Holmes County Farmer.

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The Holmes County Farmer.

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The FARMER has a larger circulation than any other paper in this section of the State. It is now, and has been for thirty-nine consecutive years the official paper of the county.

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J. POMERENE, M. D.,
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WM. RICHESON, M. D.,
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L. R. CRITCHFIELD. | DANIEL S. UHL
CRITCHFIELD & UHL,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Millersburg, Ohio. Offices.—In Critchfield's Building. 19

C. F. VORRES. | WM. REED
VOORHES & REED,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Millersburg, Ohio. Office—Four doors East of the Bank. 26-1

THOMAS A. TAYLOR,
NOTARY PUBLIC, Holmesville, O. Procures back pay, bounty, pensions, &c., &c. 26-27

ANDREW J. BELL,
NOTARY PUBLIC, Land Conveyancer, and Claim Agent, Millersburg, Ohio. Office—In County Recorder's office. 25-x

HENRY F. POUNDS,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER, Address Mt. Hope, Holmes county, Ohio. 27-1

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JEWELRY, &c.

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OFFICE—Up stairs above Dr. Richeson's office.

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WEIMER & KRIMMITZ,
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Particular attention given to Surgical Operations and the treatment of Surgical, Chronic, and Female Diseases.

DRUG STORE.
They also have on hand and for sale a fresh and well selected stock of
DRUGS, MEDICINES,
PAINTS, DYE-STUFFS,
PERFUMERY,
and everything else usually kept in a retail Drug Store, which they will sell as cheap as they can be purchased in the county.
Shanesville Feb. 24, 1865—tf

Select Poetry.

The Black-Edged Envelope.

BY W. E. PARKER.

With dread I broke the seal it brought
A stranger's hand—I knew it not—
Glad superscribed in pale address
This sable phantom of distress.

This messenger of ebon hue,
With tale of death, so brief—so true!
It was the signet of the dead;
My throbbing heart its secret read.

Nor, time, nor age the wound has healed
That its unwelcome news revealed;
Ah! memory paints, with cruel zest,
This picture of my soul distressed;

And like a mirror will reflect
A shattered heart, a young life wrecked,
When first its mantle o'er me fell,
Just like some weird ill-omened knell.

Like shade of night to cheerful day,
It bade all joy avaunt—away;
And tears then shed have left a stain
Which Consolation fights in vain.

But Hope—for Hope has bid me know
That Heaven has rest for every woe;
Its portals remain above
The partest souls of kindred Love,

Our faces there will not turn pale
At hasty note of any mail;
Its body light shall blast the shade
That black-edged envelope has made.

Miscellaneous.

[From the Statesman.]

The Dominant Party in the Legislature Afraid to Investigate.

The following resolution was offered in the Ohio Senate, by Hon. L. R. Critchfield, on the 11th of January:

Resolved, That the standing committees on Fees and Salaries be, and they are hereby instructed to examine and report at an early day, the amount of salaries and fees received in the State Military Department, by all persons whomsoever, whether any person receives a double salary by performance of the duties of two offices, or extra labor; and whether any person or persons are employed and paid out of military, or other contingent funds; and if so, how much and what for. And also, the number, character and duties of all clerks and officers in the State Military Department, and the number of the Governor's staff; and whether such offices and positions may not be reduced in number and expense.

The *honest* tax-payers of Ohio regard this resolution as both necessary and proper; and the new members on the Massachusetts side of the Senate, who had not yet been drilled by the Republican party managers in and about the Capitol, were disposed to let it pass—believing doubtless, that the acts of the officers of their choice would bear investigation! But the older and more experienced Senators of the dominant party promptly interposed objections to the resolution, knowing, undoubtedly, that the result of the examination contemplated by Mr. Critchfield, would be exceedingly damaging to Republican office-holders and the Republican party. The mover of the resolution and Judge Willett ably sustained it, and showed by arguments and illustrations *the importance and necessity of this investigation*. But party strategy prevailed, and a bare majority was obtained in favor of consigning the resolution to the capacious pocket of the Chairman of the committee on Public Expenditures, after first amending it so as to cut off investigation, and allow the Governor to send in such a report as he might deem proper.

