

HOW THE CLOUDS OF TIME LOVE RUMINATE.

A cold, easterly wind, laden with a sharp and pungent rain, raged about the villa on Thorey's Point. In spite of the comfortable fire, the warm exposure, the double windows, and the excellent construction of the building a damp and dreary atmosphere pervaded it. As dusk fell, the long parlors became intolerable. Their features assumed ghostly forms in the mysterious half-light, and my mind shapes neared starting every moment from the curtains and curtains.

Now was the rest of the house one whit more cheerful. The spacious bed-chambers were chilly and moist, and cold currents swept the halls and entries, mounting at every keyhole like the ghost of the masters whom, one could but think, that fearful storm had wracked.

Perhaps the corner chamber over the fine drawing-room, was the moodiest, dreariest of all. There, on the wide and luxuriously bed, lay Squint Thorey, owner of the villa and estate, rich and influential, respected, honored and loved; but now in the clutch of that awful malady which claims our allegiance one day, whether we will or no, and hounds at the houses and lands, our wealth and influence, our respect, honor and love alike!

Mark Thorey, the old Squire's only son, a well-grown and comely young fellow, of two and twenty, knelt beside his father's couch, praying and sobbing inconsolably.

"Take comfort, boy," whispered the old gentleman; "I am going—I am going to meet your mother, Mark. Be true to yourself, boy—be true to others—never do that which you would not have known—I give you my hand—here I am bold—God bless you!"

That was all.

The wind roared and wailed about the mansion, and the whirling, driving rain beat upon the roof and window, but neither Squint Thorey nor his son took heed.

The out-lying cold and gloomous in the embrace of death and the other's passionate grief burned out all his greater scenes.

After the funeral, the house seemed the desolate place that only a country home can seem after death has visited it. Every room had its especial phantom, day or night, and young Thorey, being of the dreamy, imaginative sort, felt that he should soon become insane if he remained there.

Each object that met his eye recalled his great bereavement, and to open afresh the wounds that would not heal—life seemed already exhausted to his grief-jaded vision. The love he had borne his father was peculiarly intense, and while he thought only of the tendering of that love, he could see nothing bright in the future or worthy in the present. "Let me live in solitude and peace," he said; "there is, after all, more enjoyment in apathy than in activity. I will henceforth be a hermit."

In the halcyon days when his father had been his constant companion in study and in recreation—for they were more like two college friends than like father and son—they had built a sort of summer-house on the farthest end of the Point, aided by the remains of an ancient lime-kiln that stood there. A strata of limestone, cropping out above the water, produced this point, and the former owner had quarried it pretty extensively, burning it into lime in this kiln, and shipping it from a rough pier close at hand.

The pier had long since been washed away, but the walls of the kiln were stout; and as the graceful woodbine had covered the ruin, making it a picturesque and pretty feature in the view, Squint Thorey allowed it to remain.

A rough roof, a floor and some benches made it a convenient shooting-box in the wild-duck season, and a pleasant place to take a book and a cigar too for a cool hour on a hot day.

"The kiln," said Mark, "shall be my hermitage, and there, in a simple and studious life, I will forget both myself and the world."

Assisted by a mason and carpenter, the young man soon contrived to make his hermitage quite an agreeable habitation.

The floor was stoned, the window glazed, a rustic porch built over the narrow door, a fireplace, pantry, book-shelves, writing-desk, etc., put up inside, and with a few articles of furniture from the villa, the kiln assumed a really cheerful air of comfort. Here the self-appointed recluse took up his abode. The plain and simple food he required he either prepared for himself or had brought him from a neighboring farm house. His days were passed in reading, writing and meditation, with an occasional walk for exercise. When more amusement was wanted he caught fish, dropping his line from the window of his cell, which directly overlooked the water—or made sketches of the scenery about. An incident, aimless life, and one which most of necessity becomes terribly enervating sooner or later, to a cultivated and intelligent man. But it was good for Mark in his then condition. There is nothing like outward calm to soothe a mind itself—if it had nothing to pray upon, and Mark found, in a few months, that his first agony had relapsed into a softened regret. He no longer felt horns in contemplating his loss—but found, indeed, a positive pleasure in recalling the happy hours he had passed with his father on the Point, in the woods, or upon the bay, where ever restless waters washed the Thorey estate.

The villa was advertised to let, and soon found a tenant. Mrs. Brydon, a widow lady, whose husband had met his death in Florida, while acting in the capacity of major in the regular army, holding benefit &c much induced him to keep up her fashionable residence in the city, because the occupant of the deserted house, and

lived there with her only daughter, almost as secluded as Mark in his kiln.

The young man had judged, from Mrs. Brydon's hasty and somewhat mannered talk, that she was not the person to distract his mind by invitations to card parties, tea-drinkings and other pretentious festivities before he submitted to let her sleep in the villa. She, too, had seen that he was a little likely to intrude himself upon her before she consented to become his tenant; and under these auspices the relation was remarkably well sustained, as they never met, except on quarter day, when the stately form and black, piercing eye of the widow appeared in the harbor for half an hour, with wonderful punctuality. The rest paid—always in gold—and the receipts signed, the young man invariably invited his tenant to take a bouquet and a glass of sherry, which he invariably accepted. In a rude cellar, hollowed out of the rock beneath the floor, Mark kept a small supply of excellent wine—a part of the stock left by the late Squire, who had been a connoisseur—Thence he produced a bottle of golden sherry, filled two glasses, and the stereotyped conversation—all be ever held with his tenant—resumed.

"Do you find the house comfortable, Madame?"

"Very comfortable, I thank you, Sir." "Whatever repairs or alterations you may desire I beg you will attend to. The expense incurred may be deducted from the rent."

"Thank you, Sir. You are very kind."

"Not at all."

"The weather has been quite favorable since I saw you."

"Quite. Has your health been good?"

"Very good, thank you."

"And your daughter?"

