

Galveston Free Press

EDGEFIELD, S. C., MAY 23, 1866.

VOLUME XXI.—No. 21.

BY DURISOE, KEESE & CO.

CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY

SMITH & JONES
EDGEFIELD, S. C.

THE Subscribers respectfully announce that they are now prepared to do all work in the COACH MAKING and REPAIRING BUSINESS that may be entrusted to them, in a workmanlike manner, and with neatness and dispatch.

We have on hand a few CARRIAGES and superior BUGGIES, of our own manufacture, which we will sell low.

All kinds of REPAIRING done promptly and warranted to give satisfaction.

As we sell ONLY FOR CASH, our prices are unusually reasonable. All we ask is a trial.

SMITH & JONES.

Mar 7

FISK'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES

THE Subscriber has just received an assortment of these beautiful Rosewood finish METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS—Air-tight and indestructible—for protecting and preserving the Dead—which will sell at but a moderate advance on original cost and transportation. Whenever introduced these Cases have had preference over all others.

Orders promptly filled. Terms, of course, strictly cash. J. M. WITT, Edgefield, Mar 13

AND CASKETS!

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Orders promptly filled. Terms, of course, strictly cash. J. M. WITT, Edgefield, Mar 13

SALE AND LIVERY STABLES!

I. N. TEAGUE, EDGEFIELD, S. C.

HAS leased the Whitaker Stables for the purpose of conducting a general SALE AND LIVERY STABLE BUSINESS.

HORSES left in his charge will receive the best attention.

BUGGIES, CARRIAGES and HACKS, and good gentle HORSES, to hire whenever called for.

DROVERS will find ample accommodation at my Stables.

Terms reasonable. Feb 14

UNDERWRITER'S AGENCY,

THE Subscriber having been appointed Agent of the

GERMANIA, HANOVER, NIAGARA & REPUBLIC FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES

Of New York, the aggregate Cash Assets of which is NEAR THREE MILLIONS OF DOLLARS—is prepared to take risks against loss of damage by Fire on liberal terms.

Z. W. CARWILE, Agent. Feb 13

Fresh Arrivals

FROM

New York!

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED FROM NEW YORK A LARGE AND WELL SELECTED STOCK OF

DRUGS, MEDICINES,

AND FANCY ARTICLES,

WHICH WILL BE SOLD AT

The Very Lowest Living Prices!

Physicians' bills filled at Augusta prices. Call and try us.

TEAGUE & CARWILE. Apr 23

Spring and Summer GOODS!

THE Subscriber is now receiving his Stock of SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS direct from Charleston, consisting of

CALICOES, MUSLINS, GINGHAMS,

COTTONADES, STRIPES, BROWN AND PLANTER'S LINEN,

SHIRTINGS, SHEETINGS, LONG CLOTHS,

BED TICK, &c. Ladies, Misses and Men's HATS AND BONNETS;

Ribbons, Flowers, Wreaths, Plumes, Gloves, Vels, Hosiery,

LADIES, MISSES, MEN AND CHILDREN'S BOOTS AND SHOES,

GROCERIES, HARDWARE, CROCKERY,

SADDLES, BRIDLES, GIRTHS, SURCINGLES, &c.

With many other articles too tedious to mention, which will be sold at the lowest market price for CASH ONLY.

B. C. BRYAN, Agent. Mar 21

B. SMITH & CO.

New Store

We are Coming.

"We are coming, gently coming,
Said the snow-flake at its birth,
Coming down to clothe with softness
And with beauty all the earth;
For it seems to have and dreary,
Of it every eye must weary;
So we hasten at the bidding
Of the Holy One on high."

"We are coming, softly coming,
Said the mild caressing rain,
Many months ago we left the earth,
But come we now again;
Very soon shall gladdden mortals,
Choice buds from spring's gay portals,
For we hasten at the bidding
Of the Holy One on high."

"We are coming, softly coming,
Said the rays of fiery blue,
To arouse the hidden seedlings,
Bring the wealth of earth to view;
Birds and blossoms, bright in beauty,
All encourage us to duty,
As we hasten at the bidding
Of the Holy One on high."

"We are coming, hear us coming,"
Said the breezes of the wood,
To revive exhausted nature,
Bless the wicked and the good.
Now we cool the waters flowing,
Now we fan the cattle lowing,
As we hasten at the bidding
Of the Holy One on high."