After a week's incubation, and after holding "a council of war," at which the Governor and other State officers to be investigated were present, it was decided that it would be very damaging indeed to resist investigation altogether. It was thereupon resolved, that a substitute for Mr. Critchfield's resolution should be reported by the Chairman of the committee on Public Expenditures, which should *seem* to provide for investigation, but which should cut off *the* investigation contemplated by the original resolution. In accordance with this arrangement, the committee's senseless and ineffective substitute was reported last Thursday.

Mr. Critchfield promptly moved to refer back, with instructions to report upon all the subjects of inquiry embraced in the original resolution; and he sustained his motion by referring to G. Volney Dorsey's case; the apparent safe condition of things as reported by that *head* of a State Department, and the result of an examination of the Treasury by an independent committee. He remarked that the omission of the committee as to an inquiry into the *contingent funds*, and the substitution of an inquiry into the system of *book-keeping* in the departments, was a transparent and farcical subterfuge; and the further fact that *one* only on the part of the Senate to make the examination was reported, was sufficient to stamp the committee and the supporters of the report with the design to defeat the object and effect of the original resolution.

As to the objection of some Republican Senators, that it was disrespectful to the Departments to appoint a committee to investigate, it was replied that this objection could be made in every case, and that the defalcation in the State Treasury might have been concealed in the same way.—[Here Mr. Hollister interposed, saying there was no defalcation; to which Mr. Critchfield replied, that every deposit in a bank is a defalcation to that amount and a violation of the sub treasury law.] He further said, that delicacy on such a subject was remarkable; that he thought the Republicans had become familiar with official delinquencies; that every breeze was laden with discovery of fraud, and the sun itself was greeted every morning with a new tale of robbery; the forts and bastiles and penitentiaries were jammed with loyal and dignified thieves; and that it ought to be understood that whenever "loyalty" or "copperhead" issued from the mouth, the heart was rotten and the body ready for incarceration. And, as an illustration, he asked pardon for referring again to the eminent Chairman of the Loyal League and of the Republican State Central Committee, who, during the two years the speaker had the honor of representing the Democratic party in the office of Attorney-General, made it an evening exercise to abuse, and villify, and lie on the Democratic party, and each succeeding morning to cast up the profits derived from the violation of law. That Tod and Brough had expended immense sums of the contingent fund, probably $150,000; that nobody knew what it was for, except from their own general statements; that demoralization and recklessness had become paramount, and that the people demanded a reduction in all expenses, and would hold the majority in the Senate responsible for a failure to examine, such as was contemplated by the report of the committee.

Mr. Willett said that the principal objection to the report was the omission of the CONTINGENT FUND. That a committee each year was appointed to examine the vouchers of the different Departments, but these were general in their nature and the examination should go back of these in order to be effective. He said the report of the disbursement of the contingent fund showed large sums of money expended at Lincoln's and Brough's funerals, but showed nothing about the particular application of those funds; that large sums of money were expended by Tod and Brough, but nobody knew what for, and a general examination of vouchers would give no satisfactory account of the money; that the report of the committee had omitted this very important class of expenditures, and that no fair examination could be made if made as the committee proposed.

Mr. May also urged a full examination; that sufficient had transpired to cause suspicion to rest everywhere, and that out of a false delicacy the unlawful conduct of public officers would go undiscovered; that Dorsey and Stone had stood high, and that their cases were an example of what might be looked for in other Departments; that no correct result could be obtained by a one-sided examination, and if so made no person would have confidence in the result.

The Republicans remained firm and stupid in the glare of this exposure of their plans.

Mr. McFarland offered an amendment to inquire into the expenses of Brough in the Holmes county rebellion.

Mr. Critchfield informed him that Brough was not entitled to that infamy; that Tod was the rightful proprietor; that he was sorry to see the Senator so little acquainted with the history of that affair as to mistake the Governor who committed the crime.—That it suited Tod's capacity, and was gotten up for partisan purposes; and while damnable outrages were committed, and the whole proceeding was contemptible and a disgrace to the history of the war, it was nevertheless the most brilliant act of Tod's Administration, and suited the calibre of the Republican party.

The amendment was lost.

Pending the motion to refer back, ineffectual and frantic attempts were made to lay on the table, and Cummins, of Shelby, [Republican], made a feeble attempt to assail the Democratic party.

