The Manitowoc Pilot.

JEREMIAH CROWLEY,] "LET THERE BE A UNION OF BROTHERHOOD AMONG US." [Editor and Publisher.

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First Battle of the Revolution.

The following description of the battle Lexington is from Bancroft's seventh volume of the History of the United States:

On the afternoon of the 18th of April the day on which the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts adjourned, General Gage took the light infantry and grenadiers off duty, and secretly prepared an expedition to destroy the colony's stores at Concord. But the attempt had for several days been expected; a strict watch had been kept; and signals had been concerted to announce the first movements of troops for the country. Samuel Adams and Hancock, who had not yet left Lexington for Philadelphia, received a timely message from Warren, and, in consequence the Committee of Safety removed a part of the public stores and secreted the cannon.

On Tuesday, the 18th, ten or more sergeants in disguise dispersed themselves through Cambridge and further west to intercept all communication. In the following night the granadiers and light infantry, not less than eight hundred in number, the flower of the army of Boston, commanded by the incompetent Lieut. Col. Smith, crossed in the boats of the transport ships from the foot of the Common to East Cambridge. There they received a day's provisions, and near midnight, after wading wet marshes, that are now covered by a stately town, they took the road through West Cambridge to Concord.

"They will miss their aim," said one of the party who observed their departure.

"What aim?" asked Lord Percy, who overheard the remark.

"Why the cannon at Concord," was the answer.

Percy hastened to Gage, who instantly directed that no one should be suffered to leave the town. But Warren had already at ten o'clock, dispatched William Dawes through Roxbury to Lexington, and at the same time desired Paul Revere to set off by the way of Charlestown. Revere stopped only to engage a friend to raise the concerted signals, and five minutes before the sentinels got orders to prevent it, two friends rowed him past the Somerset man of war across Charles river.

All was still, as suited the hour. The ship was winding with the young flood; the waning moon just peered above the horizon; while from a couple of lanterns in the tower of North Church, the beacon streamed to the neighboring towns as fast as light could travel. A little beyond Charleston neck, Revere was intercepted by two British officers on horseback, but being himself well mounted, he turned suddenly and leading one of them into a clay pond, he escaped from the other by a road to Medford. As he passed on he waked up the captain of the minute men of that town, and continued to arouse almost every house on the way to Lexington. The troops had not advanced far, when the firing of guns and ringing of bells announced that their expedition had been heralded before them; and Smith sent back to demand a reinforcement.

On the morning of the 19th of April, between the hours of twelve and one, the message of Warren reached Adams and Hancock, who divined at once the object of the expedition. Revere, therefore, and Dawes, joined by Samuel Prescott, "a high son of liberty from Concord," rode forward, calling up the inhabitants as they passed along, till at Lincoln they fell upon a party of British officers. Revere and Dawes were seized and taken back to Lexington, where they were released; but Prescott leaped over a low stone wall and galloped on for Concord.

There, at about two in the morning a peal from the belfry of the meeting house called the inhabitants of the place to their town hall. They came forth, old and young, with their firelocks, ready to make good the resolute words of their town debates. Among the most alert was William Emerson, the minister, with gun in hand, his powder horn and pouch for balls slung over his shoulder. By his sermons and prayers, he had so hallowed the enthusiasm of his flock that they held the defence of their liberties a part of their covenant with God; his presence with arms proved his sincerity and strengthened their sence of duty. From daybreak to sunrise, the summons ran from house to house through Acton. Express messengers and volleys from minute men spread the alarm.

Lexington, in 1777, may have had 700 inhabitants forming one Parish, and having for their minister the learned and fervent James Clerk, the bold inditer of patriotic papers that may yet be read on their owns records. In December, 1772, they had instructed their representatives "to demand a radical redress for their grievances, for not through their neglect should the people be enslaved." A year later they spurned the use of tea. In 1774, at various town meetings they voted to increase their stock of ammunition, "to encourage military discipline, and to put themselves in a posture of defense against their enemies," In December they distributed to the "train band and alarm list arms and ammunition," and to supply the training soldiers with bayonets.