"We are coming, see us coming,"
Said the grass, the fruit, the grain,
"Sun has warmed, and rain has strengthened,
Breezes blown, and not in vain;
Look for land, or sea, or river,
From the gifts to bless the giver,
We are hastening at the bidding
Of the Holy One on High."

MARY MOORE.

A PLEASANT LOVE STORY.

CHAPTER I.

All my life long I had known Mary Moore. All my life I loved her. Our mothers were old playmates and first cousins. My first recollection is of a boy, in a red frock and moccasin shoes, rocking a cradle in which reposed a sunny-haired, blue-eyed baby, not quite a year old. That boy was my father—Harry Church; that blue-eyed baby was Mary Moore.

Later still, I see myself at the little school house, drawing my little chair up to the desk, that Mary might ride close. Many a beating have I gained on such occasions, for other boys besides me liked her, and she, I fear, was something of a flirt, even in her pinafore. How elegantly she came tripping down the steps when I called her name! How sweetly her blue eyes looked up at me! How gaily rang out her merry laugh! That fairy laugh! No one but Mary could ever bring her heart so soon to her lips! I followed that laugh from my days of childhood till I grew an awkward, blushing youth—I followed it through the heated noon of manhood—and now, when the hair of my head is turning grey, and my children's children are busy knees and call me "father," I find that the memories of youth are strong, and that, even in grey hairs, I am following its music still.

When I was fifteen the first great sorrow of my life came upon my heart. I was sent to school, and was obliged to part with Mary. We were not to see each other for three long years. This, to me, was a sentence of death. For Mary was like life itself to me. But hearts are tough things after all. I left college in all the flush and vigor of my nineteenth year. I was no longer awkward and embarrassed. I had grown into a tall slender tripping, with a very good opinion of myself, both in general and particular. If I thought of Mary Moore, it was to imagine how I would dazzle and bewilder her with my good looks and wonderful attainments—never thinking that she might dazzle and bewilder me still more. I was a cocksnob, I know; but as youth and good looks have fled, I trust I may be believed when I say that self conceit has left me also.

An advantageous proposal was made to me at that time, and, accepting it, I gave up all idea of profession and I prepared to go to the Indies. In my hurried visit home of two days I saw nothing of Mary Moore. She had gone to a boarding school at some distance, and was not expected home till the following week. I uttered one sigh to the memory of my little blue-eyed playmate, and then called myself "a man again."

"In a year," I thought, as the vehicle whirled away from our door—"in a year, or three years at the very most, I will return, and if Mary is as pretty as she used to be, why then, perhaps, I may marry her."

And thus I settled the future of a young lady whom I had not seen for four years. I never thought of the possibility of her refusing me—never dreamed that she would not condescend to accept my offer.

But now I know that had Mary met me then she would have despised me. Perhaps in the scented and affected student she would have found plenty of sport; but as for loving her, or feeling the slightest interest in me, I should have been a waste of space. I had no success, but because my labors in industry had counteracted the evil in my nature and made me a better man. When at the end of three years I prepared to return, I said nothing of the reformation in myself which I knew had taken place.

"They loved me as I was," I murmured to myself, "and they shall find it so for me." I packed up my money, and for the friends I hoped to meet. The gift for Mary Moore I selected with a beating heart; it was a ring of rough, virgin gold, with my name and her engraved inside—that was all, and yet the sight of the little toy strangely thrilled me as I balanced it upon the tip of my finger.

To the eyes of others it was but a small, plain circlet, suggesting thoughts, perhaps, of its elegance, of the beautiful white hand that was to wear it. But to me—how much was embodied there—how words of welcome—a future life—a sweet smiling face—all these things were hidden within that little ring of gold!

CHAPTER II.

Tall, beset and sun-bronzed, I have knocked at the door of my father's house. The lights in the parlor windows and the hum of conversation and cheerful laughter showed me that company were assembled there. I hoped my sister Lizzie would come to the door, and that I might greet my family when no strange eye was looking curiously on.

But no one servant answered my summons. They were too merry to be asked for admittance. A bitter thought like this was passing through my mind, as I heard the sounds from the parlor, and saw the half-suppressed smile upon the servant's face.

