

Spirit of Jefferson.

BENJAMIN F. BEALL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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BALTIMORE CARDS.

STABLER'S ANODYNE CHERRY EXPECTORANT.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

A Prophecy of Retribution—Gloomy Reflections.

The venerable Nathan Lord, D. D., of a third of a century President of Dartmouth College, New Hampshire, amid all the political infatuation and religious fanaticism that has surrounded him, and that compelled him finally to surrender the position he had so long adored, adheres steadfastly to the principles and opinions that he espoused before the insanity that now prevails in his section of country had become general.

"I do not justify, in point of Christian principle or common prudence, the methods by which you sought redress of the wrongs you have, for more than a generation, received from the North. But I more blame ourselves, first, for our denunciation of slavery itself, in distinction from its abuses, and then for our irrepressible conflict with it, undertaken upon false moral and political grounds, and carried on, hatefully, as it has been, after a Mahometan fashion. Were the institution a *malum in se*, and not sometimes a conservative necessity for all the parties, our method of overcoming it has been, from first to last, unworthy of a Christian people. We have done the work. We have given you a dreadful punishment. But, as we have done it in unrighteousness, our retribution, some time, somehow, will come, perhaps to a general dissolution."

"I dare not speculate on the future. \* \* \* I fold my hands, and wait the providence of God. But in the general and long run I see no good before us. Judgment will come. \* \* \* I think thus the rather because I seem to see an approaching catastrophe of all the nations. The world has grown old in transgression. From East to West the experiment of reforming and saving it has been tried in vain. We are the western-most and last; and now that Christianized, Anglo-Saxon, republican wisdom has failed, instead of calling on God for help we are calling upon the negro. We look to a brutified, shuffling and licentious people to aid us in the work of self-government, which has been impossible to ourselves, and which I now believe is impossible on earth."

The demonstration seems almost complete that man can never govern nor be governed, nor govern himself, and that the last failure will somehow prove the greatest of all. The volcanic throes of the nation to overturn arbitrary power will be ultimately successful. Then "liberty, equality, fraternity," will have its short day; and when its babel seems completed, the dream of earth will vanish. \* \* \* Here all such prophesying is vain. I find myself almost alone. I sometimes imagine that I could do more among your people, and even among the outcast, suffering and perishing negroes, than among the philanthropist who had given them a boon which they know not how to use, and which these boasters never would have given them but to make them subservient to their financial enterprise or their lust of power. But my day is past. What can one at three-score and fifteen do but to repose, and prate, and lament."

DREAD RETRIBUTION.—During the war a Democratic editor in Dayton, Ohio, Bollinger, was murdered by an Abolitionist, without any provocation. An Abolition Court tried and acquitted the murderer. The whole trial was a disgraceful farce, and all who participated in it were guilty of official perjury. Some three years have elapsed, and the County Clerk, the Sheriff, and about one-half the jury are dead while the infamous judge who outraged justice at this trial, is an idiot in a lunatic asylum! Jim Lane while his hand was yet smeking with blood of murdered victims, was elected to the office of United States Senator by a Puritanic Legislature.—For one of his murders he was tried and acquitted. A few months afterward Preston King stilled a remorseful conscience in this world by self-murder.—Ex.

The counsel for Conover, now on trial for perjury, and subornation of perjury, in swearing falsely, and procuring false testimony before Judge Holt when the latter was hatching "a conspiracy" against Mr. Davis in connection with the slaying of Mr. Lincoln, have disclosed the following line of defence: "We propose to show that Conover was the personal friend of Jefferson Davis, and learning that a conspiracy was being formed to procure evidence to implicate Mr. Davis with the assassination conspiracy, as a friend of Mr. Davis, Conover had taken upon himself the job to procure this evidence for the express purpose of showing its falsity at the proper time, and was really the prime mover in its exposure, and they allege that events have proved that all the testimony taken at the participation of Mr. Davis in the assassination has been shown to be false."

It is indeed a bitter prescription to call upon the Southern people to model after the North, in the face of so many pictures like the following, which the New York Times gives of legislation in the great State of New York: "No bill with money in it, (as the phrase runs) can be passed except through the direct bribery of members. No matter how just the cause may be, no matter how large the interest involved, no matter how deeply the public welfare may be concerned, not a step can be taken, until the votes and support of certain members have been secured. We know this to be true; and if the law shutting out testimony were repealed; it could be proved."

NORTHERN CIVILIZATION.

Chapters First and Second.

We commence this week a regular series of events, showing in its true light, the rapid progress of Northern civilization. From week to week, we expect to entertain our readers with similar evidences of the high point in human progress reached by our brethren of the pious North.