At two in the morning, under the eyes of the minister, and of Hancock and Adams, Lexington Common was alive with the minute men; and not with them only, but with many old men also, who were exempt except in case of immediate danger to the town. The roll was called, and out of the militia and alarm men, about one hundred answered to their names. The Captain, John Parker, ordered every one to load with powder and ball, but take care not to be first to fire. Messengers sent to look for the British regulars reported that there was no signs of their approach. A watch was therefore set, and the company dismissed with orders to come together at beat of drum. Some went to their homes; some to the tavern near the southeast corner of the common.

Adams and Hancock, whose proscriptions had already been divulged, and whose seizure was believed to be intended, were compelled by persuasion to retire toward Woburn.

The last stars were vanishing, from the sight when the foremost party, led by Pitcarin, a Marine, was discovered advancing quickly and in silence. Alarm guns were fired, and drums beat. Less than seventy—perhaps less than sixty—obeyed the summons, and in sight of half as many boys and unarmed men, were paraded in two ranks, a few rods north of the meeting house.

The British van, hearing the drum and the alarm guns, halted to load; the remaining companies came up; and at half an hour before sunrise, the advance party hurried forward at double quick time, almost upon a run, closely followed by the grenadiers. Pitcarin rode in front, and when within five or six rods of the minute men, cried out; "Disperse, ye villains; ye rebels, disperse! lay down your arms; why don't you lay down your arms and disperse?" The main part of the countrymen stood motionless in the ranks, witnesses against aggression—too few to resist, too brave to fly. At this Pitcairn discharged a pistel, and with a loud voice, cried—"Fire!" The order was instantly followed, first by a few guns, which did no execution, and then a heavy, close and deadly discharge of musketry.

In the disparity of numbers, the Common was a field of murder, not of battle; Parker therefore, ordered his men to disperse. Then, and not till then, did a few of them on their own impulse, return the British fire. These random shots of fugitives or dying men did no harm, except that Pitcarin's horse was gazed, and a private of the light infantry was touched slightly in the leg.

Jonas Parker, the strongest and best wrestler in Lexington, had promised never to run from British troops; and he kept his vow. A wound brought him to his knees. Having discharged his gun, he was preparing to load it again, when as sound a heart as ever throbbed for freedom was stifled by a bayonet, and he lay on the post which he took at the morning's drum beat.

So fell Isaac Muzzey, and so died the aged Robert Monroe, the same who in 1758 had been ensign at Louisburg. Jonathan Harrington, Jr., was struck in front of his house on the north of the common. His wife was at the window when he fell. With the blood gushing from his breast he rose in her sight, tottered, fell again, then crawled on his hands and knees towards his dwelling; she ran to meet him, but only reached him as he expired on the threshold. Caleb Harrington, who had gone into the meeting-house for powder, was shot as he came out. Samuel Hadley and John Brown was pursued and killed after they left the green; Ashael Porter, of Woburn, who had been taken prisoner by the march, endeavoring to escape, was shot within a few rods of the common.

Seven of the men of Lexington were killed; nine wounded; a quarter part of those who stood in arms on the green.—These are the village heroes who were more than of noble blood, proving by their spirit that they were of the race divine.—They gave their lives in testimony to the rights of mankind, bequeathing to their country an assurance of success in the mighty struggle which they had begun. Their names are held in grateful remembrance, and the expanding millions of their countrymen renew and multiply their praise from generation to generation.—They fulfilled their duty not from accidental impulse of the moment; their action was the slowly ripened fruit of Providence and of time.

Heedless of his own danger, Samuel Adams, with the voice of a prophet, exclaimed when he heard of the resistance at Lexington, "Oh, what a glorious morning is this!" for thus he saw that his country's independence was rapidly hastening on, and, like Columbus in the tempest, knew that he storm did but bear him the more rapidly towards the undiscovered world.

The Essential Reason.

