DAILY LEADER,

DAILY, TRI-WEEKLY & WEEKLY,

E. COWLES & CO.,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

SATURDAY April 15, 1865.

A Piece of Arrant Toadyism.

The Richmond *Whig*, a cringing and chameleon sheet, which takes its tone from its surroundings, and is Union under Union auspices, and secession when Jeff. Davis rules Richmond, published the following on the 11th *inst.*:

"We are grieved to learn of the very serious indisposition of Mrs. General Robert E. Lee at her residence in this city. The great disaster which has overtaken the Confederate arms has unnerved the great wife of the great General quite, and we do not wonder that her finely-strung nerves should give way in the struggle. Since the occupation of Richmond the Union authorities have acted with the most scrupulous regard for the feelings of Mrs. General Lee. At first a colored guard was placed in front of the house on Franklin street, but upon it being represented that the exhibition was an insult to the lady of the mansion the colored guard was witadrawn and a white guard substituted."

The "nerves" of this "great wife of the great General" are indeed "finely strung." But it is beyond our comprehension to understand why even the sensitive organization of Mrs. Lee, "unnerved" as it is by the "great disaster which has overtaken the Confederate arms" should be shocked because black soldiers are detailed to guard her house. Her husband, the "great General" whom the *Whig* boot-licks so unblushingly now as when he held Richmond, was the first and firmest advocate of enlisting negro soldiers for the support of the insurrection. By his individual efforts and recommendations he procured the passage of the negro-arming bill through the rebel Congress. Nor can Mrs. Lee, tended from her youth by negro slaves, object seriously to the sight of blacks. It must be the Federal uniform which affects her "finely strung nerves," and, and as our officials are so obsequious, it would be well, perhaps, for them to substitude Confederate for Union, as they have already exchanged black for white, soldiers, in the special guard detailed to do honor to the wife of a foreworn traitor.

In all seriousness, we do not know which to be most amazed at, the insolence which prompted this objection to our negro soldiers, or the servility which yielded to it. That Mrs. Lee had a guard at all—that she even dared to remain in Richmond when Union troops occupied it—shows the humanity of our government in strong contrast to the record of the South. Facts like these stand out in bold relief against the dark background of Southern outrage—against the massacre of Fort Pillow—against the inhuman interment of the noble Colonel Shaw, (when he fell at the head of his regiment while assaulting Fort Wagner) in the common trench which held the slain—against the brutal response made to his friends, when they made the usual request for his body, "He is buried with his niggers,"—against the terrible outrages upon our dead, at Bull Run, and our living, at Andersonville and Salisbury—and against the thousand crimes of the traitors who have maintained the rebellion. But leniency can be abused, and Mrs. Lee has shown that she understands how to abuse it. The wife of a traitor, himself responsible, as the commander-in chief of the rebel armies, for the outrages we have referred to, it seems incredible that her insolence should be carried to the pitch of openly expressed contempt for any Union soldiers, white or black, wearing the uniform which her husband had disgraced by deserting. And it seems yet more incredible that this arrogant demand should have been humbly granted by the servile officials in Richmond. Whoever they are, they are unfit for their positions, and the nation, insulted in the persons of its black soldiers, demands that they be removed.

Why Gold is Firm.

Gold still remains at about 146. It touched 147½ on March 24th, which was just after the arrival of Sherman at Goldsboro, and three days before the advance by Grant against Richmond was determined upon. Its permanence at about that figure ever since seems to show that gold had been run down by a panic prior to Grant's recent successes so as to require the whole weight of those successes to keep it at the figure then reached, or else that the gold brokers, with superhuman foresight, discounted the capture of Richmond and the surrender of Lee's army, or, finally, that some cause, outside of the military situation, controls the price of gold. The last theory is probably the correct one. One month ago gold stood at 200. The total paper currency of the country is estimated at 900,000,000. By the fall of gold to 147 the present purchasing power of 670,000,000 to-day would equal that of the whole 900,000,000 one month ago; this would release the difference, 230,000,000, as a surplus over and above what the wants of the community would require to transact to-day the same amount of business which one month ago would have required the whole. In other words, gold is still kept up to 147 by the fact that as greenbacks have increased in purchasing power, the quantity needed has decreased; but, the quantity afloat not being diminished, the surplus has in part the effect of a new issue. The state of things points plainly to the expediency of gradually funding the currency. This the people will begin to do henceforward, by paying into the Treasury in taxes and for loans more currency than the Government, with the diminished expense budget incident to peace, will have to reissue in payment of its expenses. The moment the Government begins to receive more currency than it reissues, the currency begins to fund itself by the laws of supply and demand. This will grow until we again resume a specie basis, which will probably be one of the earliest results of peace.