Mr. Critchfield's motion, to refer back, was voted down.

Messrs. Willett, Critchfield, May, Walling, and other Democratic Senators, continued to pour hot shot into the rotten hull of Republicanism, completely exploding the evasive reasons given on the Massachusetts side of the Senate for defeating an exposure of Republican office-holders and Republican delinquency. The committee's senseless and ineffective substitute—which was dictated by Governor Cox, according to Republican authority—was finally adopted, after the Democrats had *shamed* the Republicans into so amending it, as to provide for a committee of *three* on the part of the Senate, instead of *one*, as the terrified officials had proposed.

On Friday, the resolution as it passed the Senate came up in the House, and was put through "on the fast line" by the party managers who manifest such a strong instinct "to cover up." The blank was filled up so as to make the Joint Committee consist of *three* Senators and *six* Representatives; but no amendment was permitted by the Majority, to provide for a *bona fide* investigation, instead of a farcical one.

It is well understood, that partisan favorites and political hangers-on fed and fattened on the Public Money—THE CONTINGENT FUNDS, &c.—during the Administrations of Governors Tod and Brough; that double salaries were paid in many cases, where there was not double service performed, or not even service at all; that the People's money was uselessly and recklessly squandered by Republican officials, to promote and insure party success, and to put "greenbacks" into the pockets of political loafers. All this the tax-payers of Ohio have heard of, and they now demand to have it investigated; and they will hold the Republican majority in this General Assembly to a fearful responsibility for persisting in "covering up" the misdeeds of Republican State officers.

A Ruling Sin.

There are many sins which have this absorbing character, whose propensity it is ever to encroach more and more on the regions of the moral and spiritual life, not a yet possessed by them, never content until they have reared their trophies on the wreck and ruin of every nobler faculty and power.—All sins, perhaps, have more or less of this character. Yet we may signalize two or three concerning which it is eminently true.

VANITY is such a sin. This may seem to us often a little worse than a harmless foible, yet physicians will tell you that there is no sin which gives more to the mad house than does this; and how many through it shall have missed the crown of life, only the last day shall declare.

The LOVE OF MONEY is another such sin, growing by what it feeds on, and ever claiming to exercise a wider, a fiercer, a more relentless tyranny and dominion in the soul where it rules as hard; ever resenting more and more any freedom of action, any generosity in dealing, any open handedness in giving, any bowels of compassion shown on the part of him who meant indeed to allow this sin, but did not intend at first that it should bear away in his heart of life, as sole and absolute and tyrannous lord.

The LUST OF THE FLESH, indulged and allowed, proves oftimes another such a sin; it has a fearful tendency to become such; what a workshop of unholy, impure fancies, will the heart of man be who has given himself over to the spirit of uncleanliness. "Keep thy servant from presumptuous sins, lest they get dominion over me."—*Trench.*

Strong Characters.

Strength of character consists of two things—power of will and power of self restraint. It requires two things, therefore, for its existence—strong feelings and strong command over them. Now, it is here we make the great mistake; we mistake strong feelings for strong character. A man who bears all before him, before whose frown domestics tremble, and whose bursts of fury make children of the household quake—because he has his will obeyed, and his own way in all things we call him a strong man. The truth is, he is the weak man; it is his passions that are strong; he, mastered by them, is weak. You must measure the strength of a man by the power of the feelings he subdues, not by the power of those which subdue him. And hence composure is very often the highest result of strength. Did we never see a man receive a flagrant insult, and only grow a little pale, and then reply quietly? That is a man spiritually strong. Or did we never see a man in anguish stand, as if carved of solied rock, mastering himself? Or bearing a hopeless daily trial remain silent, and never tell the world what cankered his home peace? That is strength. He who, with strong passions remains chaste; he who, keenly sensitive, with many powers of indignation in him, can be provoked, and yet restrain himself, and forgive—these are the strong men, the spiritual heroes.—*Rev. F. W. Robertson.*

Sensibility is a star that can lead one only when the sky is clear. Reason is the magnetic needle that guides us when the sky is wrapt in darkness.

Bill Arp to His Old Friend.