There is probably no room to doubt that the essential reason why the democracy have not carried Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana is that the Breckinridge managers preferred that the black republicans should carry them. Foster and Hendricks, the democratic candidates for Governor in Pennsylvaina and Indiana, and Smith, the democratic candidate for Judge in Ohio, there being no Governor elected this year in Ohio,—were ardent supporters of Douglas, and their election, the Breckinridge managers feared, would be claimed as Douglas victories. This, of course, would not answer their purposes, and to prevent it they have played into the hands of the black republicans. And this is their power—the power to prevent the election of Douglas by the people. If the ultimate result of their operations shall be the election of Lincoln by the people, they will glory in that as preferable to the election of Douglas. Many of them are animated by the same spirit that animates Jesse D. Bright, of Indiana, who recently declared: "We have no love for Breckinridge, nor never had, but he answers our purpose for defeating Douglas."—That is it. Breckinridge is a mere instrument for defeating Douglas, and, as a consequence, for electing Lincoln.

But let us hope that there are better things in store for the country than the election of either Lincoln or Breckinridge. —*Detroit Free Press.*

— "Ma, has aunty got bees in her mouth?"

"No, why do you ask that question?"

"Cause that leetle man with a heap of hair on his face cotched hold of her and said he was agoing to take the honey from her lips; and she said, 'well make haste.'"

— The population of Rochester, N. Y., is about forty-eight thousand—only a small increase since 1855.

From the New York Leader.

A Dry Goods Prince.

Probably the most stupendous success in a mercantile career, of no extraordinary length has been that of A. T. Stewart the present wholesale and retail dry goods dealer.

A. T. Stewart is a countryman of O'Connell, Brien and brave Curran, the late Duke of Wellington, Powers the actor, Grattan, the Emmets, and Teddy, the Tiler. Forty-one years ago he landed on the western side of the Atlantic alone and unfriended. He came from the county Tyrone, near the bushes. When he reached New York in 1815, Mr. Stewart must have been twenty four years old, and soon after he could have been found at 59 Rose street, directly opposite the Quaker church where he "taught the young idea how to shoot," or in plain Irish, kept a school.—How long Mr. Stewart was occupied in a task that would have tried the patience of Job, I dare not say, but I have no doubt it was a most excellent preparatory school to teach patience to the future immense favorite, and successful waiter upon the caprices of lady dry goods purchasers.

Mr. Stewart is now about the age of sixty-four, having been born in Ireland, in 1795 or '96. After the yellow fever in 1822, Mr. Stewart opened a retail dry goods store in Broadway, in an old wooden tenement directly opposite to where his great marble palace now stands. Stewart's store may have been twenty feet deep. He kept hosiery, laces, silks, gloves ribbons, and the more costly fabrics. He attended the great auction sales regularly, and never missed a sale of dry goods at P. & J. Hone's; Hagerty; Austin & Co's; and David Lee's.

He invariably on these occasions bought what was called "tumble lots," or more properly speaking "sample lots." At a great "shelf sale," samples would be flung upon the long table, before the auctioneer. The buyers would handle, stretch, pull, try on the goods if gloves, and tumble them in fine style.

It was curiosity to a philosopher to watch the rapid transition over Stewart's face. He always stood close to the auctioneer, and as invariably bought the sample lots, his face expressed anxiety, his hands reached out and grasped as many of the articles as he could compass, especially laces, and he drew them near himself to prevent more tangling. When a lot of goods was closed up, and then the samples would be sold separate, and rarely brought half price. Then A. T. Stewart was in his glory. He bought all, conveyed them to his little store, and as he was very expert in re dressing up gloves, laces, hosiery, etc., he would make his sample lots equal to the original goods before they were mussed at the auction sales. Then followed the triumph of the patent humble little tradesman. He could undersell anybody in that trade, of course, and ladies of fashion were not long in finding out that fact. In his modest way he worked along slowly, but surely, from 1822 to 1828. Then he found his business greatly increased. He was the best judge of laces in New York, and he sold the best at the lowest prices—lower than the great dealers, Fountain & Co., and Vanderbilt & Flamden. Stewart by practicing economy, industry, and absolute devotion to his profession, and business, soon came alongside of his great and sometimes overbearing rivals. He was humble, attentive, sold very cheap, and the best of goods. He neither tried on dodges or gouges. He was regarded as a worthy young beginner, and very soon the fashionable Misses, Jones, Prime, Jay, Hones, Gracie, Crosby, Stuyvesant, and others of their set became his constant patrons, and he soon had all that profitable trade.