CHAPTER I. Howl's Cruelty to a Girl only Seven Years Old—A Mother Roasts Her Child's Hands—Compels Her to Eat Excrement—The Father Chokes Her With Her Own Dumb.

We doubt that if in the entire annals of brutalized humanity, anything so terribly brutal and heartless as ever recorded as the case we give below. Thomas Blackburn, living in Middletown, or West Columbus, when he left the army, married, it is said, a widow with one child, a little girl of now about seven years. He and his wife have, for a long time past, pursued a system of beating and torturing for this poor little thing the like of which was never before known. They had a systematic arrangement, seemingly, by which the tortures were never to be ceased. The mother beating her during the day, and the stepfather continuing it at night. On one occasion, for some little act of disobedience, the mother whipped her with a rolling-pin, and because the child cried out loud, this she-devil roasted the child's hands upon the red hot stove until the flesh was charred black to the bone. The father coming home that same night whipped her most brutally for moaning, and because she cried, choked her dumb.

At another time, when from the continued punishment she was so weak as to be unable to rise from her bed, she'd void her excrement as she lay, and this find—this unnatural mother—compelled her to get up and eat the filth!

Can the mind conceive anything more horrible? Would any of our readers believe such a mother had existence outside of hell? For some three or four weeks the neighbors have had their suspicions that all was not right in the family of Blackburn, and that they were trying to murder the child, though nothing could be learned from her, for her mouth was closed through fear. On Saturday, suspicion of wrong became certain, and some of the humane ladies of the neighborhood determined on an investigation, during the absence of the father. The result was the arrest of the parents and the developments above given.

The appearance of the poor little thing is horrible. Not an inch of its body has escaped, and exhibits a mass of sores, scars and welts, and the slightest movement causes the most exquisite agony. When Marshal Murphy, who arrested Blackburn, was moving the child to the Sisters' Hospital, where it now is, he was obliged to get a woman to carry it in her arms; its condition was such that it could not endure even the jolting of the carriage.

Dr. White, Boyle and Flowers, were called in and rendered the little sufferer every assistance in their power. It is the opinion of the last two named physicians that of the skull is fractured.

So indignant were the citizens of Middletown when the fearful truth was made known that Blackburn narrowly escaped his well-merited fate. As it is, they left marks of their honest indignation upon his body that he will carry to the grave.

Blackburn, it is said, was formerly a Lieutenant in the Third Ohio Battery. "What punishment should be meted out to such devils incarnate? Hanging is certainly too good for them, 'may their pernicious souls rot, half a grain a day.'"—Ohio Statesman.

Interior of a "Tiger's Den."

Burning of Chambersburg.

The Richmond Times gives the following account of a sale which took place in that city, at the late residence of a well-known faro-dealer, who has recently died. The house herein described was, during the war, the great resort of Commissioners, Quartermasters, and other gentry who were wont to travel with trunks full of "Confed," of which they wished to be rid.

The demise of the "Confed" in the fancy line" resulted on yesterday in the invasion of one of the most elegantly furnished and extensive gambling establishments of this city by a vast throng of men and women of every grade, calling and position. The rooms of this famous establishment, from their central and fashionable location, afforded easy access to the largest and most fashionable assembly which we have seen in this city for months. On the day previous to the sale, hundreds of well-dressed, fashionable people were strolling through the different apartments, examining the unusually rare and costly parlor, dining room, tables, chairs, chamber furniture. All through the war this establishment did a roaring business, and was nightly thronged by the *élite* of the civil and military circles of the Capital of the Confederacy. When famine prevailed elsewhere, the tables of this establishment always groaned beneath the luxuries of every clime. Countless millions changed hands over the green tables which excited so much curious examination from the judiciary and clergy on yesterday. Of its class, the Tiger's Den in question was always the best, and, at the end of the war, the proprietor re-furnished it in the most costly and substantial manner. He was a man of good taste, and while there were evidences of recklessness of cost about every article in his establishment, it was furnished with a grave, decorous taste which would have reflected credit upon the refined taste of the most cultivated man of wealth. Carpets, book-cases, dining tables, chairs, chandeliers, mirrors, chamber-furniture, table chairs, plates, &c., &c., were all in the best taste, and the servants connected with the establishment were all quiet, grave and well-behaved men, the rare types of the now almost extinct race of family servants. The paintings were not numerous, but they were exceedingly appropriate, and strictly in keeping with the character of the place. Immediately in rear, for instance, of large and mysteriously shaped tables covered with the inevitable green cloth, there were suspended capital paintings—two grim, stern, remorseless-looking tigers and lions. "Ye tiger" looked down upon the faro table, while the lion frowned ominously upon the victims of *roulette*. Both of these tutelary divinities of the temple looked plethoric, cruel and truculent, as if they had devoured many thousand pigions, greenhorns and boobies, and rather liked their diet.