The specials of the New York papers representing that Jeff. Davis had requested permission from Grant to leave the country are too silly to be believed. Jeff. has a thousand chances of escape to one of capture, and even if his case were hopeless he knows too much to appeal to Grant on the subject. He knows very well that Grant has no power to let him leave the country, and no right to do anything with him, if captured, save to turn him over to the proper tribunal to be tried for high treason.

THE PULPIT ON THE THANKSGIVING.

A CLAD PEOPLE.

SERMON BY THE REV. J. A. THOME, DETROIT STREET CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

"Psalm 126: "When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream. Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing; Then said they among the heathen, The Lord hath done great things for them."

"The Lord hath done great things *for us*; whereof we are glad." Turn again our captivity, O Lord, as the streams in the South.

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

This is an inspired Thanksgiving ode; it is an anthem of gladness; it is a Psalm of Praise. Through it there runs, dances, bounds, a godly elation. There is an overflowing, outbursting, irrepressible spirit in it, that laughs, sings, glories, shouts, rejoices every way. All the elements of radiant joy and resonant gratulation are embodied in this wondrous little ode. It is an alabaster vase full of precious ointment, very precious, and ready to be broken and outpoured on any great occasion of gladness. We break it to-day and pour its perfume on the feet of Christ, in testimony of our gratitude, and the nation's love unto the Lord, the God of its salvation.

Note the outflowing contents.

Deliverance from grievous captivity; the sense of liberation, and of restoration gradually realized, first a pleasing dream, then a vivid joy, that could not be contained, breaking forth in laughter, swelling out in song. These demonstrations attract attention; the heathen, their late persecutors, oppressors and despisers, begin to be astonished; they are forced to say, "The Lord hath done great things for them." *They, even the heathen*, see the hand of the Lord in so great deliverance; they see a reason for their joy; and they quake for themselves, for they have no Lord who is able to do great things for them.

Then the proud response, proud at once and pious, proud heathen-ward, pious Lord-ward; "*The Lord*, yes the Lord *our God*, hath done *great things for us!*" The recognition of the high source of their blessings enhancing vastly their joys. "Whereof we are glad!" glad that the Lord hath done these great things, glad that we are the recipients of his favors, glad for the great things! Then a most becoming thoughtfulness, a sober element, imparting substance to the gladness, prayer for fuller deliverance, completing the liberation from hated captivity, completing the restoration to fortified privileges; "Turn again our captivity, O Lord, as the streams in the South." Then comes reflection, bringing the full assurance that always divine benefits, in redundant harvests, shall follow diligent sowing of seed watered with tears, mingled tears of sadness and supplication. "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." This sweet evangel is repeated, in a magnified form, well befitting its rich import: "He that goeth forth and reapeth, bearing precious seed, shall *doubtless* come again with rejoicing, bringing, &c."

My friends, this is the psalm assuredly for us to-day; though it be not one of the prescribed lessons for Good Friday.

This is the day of our National gladness. Our captivity has been turned; our captivities. I may say; for the rebellion has been a captivity, the war has been a captivity, slavery has been a captivity, to the nation as well as to the negro, and the dread of a just and avenging God has been a captivity; and the two last captivities have been upon the nation for more than seventy years, the term of the long Jewish captivity. This is the day of our Liberation from all these bondages; this is the day of our Freedom. Friday! Good Friday! Friday, the black day in the calendar of superstition, is brightened forevermore in this year of grace 1865. Good Friday, the solemn day in the calendar of churchmen, devoted to Fasting and sadness, is now Better Friday, consecrated to Festivities, Thanksgivings and jubilant Gladness. The events of this auspicious day teach us, what so many happy events during the Christian Era have taught or should have taught the People of God, who have been too slow in learning, that the crucifixion of the Son of God, the transaction of all in the past most fruitful of blessings to the world, is not to be commemorated with mourning and fasting, but rather with rejoicing and Praise. "Day of all the week the best," of all the year the best, for this special Thanksgiving, and for the memorable transaction occurring in Charleston Bay; because it associates these national events with the causative event of the crucifixion, and blends the Flag of the Republic with the Banner of the Cross, which is henceforth to be the recognized Union, pledge of Union among the People.