His business increased so rapidly that he had to enlarge his store by deepening it twenty feet, and raised it to three stories. In the course of five years more, he was obliged to deepen it thirty feet more, and put on two more stories, making it a five story house.

About this time Stewart adopted the plan of employing, as clerks, the handsomest young fellows he could pick up in this country, or even in England. His customers were the most dashing and fashionable young women in the city, and from the South. He hired handsome Boyle (afterwards Boyle & Humphries,) and Durham. They were great fellows among the women in 1833 and 1832, and drew crowds to Stewart's already fashionable store.

In 1831, Mr, Burroughs was book keeper. Stewart took him in as partner, and gave him one eighth in 1833. He died last year and his share was just one million of dollars.

In the year 1833, when all was gloom and confusion in the commercial world, Stewart reduced his stock to cost and sold for those prices. Ginghams and such stuffs that had been retailing for 81 cents per yard, he sold at 20 cents; calicoes in the same proportion What was the consequence? Old women who had stockinged their gold and silver marched to Stewart's to take advantage of the awful sacrifice that unfortunate merchant was making, and, though they did not want the goods yet, like Mrs. Toodles, they might "want e'm one of these days" when they could not be had at such unheard of low prices. Stewart was overrun with cash. He took the same money received for goods sold at cost, went into the market, and bought the same style of goods, calicoes, &c., that he had sold for 40 per cent. less than he had obtained! In one purchase he bought $50,000 worth of silks, half cash and half for sixty days, as sixty per cent. less than the cost of the silks to import. On this transaction he realized $20,000. During all that disastrous panic, Stewart retailed every day $5,000 worth of goods. While others all around him were breaking he was coining money. He was the father of the "Selling out at Cost." He was the originator of an idea among retail dry goods dealers that has saved thousands of men from ruin and made fortunes for tens of thousands of humbugs, by "selling out at cost."

In 1848 he removed to his present marble palace. He had bought Washington Hall of young John Coster, for $50,000, and for a few thousand dollars more two additional buildings and lots, on Broadway, corner of Chambers street. Upon this magnificent site he erected the present store. The whole cost of the ground and palace erected did not exceed $300 000. To day it would sell at auction for from $800,000 to $1,000,000.

He paid Patroon Van Rensselaer $540,000 for the Metropolitan Hotel and out buildings. It is now worth and pays an interest of ten per cent. on $1.000,000 and would bring him at auction $800,000. He owns nearly all of Bleecker Street, between Broadway and his present residence, in fact owns more real estate than any other man in New York, except it may be Wm. B. Astor. But Mr. Astor's income is not so large as Stewart's.

Mr. Stewart lives plainly, and is very simple in his habits. He never splurges, and cares nothing for fashionable society, or for any but the set habit has flung him among. He now and then gives a great dinner party. His guests are found among the substantial commercial men of his acquaintance. At Stewart's dinner the service is of solid gold. He can and does entertain splendidly.

It is useless to speculate in regard to the disposal of this vast property when its owner passes from among us.

Mr. Stewart is only sixty-four. Girard lived to be ninety-two, and Astor was ninety. Mr. Stewart is more likely to live to be one hundred, than either Girard or Astor at sixty four were likely to live to ninety.

In 1836 Stewart was worth one million five hundred thousand dollars. He has averaged from that time to the present a business of four millions a year for twenty four years past. His profits have been fifteen per cent—that is six hundred thousand a year, or fourteen millions of dollars; add compound interest to that and to his original capital in 1836, and it reaches fourteen millions. The rise of real estate owned by Stewart, over the price paid is in 1860 over five millions, and I do not believe he is worth less to day than eighteen or twenty millions of dollars, and a large portion is in real estate that is rapidly raising in value. I stated, a few lines back, that in ten years Stewart would be worth one hundred million dollars. I will now prove it.