A written demand for the return of the municipal authorities, and the return of the town to the people of Chambersburg an opportunity of saving their town, by making compensation for part of the injury done, and hoped that the payment of such a sum would have the desired effect, and open the eyes of the people of other towns at the North, to the necessity of urging upon their government the adoption of a different policy of policy. The demand was also directed to proceed from Chambersburg towards Cumberland in Maryland, and levy contributions in money upon that and other towns able to bear them, and if possible to destroy the machinery at the coal pits near Cumberland, and the machine shops, depots and bridges on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad as far as practicable.

On the 29th of July, McCausland crossed the Potomac near Clear Spring, above Williamsport, and moved with the 1st and 2nd Rhode's Divisions, and Vaughn's cavalry to the latter place, while Imboden demonstrated with his and Jackson's cavalry towards Harper's Ferry in order to withdraw attention from McCausland. Breckinridge remained at Martinsburg and continued the destruction of the railroad. Vaughn drove a force of cavalry from Williamsport, and went into Hagerstown, where he captured and destroyed a train of cars loaded with supplies. One of the Rhode's Brigades was engaged at Williamsport and subsequently withdrawn. On the 30th, McCausland being well under way, I moved back to Martinsburg, and on the 31st the whole infantry force was moved to Bunker Hill, where we remained on the 1st, 2d and 3d of August. On the 3d of August, McCausland reached Chambersburg and made the demand as directed, reading to such of the authorities as presented themselves, the paper sent by me. The demand was not complied with; the people stating that they were not afraid of having their town burned, and that a Federal force was approaching. The policy pursued by our army on former occasions had been so lenient, that they did not suppose the threat was in earnest this time, and they hoped for speedy relief. McCausland, however, proceeded to carry out his orders, and the greater part of the town was laid in ashes. For this act, I alone, as responsible, as the officer charged with it, was simply executing my orders, and had no discretion left them. Notwithstanding the lapse of time which has occurred, and the result of the war, I am perfectly satisfied with my conduct on this occasion, and see no reason to regret it. Page 71.

THE DANGERS OF KEROSINE.—There have been an increasing number of accidents from Kerosene lately, and some of them of the most deplorable character. Of course, if any person chooses to pour oil into a stove from a can, an explosion is not to be wondered at, though even that hardly seems a necessary consequence. Whether or no, however, there have been another class of accidents which seem to be of a new kind. We mean those caused by the falling of lamps. Why a lamp which falls upon the floor and breaks at once should create an explosion and outbreak of flame seems hard to say; nor do we remember that this used to be the case. There should be some investigation into the point. If burning fluid is mixed with coal oil the fact should be made known and the practice put an end to. The rapacity of traders who adulterate articles of common use has no limit, and especially a reference to the large deposit of manganese in Rockbridge, yesterday application was made through this city, for a large quantity of manganese. We have not a doubt that there will be a large demand for any of the minerals of Virginia which her enterprise may develop. The fact is, the consumption of all minerals entering into the fabrication of manufactures in any manner always keeps pace with their production. Look at coal, for instance; was there ever a time when it was in excess of the demand for it? Were our lines completed to the mines of the West, and tracks of railway were exclusively occupied in the transportation of coal, there would be demand for more than all their capacity could supply.—Rich. Dis.

From Gen. Early's "Last Year of the War."

Burning of Chambersburg.

While at Martinsburg it was ascertained beyond all doubt that Hunter had been again indulging in his favorite mode of warfare, and that after his return to the Valley, while we were near Washington, among other outrages, the private residences of Mr. Andrew Hunter, a member of the Virginia Senate, Mr. Alexander R. Boteler, an ex-member of the Confederate as well as of the United States Congress, and Edmund I. Lee, a distant relative of General Lee, all in Jefferson county, with their contents had been burned by his orders, only time enough being given for the ladies to get out of the houses. A number of towns in the South, as well as private country houses, had been burned by the Federal troops, and the accounts had been heralded forth in some of the Northern papers in terms of exultation, and gloated over by their readers, while they were received by others with apathy. I now came to the conclusion that I had stood this mode of warfare long enough, and that it was time to open the eyes of the people of the North to its enormity by an example in the way of retaliation. I did not select the cases mentioned as having more merit or greater claims for retaliation than others, but because they had occurred within the limits of the country covered by my command, and were brought more immediately to my attention. I had a number of delicate ladies, who had been plundered, insulted, and rendered desolate by the acts of our most atrocious enemies, and while they did not call for it, yet, in the anguished expression of their features while narrating their misfortunes, there was a mute appeal to every manly sentiment of my bosom for retribution, which I could no longer withstand.

