality.

Seated with Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, overwhelmed with attention, and in possession of every comfort, the visitor evinced unquiet and dissatisfaction. Every sound of an opening or closing door aroused him from apathy, into which he relaxed when it was ascertained that no one was about to enter the apartment. Uneasiness was so apparent that his host at last endeavored to rally him, but without effect. Mrs. Robinson finally came to the rescue, and addressed the colonel in direct terms.

"Pray, friend Washington, may we be made acquainted with the cause of your dullness? There is some reason for it and that reason lies with you. Tell it."

In vain the colonel argued that nothing had occurred to vex him—that he was not in want of any further inducement to present or future happiness; his entertainers would not regard his words, but continued their pertinacious endeavors to solve this mystery. At length, wearied by importunity, Washington—then twenty years before his greatness, leaned over the table, played with his glass, attempted to look unconcerned, and whispered to Mr. Robinson the single word "Mary."

"Yes?" responded Mr. R. interrogatively, as if unable to comprehend Washington's meaning.

"Is she well? Does she still abide with you?"

"She does," replied the lady of the mansion.

Washington again became apathetic and contemplative, while several significant glances passed between the gentleman and his wife. Some five minutes were in perfect silence, which was only interrupted by the exit of Mrs. R. from the apartment. She speedily returned, accompanied by a beautiful young lady, whom Washington, with a countenance beaming joyfully, arose to greet with becoming respect.

The young lady was Mary Phillips, sister of Mrs. Robinson, and daughter of the owner of the Phillips estate. It was her appearance and the period of the return of Washington's cordiality, was identical. Strange, as it was, too, midnight found this young lady and the Virginia colonel alone, and in deep conversation. The conjugal twain who had kept them company in the early part of the evening had retired to their bedchamber. More remarkable than all, daylight found the couple still together. The candles were burned down to the sockets of the sticks, and the fire-place, instead of exhibiting a cheerful blaze, harbored only a gigantic heap of ashes and a few dying embers. What could have prolonged the interview? Not mutual love, for the parties preserve a ceremonious distance, and the young lady evinced a hauteur that could be watched only by her companion in after years. And yet the truth must be told. There was love on one side; the colonel, smitten by the graces and rare accomplishments of the lady as beautiful as nature's rarest works, was endeavoring to win her heart, in exchange for his own. He made his confession just as the cold grey of the dawn of morning broke over the dark clouds in the east. He confessed, in cautious and measured terms, it is true, the extent of his passion and avowed that it was his earnest hope would be the result: that was the gain of her hand. The lady hesitated. Was it the modesty of the lady who dares not to trust her lips with the confession of affection it is her heart's desire? No! She respected, although she did not love her interloper, and she felt diffident in making known to him the true state of her feelings. At least candor triumphed over delicacy, and she informed Washington, in set terms, that she loved another! She refused him! The greatest of modern men was vanquished, and by a woman! He was speechless and powerless.

Trembling, with compressed lips and a countenance ashy pale, he crept from the place just as the old negro of the household entered to make preparations for the breakfast. He sought his room threw himself upon his couch, dressed as he was, and lapsed into a troubled sleep. The only victory ever won at his expense penetrated him to the soul. He was unhappy—supremely wretched! The future conqueror of thousands of brave men suffered because he had been rejected by a female. The first, but not his last wound.

Years rolled on upon the mighty tide of time. George Washington was the commander-in-chief of the American forces opposed to the royal government. The friend of his early manhood, Beverly Robinson, was the Colonel of the Loyalty American regiment raised in his State, and his own was the Lieutenant Colonel. The house he had occupied was in possession of the "rebels," and was occupied by Arnold, the traitor. It was afterwards the temporary residence of Washington. At the same time the husband of Miss Mary Phillips, Roger Morris was a prominent Tory, and a member of the council of the colony. Few of the parties were occupied by any reflections of an amorous nature. Time in its own progress had worked mutations which had severed the closest ties, both of friendship and consanguinity. Those who were most intimate previous to the commencement of the war, were now studied strangers, with drawn swords at each other's breasts. Even sons and fathers were estranged and arrayed in opposite ranks, even the child of the illustrious statesman, Dr. Franklin, was a bitter and uncompromising Tory. It must not be supposed, that the loyalist friends of the Colonel, George Washington, shared any better fate, so far as the acquaintanceship of the Father of his country was concerned, than others. His old Hudson River friends he had not seen for years. The husband of Mary Phillips was personally unknown to him—Beverly Robinson, grown grey and careworn would scarcely have been recognized.