His business to-day is eight hundred thousand dollars a year profit to himself. In ten years, at a compound interest, ten millions. Add to that seven per cent. or twenty millions, and compound interest for ten years, and with the rise of real estate, and Mr. Stewart's wealth will reach pretty near eighty or one hundred millions of dollars,

If he lives to be ninety years old, he will be worth two hundred and fifty millions, and the richest man in the world—far exceeding the Marquis of Westminister in England, whose income is a million and a half sterling or about seven millions of our money in dollars.

As three to three and a half per cent, is quite a good income from property in England, the Marquis may be set down as fairly worth two hundred millions of dollars, which at three and a half per cent, gives him seven millions of dollars annually, or a million and a half of pounds sterling.

Dr. Cahill's Advice to the Irish.

In a recent letter from this country to Irishmen at home, Dr. Cahill offers the following advice, with the following anecdote which accompanies it:

I have often implored the Irish emigrant never to come to this country till he had a friend to receive him. Melancholy instances often present themselves to me where misfortune, poverty, and perhaps death, are the result of this oversight.—A painful case occurred in this way when I was in Dunkirk, N. Y. Two young girls from the county Clare landed there, and had no friend. They took the ship fever, and being without friends or money, they had to depend on the relief of the poor law for their care, support and recovery.—Warm hearted Irishmen, on learning their sick and forlorn condition, hastened to their assistance; their tender duty to them. I did all I could when the news reached me. But the younger girl, seventeen years of age, sunk and died, poor girl, far from home. The priest was at her bedside. An excellent Irishman went to the shanty where the girl lay sick, helpless and insensible, and in his arms carried her home to his wife and children.—It was a heroic act—may God reward him. He remained up at night with her, gave her her medicine, and behaved like a father to the poor Irish child, Father Alpinus Magno, and Father John Budenelli, watched over them with zeal snd fondness. The second girl will recover.

☞ When may a man expect a domestic breeze?

When his wife begins to put on "airs."

— The appropriate motto in New York among republicans is, "Vote for Lincoln and Nigger Suffrage."

PRESENTATION OF THE SWORD OF HONOR, TO Marshal McMahon.

In last week's *Pilot* we gave a brief statement of the presentation of a magnificent SWORD to MARSHAL M'MAHON, of the French Army, who is a descendant of Ireland, and who was proclaimed DUKE OF MAGENTA on the famous battle-field of that name by LOUIS NAPOLEON himself. This sword was manufactured in Ireland, and an idea of its magnificance may be formed when we state that its cost is more than *ten thousand dollars*—the whole of which was paid by the people of Ireland. It was lately presented to M'MAHON by a deputation of Irish gentlemen, an account of which we find in a letter from Paris to the *Dublin Irishman*, and is as follows;

The deputation from Ireland arrived in Paris on Friday evening. A telegraphic despatch immediately informed His Excellency the Duke de Magenta of their presence in the capital, and of their intention to visit the Camp of Chalons on Sunday. Some customs' formalities had to be first encountered which prevented the possibility of their proceeding to Chalons next morning, but these formalities, which otherwise would have detained the deputation for several days, were greatly abridged when it was intimitated for whom and from where the sword came.

The deputation which actually went consisted of Mr. T. D. Sullivan, one of the honorary secretaries, and Dr. Sigerson. Mr. P. J. Smyth was unable to proceed.

On Saturday, pursuant to the powers conferred upon them, the deputation having been increased by the presence of J. P. Leonard, Esq., member of the committee, proceeded to the residence of John Mitchel, Esq., who had arrived in Paris from the United States but a short time before, and invited him to honor the deputation with his prescence. To this Mr. Mitchel kindly assented. They also presented themselves at the residence of a patriotic and revered ecclesiastic of the Catholic Church, in Ireland, and from him received an equally favorable answer.