The town of Chambersburg, in Pennsylvania, was selected as the one on which retaliation should be made, and McCausland was ordered to proceed with his brigade and a battery of artillery, to that place, and demand of the municipal authorities the sum of \$100,000 in gold, or \$500,000 in United States currency as a compensation for the destruction of the houses named and their contents; and in default of payment, to lay the town in ashes, in retaliation for the burning of those houses and others in Virginia, as well as for the towns which had been burned in other Southern States.

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What is more beautiful and poetic than the child's idea of it?—"Water gone to sleep."

Spirit of Jefferson.

BATHS OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, Three Insertions, \$1.50; Each Continuation, 50; One Square, One Month, 2.00; One Square, Three Months, 5.00; One Square, Six Months, 8.00; One Square, One Year, 15.00; Ten Lines or less, constitute a Square. Yearly Advertisements by Special Contract.

A Rich Speech.

The Homestead Exemption Bill being under consideration in the House of Delegates of Virginia, a few days ago—the House having rejected Mr. Woodson's amendment, and the question being upon adopting Mr. Garnett's substitute—Mr. Hansborough said:

Mr. Speaker, my friend from Essex, [Mr. Garnett] who has just taken his seat, set out by saying that he was not going to make a speech. I am going to make a speech, and if I had half the knowledge that he has, I should probably make as long a speech as he has done, but my little family will soon be exhausted. I have been in debt all my life, and the more property I had the more in debt I always was. But I have been toiling and toiling of late years, grunting and sweating under a weary life to get the money to pay my honest debt. Now at length I see what a monstrous fool I have been. I should have waited for this bill. Addison's Lamp is found at last, and I have left to rub a little and behold in a moment, "in the twinkling of an eye," I am lord of the manor, lord paramount, like Robin Crusoe, I am monarch of all I survey!" I'll play Sir Oracle and strut like an alderman. This bill legislates me into my paternal domains, my "ancestral halls and patrimonial oak." It gives me all my wife's paraphernalia—all the escutcheons, pictorial paintings and armorial bearings of my noble ancestors, whom I can trace back through centuries to King William the Third; they all came once from Germany, and were menials and serfs to the Prince of Orange.

But, Mr. Speaker, enough of myself, I have been the hero of my own tale. My constituents don't want land. They have more land now than they can support, but they are not in debt. They never had credit enough to get in debt. They are a poor but honest people, and, Mr. Speaker, it would have done your heart good to have gone around with me at Christmas time, from house to house among them and seen the stalwart lads and comely lassies dancing blithely to the tunes of "Kiss Me Sweetly" and "Brindle Bull."

[The remarks of Mr. Hansborough were listened to with profound attention, broken only by occasional irrepressible laughter.]

Artificial Limbs.

We call attention to the following important notice: OFFICE OF BOARD OF ARTIFICIAL LIMBS, &c., Richmond, Va., February 13th, 1867. The General Assembly of Virginia, during the present session, have passed an act to furnish artificial limbs to soldiers who have lost limbs during the late war.

A Board of Commissioners has been organized, consisting of the Governor, Auditor of Public Accounts and Dr. F. B. Watkins, to whom has been assigned the duty of executing this act. It is the purpose of the Board to address a circular letter to every man who may wish to enjoy the benefits of this law.—This circular will contain the provisions of the act, and definite instructions to applicants, and should be received by the parties before leaving home.

Persons interested and those who are disposed to aid the Board in carrying out the beneficent purposes of the Legislature in the execution of the act, will please communicate to "Wm. F. Taylor, Esq., Secretary of the Board, Richmond, Va.," the names in full, post-office address, county and character of the amputation of each applicant, who is a citizen of Virginia, and lost his limb during the war.

Editors of all newspapers in the State, clergymen, public officers and others are requested to give this notice circulation. W. F. TAYLOR, Secretary of the Board, F. B. WATKINS, Commissioner.

Mr. Charles Sumner, in the United States Senate, on the 5th instant, surpassed himself, and all competitors for the palm of diabolism. The bankrupt bill was before the Senate, and Mr. Sumner moved an amendment, that no person who could not take the test oath should be allowed to avail himself of the benefits of the bill.

Mr. Fessenden sharply rebuked him, and characterized the amendment as "an odious proposition." Mr. Sumner replied to Mr. Fessenden, and tried to defend himself; but the Senate rejected the proposition by a vote of 30 to 10.





MISCELLANEOUS.