Andre was taken and condemned to death, and under General Woodhull's charge was visited by Mr. Robinson in the capacity of a species of a commissioner which protected his person. What was the surprise of Washington, a few days before the time of the execution to receive a letter from his old friend and entertainer, referring to past events, and claiming, on the score of reminiscence, a secret or private interview. The claim was acknowledged, and late at night, Mr. Robinson, accompanied by a figure closely muffled in a cloak, was admitted to the General's apartment. For a moment these two men—their positions so widely different—gazed at each other in silence. Recollection of days gone by—of happy days unaccompanied by ankered care—prevailed, and they abruptly embraced. Washington was the first to recover his self-possession. Suddenly disengaging himself, he stood erect and clothed in that unequalled dignity which was his tribute, and said—

"Now, sir, your business."

"Is," replied Robinson, in a choking voice, "to plead for Andre."

"You have already been advised of my final determination," replied Washington sternly.

"Will nothing avail?" asked Robinson, in smothered accents.

"Nothing. Were he my son he should pay the penalty due to his fence. I know all that you will say; you will speak with his virtues—his sister—his rank, and of extenuating circumstances, perhaps endeavor to convince me of his innocence."

Robinson struggled with his emotions a few seconds, but unable to repress his feelings he spoke but a single word, with such a thrilling accent that he started at the sound of his own voice. That word was GRACE!

"GENERAL WASHINGTON, COLONEL ROBINSON," responded the great patriot, laying great stress on each military title.

"Enough," said the other, "I have one more argument—if that fails me I have done. Behold my friend!"

"Your friend! Who is he! What is his name?"

One other single word was spoken as the heavy cloak in which the mysterious friend was clothed fell to the floor and exposed the mature figure of Mrs. Morris, and that word, uttered with a start by Washington, was MARY! The suspense was painful but brief.

"Sir," said Washington, instantly recovering, "this trifling is beneath your station and my dignity. I regret that you must go back to Sir Henry Clinton with the intelligence that your best intercession has failed. See that these persons are conducted beyond the lines in safety," continued he, throwing open the door of the apartment, and addressing one of his aids.

Abashed and mortified, Mr. Robinson and his sister-in-law took their leave. The woman had gained a conquest once, but her second assault was aimed at a breast invulnerable.

"All Sizes—Ready Made." SOLLOQUY BY A LADY OF FASHION.

"Such a sign—over a coffin warehouse! On a principal thoroughfare, too! Ought to be on a back street, out of the way. Bad taste—makes people nervous—have to go right by it to the ball room—enough to give one the blues to see those long, narrow, gloomy receptacles in the shop window! Worse yet to keep telling passers by in so many words that the boxes are ready for them!"

Very natural! The sign is a sober affair—a loud sermon to the eager throng. But there it is, in bright, bold letters, persistently reading its lesson to the crowd. "ALL SIZES!" Yes, young lady, just your size, in length and breadth. Narrow as the spaces may seem, you will need no more, for the makers of such wares omit the regalia of the ball room, and only provide for a plain, white robe. And you will need no room to move a limb or lift the head. It is only required to be shut in, there to lie confined and still. So, too, with the man of herculean frame and strength; his size is provided for, for well the tradesman knows the giant forms of men, as well as frail female figures, must need this work. The fascinations of beauty and the might of physical energy must both knock at his door for a last friendly office. Among the slim and polished tenements of that warehouse, the eye also rests on some of half size; a sure indication that the noble boy and the charming girl, pride of the household, must often go to an early rest; and some of the form, for helping infancy, which (strange mystery) must pillow its head in the little casket, while yet scarcely conscious of a life of joy.