On Sunday morning the deputation entered the train for Chalon, but the rumor of their mission having spread abroad, they were beseiged not only at Paris but at almost every station *en route*, by an eager crowd of priests, officers, soldiers, and ladies, gentlemen, laborers, &c., who requested the favor of seeing the sword for the hero of Magenta. And when this favor was accorded them, their admiration of the beautiful weapon knew no bounds, while their sympathy of Ireland and detestation of England, "*Cette nation de Jurifs et de tyrants*," as a Zouave (one of her "cordial rllies") very correctly observed. At Chalons, among the multitude who visited the hotel where the deputation remained for two hours before proceeding to the camp, they were waited upon by a priest of the town, whose father had accompanied Hoche's expecition to Bantry Bay. He was cordially received by the deputation, and whilst expressing deep sympathy for Ireland, gave utterance to his firm conviction that a cruel and tyrannical power, such as England, must quickly feel the effects of Divine Justice, reminding them, at the same time, how much of her prestige she had lost, and how far she had fallen from her former position in Europe.

At about 3 o'clock p. m. the deputation arrived in the noble Camp of Chalons, and immediately on their arrival having being notified to an aid-de camp, they were conducted to the head quarters of the marshal who received them at once, and in the kindest manner.

The following address (which was engrossed in Irish and French,) was then read in the latter language by a member of the deputation, to his excellency, who stood prominent among his aides de camp:

To His Excellency the Marshal M'Mahon, Duke of Magenta.

Your Excellency—From the Island-home of your ancient race—on behalf of a nation which, in every crisis of fate, through every change of good and evil fortune, has ever cherished (although so often in tears and in blood) a heroic love of worth and valour—we come to present you with this, Ireland's affectionate tribute to the genius and bravery of the gallant soldier who has once more identified the hereditary chivalry of Erin with the imperial glory of Gaul.

That land, sir, whose royal blood you inherit, has known much misery. But, like a blooming laurel chaplet, entwined with the funeral wreath of her mighty sorrows, is (is to the widowed heart of Erin) the God like fame which the exiled children of the Gael have won, upon the battle fields and in the councils of Europe. Over many a bloody field, from Cremona to Fontenoy, that fame has lightened with the refulgence of victory. And now, with the fearful pride of a mother, Ireland declares to day, that you, the heroic descendant of her greatest monarch, have added new lustre to the martial glory of our race, amid the smoking battlements of the Malakhoff, and on the victorious field of Magenta.

Illustrious chief of the Celtic chivalry of France, Ireland loves, with the tenderest love, those children of her race, in other lands, who still remember, with a child's affection, the home of their fathers. You, sir, have given us abundant proof that affection for the land of that royal race whose blood courses in your veins, is warm as the love of infancy in your soldierly heart. It is therefore that Ireland—who recognizes in you the valiant chief of Irish blood, whose military genius has upheld unstained the conquering flag of kindred Gaul—the Christian soldier who has preserved for the Cross, the hereditary fidelity of his royal race—the worthy descendant of the warrior-king who crushed the pagan foes of Ireland upon the bloody field of Clontarf—that she, Ireland, presents to you this sword, whose sculptered scabbard and shining blades are types of her ancient glory and civilization.

In gold, and steel, and glittering gem, Ireland here offers to you, gallant scion of a warrior-race, the emblems of those virtues which should illumine the escutcheon of a Christian soldier. In you, she is confident those virtues will ever shine as bright as the gems upon this hilt, as pure as the gold upon this scabbard. And, therefore, with this fitting tribute for a true and valiant soldier, she sends you, through us, the utterances of her love and admiration.

(Signed)
O'DONOGHUE, M. P., President.
P. J. SMYTH, } Hon Secretar's.
T. D SULLIVAN; }

During the reading of the address, the Duke seemed much affected, even a tear might have been detected in his eye, when the ancient land of his royal fathers and her present sufferings were mentioned. In answering (which he did in the following words,) his voice trembled with emotion more than once:—

Gentlemen—I am most deeply touched by the sentiments which you have just expressed, and I pray that you will tell the Irish, whom you represent, how grateful I feel for the testimony of esteem and sympathy which you offer me in their name. This testimony, by its spontaneous character, proves to me that Green Erin has preserved those chivalrous ideas, that vivacity, and that warmth of hearth which have ever distinguished her.