"She is well I thank you, Sir. Good morning."

"Good morning, Madame." Once every three months, on the first day of each month, this dialogue was held during the consumption of the wine. Not a word, more or less was ever spoken, the only variation being in the widow's remarks about the weather. These, of course, were made to suit the facts. Then for three months more the same new nothingness of each other.

It was on a charming morning in September, a little more than two years after Mark had begun his hermit-life, that he arose late, after his custom—for he was not without some luxurious habits still—and glancing out of his vice-embowered window, saw that the bay was smooth as glass, the sunshine warm, the sky blue, with here and there a fiery cloud, and the woods along shore beginning to assume their autumnal garb of russet, gold, and crimson.

"To me a day to be enjoyed within four walls," said he; "men have a good long stroll down the beach. I'll make a sketch of the light on Gull Rock, in water colors, to-day."

After catching a fine fat sea bass from beneath his window, and biling it artistically, the young man breakfasted, and equipped himself for a walk. He sat out at a leisurely pace—for Gull Rock was seven miles away—and as he strolled down the beach, lingering here and there to examine some curious shell, or seaweed, or a piece of drift.

The day grew warm, and the walk was a long one, but Mark was repaid by the beauty of the view when he arrived. The tall white lighthouse, with its apex painted black stood boldly out against the sky, now mottled with cloudy clouds. The little building occupied by the light-keeper and his men were picturesque enough, with their green blinds and red roofs, and a group of stunted, storm-swayed cedar trees a cooling mass of dark green to relieve the brilliancy of the bay. A great iron buoy, stained with rust and discolored by the oxidation of its paint lay like a dead sea monster on the beach, with its chains covered with a drugged mass of seaweed making a capital object to salve the foreground of the picture. And Mark felt that if he had arranged the scene expressly to suit his own eye for the photograph, he could not have done better than accident and nature had done.

The afternoon was on the decline when the sketch was finished, but the heat was at its highest and Mark found it expedient to walk slowly, and to rest frequently in the shadow of some lofty boulder or ruined sea-wall, on his homeward way. In one of these stopping places, a mile from his hermitage, he lay down on the cold grass that grew almost to the beach, watered by a small stream that there emptied itself into the bay, and, lulled by the tickling music of the brook, fell asleep.

Awakening he found that the bay was all aglow with the reflected glories of the setting sun, and the dark shadows that began to creep over the eastern horizon, warned him that it was time for him to be at home.

He hurried on at an accelerated pace, refreshed and strong after his nap, and had already come in sight of the Point, when he heard the sound of hurried footsteps and a quick breathing close behind him.

Turning around, he came face to face with a young girl—a tall, slender creature with splendid brown eyes, and a warm bronzed complexion, heightened by the rays of the exercise. Her wide smile had faded from her head, and the dying light of the sunset fell full upon her forehead and hair, the blue-black masses of which, lay upon her neck in a clustering disorder. Blushing and panting with such lips half opened, disclosing her white and even teeth, her bosom, bearing and her eyes flashing she presented a beautiful and unaccustomed vision to Mark's appreciative eyes, attested as they were, by a day of athletic exercise, to the完善 of beauty. She could not reign her heart

for a moment, and they stood looking at each other in an animated silence, as I over-gave the expression.

"Miss Brydon, I believe," said Mark, at length, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes sir. Begone me, you I think you have the right not to? I saw you sleeping there as I passed down the shore, and when I returned found the book near."

In truth Mark had forgotten his sketch book when he left his sleeping place.

"I am greatly obliged to you," he said, "it was very pardonable of me to know it, and very thoughtful of you to restore it to me. I am sorry, however, that you fatigued yourself."

"Oh, that is nothing. A little exercise never hurts anybody, and I am a famous walker."

Their ways lay in the same direction, so they continued in company, chattering about common-place matters until they reached the long, low promontory on the extremity of which the hermitage stood.

"It is but a few steps to my den, out yonder," said Mark, "and you need not fear a glass of wine will invigorate you. Will you accept of the poor hospitality I can offer you?"

As young girls are not generally famous for want of curiosity, and as Miss Brydon's life was not diversified by too many novelties, she found a refusal impossible, partially sheltering herself under a pile of debris to examine the sketch book she had saved from loss. She herself was fond of drawing, she said, and always liked to see the work of others.

Thus inside, not an object escaped her quick eye. She took in everything at a glance—the desk, with its pile of manuscripts, the book-case, laden with worn volumes; the few clean dishes and cooking utensils hung to a corner; the strange pipes, and antique arms for tobacco; the handsome rifle and fowling-piece suspended from the rafters; the fishing tackle over the mantle; the bed, in its curtained alcove; the few pictures mostly water-colored views, with one oil, representing Squint Thorey in his shooting costume—in a word, the entire inventory of the hermit's goods and chattels was taken in by his fair visitor.

After the simple hospitality of the place theretofore sacred to quarter day—had been partaken of by the young lady, she departed, gently refusing Mark's offer of escort to the villa.

"What can we do?" This stabs will not abate before morning."

"I am in hopes there will be temporary calm soon."

No signs of a calm could be seen through from the window. A long ribbon of phosphorescent light, ever shattered and ever reassured as the waves broke upon the Point, was all that was visible, while the constantly increasing noise of the gale and surf showed that worse weather was yet to come.

At nine o'clock, meteorological affairs being no better, Lois decided that she would make the attempt, at all events, to gain her home, and quiet the alarm she knew her mother must feel.

Stoically wrapped in Mark's oil-cloth coat, with a handkerchief tied over her hat, and under her chin, she set out boldly in the driving rain and wind, accompanied by the hermit, who, for the first time since forewarning the world, found a pair of soft white hands clinging closely to his arm, and a girlish form nestling timidly to his side.