I hesitated for a moment before I made myself known or asked after the family. And while I stood silent, a strange apparition grew up before me. From behind the servant's door a small golden beam—a tiny, delicate form followed, and a sweet, childish face, with blue eyes was lifted up to mine—so like

to those of one who had brightened my boyhood, that I started back with a sudden feeling of pain.

"What is your name, my little one?" I asked, while the wondering servant held the door.

"She lifted up her hands as if to shade her eyes, I had seen that very attitude in another in my boyhood, many and many a time, and answered in a sweet, bird-like voice:

"Mary Moore."

"And what else?" I asked quickly.

"Mary Moore Chester?" lisped the child. My heart sank down like lead. Here was an end to all the bright dreams and hopes of my youth and manhood. Frank Chester, my boyhood friend, who had often tried and tried to usurp my place beside the girl, had succeeded at last, and had won her away from me! This was the child—his child and Mary's!

I sank, body and soul, beneath this blow. And hiding my face in my hands, I leaned against the door, while my heart wept tears of blood. The little one gazed at me, grieved and amazed, and put up her pretty lips as if about to cry, while the perplexed servant stepped to the parlor door and called my sister out, to see who it was that conducted himself so strangely.

I heard a light step, and a pleasant voice saying:

"Did you wish to see my father, sir?" I looked up. There stood a pretty, sweet-faced maiden of twenty, not much changed from the dear little sister I had loved so well. I looked at her for a moment, and the stilling of the heart of my heart by a mighty effort I opened my arms and said:

"Lizzie, don't you know me?"

"Harry! Oh, my brother Harry!" she cried, and threw herself upon my breast. She wept as if her heart would break.

I could not weep. I drew her gently into the lighted parlor, and stood with her before them all.

There was a rush and a cry of joy, and then my father and mother springing towards me, and welcoming me home with heartfelt tears! Oh, strange and passing sweets such a greeting to the way-worn wanderer! And as I held my dear old mother to my heart, and grasped my father's hand, while Lizzie still clung beside me, I felt that all was not yet lost, and though another had secured life's choicest blessing, many a joy remained for me in this dear, sunny home.

There were four other inmates of the room who had risen on my sudden entrance. One was the blue-eyed child whom I had already seen, and who now stood beside Frank Chester, clinging to his hand. Near by stood Lizzie Moore, Mary's eldest sister, and in a distant corner, to which she had hurriedly retreated when my name was spoken, stood a tall and slender figure, half hidden by the heavy window curtain, and who had been over Lizzie led me forward with a timid grace, and Frank Chester grasped my hand.

"Welcome home my boy!" he said with the loud cheerful tones I remembered so well. "You have changed so that I can't well have known you; but no matter for that—your heart is in the right place, I know."

"How can you say he is changed?" said my mother, gaily. "To be sure, he looks older, and grayer, and more like a man, than when he went away—but his eyes and smile are the same as ever. It is a heavy heart that changes his face, but his heart is still the same."

"My mother," I answered, sadly, "I am your boy still!"

Heaven help me! At that moment I felt like a boy, and it would have been a blessed relief to have wept upon her bosom, as I had done in my childhood. But I kept down the beating of my heart and the tremor of my lip, and answered quietly, as I looked in his full handsome face.

"You have changed too, Frank, but I think for the better."

"Oh, yes—I thank you for that compliment," he answered with a hearty laugh. "My wife tells me I grow handsomer every day."

His wife said I hear that name and I shudder. "And have you seen my little girl?" he asked, lifting the infant in his arms, and kissing her crimson cheek. "I tell you, Harry, there is not such another in the world. Don't you think she looks very much like her mother?"

"Very much so," I faltered.

"Hullo!" cried Frank, with a suddenness that made me start violently, "I have forgotten to introduce you to my wife; I believe you and she used to be playmates in your young days—yes Harry!" and he slapped me on the back. "For the sake of old times and because you were not here at the wedding, I'll give you leave to kiss her once—'till mind old fellow, you are never to repeat the ceremony. Come—here she is, and I for once want to see how you will manage those ferocious mustaches of yours in the operation."

He pushed Lizzie laughing and blushing towards me. A gleam of light and hope, almost too dazzling to bear, came over me, and I cried out before I thought:

"Not Mary!"

It was a heavy blow to my heart to find every one in the room. But nothing was said—except Frank, in his usual obtuse way, was this time silent. I kissed the fair cheek of the young wife, and carried to the silent figure looking up of the window.