Opera House Dutchman and His Ticket. In Chicago dwells a teutonic vendor of lager beer and pretzels, Brockmeyer by name, general in disposition, immense of stomach, careful of money by nature, unsuspecting at heart, but yet liable to severe excitement at times. When the Opera House drawing came off he remained firm at his post of danger and gracefully handed out glasses of his amber colored beverage, two glasses for ten cents. Persons came and went. Passers by troubled with thirst saw in his beer much to admire and rushed in whose angels feared to tread, drew their wallets, left their stumps, asked their thirst and hurried on, while Brockmeyer's till grew rich in postal.

A man passed that way who was poor—He was a newspaper man, we reckon. He was dry, but had not the keynote to lager in his pocket. He thirsted for beverage—he rushed in like one from Bull Run battle fields and gasped.

"You draw it; you drew it; the Opera House is yours! You are the lucky Dutchman. The crowd at the Opera House is cheering for you!"

"Mein Gott in Himmel; das is so; take some lager beer," and the excited teuton drew a pitcher full, shoved it to the face of the novelist, shouted "Mien Gott; mien Gott; I've drawn the Opera House! drink all the lager beer in this box for I moves dem right away," jumped over a chair, knocked a coal stove endwise and minus hat or coat rushed to the Opera House.

The man quenched his thirst from the pitcher; the crowd outside seeing the teuton running like mad, thought murder most foul had been committed; rushed in, learned the news, shouted to others, the seller of the Dutchman stomp behind the bar and with liberal hand dispensed beer, pretzels, bolognas, cigars, etc., and dispensed with the stamps therefor, till the crowd became so large he was tired out, when he left, and others helped the new comers at the expense of the man who had drawn the Opera House.

But soon Linden saw another sight—his lager rolling rapidly! With a bowl, a yell, a bound and a club there burst in upon the crowd, poor Brockmeyer. And this was his cause of complaint—