The tremendous gusts sweeping them from the sea thick with spray, nearly took them from their feet, and the sharp rain blinded them that they could hardly tell which way they were going. Indeed, the only measure in which they could advance with any surety was by Mark's going ahead with a lantern, which he had thought to bring with him, exploring the path for a few feet, and then returning to his charge.

Even this slow and dangerous progress, however, was soon abruptly terminated.

During the quarreling days of the Point, a portion of the promontory had been blasted away, its whole width, below the high-water mark, so that at full tide the waves flooded freely through the inlet thus far, cutting off the communication between the kiln and the main shore. This inlet had, of late, been filled with sand and earth, washed into it, and was an solid causeway as could be desired, with grass, weeds and even small shrubs growing upon it. The terrific violence of the rain, and the softening influence of the wind, had now loosened, crumbled and finally washed away every vestige of this filling-up, leaving a wide torrent racing and foaming between its jagged shores, and leaving the unhappy travellers isolated upon the rocky island.

"My God!" shouted Mark, trying to make his voice audible above the tumult of the storm, "we are cut off! The tide is washed away, and the tide is still rising!"

The latter's light showed Lois to be very pale, as she turned her face imploringly up towards him. Her words were borne far away as soon as they were uttered, but her expression and gestures said,

"What is to be done?" plainly enough.

"Look again!" shouted the young man, pointing towards the kiln; "it is of use to stay here. The inlet is ten feet deep, and swift as Niagara!"

She clung to him now in terror, and went submissively back to the hermitage, whence a cheery red fire-light glowed out upon the darkness and gloom.

"The neighbors will be in a shocking state of mind about it," Lois blushed.

"I have thoughts of it madam, I beg of you. The pleasure I find in extending these rude hospitalities to you so—to woe thy as your daughter, has more than repaid me."

His eyes sparkled, and a fair color suffused his handsome face, giving tokens to his earnestness.

Mrs. Brydon looked from one to the other with an almost comical expression.

"Have you thought, my children, of the terrible scandal that will arise from this romantic adventure?" she said quietly.

"The neighbors will be in a shocking state of mind about it."

Lois blushed.

"I have thoughts of it," said Mark, eagerly, "and I also thought of a way to shield you from tongues—or at least, to cause them to speak at their own peril. All I require, madam, is your cooperation; shall that hold a right to repel all tongues or thoughts words concerning my character?"

"How did she?" What was it?"

"She will be surprised, but not displeased, I think. She paid you a compliment the other day."

"What did she?" What was it?"

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"What did she?" What was it?"

"Oh, I can't. Who said I was not worth a moment of a fool as I looked, perhaps?"

"That I know. What good company was?"

"That—that—I could not a blackish sum to her."

"No; that is true, but she doesn't know it."

"Then I can't guess. Tell me."

"Well, she said you was too much of a dreamer, and too hard-up—too hand-some, mind you—to live the life you had chosen, and that was a shame!"

"Oh, spare my blushing!"

In light and playful conversation the upper passed, and it was not until the dishes were cleared and put away—that at which Louis merrily nodded—that the young folks discovered it was raining.

"It is nothing," said Mark, confidently; "the wind is westerly; it can't last long."

Louis waited, while he smoked his cigarette and told her a story—some quaint little fancy of one of the old writers that he loved. Then they made another investigation into the weather, and found that the wind had shifted.

"It was blowing steadily from the northeast, and the rain came with increased force."

"This begins to look serious," said Louis, with a shade of anxiety in her brown eyes.

"It is going to be a storm, sure enough; but it may last long and we can't hurry over to the house before the d—r drops."

The sultry red light of the fire played across her face, "tripping out the fine high-bred features in rich relief of skin and shade." Her blue velvety lids, with their long black lashes, concealed her eyes, but gave expression of holy awe that stood for want of virility. Her wealth of shiny hair, somewhat disarranged by the wavy adventure, swept down over her shoulders, and Louis, seated in her arm-chair, gazed admiringly at some prophetic picture in the coal.

"I say—" began Mark, suddenly, but looking up, he discontinued his observation. "I say, he had fallen into a profound slumber, so he preferred to look at her without waking her."

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CHOICE POETRY.

Selected Happenings on the Valley Stage.

GOLD.

By James H. Smith.

"By the way-side on a sunny slope,
A busy plowman softly moving;
I watched him swing there alone,
All the land o'er like a page turning;
Or unknown,

By the way-side on a sunny slope.

Beckled knee and shoe, and broad-rimmed hat,
On his caper as the form 'taps to die,
Silent between green, and crimson'd earth,
Under old, old leafy head spreading.

Then he laid it on his broad-rimmed hat,
Beckled knee and shoe, and broad-rimmed hat,

Named it navel; he should all there,
No one sympathizing, no one helping,
None or none him for his thin gray hair,
And the furrow all so deep crevicing.

Age and care!

Bowed it plump he should all there.

It was summer, and I went to school,
Happy country life, and little glad love,
Taught the route of the "Dance's Steel,"
To grave I kept still my loveless.

"Hands a' white."

It was summer, and we went to school.

Wore the stranger armed to mark our play
(Some were poor, some joyous, some half-hearted
From one to me, in that day)
Oftentimes the tear-stained book started,

Would not open!

When the star-god seemed to mark our play.

One great spirit spoke the silent spell—
Ah! to her eyes was she always ever!

She brought him all his grief to tell—
(I was thirteen, and she eleven.)

I came!

This great spirit broke the silent spell.

Angel, and he calls, I am old;

Kathy's hope is longer both a sorrow,
But, why I sit here, to melt be told,

Till the heart beats like a pearl of sorrow.

I was called!

Angel, and he calls, I am old!

I have uttered here to look once more:

On the pleasant scene where I delighted!

In the earliest, happy days of pure.

Kathy's garden of my heart was blighted—

To be reborn?

I have uttered here to look once more:

All the picture now to me how fair!

Even this grey and rock where I sat,

Is a scene with my history here;

Ah, the such a scene must be completed

With a tear;

All the picture now to me how fair!