MR. JOHN HAPPY—SUR: I want to write to you personally about some things that's weighin on me. I look upon you as a friend, and I feel like droppin a few lines by way of unburthenin my sorrowful reflections. For the last few years you have traveled round right smart and must have made a heap of luminous observations. I hear you are now livin in Nashville, where you can see all sides of everything and read all the papers; where you can study Paradise Lost without a book, and see the Devil and his angels, without drawing on the imagination, and I thought maybe you might assist me in my troubled feelings. I have always, Mr. Happy, endeavored to see the bright side of every piktur if it had any, but there is one or two subjecks about which I had nigh gin it up.

I want you to tell me if you can, about what time are the black republicans goin to quit persecutin our people? What are they so everlastin mad with us about? Old Skewball says its for treason that we've gone and done, and that I am the slowest perseevin man he ever seed not to have found it out.

Now treason is a mity bad thing and any man found guilty of treason ought to be talked to by a preacher right under a gallus, and then be allowed to stand on nuthin for a few hours by the clock. Shure enuf treason I mean. Treason where a man slipes around on the sly in time of war and takes sides agin his country. Just as though for instance, I should have worked agin my suvrin State arter she had seceded, and had stold her powder or deserted her in her time of peril, while she was defendin herself against the combined assaults of the world, the flesh and the devil. I wouldn't have blamed nobody for haugin me for the like, would you? But Skewball says we aint got no suvreen States—that the war hav settled the question agin us on that pint. I don't think so my friend. I admit that we aint nothin in partikler now, but we did have suvreen States before the war, and the sword aint settled nor unsettled no great principles. There aint no trial of right or wrong by wager of battles now a days. For mity nigh a hundred years this country have been a debatin society on these questions. From the time of Hamilton and Jefferson down to 1861, the right of a State to dissolve her own partnership have been argued by powerful minded men, and there has been more for it than agin it. More Presidents—more Senators, and more statesmen, more judges and more people. Massychusetts and Connecticut were for it at one time, and bellered round and pawed dirt amazin to get out, but they found out Bareus was willin and they didn't go. I believe, however, that old Nutmeg did stay out about two hours and a half.

Well the South went out mity unwillingly, Mr. Happy, as you know. She had been mity nigh kicked out for a long time, and there was a big party that wanted us to go out and stay out. Everybody knows we didn't get along in peace, so we concluded to do like Abraham and his brother-in-law; to separate our households. What they wanted us for I never could see, and can't see yit. I wouldn't have a nigger or a dog to stay round me that didn't want to.—Some say they wanted us to strengthen em agin their enemies in case of a furrin war.—Does any man in his senses expect us to help the black republicans whip anybody? Have we got any worse enemies than they are?—They cant make us fight if we dont want to. We've fout enuf and made nothing by it but glory, and we aint a going to jine in another war to gratify other people. Dodds says before he'd pull a trigger for Thad. Stevens, he'd have his soul transmigrated to a bench leg'd fiste, and bark at his daddy's mules 2,000 years. I wonder if the experience of the last four years aint satisfied these fellows that our boys are a dangerous set to be turned loose in time of war. Wouldn't you think, that, as a matter of policy, they would soft-sodder us a little and quit their slanderin. If we do fight for em, there is one thing certain—they must be put where David put Uriah, and our boys mout consent to make a charge or two behind em at the pint of the bagnet.

But I want you to tell me, John, if I am right about the history of this business.—It aint a long story and I'll tell it the way I see it. Old Pewrytan went off one day with some ships, and took a few beads and jusebharps and brought up a lot of captured niggers from the Hotentots or some other tots, and stole a few more from the coast of Afriky and brought em over and educated em to work in the field, and cut wood, and skeer bars and so forth, but not includin votin nor musterin nor the jury bisness nor so forth.