Things sundry and most signal converge to give importance to this day, and to swell the tide of our common gladness. The fall of Richmond, the haughty Babylon of the Rebellion; the surrender of Lee, the rebel chief, and his army, the flight of Davis, and the dispersion of the heads of the Confederate Government, now a miscreant monster of the past,—these late achievements, with their sure and speedy sequel, the cessation of hostilities, ushering in a wished-for peace, and restoring Union, and ending slavery, quicken the people's pulse, and cause the public heart to throb with grateful joy. The high inspiration thus produced, heightened by the splendid military successes of General Grant and other great commanders, which culminate in this sublime triumph, and intensified by the fortunate escape from a final sanguinary battle, which has been apprehended,—would demand a general thanksgiving. But there is a particular act, of national import, now transpiring, which especially sets apart this day to services of religious praise, and scenes of social gladness. The nation, through its highest functionaries, is doing just now a deed which with its simplicity combines a sublimity that makes it illustrious, a deed in which every loyal heat exults, and which every pious heart regards with devout pleasure and renewed confidence in the future of the Republic. Yes, the nation is at this moment doing a historic deed which coming generations shall admire to the end of time; a momentous deed on which the eyes of Christendom are intently fixed. Within sight of the proud, but now prostrate city of Charleston, the Queen of Secession, sitting in sackcloth and ashes, the Republic is planting the starry ensign, radiant with victory, on the heights of Fort Sumter, whence it was first lowered in dishonor by the obscene hands of traitors. A vast concourse of patriots, a great cloud of witnesses, compass and crown those scarred battlements, animated with a mighty enthusiasm. In that bay, where was the outbreak of the horrid rebellion, whose forts and batteries opened upon the steamer Star of the West, freighted with stores for the belesguered band in the only loyal fortress, and soon reduced that stronghold—in the same bay lies this day a fleet of steamers thronged with citizens of the North; and Major General Robert Anderson, the brave defender of the fort when the storm of civil war burst resistlessly upon it, is now unturling to the winds the Old Flag, which went down before that terrific storm.

Four years have intervened, years of commotion, in which star after star rushed from the galaxy of the Union into the chaos of secession; years of carnage, in which thousands of freemen have fallen gloriously in which hundreds of thousands of rebels have ignominiously perished, in which millions of bondmen have passed through the red sea to freedom; years of rapine and ruin, of suffering and sorrow immeasurable, years crowded with grand events brilliant with imperishable exploits, distinguished by the clash of military ideas, and the triumph of righteousness. *Only four* years, yet the world has bounded a century onward and upward! And now this short cycle is completed; and the Flag that fell, and drew down with it the good name of the Republic,—then you, and I, and all of us fell down, and bloody treason flourished over us,"—goes up t[illegible] and exalts the Nation's honor to the [illegible] and up rise our spirits, jubilant with Praise to God. The stars that dropped like blasted figs are re-ascending to their stations, and the whole constellation begins to be more effulgent than ever.

Such is the import of this day. This Good Friday is the Festival of Flags. It is the day for the stars to shine at noontide as they did, it is said, when the President was delivering his Inaugural.

You remember what a showing of colors there was throughout the loyal North at the first glorious uprising of the people. So many were the banners, so did they wave from church steeple, and doors and window, so did they flutter in every breeze, and gleam on every street, and drape every hall, that we wondered whence they all came, and whether those that disappeared in the regions of Secessia had not by some magic re-appeared in the faithful States. It was indeed a magnificent spectacle, and chiefly because it was emblematic of the radiant spirit of patriotism that flamed up everywhere. The four years' cycle brings back the national display of colors. This is the Flag Festival Day. Now, thanks to God, the stars and stripes wave on Sumter's battlements again. Proud day, glad day, Good Friday, hail! See the flag unfurled on Sumter's walls! Thousands of eyes gaze on it with rapture, millions of eyes, from the hills of New England, from the shores of the Lakes, from the prairies of the Northwest, from the peaks of Colorado, from the mountains of California, from the plains of Oregon, are strained to descry the vision. Every face is turned to Fort Sumter, and every ear listens as if to catch that loud acclaim with which the flag is greeted, upon parapet and deck, and shore and sea, around.

Now is the Festival of Flags. Lo, see! The stars and stripes float in every southern breeze, from cope and castle turret, from custom-house and court-house, from prison and palace. In Charleston, in Savannah, in Wilmington, in Petersburg, in Richmond, shines the starry emblem of the Union. From Fort Visher, from Castle Thunder, the Federal flag flashes salutations to the colors Major General Anderson plants on Fort Sumter. And in every harbor and bay and gulf, and on every sea, the flags of our iron-clads and merchant ships, streaming aloft, flutter greetings to the Old Flag raised to its place on Sumter.

Upon all this stir of banners, doubtless, heaven looks down well pleased and bends propitious over the passing scene of Sumter. Angels know the import of that unfurling flag! They survey its world-wide mission. They perceive with joy that it is not henceforth to flaunt scornfully and mockingly in the face of the slave, for South Carolina even is from this Good Friday devoted to Freedom. To the eye of God that old flag wears a new face; for whereas before its fall it waved abhorrently "O'er the land of the lash and the home of the slave!" Hereafter the prophetic anthem shall be realized, and