I have uttered here to look once more:

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Is a scene with my history here;

Ah, the such a scene must be completed

With a tear;

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VALLEY SPIRIT.

CHAMBERSBURG, PA.

Wednesday Evening, April 17, 1861.

GEO. W. MURKIN,

Publisher and Proprietor.

War News.

The Spirit of this week contains every important item of war news that has transpired up to the time the paper goes to press. As this is the all-absorbing topic just now we have filled our columns with this intelligence to the exclusion of all most everything else. We will continue to give the fullest and most reliable information in regard to the war that can be obtained from our exchanges North and South.

Duty of Democrats.

In the present awful condition of affairs in our beloved country it becomes the duty of every man to assume that position best calculated to allay excitement, and restore tranquility to the nation, at the earliest possible period. Every hour of civil war in the land is one of ruin and horror. It behoves every man then, in these fearful times to drop the partisan and become the patriot that a speedy peace may be conquered. We need hardly admonish members of the Democratic party to give up for the time being their party predilections and stand by the government under which they live and which it is their bounden duty to support. This loyal position the Democratic party has ever maintained and it will not now prove recreant to all its former devotion to the country by abandoning it. In assuming this attitude it requires no surrender of our political principles, no admission of the justness of the war, no acknowledgment of the rights of a sectional party in the North to invade the Constitutional rights of the South—it requires no sacrifice of this sort, it requires us simply to do our duty by our government. Let us not imitate the bad example of the Republican party, or the material out of which that party is composed, by arraying ourselves against the government in time of war. That party has ever been the "anti-war party," except in the famous Buck-Shot war and this Lincoln war upon the South. They were opposed to the war of 1812, and denounced the government, all through the Mexican war, with a bitterness that knew no bounds. They voted against furnishing supplies to our army and hoped that our gallant soldiers might meet with "hospitable graves." There cannot be found a Democrat to utter as wicked a wish as this—not one. And yet this is the party that talk so fiercely of "traitors to the country in time of war." For consistency sake they had better permit their patriotism to become full-fledged before they attempt such loyal flights.

Let us prove now, as the Democratic party has ever done, that we are better patriots than the Republicans. Let us stand up for the government now in power and not be found giving "aid and comfort" to the enemy in time of war. Had this war occurred under a Democratic administration, as it might readily have done had it not been for the wise policy pursued by Mr. Buchanan, we would have expected the Republicans to sustain the government. They can ask and expect nothing more and nothing less of us. If we are divided among ourselves, and arrayed against the government, it will only create bad blood in the community and have the effect of prolonging the war and adding to all its horrors. We want a short war, now that it has begun, and hope that negotiations for peace, on a basis satisfactory to all sections, may be speedily commenced and definitely decided. It were better to settle our difficulties by diplomacy than the bayonet at all times and under all circumstances. This course it was hoped the present administration would adopt and not plunge the country in a civil war, the most horrible, cruel, and relentless of all wars. It has, however, seen fit, after the most vacillating and inexplicable proceedings, to accept the dreadful alternative of war—a war against our own countrymen. This every lover of his country, and of humanity, will regret; but while he may deplore and condemn the action of the administration, it, at the same time, imposes a duty upon him, from which it would be treason to shrink—he must sustain the Government under which he lives. It is the motto of all true patriots—my country, may it always be right, but right or wrong, my country.

Stand by the Old Flag!

The *Intelligencer*, the leading Democratic paper in Lancaster county—Mr. Buchanan's home organ—has the following in relation to the duty of the Democratic party in the present war:—"Now that war has commenced—no matter who is at fault—it is the duty of all our citizens, irrespective of party, to stand by the old flag, with its glorious stars and stripes, and support the Government in all proper and legitimate efforts to bring the contest to a successful issue. The first blow was struck by the Secessionists, and now it becomes the duty of every patriot to lend his aid in sustaining the honor and glory of our common country. If we have a Government that is capable of protecting and perpetuating itself, this is the time to exert its strength, and the people must stand by it no matter who is at the helm. We go for our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country."

Gov. Curtin's Standing Army.

Gov. CURTIN has issued a message in the shape of a pronunciamento demanding \$500,000 to place this State on a War Footing. It appears it can't stand much longer on any other footing under Republican rule. The money, the State Treasurer gives notice, will have to be borrowed, as the Treasury has been so much depleted to Pennsylvania as to be without the means to carry out CURTIN's extravagant war project. The Republican party have truly brought our country into a deplorable condition. Both, military and civil war are the bitter fruits of the short scenes they have been in power.

Legislative Outrage.

The Apportionment Bill as it came from the Senate passed the House of Representatives on Friday last. It is one of the most unjust measures ever passed by a Legislative body. So glaring are the iniquities of this bill that Mr. Ball, of Erie, and other members of the opposition denounced it in strong terms. It is the most shameless gerrymandering that a party in power has ever attempted to impose upon a State. Out of the twenty-three districts into which the State is divided it allows the Democratic party just three—the First, Seventh, and Tenth—in which by any possibility they can elect a Congressman. Many of the strong Democratic counties have been cut up and parcelled out among Republican districts to destroy their power. Our own district is composed of the counties of Adams, Franklin, Fulton, Bedford and Somerset with a Republican Majority of about one thousand. As Col. McCLELLAN was the chairman of the committee to draft this bill he has no doubt fixed up this district to suit himself. He can now walk over the Congressional track without "paying the Spirit to abuse him"—a very commendable species of economy by the way. The bill as passed by the Legislature will be found in another part of our paper, and it has no doubt by this time received the signature of the Executive—Gov. CURTIN being ready and willing to sign any bill presented to him no matter how infamous.

The War Feeling.