Well, after a while, they found that the cold winds and codfish airs of New England dident agree with the nigger, and so they begun to slide em down South as fast as possible. After they had sold em and got the money, they jined the church and got sanctified about slavery, sorter like the woman that got converted and then give all her novels away to her unconverted sister. Well, the Old Dominion and sich of her sons as Washington, and Jefferson, and Madison, and Randolph, bought em and worked em to satisfaction, whereupon old Pew got jealous and began to preach agin it to break it down. The fakt is, they wouldent work gals in their faktories if it warent so profitable, for they are conscientiously opposed to everything that dout put money in their pockets. After a while they went into the striped alamanak bisness, makin bloody pikturs of poor lasserated niggers gettin a hundred lashes for nuthen, and mourning for the first born because they were not. Then they started the stealin program, and while we were tryin all the big courts and little courts to git back one sikly mellatter by the name of Dred Skot, they were stealin from five to fitty a day, and coverin their carcasses all over with nigger larceny, and smuglin the Constitution into an abolishun mush. They built a fence around the institution as high as Haman's gallus, and hemmed it in, and laid seige to it jest like an army would besege a city to starve out the inhabitants. They kept peggin at us until we got mad—sho enuff mad—and we resolved to cut loose from em and paddle our own canoe.

Now, all this time we had some good friends among em—some who swore we were imposed upon, and said we had good cause to dissolve the partnership. They said if we did secede and the abolishments made war upon us, they would stand by us and throw their lives and fortunes and their sakred honors right in the breach, and the first fight would be over their dead bodies and so forth and so on. My memory is bad, but I remember that some of them were named James Buchanan and Dan Dickinson, and John Cokran, and Logan and Cushin, and Butler, surnamed the Beast, and McLernand, and Steven A. Douglas, who got his commission about the time he died, and carried it with him to parts unknown, and lastly a man by the name of Andy Johnson, who I suppose are some distant relation to the President of the United States of Ameriky, but a man aint responsible for the bad conduct of his relations, and I don't throw it up to nobody. I suppose that our President are doin the best he can, and Mr. Ethridge oughtn't to taken up his record.

Well, the war come on and show enuf Logan and Cushin and McLernand and Butler and Company buzzed around awhile like bumble bees till they were bought up and then they lit over on the other side.—They got their reward and they are welcome to it so far as I am concerned.

How is it now Mr. Happy? They conquered us by the sword, but they havent convinced us of nothin much that I know of. All is lost save honor, and that they can't steal from us nor tarnish.

If they had held out the hand of fellowship, we would have made friends and buried the hatchet. But the very minit they whipped us, they begun to holler treason from one end of the country to the other, just like they had made a bran new diskovery. It seemed to strike em all of a sudden like an Xpost fakto law, and they wanted to go into a general hangin business and keep it up as long as they could find rope and timber.

Now the idea of several millions Amerikan freemen being guilty of treason at once! The idea of applyin such a crime to eleven great suvreen States, which met in solem convention, and in the light of day dissolved a Onion they had created, and which had been a disunion for twenty years! The idea of applyin treason to the Old Dominion, the mother of States and of Washington and Jefferson and Madison and Marshall and Patrick Henry, and all the Lees, and who gave all the territory in the northwest for nuthin! Is she to be scandalized by these new light christians, who are compounded from all the scum of all creation, and think that Paul and Peter and Revelations hav been for 200 years makin special arrangements for receivin their sanctified souls in Paradise? Treason the dickens! Where's your dictionary? Where's Daul Webster? Where's the history of the Amerkan revolution?

No it aint treeson nor reeson—but its devilish infernal inhuman hate. What do they keep Mr. Davis in jail for? I hear sum say that it aint Mr. Johnson's voluntary doins; but the tremengius pressure of surrounding circumstances. Darn the circumstances. Aint Mr. Davis a great and good man? If Andy Johnson aint an infidel, wouldent he swap chances for heaven with him and give all his earthly estate to boot? If Mr. Davis' honor and integrity, and patriotism, and true courage were weighed in a ballance against Sumner's and Stevens', and all of his enemies, wouldent he outweigh em all? Wont his conduct in Mexico, and in the late war, and his nobility of character live long and bright in history; while the memory of the hows that are baying at him in his dungeon will sink into oblevion? I think so—that's what I say, and I'll bet on it, and Charles O'Conner and all the women in the country will go my halves.