"That Star Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

In the same All-seeing eye there was no doubt a moral comeliness in the degradation of that ensign four years ago. If it was struck down and trailed in the blood-dyed dust, it was because it had given the national protection and sanction to a system of gory oppression which made one class chattels, and therefore made the rest of the people despots and desperadoes. In the sentiment of a just God, and of just men, the flag that gave its stars benignantly to white tyrants, black with crime, and its stripes inescorably to black slaves, white in innocency, ought to fall. We did not so regard it at the time; but now, with the light of these four year's illuminating our eyes, we all see the fitness there was in the first defiant blow of treason being struck, effectively too, at the flag which had been the favoring Federal witness of the fiendish barbarities, the insolent dictations and malignant menaces of the slaveocracy; the flag that had guarded such treason-hatchers as Calhoun, Hayne, Hammond, Pickens, Brooks and Keitt. The comparison may belittle the subject, but it is nevertheless true that, like poor dog Tray, that ill-starred bunting suffered the inevitable consequences of being in bad company. It was sadly worried and vilely trampled on by the blood-hounds, which had been nurtured under its folds. If it was distained in its fall, it was stained before it fell. The murk of the prison-house discolored its azure. The tears from the cotton fields, rising in mist, obscured its stars; the blood-red scores on scourged backs of men and women dimmed its stripes. It was well, too, that that flag which overlooked the foulest dens of oppression, and was most defiled, should be the first to be leveled and trailed; and that after it others should be struck down throughout the slave-cursed South. This was a part of the humiliation which retributive justice had to inflict on our guilty nation. It was severe indeed; it touched the people's patriotism, it wounded their public pride, it suffused into the crimson of mortification cheeks that ought to have blushed before at the country's shame and iniquity. Better the tardy blush than persistent braggadocio—shouting, "Our country, right or wrong!"

We have been chastised sorely, but soundly. That flag which to-day retakes its airy station has been thoroughly purged of moral defilements, and the marks of violence it may still bear shall henceforth be salutary mementoes of the dark past. We should not, our children's children should never, forget the hole of the pit whence we have been digged, the miry clay out of which our feet have been taken. We shall not so long as that, soiled, riven, flag floats over Fort Sumter; so long as a relic like this I hold in my hand remains of the shattered staff which bore that flag aloft and fell with it.

Here let me say that among the thanksgivings appropriate to this day one should be rendered in the fullness of our hearts for the fiery purgation of the flag, which has cleansed it of pro-slavery turpitude, and made it fresh and pure, the stainless symbol of Liberty. This is conspicuous in the planting of the banner on the walls of Fort Sumter: the old flag has a new inscription—*Universal Freedom!* The raising of the ensign on that battered Fort is the signal for the raising of it everywhere in the South, everywhere in the Republic, with the same glorious inscription.

Thus we reach the height of the transaction now passing into history in Charleston bay. It is a national act, involving the virtual simultaneous performance of the same in every place where our flag floats, whereby a fuller idea of human rights is symbolized in the Stars and Stripes. Let us thank God for this; that, through his own terrible translation, our national ensign has come at length to bear a clear significance, free from ambiguity. And this thanksgiving embraces the substance as well as the symbol; for the grand fact is that the nation itself has undergone the happy translation from the old jargon of freedom and slavery unintelligibly mixed in one charter, to simple, emphatic Freedom, the sublime watchword of the Republic, North and South.

Another theme of thanksgiving involved in the flag-raising of to day, indicative, too, of its national bearings, is that hereafter every Southern port and city and plantation is free to the footsteps of every American citizen, from whatever section or state he may hail, unobstructed travel, free intercourse, free speech in Charleston, and of course in every other place south of Mason and Dixon's line—this is the proclamation that goes abroad with the unfurling of Anderson's flag to-day. Can you compute the bearings of this good word?—Can you realize that there is to be no more surveillance of northern men happening in southern cities; no more searching of travelers' baggage for suspected incendiary pamphlets; no more odious espionage lurking at key-holes and blinking in bar-rooms to catch some inadvertent syllable in favor of liberty; no more embargoes in the market-place, in the pulpit, in the parlor, on free utterance, the American's birthright; no more threatening, driving out, tarring and feathering of Yankee schoolmasters, for a slip of the tongue or a stroke of the pen; no more imprisoning of northern women for teaching children to read the Bible; no more incarcerating in dungeons and Penitentiaries of ministers of the gospel for pointing sable inquirers to the North star; no more summary executions of Lynch Law upon unoffending strangers; no more banishment of Missionaries, expatriation of too faithful ministers, censorship of the Press, demolition of seditious types, murder of editors on the border, caning of Senators in Congress, and expulsion of Representatives of Northern States going South to test the legality of arbitrary and derogatory proceedings there? Has it entered into your thoughts that very soon you may go at large over the South, and speak forth your sentiments there as fully as you do at home? Why, to-day Henry Ward Beecher is talking on the heights of Sumter as boldly as he is wont to talk on Brooklyn heights; the abolition preacher has exchanged his Plymouth pulpit for that of a Palmetto parapet; and no bowie-knife or revolver leaps from the bosom of intolerance to take his life!