The war news has created intense excitement in this community and large groups of persons collect on the public corners and in the Hotels, at all hours, discussing the affairs of the country in no very placid state of mind. The news is eagerly sought after and read with feverish anxiety. Our military men are actively engaged in making preparations to march at a days notice should their services be required by the general government. A notice for the formation of a new Rifle company we observe stuck up on the public corners, and the "Chambers Artillery" have the town play-carded with their Military Bulletins. The stars and stripes are flying from many of our public houses and private residences. Quite a liberal amount of money was subscribed, in a few hours on Monday, last to purchase two large flags and put up two Union poles, the one in the Public Square and the other in front of Fisher's Hotel. These poles will be erected on Saturday afternoon, and two handsome large sized flags given to the breeze from their tops. The military will be out on the occasion and the band in attendance and enliven the event by playing our national airs in their best style. It is expected that a large concourse of citizens from all parts of the country will be in town on that day to witness this unusual occurrence.

Stand by the Old Flag!

The *Intelligencer*, the leading Democratic paper in Lancaster county—Mr. Buchanan's home organ—has the following in relation to the duty of the Democratic party in the present war:—"Now that war has commenced—no matter who is at fault—it is the duty of all our citizens, irrespective of party, to stand by the old flag, with its glorious stars and stripes, and support the Government in all proper and legitimate efforts to bring the contest to a successful issue. The first blow was struck by the Secessionists, and now it becomes the duty of every patriot to lend his aid in sustaining the honor and glory of our common country. If we have a Government that is capable of protecting and perpetuating itself, this is the time to exert its strength, and the people must stand by it no matter who is at the helm. We go for our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country."

The Right Time.

We extract the following concluding remarks from an eloquent address delivered by Hon. P. C. SHANNON, of Pittsburgh, before the late Democratic Convention at Harrisburg. This address was delivered on the day preceding the arrival of LINCOLN at our State capital. Had the honest advice here given been followed by Gov. CURTIN he would not now be required to impoverish his own State by signing a bill appropriating \$500,000 to carry on a bloody and fratricidal war. All the trouble, rain and disgrace now brought upon the country would have been avoided if the wise policy of Mr. BUCHANAN had been adhered to and carried out. The folly and madness of resorting to war to settle our national troubles, and restore the Union, could only have been conceived by those whom the Gods have made mad that they may the sooner destroy.

The following are the remarks of Mr. SHANNON which it would have been an honor to the head and heart of Gov. CURTIN to have embodied in his address of welcome to President LINCOLN. Mr. SHANNON in concluding his remarks said:—

"But when, to-morrow, the Governor of this State shall greet, with tones of welcome, the advent of the distinguished stranger, I wish he would say to him, that the people of Pennsylvania want no civil war; that they look upon it with horror; that they consider it the worst curse which could befall a Christian government. I wish he would counsel him to moderation, to patience, to wisdom; above all, to a just sense of the equal constitutional rights of the citizens of every State in whatever thing is guaranteed to them. Let him say, that if there have been anger, rashness and precipitancy in the cotton States, it will be a bad thing to follow such an example; that, at all events, error is best cured by persuasion, kindness and forbearance; and that it becomes him to inquire whether there are, or are not, causes for the irritation so generally prevailing in the southern mind. Let him tell Abraham Lincoln to drop the partisan and become the patriot; for that, if he does not there are yet left in old Pennsylvania, 230,000 Democratic freemen, who will closely scrutinize and critically weigh every act of his administration; who will not consent to war in any unrighteous cause; who demands a redress of all real grievances in whatever section, and who declare that every possible measure of conciliation, which honor can allow, must be first fully exhausted, before they can even think of destroying the American Union in the fiendish way of fratricidal war.

Let Governor Curtin admonish Mr. Lincoln to beware of the spirit of precipitancy which he condemns in others; that internal force is not suited to the genius of our people, nor is it an element of our organization. In Heaven's name, and for holy purposes, let him tell him to beware! Let him say in the language of the poet—*'Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day when the lowlands shall meet the in battle array.'* For a field of the dead rank'd red on my sight, And the skies of Coloures are scatter'd in flight."

The Issue—What is it?

The simple issue now pending is preservation of the Union by compromise, or dissolution of the Union, either with or without war. This position has now become so self-evident that we presume no one will controvert its correctness. It will hardly be contended that there is a reasonable prospect of bringing back the seceded States—or even retaining the Border States—without some concessions, in the way of amendments of the Constitution. Nor will any cool-headed, well balanced man claim that the Union can be maintained and the revolting States brought back by coercion and war. Without coercion—if there be no compromise—the Union is dissolved. With coercion it is also dissolved, with the additional calamity of civil war.—That we are not alone in this view—that it is not confined to our political friends, but is shared by the Republicans—is evident from the fact that the most extreme of the Republicans, who are opposed to all compromise, are now assuming ground in favor of a peaceful dissolution of the Union.—This, it cannot be denied, is the logical result of their position. If they are successful in preventing any concessions, a division of the nation into a Northern and Southern Confederacy is to follow—with or without war—and they are wise in preferring a peaceful to a bloody road to this end.

The real friends of the Union reject the whole theory of dissolution, whether

or peacefully or violently attained. They are for preserving the Union in its integrity, and as they see no other mode of doing so, except by compromise, they are in favor of such measures of conciliation as will retain every star in our political firmament.—Such is the position of the friends of the South.

In regard to the recent warlike measures of the Lincoln Administration, there is great good sense in the following, which we get from the Washington correspondent of the New York Times:

"For my part, I have believed for several weeks that the most effective way to kill the mosquitoes off, and cause a powerful reaction against them, is to withdraw the forces from Fort Sumter and Pickens. There is reason to suppose in Congress in these portions of the seceded States, and the only effect of holding the forts is to irritate and inflame the pop-

ulation that the mere method of destroying secession is to withdraw the troops from Beaufort and Pickens. There is reason to suppose in Congress in these portions of the seceded States, and the only effect of holding the forts is to irritate and inflame the pop-

All Union men of the South believe in the opinion that the sure method of destroying secession is to withdraw the troops from Beaufort and Pickens. There is reason to believe that the mosquitoes will be destroyed by a series of dry weather and when the Southern newspapers will see that the mosquitoes are destroyed, and the Unions repel the charge and maintain that a peace policy will be pursued."