"All sizes!" Never was a sign truer to the emergency of business; never a trade more in the way of all classes, journeying on in promiscuous companies, little and great, nimble youth and bending age, dashing beauty and limping deformity, haughty aristocrats and the suffering poor, on their way to common lot and level.

And they go in a hurry, as that startling sign indicates, for it concludes with "READY MADE." Doubtless that man has watched the current of events. He knows that if he would get the custom of that rich banker, that enterprising shipper, that millionaire, he must be on hand with his work. He knows, too, that a messenger may come at any moment from the market place, from the crowded street, from the brilliant hall of the dance and drama, or which is all the same to him, from the retreat of the debauchee or the low haunt of poverty and vice. He cannot, like some tradesmen, choose his time, and wait upon his own conveniences, and that for the important reason that none choose and appoint the time when they will need his wares. He cannot meet the demands of the market only by having a supply of those sad looking tenements, of sizes to suit all that live around him, and having them ready made! so that he can send them out promptly, by day or night, in storm or sun shine, in winter or harvest. But we must leave the reader to pursue the subject. If it makes him "nervous," it will still be none the less salutary. The text, at least, may be remembered, and allowed to stamp its lesson on the heart, in spite of the strife and confusion that encompass it everywhere.

A good wife in like a printer's roller—the latter being composed of molasses and glue. She is as sweet as the former article, and sticks to her husband like the latter.

Deborah, from the Hebrew means a bee; Rachel, a sheep; Sarah, a princess; and Hannah, the gracious.

"The owners of this estate—which was vacillatingly opposed the Americans, they became victims of the confiscation, and a great portion of the property was confiscated. The reversionary interest, was not affected however, and in 1809, John Jacob Astor, received from the State 13 years after, the small sum of \$200,000.

"Beverly Robinson, or any other person known of Arnold's defection and Andre's projects, Beverly Robinson was in possession of all the facts. A great grandson of his own practices law, or did not long ago, in this city, and he had been the companion in arms of Gen. Washington.

The arrest of Gen. Stone. The arrest of Gen. Stone is one of those striking incidents in the course of the war that cannot fail to excite public attention. Until almost the moment of his arrest he was in command of one of the most important divisions of the army, and must have been possessed of the details of our projected campaign. He appears to have had, and very recently, if not until the last, the entire confidence of the General-in-Chief, as he had previously shared that of Gen. Scott. That such a man, who, when Washington was beleaguered in April last, tendered his services to organize the District Militia, and who has been eight months in active service, should be arrested for treason, may well startle the community, used as it had become to defection and insincerity among military officers, in the early days of the rebellion.

And yet if any well informed man in this, or any other State North, had been asked to point out the most likely man to be arrested upon such a charge he would have designated Gen. Stone. For a long time—ever since the Ball's Bluff slaughter—he has been the most unpopular man in the army. He has been generally believed to be responsible for that great calamity, and it has been almost impossible to reconcile the leading known facts of that terrible affair, with sincere devotion to the Union cause, and ordinary skill as a commander. But had he been innocent of that great crime, the shadow of it falling upon any ordinary man, in the responsible relations he occupied to it, would not so with Gen. Stone; he has been recklessly defiant, and all manner of unsatisfactory reports of his conversation and action have reached the public through numerous channels. Whether guilty or not, his usefulness was gone, and he should in deference to the popular demand, have been dismissed long ago. But it seemed that even investigation was denied.

It is now, however, apparent that investigation into the Ball's Bluff disaster was going on, but not in the quarter to which the eyes of the public were directed. In inauguration of a wholesome custom, Secretary Stanton, to whose courageous earnestness we are indebted for this arrest, gives to the public at once, the specific crimes with which Gen. Stone is charged, and as we scrutinize the fearful indictment, we know that the arrest could only have been determined upon as the result of patient and extended investigation. It will, doubtless be surmised, and probably be charged in some quarters, that political animosity and military hatred have had the most to do with the arrest of Gen. Stone, but all accounts agree that the most serious and persistent charges against him came from the men in the division of the army under his command—the very persons who would know best, for they have seen most.