That speech, which the Nation is impatient to read, whatever merit of matter or manner of logic or rhetoric it may possess, will have a superlative interest in the fact that it will be the forerunner of Free Speech in the South. Where Beecher has spoken, who may not speak with impunity? Does a United States war-ship bear him to his platform, and protect him while he holds forth? So will the United States safeguard surround every citizen of the North who may hereafter have a worthy message to bear to Southern ears.

Charleston is open, Savannah is open, Richmond is open, to Garrison, to Phillips, to Douglas, and to the rest of us agitators, albeit now our *occupation's gone*. What message could we bear southward hereafter, but that of brotherly unity? What but greetings of peace and good will, and glory to God in the highest?

The unfurling of the flag on Sumter is also an invitation to all skillful artificers, to cunning mechanicians, to enterprising business men, to intelligent agriculturalists, to enlightened educators, in the North, to go to the sunny South, carrying with them their Northern principles, and to built up on the ruins of patriarchal institutions those puritan politics which have blessed New England and the West. There is grand work, and ample scope for constructive genius in every department, and for creative art, and for all civilizing agencies and refining influences. There the free schools will sow the seeds of intelligence, thrift and order. There the College will furnish adequate facilities for the liberal culture of the youth. There literature will have its organs, its depositaries, its authorities. There philosophy will have its seats, its seers, its schools. There puritan christianity will have her free Democratic churches, and her spiritual worship.

This year a National Congregational Council is to be held in old Boston. Twenty years hence such a council may be held in Charleston

The flag-raising at Fort Sumter is a prophecy of this. The Plymouth Prescher, son of Puritan sires, carries Plymouth rock to Charleston port. He goes—the Yankee Parson—to wed Connecticut to South Carolina, after the *taming of the Virgin Shrew*, by Sherman, that greater tamer than Rarey or Van Amburg.

The flag from Sumter waves a wider invitation, and signalizes a sublimer consummation still. It sends forth its message with the famous Abrahamic heading—"To *all whom it may concern*—inviting immigration from foreign lands, offering rich inducements of clime and soil to Germans, and Swedes, to Saxons, Sclavers, Celts, and opening to them a magnificent domain consecrated by the sword to free labor. And while it attracts the people of the Old World, that old flag that heralds the reunion of the States, without sectionality, bravely shakes its warnings at those European powers whose dishonorable policy during the war has inflamed toward them the animosities of both sections. At home it is a Flag of Friendship; abroad it is a Flag of Friendship to the masses, but of menace to the monarchs. In this vein, I almost tremble at what the ceremonial at Fort Sumter may foreshadow. Yet, why should I tremble? If "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon" have still ether work to do, on a grander scale, the achievements will be more and grander, and will bring new and more genial Thanksgivings. But the flag that floats to-day over Charleston Bay, in the gaze of admiring myriads, has another cheering salutation, which is addressed, in good faith, to the children of Africa, to the free colored people of the North, and to the freedmen of the South. *Freedom to the negro!* A congenial sun to Afric's trophical children, with work and wages and citizenship. This is the *ultimatum* from Fort Sumter. No people on the globe have a richer inheritance in the events of to-day than the humblest of all peoples, who have hitherto been not a people, but now are and hereafter shall be a great people. We of the North have in that unfurled flag the pledge of personal security in the streets of Charleston; they of the South have in it the promise of prosperity and progress under new auspices; but the colored race have in it the pledge of recognized manhood and the promise of chartered citizenship.

Viewing the scene of Fort Sumter in these varied aspects, and embracing in the view the accessories of the victories in Virginia and in Alabama, Richmond ours, and Mobile as good as ours, and no stronghold remaining to the rebels, and, in the background, discerning peace and reunion, the national debt disappearing, and the national credit dilating, we may well doubt for a season whether we are not beholding the brilliant vision of a dream, until, distinctly realizing that the Lord hath turned our captivity, and taken away our shame, and remitted his curse it is most becoming that our mouth be filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing. Verily, this is a great day of gladness with Americans; it is a day of jubilee to ransomed captives, it is a day of thanksgiving for all who have prayed and fainted not, but have cried unto God day and night, even his own elect, whom, though he has borne long with their importunities, he has now come to avenge speedily. It is a day of general joy; in sanctuaries, in families, in camps, in hospitals, in prisons that shake to their fall. All forts should echo back the clamorous hosanna that thunders from the battlements of Fort Sumter—all our men-of-war of every station bellow back the deafening roar of gratulation that belches from the fleet in Charleston Bay Myriads of drums along the Atlantic coast take up the clangor and roll it eastward, and westward, and northward till over the whole is a concert of drumbeats.

For once ambitious Charleston, in the hour of her catastrophe, realizes her dream, and has become, in spite of her rival, Boston, "the hub of the universe," and Sumter, rocking with Yankee cheers, as Mount Olympus with the laughter of the gods, supersedes Faneuil Hall as "the cradle of Liberty."