But there aint no particular point in all this Mr. Happy. It's only my opinion, that's all. I may be a tarnal fool and I sometimes feel like I am a fool about everything and don't know nothin. I'm tryin my best, however, take things just as I find em, and my principal bisness for the last two months has been weanin niggers for to make em feel free. I put em all out to care for themselves, but they keep comin back to me, and, it keeps me workin day and night to provide for em. I've been willin a long time for em to be free, if they could take care of themselves, and I don't know what Thad Stevens is a fussin about, unless he is jest mad because our boys burnt his iron works. If that is all we can plead the ruins of various similar establishments in these regions, and get a judgment against him.

But I am about through Mr. Happy, with what I had to say. Only this—if there ever was an afflikted people that needed friends it's us. If we've got any friends anywhere, I want em to show their hands and stand by us in our trouble. I feel like reaching out to the five points of the compass in search of sympathy, and if there is an honest statesman or a brave soldier north of the line who loves his fellow men, let him open his heart and meet us on half way ground. We aint afeerd of beasts or varmints—of devils or demons—of Stevens or Sumner—but we are warm-hearted and forgivin people, and love our friends. Aint we, and don't we?

Yours everlastingly,
BILL ARP.

P. S.—Is Brownlow dead yet? I'm writin his obituary, and I thought that I would like for the sad event to come off as soon as possible. I wish you would send me a list of your members who voted for that resolution declaring Gen. Lee and Mr. Davis infamous. We are gettin up a bill in the Georgy Legislature declarin them infamous who voted for the resolution. Fight the devil with fire, is my motto. B. ARP.

Another Outrage upon Senator Sumner.

[Correspondence N. Y. World, Jan. 18th.]

It was my happiness to be in the Senate this morning long enough to see Senator Sumner, "just once," completely floored. He rose to rebuke Secretary McCulloch (who, by the by, was present) for daring to appoint assessors and collectors of the revenue in the South who had not taken and could not take, the test oath, thus setting aside a law of Congress, or "dispensing" with it, as Sumner phrased it. This enormity, Senator Sumner wished to "bring before the country," and in closing his remarks, he complacently assumed that he had effected his object. He then (as usual) glanced round the gallery for approving female smiles, and resumed his seat.

And thereafter, Senator Davis stood up and stated his entire satisfaction that the Senator from Massachusetts should declare that the officers of the government should obey the laws; but he wanted to know how many times Sumner had declared in the Senate that he never would obey the Fugitive Slave Act; how many times public officers in Massachusetts had set aside that law; and how often, under the plea of military necessity, during the last four years, the laws of the land had been frequently dispensed with, with Senator Sumner's full approval? These questions completely dumbfounded the Adonis of the Senate. He pretended to read a morning journal, nervously turning over the newspaper, and no doubt turning over a reply in his mind. But he replied not a single word. Indeed, like the historical small boy, he had nothing to say.

A SCHOOLMASTER as a punishment to one of his pupils for using profane language, ordered him to take a pair of tongs and watch a hole in the hearth until he had caught a mouse. The boy took the tongs and demurely waited for the visitor. Directly after he saw a mouse peeping out of the hole, cautiously placed a leg of the tongs on either side of the hole, he grasped the mouse and triumphantly swinging it aloft, exclaimed: "By G—d I've got him."

A little four year old pet stood looking out of the window a few days ago, when an expressman stopped just opposite, and tied up the horse's tail to prevent it falling in the mud. She watched the operation intently for a moment, and then called out eagerly: "Oh, see, Annie! the 'spressman is making a waterfall for his horse."

General Lee--Letters Written in 1861.

The *Old Guard*, of New York, publishes the following letters, (new to us,) which show the high ground taken by General Lee in the beginning of the late civil war, and which was maintained by him to the last:

ARLINGTON, VA., April 20, 1861.

"General—Since my interview with you on the 18th inst., I have felt that I ought not longer to retain my commission in the army. I therefore tender my resignation, which request you will recommend for acceptance. It would have been presented at once but for the struggle it cost me to separate myself from a service to which I have devoted all the best years of my life and all the ability I possessed.

"During the whole of the time—more than a quarter of a century—I have experienced nothing but kindness from my superiors, and the most cordial friendship from my comrades. To no one, general, have I been so much indebted as to yourself for uniform kindness and consideration, and it has always been my ardent desire to merit your approbation. I shall carry to the grave the most grateful recollections of your kind consideration, and your name and fame will always be dear to me.