What will strike the public in this arrest most, next to the gravity of the charges upon which it is made, are its peculiar timeliness and the courage that dared to order it. As to the first point, we must remember that the present is the most critical time in the history of the war. The array is at last

in motion, and the most important events of the history of this country crowd every day. In a short time the grand array upon the Potomac must be called to perform a most important part in the progress of the war. How fearful to think, that at such a time, a man guilty as Gen. Stone is charged to be more fortunate. As to the second point, it is all the more appreciated that the war has been signalized by very few bold and sagacious acts of power. The arrest of the Maryland legislators may stand by the side of this but we do not recall any other. It must be confessed that the majority of political arrests have been tame and spiritless affairs, administering merely to local excitement, if we except the daring but unfortunate act of Com. Wilkes. But the arrest of Gen. Stone, considering all the surrounding circumstances, some of which we do not care to mention here, is an act of genuine courage. It nerves and animates the people to see that there is no indecision or vacillation in their rulers, but that they dare, when the occasion arises, to take the responsibility.

We hope that Gen. Stone may be afforded as speedy a trial as possible, and that we may know the worst that is to come. At least three of the specifications against Gen. Stone if proved, carry with them the penalty of death. We furthermore express the hope that all political prejudices will be kept out of this most grave case. It is one that the people desire to know the exact facts about, and desire no conviction that the facts do not warrant, and the extreme penalty that the facts do warrant.—Det. Tribune.

"All Sizes—Ready Made." SOLLOQUY BY A LADY OF FASHION.

"Such a sign—over a coffin warehouse! On a principal thoroughfare, too! Ought to be on a back street, out of the way. Bad taste—makes people nervous—have to go right by it to the ball room—enough to give one the blues to see those long, narrow, gloomy receptacles in the shop window! Worse yet to keep telling passers by in so many words that the boxes are ready for them!"

Very natural! The sign is a sober affair—a loud sermon to the eager throng. But there it is, in bright, bold letters, persistently reading its lesson to the crowd. "ALL SIZES!" Yes, young lady, just your size, in length and breadth. Narrow as the spaces may seem, you will need no more, for the makers of such wares omit the regalia of the ball room, and only provide for a plain, white robe. And you will need no room to move a limb or lift the head. It is only required to be shut in, there to lie confined and still. So, too, with the man of herculean frame and strength; his size is provided for, for well the tradesman knows the giant forms of men, as well as frail female figures, must need this work. The fascinations of beauty and the might of physical energy must both knock at his door for a last friendly office. Among the slim and polished tenements of that warehouse, the eye also rests on some of half size; a sure indication that the noble boy and the charming girl, pride of the household, must often go to an early rest; and some of the form, for helping infancy, which (strange mystery) must pillow its head in the little casket, while yet scarcely conscious of a life of joy.

"All sizes!" Never was a sign truer to the emergency of business; never a trade more in the way of all classes, journeying on in promiscuous companies, little and great, nimble youth and bending age, dashing beauty and limping deformity, haughty aristocrats and the suffering poor, on their way to common lot and level.

And they go in a hurry, as that startling sign indicates, for it concludes with "READY MADE." Doubtless that man has watched the current of events. He knows that if he would get the custom of that rich banker, that enterprising shipper, that millionaire, he must be on hand with his work. He knows, too, that a messenger may come at any moment from the market place, from the crowded street, from the brilliant hall of the dance and drama, or which is all the same to him, from the retreat of the debauchee or the low haunt of poverty and vice. He cannot, like some tradesmen, choose his time, and wait upon his own conveniences, and that for the important reason that none choose and appoint the time when they will need his wares. He cannot meet the demands of the market only by having a supply of those sad looking tenements, of sizes to suit all that live around him, and having them ready made! so that he can send them out promptly, by day or night, in storm or sun shine, in winter or harvest. But we must leave the reader to pursue the subject. If it makes him "nervous," it will still be none the less salutary. The text, at least, may be remembered, and allowed to stamp its lesson on the heart, in spite of the strife and confusion that encompass it everywhere.

A good wife in like a printer's roller—the latter being composed of molasses and glue. She is as sweet as the former article, and sticks to her husband like the latter.

Deborah, from the Hebrew means a bee; Rachel, a sheep; Sarah, a princess; and Hannah, the gracious.