I will leave, one day, to my eldest son, Patrick, this magnificent sword: it will be for him as it is for myself, a new pledge of those ties which should unite him for ever to the noble country of his ancestors.

After the address, His Excellency, who is the beau ideal of a frank, manly soldier, conversed familiarly with the members of the deputation, who spoke French, for, as one of his officers said, he has not had time to learn English. His age may be stated at about fifty years, but he looks much younger, and is as hale and active as though he were twenty-five. His many campaigns have not bowed his head, quenched the vivacity of his mind, nor chilled the kindly ardour of his heart His portraits give but a faint idea of his face, which is Irish to the last degree, and all the time the deputation was present beaming with pleasure. His eyes are of a soft blue, his hair is a little gray. His officers love him; he is a man, they said, easy of access, frank, full of sympathy and kindness, almost timid as a young girl in drawing room, but a man of iron—a lion in the field of battle.

His Excellency invited the deputation to dine with him, and on their acceptance immediately sent off to his country house to inform the Duchess of their arrival, and to request her presence. She was very anxious, he said, to be present when the deputation would arrive, as besides other considerations she was of Irish descent herself, but he feared that the illness of their youngest child would detain her—as she nursed the children herself, *a l'Irlandaise*, after the manner of the Irishwomen.

After a little the open carriage, "because," he said, "I know how much you like open cars in Ireland," which he had ordered drew up before his residence, and he then placed the deputation under the care of his brother-in law, the Vicomte de Castres, in order that they might inspect the camp. Close besides his Excellency's quarters, the Marshal's own tents had been pitched for the Irish deputation, and he and his aides de camp expressed great disappointment when they were informed that the deputation could not remain to witness *un simulacre de guerre* (a sham battle), at which he had intended they should be present on the morrow.

The Camp of Chalons is situated in the midst of an elevated plain, exceedingly healthy on that account, and because of the nature of the soil which rapidly dries after rain, yet is never dusty. At present it contains about 25,000 men, cavalry and infantry, the horses of the former being all Arab, which were found so serviceable in the Crimea. The camp was excellently drained and furnished with all sanitory appliances. The tents of the soldiers in many quarters were surrounded with those little gardens of flowers, adorned by models of buildings, of the camp itself, and busts of the emperor and empress, which they delight to establish. The busts and models they ingeniously constructed out of the soft, chalky stone of the locality. The emperor, also, has provided for their amusement by sending down a fine troupe of actors. Throughout the camp and its environs there was not a single tipsy soldier to be seen. Every Sunday morning at eight o'clock the whole army hears mass; the altar is erected at a distance in front of the Marshal's quarters. On the whole, there could be no greater contrast presented to the filthy, unhealthy, drunken and immoral camps of English soldierly.

When returning to head quarters at about 7 o'clock in the evening, the deputation perceived his excellency, attended by about thirty generals and superior officers, his guests for the evening, mounted upon fine Arab steeds, gallop up to his residence. In a few minutes the deputation was joined by his excellency, who presented to them General O'Farrell, Gen. Sutton de Clunard, and Commandant Dillon, all of Irish descent, and warmly remembering their fathers' land; in a short time, after a very interesting conversation, proceeded to partake of the sumptuous dinner which was prepared for them, the Duchess of Magenta having sent her excuses on account of her child's condition. At the left hand of his excellency was seated our beloved patriot exile, John Mitchel, at his right a revered Irish priest. The other members of the deputation obtained seats beside the most distinguished of his guests.

At nine o'clock his excellency arose and proceded with his guests to inspect the sword, the inscription on which was, in Irish and in French—

To the Brave Soldier,
Maurice Patrick de McMahon,
Marshal of France, Duke of Magenta,
Descendant of her Ancient Kings.

A very interesting conversation then ensued, his excellency seeming to be very well acquainted with Irish history, and a great admirer of her ancient institutions and bardic poetry.