"Mary—Mary Moore," I said in a low, eager voice, "have you to welcome to give the wanderer?"

She turned and laid her hand in mine, and murmured hurriedly:

"I am glad to see you here, Harry."

"Simple words—and yet how blest they made me! I would not have yielded up that moment for an emperor's crown! For there was the happy home group, and the dear home friends, these sweet Mary Moore! The eyes I had dreamed of by day and night were falling before the ardent gaze of mine, and the sweet face I had so long prayed to see was there before me! I never knew the meaning of happiness till that moment came."

Many years have passed since that happy night, and the hair that was dark and glossy then, is fast turning grey. I am now growing to be an old man, and can look back to a long, happy, and a well spent life. And yet, sweet as his has been, I would not recall a single day, for the love that made my manhood so bright, shines also upon my white hairs.

An old man! Can this be so? At heart I am as young as ever. And Mary, with her bright hair parted smoothly from a brow that has a slight furrow upon it, is still the Mary of early days. To me, so can never grow old, or change. The heart that held her in infancy, and sheltered her in the lush and beauty of womanhood, can never cast her out till life shall cease to warm it. Nor even then—for love still lives above.

As an interesting sequel to a Hasty Divorce—A correspondent of the *Valley Drive* writes from "The Indiana Prairie," April 30, relates the following:

"In Sullivan County, a young married pair, who had been united in the bonds of wedlock about six years, having become somewhat mutually disagreeable of late, the husband, in his anger, hastened to a lawyer, and took steps to obtain a divorce from his wife. One day he came home, and he had fulfilled and said to her, 'Betsey, I have fulfilled your wish, you said you wished you were your wife's father-in-law. Here is the decree of divorce.' His wife was at first surprised, but far too indignant to betray any emotion. She said she was ready to leave. She only needed

to pack up her goods." She wished he would be present to see that she took nothing except what was her own. He stepped into the adjoining room, where the bureau and clothes press were. The wife proceeded in silence to take out the clothes, when suddenly her eyes fell upon a small dress, and quite overcome, she broke out in convulsive weeping. The husband, hitherto an indifferent observer, remarked her emotion, and discovered the cause. It was the dress of their only child, a little daughter of three years, who had died about two years ago. The husband was less affected by the sight than his wife. He embraced her with emotion, begged her pardon again and again, and the desire of divorce into a thousand pieces, hastened to the Clerk's office, took out a new marriage license, and was married immediately to his late wife."

Education of the Negro.

The necessity of educating the negro is not to be questioned. His position as a freeman, and the honor of our country, no longer subject to our own demands. It will be but a useless and troublesome member of society in his present state of ignorance. That ignorance was harmless, perhaps beneficial while he was a slave, and while his life and conduct was controlled by another and a superior intellect and morality. But it must be the source of manifold and multiform evil, now that the ignorant man is master of himself.

The necessity of educating the negro being considered, it becomes a matter of vital interest to us who is to be his teacher. He is a countryman of our own; a child of our own soil and climate; he thrives here in such a manner as to seem an indigenous product of the South; his home and his associations are here; he understands the peculiar culture of the region, and is himself, so peculiarly adapted to that culture, that in many sections he alone can carry it on without mortal injury to health. He is without doubt, he is destined to live, his lot is cast with ours for good and ill; past connections enable us to understand better than any body else his character and wants; and though extraneous influences have lately introduced some suspicion between ourselves and him, that suspicion has already almost passed away, and he is again assuming a just and natural confidence in his old friends.

It is plain that we are formed to be his protecting ally; it is plain that our interests and he are identical; he begins to recognize that fact and to see that after all, our affection for and sympathy with him, are of a more genuine and permanent character than he can elsewhere obtain.

Such being the ties between us, it is evident that we alone ought to undertake the negro's education. It will be both for his advantage and our own that we should do so. We shall teach him better because we know him better than his Northern school-masters; and we shall give him just that sort of training, and just that sort of direction which the present relations of the races demand. Yankee lessons serve but to fill his mind with pernicious ideas, and to make him ambitious beyond his capacity and sphere; our lessons will render him a useful, contented, and truly intelligent man.

We must not leave this topic to others. It is foolish to be blind to the progress of events, and to shut our eyes to the fact that the once humble and unreflexing slave is now a man with aspirations and awakened hopes. These aspirations and these hopes it is within our power to control within proper limits, if we surround him with the conservative influences of Southern thought.—Columbia Carolinian.