"Mio Gott! Gott tam! Clear out your umbels! I no draw notink. Oh you teuton rascal! who preaks mine head with his stick—who make told me 3 dollars—5—7—8—9—10—11—12—13—14—15—16—17—18—19—20—21—22—23—24—25—26—27—28—29—30—31—32—33—34—35—36—37—38—39—40—41—42—43—44—45—46—47—48—49—50—51—52—53—54—55—56—57—58—59—60—61—62—63—64—65—66—67—68—69—70—71—72—73—74—75—76—77—78—79—80—81—82—83—84—85—86—87—88—89—90—91—92—93—94—95—96—97—98—99—100—101—102—103—104—105—106—107—108—109—110—111—112—113—114—115—116—117—118—119—120—121—122—123—124—125—126—127—128—129—130—131—132—133—134—135—136—137—138—139—140—141—142—143—144—145—146—147—148—149—150—151—152—153—154—155—156—157—158—159—160—161—162—163—164—165—166—167—168—169—170—171—172—173—174—175—176—177—178—179—180—181—182—183—184—185—186—187—188—189—190—191—192—193—194—195—196—197—198—199—200—201—202—203—204—205—206—207—208—209—210—211—212—213—214—215—216—217—218—219—220—221—222—223—224—225—226—227—228—229—230—231—232—233—234—235—236—237—238—239—240—241—242—243—244—245—246—247—248—249—250—251—252—253—254—255—256—257—258—259—260—261—262—263—264—265—266—267—268—269—270—271—272—273—274—275—276—277—278—279—280—281—282—283—284—285—286—287—288—289—290—291—292—293—294—295—296—297—298—299—300—301—302—303—304—305—306—307—308—309—310—311—312—313—314—315—316—317—318—319—320—321—322—323—324—325—326—327—328—329—330—331—332—333—334—335—336—337—338—339—340—341—342—343—344—345—346—347—348—349—350—351—352—353—354—355—356—357—358—359—360—361—362—363—364—365—366—367—368—369—370—371—372—373—374—375—376—377—378—379—380—381—382—383—384—385—386—387—388—389—390—391—392—393—394—395—396—397—398—399—400—401—402—403—404—405—406—407—408—409—410—411—412—413—414—415—416—417—418—419—420—421—422—423—424—425—426—427—428—429—430—431—432—433—434—435—436—437—438—439—440—441—442—443—444—445—446—447—448—449—450—451—452—453—454—455—456—457—458—459—460—461—462—463—464—465—466—467—468—469—470—471—472—473—474—475—476—477—478—479—480—481—482—483—484—485—486—487—488—489—490—491—492—493—494—495—496—497—498—499—500—501—502—503—504—505—506—507—508—509—510—511—512—513—514—515—516—517—518—519—520—521—522—523—524—525—526—527—528—529—530—531—532—533—534—535—536—537—538—539—540—541—542—543—544—545—546—547—548—549—550—551—552—553—554—555—556—557—558—559—560—561—562—563—564—565—566—567—568—569—570—571—572—573—574—575—576—577—578—579—580—581—582—583—584—585—586—587—588—589—590—591—592—593—594—595—596—597—598—599—600—601—602—603—604—605—606—607—608—609—610—611—612—613—614—615—616—617—618—619—620—621—622—623—624—625—626—627—628—629—630—631—632—633—634—635—636—637—638—639—640—641—642—643—644—645—646—647—648—649—650—651—652—653—654—655—656—657—658—659—660—661—662—663—664—665—666—667—668—669—670—671—672—673—674—675—676—677—678—679—680—681—682—683—684—685—686—687—688—689—690—691—692—693—694—695—696—697—698—699—700—701—702—703—704—705—706—707—708—709—710—711—712—713—714—715—716—717—718—719—720—721—722—723—724—725—726—727—728—729—730—731—732—733—734—735—736—737—738—739—740—741—742—743—744—745—746—747—748—749—750—751—752—753—754—755—756—757—758—759—760—761—762—763—764—765—766—767—768—769—770—771—772—773—774—775—776—777—778—779—780—781—782—783—784—785—786—787—788—789—790—791—792—793—794—795—796—797—798—799—800—801—802—803—804—805—806—807—808—809—810—811—812—813—814—815—816—817—818—819—820—821—822—823—824—825—826—827—828—829—830—831—832—833—834—835—836—837—838—839—840—841—842—843—844—845—846—847—848—849—850—851—852—853—854—855—856—857—858—859—860—861—862—863—864—865—866—867—868—869—870—871—872—873—874—875—876—877—878—879—880—881—882—883—884—885—886—887—888—889—890—891—892—893—894—895—896—897—898—899—900—901—902—903—904—905—906—907—908—909—910—911—912—913—914—915—916—917—918—919—920—921—922—923—924—925—926—927—928—929—930—931—932—933—934—935—936—937—938—939—940—941—942—943—944—945—946—947—948—949—950—951—952—953—954—955—956—957—958—959—960—961—962—963—964—965—966—967—968—969—970—971—972—