Hark! We hear the heathen say, the heathen north and south, the heathen in Canada and across the water, in England and France: "The Lord has done great things for them." Oh, ye heathen abroad, who have said—Aha, the bubble's burst? Who have tendered your contraband sympathies and piratical rams to your brother barbarians, the Confederates! How changed your tone! And from the heathen in New York, the bulls and bears of Wall street, we hear doxologies; and throughout the North every manner of beast and creeping thing that licked the southron's hand, and basked in the sunshine of kidnappers, now joins in the chorus: "The Lord hath done great things *for them!*"

The people's response, as the voice of many waters, is: "The Lord hath done great things for us!"—great things indeed for the loyal, great things for the downtrodden, "whereof we are glad."

We are glad, the people of God are glad, the patriotic are glad, the war-worn veterans are glad, the subjects of the impending draft are glad, every household in the North is glad, every loyal family in the South is glad, even the many homes that have been saddened by the sacrifices of precious lives during the war are now gladdened by the triumphant issues in which they are amply repaid for their terrible losses. There is great joy in the city, and gladness in the country. From Fort Sumter to the Lakes spreads a nation's joy. And it is mainly a devout joy, a godly gladness that now prevails. The general sentiment is "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." The pervading conviction may, I think, be expressed in the words of David:

"If it had not been the Lord who was on our side, when men rose up against us; then they had swallowed us up quick, when their wrath was kindled against us: Then the waters had overwhelmed us, the stream had gone over our soul: Then the proud waters had gone over our soul. Blessed be the Lord, who hath not given us as a prey to their teeth. Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler: the snare is broken, and we are escaped. Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth."

It is in accordance with this conviction that the people of our commonwealth, who have so large a share in the service and the sacrifice of the war, have been called, by the Governor, to assemble to-day to render thanks unto the Lord. It is in the spirit of this sentiment that the Government has chosen to mingle with the civic ceremonials, and military pomp and circumstance at Fort Sumter, religious devotion and discourse.

It is certainly creditable to the national sobriety that in the very acme of popular jubilation over the death of the rebellion, the spontaneous harmonious refrain should be in the Doxology—

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

We are safe in success so long as gladness vents itself in gratitude. Bacchanalian revelry would ill-become a people whom the Lord, with an outstretched arm, has led through the Red Sea of civil war to the Highlands of Deliverance, to the beginning of a grand national career. Grave questions confront us! Let us in our gladness preserve a proper gravity of spirit and of demeanor.

We have yet other precious seed to sow,
And yet copious tears must flow;
Before future reapings,
Will come further weepings;
Then again sheaves and shoutings of Harvest Home.

Americans! be sober, be vigilant! Patriots! Soldiers! Mourners! Fearers of God! let the flag restored this day to the battlements of Fort Sumter be to you an ensign not only of your nation's prowess and invincibility, but also of God's faithfulness and protection to those who stand for the right. Henceforth may the Stars and Stripes, wherever they wave, over the land or over the sea, proclaim Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!

DR. LIGHTHILL AT WARREN.

Deafness, Catarrh,

AND

DISCHARGE OF THE EARS, &c.

DR. LIGHTHILL

LATE OF

No. 34, St. Marks Place, New York City

Will commence his engagement at

Warren, Trumbull County, Ohio,
At Camp's Hotel,
From MONDAY, April 10th, until SATURDAY, April 15th.

AKRON, OHIO,
At Empire House,
From MONDAY, April 17th until SATURDAY, April 22d.

TREMONT HOUSE,
Massillon, Stark County, Ohio,
From MONDAY, April 24th until SATURDAY, April 29th.

NIXON HOUSE,
At Alliance, Stark County, Ohio,
From MONDAY, May 1st, until SATURDAY, May 6th.

FISK HOUSE,
At Ashtabula, Ashtabula Co. Ohio
From MONDAY, May 8th, until SATURDAY, May 13th.

AT CLEVELAND,
Russell's Forest City House,
From MONDAY, May 15th, until SATURDAY, May 20th.

—o—

DR. C. B. LIGHTHILL'S first visit to Ohio was induced by numerous applications for treatment from parties unable to visit New York for that purpose, and who *can not be* successfully treated except after a personal examination. His practice has been so successful that he has repeated his visits to Cleveland several times. Still he finds that it is almost as difficult for some parties desiring his services, to visit him at Cleveland, that in compliance with the requests of many citizens, he has consented, before returning to Europe, to visit several central points in Northern Ohio, making Cleveland his headquarters, so that all who desire can consult him.