"Save in defence of my native State, I never desire again to draw my sword. Be pleased to accept my most earnest wishes for the continuance of your happiness, and prosperity, and believe me most truly yours,
R. E. LEE.

"Lieut-General *Winfield Scott*, Commanding United States Army."

A copy of the preceding letter was enclosed in the following to a sister of the General, Mrs. A. M:

ARLINGTON, VA., April 20, 1861.

"My Dear Sister—I am grieved at my inability to see you * * * I have been waiting for 'a more convenient season,' which has brought to many before me deep and lasting regret. Now we are in a state war, which will yield to nothing. The whole South is in a state of revolution, into which Virginia, after a long struggle, has been drawn, and though I recognize no necessity for such a state of things, and would have forborn and pleaded to the end for redress of grievances, real or supposed, yet in my own person I had to meet the question whether I would take part against my native State. With all my devotion to the Union, and the feeling of loyalty and duty of an American citizens, I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, my home. I have, therefore, resigned my commission in the army, and serve in defence of my native State, with a sincere hope that my poor services may never be needed. I hope I may never be called on to draw my sword.

"I know you will blame me, but you must think as kindly of me as you can, and believe that I have endeavored to do what I thought right. To show you the feeling and struggle it has cost me, I send you a copy of my letter to General Scott, which accompanied my resignation. I have no time for more. * * * May God guard and protect you and yours, and shower upon you every blessing, is the prayer of your devoted brother, R. E. LEE.

Another Argument in Favor of Immediate Reconstruction.

Financial men have at last become fully aware of the fact that a full supply of the great staples of the South is indispensable as a means of restoring the credit and prosperity of the country. While our importations have been enormous, we have next to nothing to export, and consequently the precious metals have been sent abroad as a substitute, until the country has been reduced to the necessity of using a depreciated and irredeemable currency. There are limits to this kind of management beyond which it cannot pass. And it is now distinctly perceived that nothing can save the people of this nation from bankruptcy and disgrace, but an immediate revival of the productive industry of those sections whose resources have been for five long years so utterly paralized. The balance of foreign trade being largely against us, and the products of our mines being altogether insufficient to pay off our indebtedness, we want and must have cotton, rice, sugar, tobacco, in addition to other means of raising money, to save us from a collapse. The question as to how this matter is to be met and disposed of assumes a practical form, and cannot be blinked out of sight. Relief can only be obtained by at once restoring peace and quietude to those sections from whence the needed supplies must come. And the sooner the great work of restoration is completed, the better will it be for all concerned.—*Plain Dealer.*

A Mouse in the Pantry.

When I used to be out of temper, or naughty in any way, if grandfather was there he would call to me—

"Mary, Mary, take care! there's a mouse in the pantry!"

I often used to cease crying at this, and stand, wondering to myself what he meant. I often ran to the pantry, to see if there really was a mouse in the trap; but I never found one. One day I said—

"Grandfather, I don't know what you mean. I haven't a pantry; and there are no mice in mother's, because I have looked ever so often." He smiled, and said—

"Come, little woman, sit down here in the porch by me, and I'll tell you what I mean. Your heart, Mary, is the pantry. The little sins are the mice, that get in and nibble away all the good, and that makes you sometimes cross, and peevish, and fretful—unwilling to do as your mother wishes; and, if you do not strive against them, the mice will keep nibbling till the good is all eaten away. Now, I want to show you, my little girl, how to prevent this. To keep the mice out, you must set a trap for them—the trap of watchfulness; and have for bait good resolutions and firmness."

Two Irishmen crossing a field came in contact with a donkey who was making "day hideous" with his unearthly braying. Jemmy stood a moment in astonishment; but turning to Pat, who seemed as much enraptured with the song as himself, remarked: "It's a fine large ear that bird has for music, Pat, but sure he's got an awful cowld."

The Principal of an academy gave a pupil, who was an aspirant for the situation of school teacher, a certificate, which said:—"This young man is capable of filling any position for which he is qualified."

The anger which flushes the face is not so deadly as that which makes it pale.—The red heat is less intense than the white.

Some of our religious exchanges tell a story about a woman being relieved from speechless grief by a hymn. We have known a number of the sex to be strongly affected and greatly benefitted by hims before this.