Mr. Lincoln and his advisers have not had the courage to take a course so obviously wise as that here suggested but are hurrying the country on to civil war, and we fear, beyond the possibility of a settlement of our difficulties and the preservation of the Union. But let not the friends of the Union despair, but rather stand ready at any opportune moment to interpose the olive branch and save a great nation, which folly and madness are intent on plunging into ruin.

A Poor Drop of Comfort for the Country.

The latest policy of the republican journals appears to be to infuse a drop of comfort into the bitter cup of misfortune which the political troubles of the day have pressed to the lips of the people, by contrasting the present condition of the country with that of the financial horrors of 1857. We are reminded of all the disasters and desolation which then fell upon every quarter of the land; how cotton declined, how tobacco fell in price, how planters and manufacturers were alike impoverished, how banks exploded, how whole cities became insolvent, how real estate depreciated, how laborers and tradesmen pined for bread; and we are asked to compare the misery of that period with the wealth which the country holds in her coffers at the present time, the abundant crops, the absence of foreign debt, and all the other ingredients of prosperity which surround us; and having made the comparison, we are exhorted to take comfort and have courage. Wherefore?

It is true that in 1857 all these calamities visited us heavily. The picture is not touched with too gloomy a pencil; but the financial disasters of 1857 were the result of an extravagant expansion of the banks, and the over operation of some members of the government with the United States Bank, and universal ruin followed, which culminated in the uprooting of a vicious system and the demolition of a giant corruption. It is true, also, that this country never before possessed to the same extent the elements of boundless prosperity that it does now. The banks are glutted with specie; the granaries of the great West are laden with cereals; everywhere resources of energy are laying around; there is no financial panic lowering like a thunder cloud upon the destinies of the nation; yet we behold trade and commerce paralyzed; we see failure succeeding failure. And why is this?—Because of the political troubles which the politicians of the North and of the South have brought upon the country, and which are every hour drifting us towards a civil war which promises, if once undertaken, to prove more terrible in its consequences and almost limitless in its duration. It is no pressing commercial disaster which has produced the effect we see every day around us, that has arrested the course of trade, that keeps our millions of gold locked up idle in the banks, and the teeming fruitfulness of the West rotting in the warehouse. It is apprehension of the future before us that is doing all this, and is pulling down firm after firm into bankruptcy. And it is only the weak houses that are failing as yet—houses that, if public confidence in the position of the country existed, could go on as usual; but if a civil war is to be inaugurated there will be no house strong enough to withstand the shock that must follow.

And what a war that will be? The people of both sections of the country are brave enough, resolute enough, and if driven to that unhappy alternative by the course of the policies, they may fight, though we cannot but believe that the voice of the people is not for war; and when the first shot is fired we are not knowing where the bloody business will stop. It may last for ten years to come, and end in the destruction of every industrial interest in the country.

There is no resemblance between the origin of the present continental revolution and that of 1857. It is the most wretched sophistry to compare one with the other. The results now may be quite as calamitous as they were then, but the causes are entirely different. The one arises out of a financial difficulty; the other springs from a political revolution.—N. Y. Herald.

Message from the Governor.

The following message was delivered to the Legislature yesterday. After being read in both Houses, committees of conference were appointed with instructions to report by bill on the subject as early as practicable:

Pennsylvania Executive Committee, Harrisburg, April 9, 1861.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania:

HARRISBURG.—At the period fixed for the adjournment of the Legislature is rapidly approaching. I feel constrained by a sense of duty to call your attention to the condition of the military organization of the State.

It is absolutely necessary to pay more than that the militia system of the State, during a long period distinguished by the presence of powerful enemies, and the indifference of the Legislature, is required to remove its defects, and to render it useful and serviceable to the public service.

Many of our volunteer companies do not possess the number of men required by our militia law, and steps should be forthwith taken to supply these deficiencies. There are numerous companies, too, that are without the necessary arms, and of the arms that are distributed, but few are provided with the more modern appliances to render them serviceable.

I recommend, therefore, that the Legislators make immediate provision for the removal of these capital defects; that arms be prepared and distributed to those of our citizens who may enter into the military service of the State, and that steps be taken to change the present system of distribution of the militia, so that each county will be entitled to an equal number of men, and that the militia of each county be distributed in the event of their employment in actual service.

In this connection I recommend the establishment of a Military Bureau at the Capitol; and that the militia laws of this Commonwealth be modified and amended so as to import in the military organization of the State, and that steps be taken to change the present system of distribution of the militia, so that each county will be entitled to an equal number of men, and that the militia of each county be distributed in the event of their employment in actual service.

Practically, such as I have suggested, are wise and proper at all times, in a Government like ours; but special and momentous considerations arise from the condition of public affairs outside of the limits, yet of inestimable consequence to the people, and demanding the greatest attention of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, invest the subject to which your attention is invited by this communication, with extraordinary interest and importance. We cannot afford to be oblivious to the fact that serious jealousies and divisions distract us; the mind, and that in the highest degree, of the Union, the peace of the country, if not the safety of the Commonwealth itself, is endangered. Military organization is of a formidable character, and which seems not to be demanded by any existing public emergency, have been formed in virtue of the State. On whatever pretense these extraordinary military preparations may have been made, no power which can implant resistance to the enforcement of the laws, will meet sympathy or encouragement from the people of this Commonwealth. Pennsylvania yields to no State in her respect for, and her willingness to protect, by all needful guarantees, the constitutional rights and constitutional independence of other States, nor in fidelity to that constitutional Union whose unexampled benefits have been showered alike upon herself and them.