For the past twelve years Dr. Lighthill has paid exclusive attention to the treatment of deafness and catarrh in its various forms. He has practiced in New York, and other principal Eastern cities, where, until a few months past, he was associated with his cousin, Dr. E.B. Lighthill, and, together, they have acquired a standing which has earned for the "Lighthill Institute" its present great reputation.

mch27-208d&wy

DR. LUDLUM'S SPECIFIC

CURES

GONORRHŒA, GLEET, &c.,

And all the Diseases of the

ORGANS OF GENERATION,

In a shorter time than any other medicine discovered. The cure is permanent and strengthens the diseased parts.

Price $1 per box, sent free by mail on receipt of the money.

LORD & SMITH, Wholesale Agents, 23 Lake street, Chicago. STRONG & ARMSTRONG, Wholesale Agents, Cleveland.

AHERN & ROBINSON,
Sole Proprietors, Cincinnati.

feb18-R3d4twk

NEW STYLES OF BUCKLES Just received at COWLES'S, 197 Woodell House.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—In pursuance of an order of the Probate Court of Cuyahoga county, O., to me directed, I shall offer for sale on the premises, in the city of Cleveland, on the 4th day of May, 1865, at 2 o'clock P. M., the following pieces of land situated in the city of Cleveland, Cuyahoga county State of Ohio, and described as follows:

1. Being part of ten acre lot No 137, and is bounded as follows: Beginning at the southwest corner of St. Clair and Ross street; thence northerly along the west line of Ross street half way to Hamilton street; thence westerly parallel with St. Clair street, fifty feet; thence southerly, parallel with Ross street, to the southerly line of St. Clair street; thence easterly along St. Clair street, fifty feet, to the place of beginning, being 50 feet front on St. Clair street by about 125 feet deep.

2. Being part of said lot No. 137, and being 50 feet front on north side of St. Clair street and extending back half way to Hamilton street, about 125 feet, and being next west of and adjoining the first named piece.

3. Being part of ten acre lot No. 138, and bounded as follows: Beginning at a point on the northerly line of St Clair street, 140 feet easterly from the intersection of said northerly line with the easterly line of Ross street; thence northerly at right angles with St. Clair street, half way to Hamilton street; thence easterly, parallel with St. Clair street, 77¼ feet; thence southerly along the westerly line of land of Jane Holden, to the northerly line of St. Clair street; thence westerly along said northerly line, 77¼ feet to the place of beginning.

1. Piece appraised at $2,200.
2. " " $1 100.
3. " " $1,200.

Terms of sale, one third down and balance on time.

L. PRENTISS,
Adm'r of James Prendergast.

Cleveland, April 3, 1865. ap8:206

PERIODICALS.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

An Illustrated Monthly Magazine for Boys and Girls, edited by J. T. TROWBRIDGE, GAIL HAMILTON and LUCY LARCOM. This Magazine has already attained a circulation unparalleled in the history of magazine literature. With the issue of the April number it will have an established circulation of 50,000 copies. It is cordially commended by both the secular and religious press; also by all persons interested in the subject of Juvenile Literature, while the expressions of gratification the publishers daily receive from parents, and also from the Young Folks themselves, convince them that the magazine answers a want that is universally felt. It is the aim of the Publishers to make it a first class Magazine in every respect, and they will spare neither labor nor expense in their endeavors to furnish to their young readers one whose monthly visits shall be always welcome, and shall be expected with pleasure.

The staff of Contributors embrace the following among many prominent names: Mrs. STOWE, H. W. LONGFELLOW, JOHN G. WHITTIER, O. W. HOLMES, Mrs. L. M. CHILD, Captain MAYNE REID.

Terms $2 a year. Single numbers 20 cents each. All subscriptions payable in advance. Specimen copies of Our Young Folks will be sent to any address for 20 cents each.

JOHN H. ANMON, at Baker's Book Store, 259 Superior street, Cleveland, being our only authorized Agent for the State of Ohio, all orders for the Trade as well as subscriptions should be addressed to him.

ucs. Atlantic Monthly and Our Young Folks sent to any address for $5.

TICKNOR & FIELDS,
Publishers, Boston.

AGENTS WANTED in every city and town. For particulars address J. H. AMMON, Agent, Cleveland, O.

mh17:83

DISSOLUTION, &C.

DISSOLUTION.—The Lumber firm of SHELDON & FRENCH is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The debts will be settled at the old stand by either party. Claims must be paid promptly to save trouble S. H. Sheldon will continue the business at the old stand.

S. H. SHELDON,
CHAS. FRENCH.

Cleveland, April 8, 1865. ap11:206

CO-PARTNERSHIP.—MR. THEODORE A. ANDREWS is this day admitted to partnership in our firm. The name of the firm will be GOBB, ANDREWS & CO. from this date.

J. B. COBB & CO.

April 1, 1865. ap1:204

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP. Peter Thatcher, having this day, by mutual consent, withdrawn from the firm of Thatcher, Gardner, Burt & Co., the business will be continued by the remaining partners under the name and style of Gardner, Burt & Co., at whose office all old accounts will be settled.