NEW ENGLANDERS POCKETING SLAVES.

Hon. Isaac Davies, of Worcester, Mass., some ten years ago, sat one day at an Abolition meeting, in that fiery little town. The speaker was earnest in denouncing the sin of slavery, of making merchandise of men, and of receiving the gain of such a trade; these practices were an abhorrence to them. Mr. Davies arose, and said, "I am a man of free principles, and who were directors and stockholders in a certain bank in town, and read them a letter from a lawyer in Charleston, S. C., who had recovered a judgment there for a sum of money due to the bank. The letter went on to state that they had seized, in execution upon this judgment, the slaves of a certain plantation, and that they were to be sold to the highest bidder. These directors and stockholders were thus, to the extent of their interest in the bank, the owners of the slaves; the negroes were to be sold at their order, and the proceeds would be paid over to them. He then pleaded with them to come forward and give up each his share of the claim, that some, at least, of these negroes might be saved from separation. But, true might be the sentiment, it was not the fact. The old Massachusetts institution, which these honorable gentlemen could not be indulged in without affecting their pockets, the meeting subsided.

On Tuesday, in the Senate, a petition was presented by Mr. Tuckerman for the appropriation of the sum of \$50,000 for the education of the colored people of the State of Louisiana, and placed it in the hands of Mr. Lincoln. In April, 1863, Messrs. Paul S. Forbes and Charles K. Tuckerman made a contract with Secretary Usher for the deportation of such colored men as they could find, to the island of St. Helena, for the purpose of colonization, and placed it in the hands of Mr. Lincoln. In April, 1863, Messrs. Paul S. Forbes and Charles K. Tuckerman made a contract with Secretary Usher for the deportation of such colored men as they could find, to the island of St. Helena, for the purpose of colonization, and placed it in the hands of Mr. Lincoln. In April, 1863, Messrs. Paul S. Forbes and Charles K. Tuckerman made a contract with Secretary Usher for the deportation of such colored men as they could find, to the island of St. Helena, for the purpose of colonization, and placed it in the hands of Mr. Lincoln.

The Richmond Times makes the following singular appeal in behalf of the Confederate dead: It is not without reason: But if the United States, while collecting the bones of its soldiers, should also gather and honor, in some appropriate way, the dust of our fallen heroes, how grateful it would be to our feelings. An act like that would confer the Government with more glory than did the victories of its vast and countless hosts. It would bring tears to the eyes and loyalty to the hearts of the widows and orphans of the South, and it would be felt and deeply appreciated by our whole people. The grand and the magnanimity of such a deed would cause the world to resound with applause, and no nation would ever better deserve praise and glory for such an action. Here, then, is a way to let the hearts of North and South beat once more in unison. Let this great Government show that its vengeance does not extend beyond life, and the children after they are dead, even though it considered them in error while living; that after death it no longer regarded them as enemies and "rebels," but as Paladins and Bannets of noble valor. Peace has been made with the living—why not with the dead? And if the bones of Union soldiers are to be collected, why not render the same sad office to those who fell by their hands? Shall the remains of their own men, cast away like the bones of ours, if by mistake they have gathered up? The most callous and vindictive would not willingly do so.

The foregoing suggestion is in harmony with the following remarks of the *Chicago Times*:

It is to be hoped that one of the lessons the future will learn from the late war is that this nation is possessed of an impregnable unity. This is all that needs to be learned. In fighting the South, we fought not to perpetuate hostility, but to ally it. We labored to secure more in places of less obedience. Our fighting will have been vain if all the hatred and mutual misunderstanding of the war are perpetuated.

Therefore, the sooner we adapt ourselves to a substantial unity of feeling, the sooner the war will be over. Shall the main object of the war be the main object of the war? Shall the end be the end of the war? To attain this end, we must as speedily as possible drop the name of "traitor." We must recognize to the full the gallantry and purity of those who fought. The bad men on both sides must be consigned to oblivion, and the good men embalmed in the memory of the people and preserved as the common property of the nation. The untried for and disgraced malignity of radicals may delay, but it cannot wholly prevent, the coming of a time when in the memories of Grant and Lee, Sherman and Johnston, Sheridan and Stuart, will be regarded as the property of all the people of this nation. We venture the prediction that the time will come when, if there be any ill-feeling in regard to Stonewall Jackson, it will be one of envy on the part of the North that she did not give birth to this illustrious man.