The most exalted public policy, and the clear-cut actions of true patriots, therefore, above all, in maintaining the deplorable and dangerous crisis of affairs, that our militia system should receive from the Legislature that prompt attention which public exigencies either of the State or the Nation may require. And which may occur, in a given number, but ad pie to preserve and secure to the people of Pennsylvania and the Union the blessing of peace and the integrity and stability of our unrivaled constitutional government.

The Government of this great State was established by its illustrious founder "in deeds of power"; our people have been trained and disciplined in these arts which lead to the promotion of their own moral and physical development and progress, and with the highest regard for the rights of others, have always cultivated fraternal relations with the people of all the States, devoted to the Constitution and the Union, and always recognizing the spirit of concession and compromise that underlies the foundation of the Government. Pennsylvania offers no excuse, and takes no action in the defense of a measure; her desire is for peace, her object, the preservation of the personal and political rights of citizens, of the true integrity of States, and the supremacy of law and order.

Animated by these sentiments, and indulging an earnest hope of the speedy restoration of these harmonies and felicitous relations between the various members of this Confederacy which have brought our beloved country to a standstill of unequalled power and prosperity, I submit the great subject of this communication to your deliberation.

A. G. CURTIN.

Important Correspondence.

Communications between the Confederate Secretary of War and Gen. Beauregard.

CHARLESTON, April 12, 1861.

The following is the telegraphic correspondence between the War Department at Montgomery and Gen. Beauregard immediately preceding the hostilities. The correspondence grew out of the formal notification by the Washington government, which is disclosed in Gen. Beauregard's first despatch:—

Gen. Beauregard to the Secretary of War,

Montgomery, April 8, 1861.

L. P. Walker, Secretary of War:

An authorized messenger from President Lincoln just informed Governor Pickens and myself that provisions will be sent to Fort Sumter peaceably, or otherwise by force.

P. G. T. BEAUREGARD.

The Secretary of War to Gen. Beauregard.

Montgomery, April 10, 1861.

G. W. SUMTER, Secretary of War:

An authorized messenger from President Lincoln just informed Governor Pickens and myself that provisions will be sent to Fort Sumter peaceably, or otherwise by force.

P. G. T. BEAUREGARD.

The Secretary of War to Gen. Beauregard.

Montgomery, April 11, 1861.

L. P. Walker, Secretary of War:

An authorized messenger from President Lincoln just informed Governor Pickens and myself that provisions will be sent to Fort Sumter peaceably, or otherwise by force.

P. G. T. BEAUREGARD.

The Secretary of War to Gen. Beauregard.

Montgomery, April 12, 1861.

L. P. Walker, Secretary of War:

An authorized messenger from President Lincoln just informed Governor Pickens and myself that provisions will be sent to Fort Sumter peaceably, or otherwise by force.

P. G. T. BEAUREGARD.

The Secretary of War to Gen. Beauregard.

Montgomery, April 13, 1861.

L. P. Walker, Secretary of War:

An authorized messenger from President Lincoln just informed Governor Pickens and myself that provisions will be sent to Fort Sumter peaceably, or otherwise by force.

P. G. T. BEAUREGARD.

The Secretary of War to Gen. Beauregard.

Montgomery, April 14, 1861.

L. P. Walker, Secretary of War:

An authorized messenger from President Lincoln just informed Governor Pickens and myself that provisions will be sent to Fort Sumter peaceably, or otherwise by force.

P. G. T. BEAUREGARD.

The Secretary of War to Gen. Beauregard.

Montgomery, April 15, 1861.

L. P. Walker, Secretary of War:

An authorized messenger from President Lincoln just informed Governor Pickens and myself that provisions will be sent to Fort Sumter peaceably, or otherwise by force.

P. G. T. BEAUREGARD.

The Secretary of War to Gen. Beauregard.

Montgomery, April 16, 1861.

L. P. Walker, Secretary of War:

An authorized messenger from President Lincoln just informed Governor Pickens and myself that provisions will be sent to Fort Sumter peaceably, or otherwise by force.

P. G. T. BEAUREGARD.

The Secretary of War to Gen. Beauregard.

Montgomery, April 17, 1861.

L. P. Walker, Secretary of War:

An authorized messenger from President Lincoln just informed Governor Pickens and myself that provisions will be sent to Fort Sumter peaceably, or otherwise by force.

P. G. T. BEAUREGARD.

The Secretary of War to Gen. Beauregard.

Montgomery, April 18, 1861.

L. P. Walker, Secretary of War:

An authorized messenger from President Lincoln just informed Governor Pickens and myself that provisions will be sent to Fort Sumter peaceably, or otherwise by force.

P. G. T. BEAUREGARD.

The Secretary of War to Gen. Beauregard.

Montgomery, April 19, 1861.

L. P. Walker, Secretary of War:

An authorized messenger from President Lincoln just informed Governor Pickens and myself that provisions will be sent to Fort Sumter peaceably, or otherwise by force.

P. G. T. BEAUREGARD.

The Secretary of War to Gen. Beauregard.

Montgomery, April 20, 1861.

L. P. Walker, Secretary of War:

An authorized messenger from President Lincoln just informed Governor Pickens and myself that provisions will be sent to

THE NEWS FROM CHARLESTON.

Charleston, April 10, 1861.
Everything is quiet to night. The of-
fice is completely locked for.

I have reason to state that, if battle re-
sults, Washington will still be tenanted in
less than sixty days.

Tremendous preparations are making
throughout the South.

There is also an assurance that the
French and English governments will rec-
ognize the Southern Confederacy as soon
as it manifestly exhibits the solidity and strength of
a thoroughly organized government.

CHARLESTON, April 10.—Evening.

The floating battery frigates, mounted
and manned, were taken out of the dock
last evening, and anchored in the cove
near Sullivan's Island.

Our people are not excited, but there is

a fixed determination to meet the issue.

An additional regiment of one thousand
men is hourly expected from the interior.
The Convention has just adjourned sub-
ject to the call of the President. Before
adjourning it passed resolutions approving
the conduct of General Twiggs in resign-
ing his commission and turning over the
public property under his control to the
authorities.