973—974—975—976—977—978—979—980—981—982—983—984—985—986—987—988—989—990—991—992—993—994—995—996—997—998—999—1000—1001—1002—1003—1004—1005—1006—1007—1008—1009—1010—1011—1012—1013—1014—1015—1016—1017—1018—1019—1020—1021—1022—1023—1024—1025—1026—1027—1028—1029—1030—1031—1032—1033—1034—1035—1036—1037—1038—1039—1040—1041—1042—1043—1044—1045—1046—1047—1048—1049—1050—1051—1052—1053—1054—1055—1056—1057—1058—1059—1060—1061—1062—1063—1064—1065—1066—1067—1068—1069—1070—1071—1072—1073—1074—1075—1076—1077—1078—1079—1080—1081—1082—1083—1084—1085—1086—1087—1088—1089—1090—1091—1092—1093—1094—1095—1096—1097—1098—1099—1100—1101—1102—1103—1104—1105—1106—1107—1108—1109—1110—1111—1112—1113—1114—1115—1116—1117—1118—1119—1120—1121—1122—1123—1124—1125—1126—1127—1128—1129—1130—1131—1132—1133—1134—1135—1136—1137—1138—1139—1140—1141—1142—1143—1144—1145—1146—1147—1148—1149—1150—1151—1152—1153—1154—1155—1156—1157—1158—1159—1160—1161—1162—1163—1164—1165—1166—1167—1168—1169—1170—1171—1172—1173—1174—1175—1176—1177—1178—1179—1180—1181—1182—1183—1184—1185—1186—1187—1188—1189—1190—1191—1192—1193—1194—1195—1196—1197—1198—1199—1200—1201—1202—1203—1204—1205—1206—1207—1208—1209—1210—1211—1212—1213—1214—1215—1216—1217—1218—1219—1220—1221—1222—1223—1224—1225—1226—1227—1228—1229—1230—1231—1232—1233—1234—1235—1236—1237—1238—1239—1240—1241—1242—1243—1244—1245—1246—1247—1248—1249—1250—1251—1252—1253—1254—1255—1256—1257—1258—1259—1260—1261—1262—1263—1264—1265—1266—1267—1268—1269—1270—1271—1272—1273—1274—1275—1276—1277—1278—1279—1280—1281—1282—1283—1284—1285—1286—1287—1288—1289—1290—1291—1292—1293—1294—1295—1296—1297—1298—1299—1300—1301—1302—1303—1304—1305—1306—1307—1308—1309—1310—1311—1312—1313—1314—1315—1316—1317—1318—1319—1320—1321—1322—1323—1324—1325—1326—1327—1328—1329—1330—1331—1332—1333—1334—1335—1336—1337—1338—1339—1340—1341—1342—1343—1344—1345—1346—1347—1348—1349—1350—1351—1352—1353—1354—1355—1356—1357—1358—1359—1360—1361—1362—1363—1364—1365—1366—1367—1368—1369—1370—1371—1372—1373—1374—1375—1376—1377—1378—1379—1380—1381—1382—1383—1384—1385—1386—1387—1388—1389—1390—1391—1392—1393—1394—1395—1396—1397—1398—1399—1400—1401—1402—1403—1404—1405—1406—1407—1408—1409—1410—1411—1412—1413—1414—1415—1416—1417—1418—1419—1420—1421—1422—1423—1424—1425—1426—1427—1428—1429—1430—1431—1432—1433—1434—1435—1436—1437—1438—1439—1440—1441—1442—1443—1444—1445—1446—1447—1448—1449—1450—1451—1452—1453—1454—1455—1456—1457—1458—1459—1460—1461—1462—1463—1464—1465—1466—1467—1468—1469—1470—1471—1472—1473—1474—1475—1476—1477—1478—1479—1480—1481—1482—1483—1484—1485—1486—1487—1488—1489—1490—1491—1492—1493—1494—1495—1496—1497—1498—1499—1500—1501—1502—1503—1504—1505—1506—1507—1508—1509—1510—1511—1512—1513—1514—1515—1516—1517—1518—1519—1520—1521—1522—1523—1524—1525—1526—1527—1528—1529—1530—1531—1532—1533—1534—1535—1536—1537—1538—1539—1540—1541—1542—1543—1544—1545—1546—1547—1548—1549—1550—1551—1552—1553—1554—1555—1556—1557—1558—1559—1560—1561—1562—1563—1564—1565—1566—1567—1568—1569—1570—1571—1572—1573—1574—1575—1576—1577—1578—1579—1580—1581—1582—1583—1584—1585—1586—1587—1588—1589—1590—1591—1592—1593—1594—1595—1596—1597—1598—1599—1600—1601—1602—1603—1604—1605—1606—1607—1608—1609—1610—1611—1612—1613—1614—1615—1616—1617—1618—1619—1620—1621—1622—1623—1624—1625—1626—1627—1628—1629—1630—1631—1632—1633—1634—1635—1636—1637—1638—1639—1640—1641—1642—1643—1644—1645—1646—1647—1648—1649—1650—1651—1652—1653—1654—1655—1656—1657—1658—1659—1660—1661—1662—1663—1664—1665—1666—1667—1668—1669—1670—1671—1672—1673—1674—1675—1676—1677—1678—1679—1680—1681—1682—1683—1684—1685—1686—1687—1688—1689—1690—1691—1692—1693—1694—1695—1696—1697—1698—1699—1700—1701—1702—1703—1704—1705—1706—1707—1708—1709—1710—1711—1712—1713—1714—1715—1716—1717—1718—1719—1720—1721—1722—1723—1724—1725—1726—1727—1728—1729—1730—1731—1732—1733—1734—1735—1736—1737—1738—1739—1740—1741—1742—1743—1744—1745—1746—1747—1748—1749—1750—1751—1752—1753—1754—1755—1756—1757—1758—1759—1760—1761—