An Irish peasant being asked why he permitted his pig to take up his quarters with his family, made an answer abounding with satirical *naiveté*: "Why not? Doesn't the place afford every convenience that a pig can require?"

Awful Picture of Poverty in Philadelphia.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer, Jan. 13.

For some days past we have endeavored to lay before the readers of the *Inquirer* a truthful idea of the sorrows and sufferings of the poor of our city, and more especially of those dwelling in the memorable vicinities of Bedford, Spafford, and Baker sts. Desirous, however, of seeing for ourselves, we joined an expedition fitted out on Wednesday evening last.

Reaching Seventh and Bedford streets, we proceeded to explore cellars, garrets and hovels in search of the sick, the sorrowful and the destitute, though, in truth, from the moment we entered the street, we were literally surrounded by just such persons as we sought. "Kind sir, won't you please give me some bread for my little children; they have not had a mouthful to-day," said a wretched looking woman. "I have three little ones in that cellar, sir, and they're cold and hungry," cried another half clad mother. "Please to give me a piece of bread, I'm so hungry," cried a dozen childish voices, the owners of which, barefooted and bareheaded, crowded around us in that icy street. We gave all who applied, and the eagerness with which those shoeless children, as they stood upon the ice, devoured the little pittance we were able to give them, attested the sincerity of their appeals.

Great God! is it not terrible to think that scenes like this should be witnessed in Philadelphia, the city noted above all others for its wealth and benevolence? Returning home our bags and baskets were replenished, and we once more entered Bedford street.

Notwithstanding the number which had been supplied a few minutes before, the crowd had not lessened, nor were the appeals for food any less earnest and touching.

We gave to all indiscriminately, not being able in the darkness to tell who were deserving and who unworthy. The great fact stared us in the face that men, women and children were famishing for bread, and we gave them all we had. Leaving the street for a moment or two, the whole party would clamber down unsafe stairways into dismal cellers, where grim poverty and fell disease reigned with undisputed sway. Oh! the scenes of sorrow and suffering we witnessed. Once strong men, lying in filth and destitution, and seeing hunger slowly gnawing the vitals of their wives and children; mothers pleading for food and fire for their perishing little ones, and little children piteously crying for bread and something to protect them from the sharp, biting frost.

In one cellar we found three families, all with children, all without beds, all without food and all without fuel, save the handful of coals which smouldered in the poor apology for a stove. God's daylight never visited this abode of misery save through the open cellar door. Plunging into the dark, narrow and filthy alley or court along Baker street, we found a two-storied shed, the rooms of which were not more than eight feet square. This shed contained some 10 or 12 of these rooms, all of which were occupied.

We ascended to the upper tier and knocked for admission. It was first refused, but, when we uttered the meager word "bread," doors flew open, eager faces welcomed us, and eager hands grasped the precious morsel. Children were waked from their cheerless sleep, and received the proffered bread with glistening eyes. Oh! how they seemed to enjoy the little we were able to divide with them, and with what comfortable feelings they gathered the few rags with which they were covered around them, and sought sleep once more. Mothers in countless numbers implored God's blessings upon those through whose kindness we were able to dispense the welcome food.

Every one of these eight-foot square rooms, with a single exception, contained from three to five inmates. They cooked, ate and slept there. Let us describe the last one we visited. The husband sat upon a box, in front of what we supposed was a fire. We saw none, as he was crouched over the furnace in such a manner as to hide it from view. The wife, a fine, comely looking woman, clad in a thin summer dress, bade us enter. We did so, and will it be believed, that in that desolate room, the habitation of a man and wife, the only furniture was the box upon which the husband sat, and the frame (without the seat) of a hickory withe chair. No sign of a bed, table, cooking utensils, food or clothing was visible. Bleak, grimmy walls, and that chair frame and little box were those poor creatures only possessions. A child had died in Spafford street, near Shippen. Mr. Segenfried had learned of it in the afternoon, and informed us that the mother had not only neither food nor fuel, but was utterly destitute of everything necessary for the child's burial. These were provided by him. We visited the house, reaching it by a dark alley and an uncertain flight of steps. Entering the room we saw at a glance where the dead child lay.

Removing the clothing from its little face, it was plainly and painfully evident that starvation, not disease, had done the