Governor Pickens was in a secret as-
sociation with the Confederates to-day.

About 1,000 troops were sent to the

fortifications to-day, 1,800 more go down
to-morrow.

Mrs. Wigfall, absent, Means, Man-
ning, McGowan and Boylston have reci-
ved appointments in General Beauregard's
staff.

A large number of the members of the
Convention, after adjournment, volunteered
as privates.

About seven thousand troops are now
at the fortifications. The beginning of
the end is coming to a final end.

THE NEWS FROM WASHINGTON.

The Preparations for the Defense of
the National Capital.

WASHINGTON, April 10, 1861.
This city has been the scene of the wild-
est excitement throughout the entire day, troops marching, drums beating, and flags
flying the entire length of Pennsylvania Avenue.

Ten companies, or about one-fourth of
the volunteer militia of the District of
Columbia, are mustering to-day for inspec-
tion, the order having been issued from
the government headquarters last night.
Several days ago the company officers were
directed to immediately report the num-
ber of effective men. This was expected
movement has given rise to many surmis-
ses, especially as no reports prevail, believed
to be correct, that these ten companies are
to be drafted into immediate service.

There is no doubt that the military
movements here in progress are connected
with precautionary measures for the de-
fense of the capital from an apprehended
attack from the South.

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Their final communication is said to be
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ing that Fort Sumter was to be evacuated,
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Sumter was positively abandoned, and that
all the government's efforts were to be
directed toward peace. The own opinion
is that the government at Mont-
gomery was sincerely desirous of peace,
and that, in accordance with its instruc-
tions, as well as their own feelings, they
left no means untried to secure that
much desired end; but all their efforts
having failed, they were now forced to re-
turn to an outraged people with the ob-
ject of their mission unaccomplished; and
they express the firm conviction that war
is inevitable.

THE DEFENSE OF WASHINGTON.

The government is acting on positive
information in taking all possible precau-
tory measures for the defense of Wash-
ington, and the maintenance of peace at
the point.

Information has been con-
veyed to the President by responsible parties,
which leaves no doubt in his mind of the
possibilities of an invasion, and which as-
sures him of the necessity of prompt ac-
tion.

A company of military were marched
inside the capitol to-night, and a picket of
guards is stationed on each of the roads
leading to the city. This was done on
no new information, but is among the
signs of the revolution. A military com-
pany has not been within the walls of the
capital before since the year 1812.

SWARING THE VOLUNTEERS.

The oath of fidelity, which was adminis-
tered to several companies of volunteers
to-day, has been the means of breaking up
a number of old rascally companies, whose
highest idea of military duty seemed to
consist in making a fine appearance on
holidays.

MORE FALSE REPORTS.

Gen. Scott has never had any intention
of placing this city under martial law, but
such a statement has been made by those
who are striving to keep up the excite-
ment. All the statements to the effect
that troops or munitions of war have been
landed at Fort Monroe, Norfolk, Va., are
equally untrue. This is another move-
ment to forward secession schemes in

Virginia.

REFUSAL OF GEN. HOUSTON TO CO-OP-
ERATE WITH THE ADMINISTRATION.

WASHINGTON, April 10, 1861.
A few weeks since a distinguished democ-
rat was requested by Secretary Seward
to go to Texas, and ascertain the state of
the public mind there, and especially to
converse with Governor Houston, and
leaves his views of the present secession
movement in that State. On his return
he reported that Governor Houston not
only refused to accept military support
from the United States government, but
desired that President Lincoln should re-
call the regular troops from Texas. He
also reported that Governor Houston urged
in the strongest terms the evacuation
of Fort Sumter and Pickens, stating that
Arkansas would join Texas in secession in
the event of coercion, or even the collec-
tion of revenue being attempted. Gov-
ernor Houston requested to be let alone, and
maintained that the Union party of the
entire South was dead if coercion was once
attempted.

There is no doubt that the military
movements here in progress are connected
with precautionary measures for the de-
fense of the capital from an apprehended
attack from the South.

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army from Virginia and Maryland, under
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much desired end; but all their efforts

having failed, they were now forced to re-
turn to an outraged people with the ob-
ject of their mission unaccomplished; and
they express the firm conviction that war

is inevitable.

The removal of D. W. Julian, a clerk
in the Land Office, and the appointment
of a brother in his place, led the unem-
ployed brother to commit suicide on Wed-
nesday last.

The Mobile Tribune says it has the best
authority for stating that Northern ship-
pers entering and leaving the port of Char-
leston, on the south side of Ossabaw, hoist the
English flag as a protection to their ves-
sels and cargoes.

Another meeting of the citizens will be
held to-morrow night.

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WASHINGTON MEMORIES.

Extracts from the Correspondence of the Northern
Journals.

THE WAR DRUM.

Orders left here to-day to the United
Vessels and Arsenals, of New York, and the
Armories of Philadelphia, denoted for home-
ward sailing.

The Administration is still vigorously press-
ing its plan of operations. The military and
naval fleet now ordered will be the largest and
most impudent ever fitted out by this govern-
ment.

The administration, that the im-
mediate destination of the forces of the

Southern fleet will strike terror into the hearts

of the confederates, and soon bring them to

the high official who left here on Monday

morning for Montgomery will, it is said, be

before President Davis the subject and

material of the Southern fleet, and the

policy it intends to pursue respecting Fort

Sumter and Pickens.

It is said that they only seek such supplies as may be taken.

This will not be granted. The Administra-
tion will then attempt to force them to

the former, of course they will in the latter.

The Administration believe they can do both.

They will be compelled until the Adminis-
tration have their own way.

There are a good many military men now in

this city, belonging to and acting with the

Confederates, who do not hesitate to give it as

their opinion that the Administration

will make no effort to

force them to do what they want.

They will be sent along, and, as far as

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