PETER THATCHER,
GEO. W. GARDNER,
GEO. H. BURT,
A. G. McNAIRY.

Cleveland, April 1, 1865. ap3:202

REMOVAL.—The office of the undersigned will be removed to our new Warehouse adjoining the Union Elevator on April 8th.

ap3:200 GARDNER, BURT & CO.

CO-PARTNERSHIP NOTICE.—We have this day admitted John Poole as partner in our business, which will be continued as usual under the style of Hervey, Bousfield & Co.

HERVEY & BOUSFIELD.

April 1, 1865. ap3

DISSOLUTION.—The Copartnership heretofore existing between the undersigned under the name of Hughes & Rockefeller, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Either party will attend to its unsettled business.

ARTHUR HUGHES,
WM. ROCKEFELLER.

Cleveland, April 1, 1865.

DISSOLUTION.—The firm of Davis & Vorce expires this day by limitation. H. S. Davis is authorized to settle all its business.

H. S. DAVIS,
WM. VORCE,
Trustee for the Estate of Lafayette Vorce.

Cleveland, April 1, 1865.

NOTICE.—I have this day bought the entire interest of my late partner and associated myself with Messrs. Arthur Hughes and Wm. Rockefeller, for continuing the Forwarding, Produce and General Commission business in this city. I am grateful for the very liberal patronage bestowed upon the late firm, and respectfully solicit its continuance for the new one, which, with large, improved facilities, I shall be happy to attend to their interests as heretofore.

HENRY S. DAVIS.

Cleveland, April 1, 1865.

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE.—We have this day formed a copartnership under the name of Hughes, Davis & Rockefeller, for continuing the Forwarding, Produce and General Commission business, in Sex on's Block, Merwin street, Cleveland, Ohio.

ARTHUR HUGHES,
HENRY S. DAVIS,
WM. ROCKEFELLER.

Cleveland, April 1, 1865. april1:202

BOOKS & STATIONERY.

Cobb, Andrews & Co.

(LATE J. B. COBB & CO.,)

241 SUPERIOR STREET,

SCHOOL BOOKS

FOR THE

City Schools.

SCHOOL STATIONERY,

Of every sort, kept constantly on hand by

Cobb, Andrews & Co.

LAST EDITION OF THE

U. S. Dispensatory,

(WOOD & BACHE),

Just received by

ap11 COBB, ANDREWS & CO.

ARTIFICIAL LEG.

AMERICAN LEG.—This is the best Artificial Leg ever Patented, for DURABILITY, SIMPLICITY and ACTIVITY. Government has adopted this Leg into the Army and Navy. This is a recommendation to the limb, as Government gives to the Soldier none but the best.

Send for a Pamphlet.

AMERICAN LEG CO.,
Atwater Building,
feb21:203 Cleveland.

DRESS GOODS CHEAP.—We shall close out all our Dress Goods at less than half price.

J. R. DeWITT & CO.,
7 and 11 Public Square.

mh29

METROPOLITAN

GIFT BOOK STORE!

PERMANENTLY LOCATED AT

No. 140 Superior Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

ALL BOOKS ARE SOLD AT PUBLISHERS' PRICES.

SEND FOR A CATALOGUE.

CATALOGUES MAILED FREE TO ANY ADDRESS.

BUY YOUR PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS AT THE METROPOLITAN

SEND FOR A DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE.

BUY YOUR BIBLES AT THE METROPOLITAN.

SEND FOR A CATALOGUE.

BUY YOUR PRAYERS AT THE METROPOLITAN!

SEND FOR A CATALOGUE.

Send the money for any priced Album you want, and I will send you the best in the State for the money, and a Handsome GIFT WITH EACH.

A Gift worth from 50 Cents to $100.

WITH EACH BOOK!

All communications should be addressed to

D. LINCOLN,

oct8.:R3 No. 140 SUPERIOR STREET, CLEVELAND, O

TRANSPORTATION.

1865. 1865.

Navigation Open to Dunkirk.

NOTICE TO SHIPPERS.

The Erie R. R. Steamboat Co's Line

Of First-class SCREW STEAMERS will now run regularly for the season, leaving Cleveland daily, connecting at DUNKIRK with the ERIE RAILWAY for

NEW YORK, BOSTON, HARTFORD, NEW HAVEN, PROVIDENCE, WORCESTER, BRIDGEPORT, TAUNTON,

And all the Principal Cities and Towns in the New England States.

ALSO,

To Dunkirk and all Points on the Line of the Erie Railway.

Parties shipping by this Route can get the benefit of the reduced rates via the Lake, both on Eastward and Westward bound Freight.

For through rates and bills of lading, apply at the Company's office,

109 River St., Cleveland, O.

W. D. CUSHING, Agent.

A. H. WARD, Agent, 210 Broadway, New York.
W. H. DARLING, Ag