1762—1763—1764—1765—1766—1767—1768—1769—1770—1771—1772—1773—1774—1775—1776—1777—1778—1779—1780—1781—1782—1783—1784—1785—1786—1787—1788—1789—1790—1791—1792—1793—1794—1795—1796—1797—1798—1799—1800—1801—1802—1803—1804—1805—1806—1807—1808—1809—1810—1811—1812—1813—1814—1815—1816—1817—1818—1819—1820—1821—1822—1823—1824—1825—1826—1827—1828—1829—1830—1831—1832—1833—1834—1835—1836—1837—1838—1839—1840—1841—1842—1843—1844—1845—1846—1847—1848—1849—1850—1851—1852—1853—1854—1855—1856—1857—1858—1859—1860—1861—1862—1863—1864—1865—1866—1867—1868—1869—1870—1871—1872—1873—1874—1875—1876—1877—1878—1879—1880—1881—1882—1883—1884—1885—1886—1887—1888—1889—1890—1891—1892—1893—1894—1895—1896—1897—1898—1899—1900—1901—1902—1903—1904—1905—1906—1907—1908—1909—1910—1911—1912—1913—1914—1915—1916—1917—1918—1919—1920—1921—1922—1923—1924—1925—1926—1927—1928—1929—1930—1931—1932—1933—1934—1935—1936—1937—1938—1939—1940—1941—1942—1943—1944—1945—1946—1947—1948—1949—1950—1951—1952—1953—1954—1955—1956—1957—1958—1959—1960—1961—1962—1963—1964—1965—1966—1967—1968—1969—1970—1971—1972—1973—1974—1975—1976—1977—1978—1979—1980—1981—1982—1983—1984—1985—1986—1987—1988—1989—1990—1991—1992—1993—1994—1995—1996—1997—1998—1999—2000—2001—2002—2003—2004—2005—2006—2007—2008—2009—2010—2011—2012—2013—2014—2015—2016—2017—2018—2019—2020—2021—2022—2023—2024—2025—2026—2027—2028—2029—2030—2031—2032—2033—2034—2035—2036—2037—2038—2039—2040—2041—2042—2043—2044—2045—2046—2047—2048—2049—2050—2051—2052—2053—2054—2055—2056—2057—2058—2059—2060—2061—2062—2063—2064—2065—2066—2067—2068—2069—2070—2071—2072—2073—2074—2075—2076—2077—2078—2079—2080—2081—2082—2083—2084—2085—2086—2087—2088—2089—2090—2091—2092—2093—2094—2095—2096—2097—2098—2099—2100—2101—2102—2103—2104—2105—2106—2107—2108—2109—2110—2111—2112—2113—2114—2115—2116—2117—2118—2119—2120—2121—2122—2123—2124—2125—2126—2127—2128—2129—2130—2131—2132—2133—2134—2135—2136—2137—2138—2139—2140—2141—2142—2143—2144—2145—2146—2147—2148—2149—2150—2151—2152—2153—2154—2155—2156—2157—2158—2159—2160—2161—2162—2163—2164—2165—2166—2167—2168—2169—2170—2171—2172—2173—2174—2175—2176—2177—2178—2179—2180—2181—2182—2183—2184—2185—2186—2187—2188—2189—2190—2191—2192—2193—2194—2195—2196—2197—2198—2199—2200—2201—2202—2203—2204—2205—2206—2207—2208—2209—2210—2211—2212—2213—2214—2215—2216—2217—2218—2219—2220—2221—2222—2223—2224—2225—2226—2227—2228—2229—2230—2231—2232—2233—2234—2235—2236—2237—2238—2239—2240—2241—2242—2243—2244—2245—2246—2247—2248—2249—2250—2251—2252—2253—2254—2255—2256—2257—2258—2259—2260—2261—2262—2263—2264—2265—2266—2267—2268—2269—2270—2271—2272—2273—2274—2275—2276—2277—2278—2279—2280—2281—2282—2283—2284—2285—2286—2287—2288—2289—2290—2291—2292—2293—2294—2295—2296—2297—2298—2299—2300—2301—2302—2303—2304—2305—2306—2307—2308—2309—2310—2311—2312—2313—2314—2315—2316—2317—2318—2319—2320—2321—2322—2323—2324—2325—2326—2327—2328—2329—2330—2331—2332—2333—2334—2335—2336—2337—2338—2339—2340—2341—2342—2343—2344—2345—2346—2347—2348—2349—2350—2351—2352—2353—2354—2355—2356—2357—2358—2359—2360—2361—2362—2363—2364—2365—2366—2367—2368—2369—2370—2371—2372—2373—2374—2375—2376—2377—2378—2379—2380—2381—2382—2383—2384—2385—2386—2387—2388—2389—2390—2391—2392—2393—2394—2395—2396—2397—2398—2399—2400—2401—2402—2403—2404—2405—2406—2407—2408—2409—2410—2411—2412—2413—2414—2415—2416—2417—2418—2419—2420—2421—2422—2423—2424—2425—2426—2427—2428—2429—2430—2431—2432—2433—2434—2435—2436—2437—2438—2439—2440—2441—2442—2443—2444—2445—2446—2447—2448—2449—2450—2451—2452—2453—2454—2455—2456—2457—2458—2459—2460—2461—2462—2463—2464—2465—2466—2467—2468—2469—2470—2471—2472—2473—2474—2475—2476—2477—2478—2479—2480—2481—2482—2483—2484—2485—2486—2487—2488—2489—2490—2491—2492—2493—2494—2495—2496—2497—2498—2499—2500—2501—2502—2503—2504—2505—2506—2507—2508—2509—2510—2511—2512—2513—2514—2515—2516—2517—2518—2519—2520—2521—2522—2523—2524—2525—2526—2527—2528—2529—2530—2531—2532—2533—2534—2535—2536—2537—2538—2539—2540—2541—2542—2543—2544—25