Coffee and cigars having been passed round, at about ten o'clock the deputation announced that the hour for them to retire in order to meet the train had arrived. The guard turned out in their honor, and his excellency and several of his generals bade them a reluctant adieu, shaking each of them by the hand in the warmest manner.

Your readers will, no doubt, be gratified to learn that Mr. Mitchel appears in the best of health, firm and erect, "like an up lifted lance."

Lincoln's Land Warrant.

Lincoln was a soldier in the Black Hawk War—at least he says he was, and nobody has seemed to question it. His soldiering, however, didn't amount to much, according to his own account of it. In a speech delivered in Congress on the 27th day of July, 1848, he said:

"By the way, Mr. Speaker, did you know that I am a military hero? Yes, sir, in the days of the Black Hawk War, I fought, bled and came away. Speaking of Gen. Cass' career, reminds me of my own. I was not at Stillman's defeat, but I was about as near it as Cass was to Hull's surrender; and like him, I saw the place very soon afterwards. It is quite certain I did not break my sword, for I had none to break; but I bent a musket pretty badly on one occasion. If Cass broke his sword, the idea is that he broke it in desperation; I bent the musket by accident. If Gen. Cass went in advance of me picking whortleberries, guess I surpassed him in charge of wild onions. If he saw any live fighting Indians, it was more than I did, but I had a good many bloody struggles with the musquitoes; and although I never fainted from the loss of blood, I can truly say I was often very hungry."

He was not in any battle he says, but he saw the place" where one was fought! 'Bunta musket by accident,' and made vigorous "charges upon the wild onions!" He didn't "see any live fighting Indians," but he had "a good many bloody struggles with musquitoes!"—These are the services rendered his country in a military way, by the black republican candidate for President, as served up by Lincoln himself. Well for these servics, he recently applied to the land department at Washington, and received his warrant for 160 acres of the public lands! For such services as these he claims and receives from the government a bounty in land! But while in Congress he voted against the bill granting a similarco. to theso'diers who served their country in the Mexican war! Themen who fought at Buena Vista, Cerro Gordo, Chapultepec, and the City of Mexico, and conquered the foes of their country, were not entitled in Mr. Lincoln's opinion, to a bounty in land for their services. But *he*, who did nothing but "charge upon wild onions, and fight the musquitoes," is entitled to one hundred and sixty acres of the very land that those who fought the Mexicans, purchased by their blood and bravery. Such is Lincoln! Such is the Republican candidate for President, tried by his own words, and by his own record?—The following extract from a late number of the New York *Herald*, illustrates him still further:—

"Old Abe contributed fifty dollars to the fund for purchasing Sharp's rifles for Jim Lane and John Brown in Kansas.—This sum would buy two rifles. Possibly one of these rifles is the one with which Lane shot poor Jenkins when he came to get a bucket of water from his own well. and the other one with which old Brown murdered the Doyles—father and son."—*Quincy Herald.*

POPULATION OF WESTERN CITIES.—The following table shows the population, and the increase since 1850, of many of the Western cities St. Louis, it will be seen, is ahead, and its increase has been greater than that of Cincinnati. It has 1,452 slaves:

Cities	1850.	1860.
St. Louis,	77,860	162,170
Cincinnati,	115 436	160,060
Chicago,	28,620	109,420
Louisville,	43,199	75,196
Milwaukee,	20,060	45,009
Detroit,	21,019	46,834
Cleveland,	17,034	45,540
Columbus,	17,882	18,638

☞ The Buffalo Commercial says:—From what we can learn the potato rot has never been so bad in this vicinity as this fall. There are farmers who have lost almost their whole crop. The rot is mostly prevalent on low, wet ground, and confined to the best kind.

☞ We heard a man call another man an extortioner, the other day, for suing him, a day or two before.

"Why, friend," replied the man who brought the suit, "I did it to oblige you,"

"To oblige me, indeed—how so?"

"Why, to oblige you to pay me."

☞ Many beautiful women, when walking in the streets seem very angry if they are gazed at, and sadly disappointed if they are not.