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If We Knew.

If we knew the cares and crosses
Crowding round our neighbor's way,
If we knew the little losses
Sorely grieved us, day by day,
Would we then so often chide him
For his lack of thrift and gain,
Leaving on his heart a shadow,
Leaving on his life a stain?

If we knew the clouds above us
Held but gentle blessings there,
Would we turn away all trembling
In our blind and weak despair?
Would we shrink from little shadows
Lying on the dewy grass,
While 'tis only birds of Eden
Just in merry flying past?

If we knew the silent story,
Quivering through the heart of pain,
Would our manhood dare to doom them
Back to haunts of guilt again?
Life has many a tangled crossing,
Joy hath many a break of woe,
And the cheek tear-stained is whitest—
This the blessed angels know.

Let us reach into our bosoms
For the key to other's lives,
And with love toward erring nature
Cherish good that still survives;
So that when our diabolic spirits
Soar to realms of light again,
We may say "Dear Father, judge us
As we judged our fellow men."

Death Warrant of Christ.

The Courier des Etats Unis, of 41 date date, says: Chance has put into our hands the most imposing and interesting judicial document in human annals; that is the identical death warrant of our Lord Jesus Christ. We transcribe the document from a copy of the translation:

SENTENCE.
Rendered by Pontius Pilate, acting Governor of Lower Galilee, that Jesus of Nazareth, Shall Suffer Death on the Cross.

In the year seventeen of the Empire of Tiberius Cæsar, and the 4th of March, the city of the holy Jerusalem; Ananias and Caiaphas being priests, sacrificers of the people of God, I, Pontius Pilate, Governor of the province, condemn Jesus of Nazareth to die on the cross between two thieves—the great and notorious evidence of the people saying—

1. He is a seducer.
2. He is seditious.
3. He is the enemy of the law.
4. He calls himself, falsely, the son of God.
5. He calls himself King of Israel.
6. He entered into the temple, followed by a multitude bearing palm branches in their hands.
Order the centurion, Quintus Cornelius, to lead him to the place of execution.

Forbid any person, whomsoever, poor or rich to oppose the death of Jesus.
The witnesses that signed the death of Jesus are—
1. Daniel Robani, a Pharisee.
2. Janna Honorable.
3. Capet, a citizen.
Jesus shall go out of the city by the gate "Strenuous."
The above sentences are engraved on a copper plate. On one side is written these words: "A faithful witness to the death of Jesus."

It was found in an antique vase of white marble, while excavating in the city of Aquila, in the Kingdom of Naples, in the year 1835, and was discovered by the Commissary of Arts, attached to the French army. At the expedition of Naples it was found enclosed in a box of ebony, in the society of Cauret.

The French translation was made by the members of the Commission of Arts. The children requested earnestly that the plate might not be taken away from them. The request was granted, as a reward for the army. Mr. Denon, one of the savans, caused a plate to be made of the model, on which he had engraved the above sentence. At the sale of his collection of curiosities, it was bought by Lord Howard for 5,854 francs.

The Confederate Dead.

The Richmond Times makes the following singular appeal in behalf of the Confederate dead: It is not without reason: But if the United States, while collecting the bones of its soldiers, should also gather and honor, in some appropriate way, the dust of our fallen heroes, how grateful it would be to our feelings. An act like that would confer the Government with more glory than did the victories of its vast and countless hosts. It would bring tears to the eyes and loyalty to the hearts of the widows and orphans of the South, and it would be felt and deeply appreciated by our whole people. The grand and the magnanimity of such a deed would cause the world to resound with applause, and no nation would ever better deserve praise and glory for such an action. Here, then, is a way to let the hearts of North and South beat once more in unison. Let this great Government show that its vengeance does not extend beyond life, and the children after they are dead, even though it considered them in error while living; that after death it no longer regarded them as enemies and "rebels," but as Paladins and Bannets of noble valor. Peace has been made with the living—why not with the dead? And if the bones of Union soldiers are to be collected, why not render the same sad office to those who fell by their hands? Shall the remains of their own men, cast away like the bones of ours, if by mistake they have gathered up? The most callous and vindictive would not willingly do so.

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