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SEND ALONG THE NAMES.

Our friends are responding to our call for subscribers. The Weekly of to-day will compare favorably with any newspaper published in Ohio for news and variety. Show it to your neighbors, and send the word along the line that the *Old* Plain Dealer is afloat!

J. Wilkes Booth Killed!

A telegram from Secretary Stanton announces the killing of J. Wilkes Booth, the assassin of President Lincoln, and the capture of his confederate, in St. Mary's County, Md. But eleven days has elapsed since Booth committed the great crime that put a nation in tears and mourning, stained the historical page of his country, and which will send his name down to posterity, blackened with infamy. The murderer and the murdered now stand face to face before the bar of God. While the whole people are deploring the death of the President, and by great public demonstrations showing how deeply they feel his loss, there is no one—no, not one—who has pity for Booth. He dies unwept, unhonored, cursed, execrated! In his place of refuge, in the barns and swamps, in secret places, hourly looking for detection, Booth could well repeat the lines in the tent-scene in Richard III:

"My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tongue condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the highest degree
Murder, stern murder, in the darkest degree;
All several sins, all us'd in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all—Guilty! guilty!
I shall despair. There is no creature loves me,
And, if I die, no soul will pity.

Johnston has Surrendered!

We hail the news of the surrender of the army under the command of General Johnston to General Grant, with unaffected satisfaction and joy. It was an event rendered inevitable by the surrender of General Lee, and may be safely regarded as the closing act in the bloody conflict of the last four years, as well a certain indication of immediate peace. Henceforth all belligerent acts on the part of the insurrectionists, must place them in the category of outlaws; and justice, as well as the common instincts of humanity, will pronounce against them the penalties due to such offences. It is now confidently believed that peace, with its attendant blessings will soon be proclaimed through the length and breadth of the land, and that our worn and weary soldiers will soon be welcomed to the homes rendered sad by their absence; and, crowned with the high honors that belong to them, live in peace and happiness to enjoy perpetual expressions of the gratitude of their fellow citizens for the service rendered our country in the dark hour of its trials.

The End.

The latest news renders it certain that the Southern States have utterly abandoned all hope of establishing their independence, and are inclined, with a very few and unimportant exceptions, to return and re-establish friendly relations with the North. Thus the end or object of the war has been reached, and according to the oft-repeated declarations of the party in power, the conflict so far as force is concerned, ought to cease.—This is not the time for dwelling upon the antipathies of the past—now is the time for looking things squarely in the face, and applying strictly constitutional and legal remedies [illegible] to observe that in a certain class of minds there is still a reckless spirit indulged, which can be satisfied with nothing short of more blood-letting. Their thirst for vengeance, if not absolutely ridiculous, would be truly appalling. But people of that sort will soon find their level. It not repudiated by the party which they have ever disgraced by belonging to it, they will be hushed into silence by conservative and rational men, and in due time consigned to the obscurity from which they unfortunately emerged. We trust that our new President, true to the lessons learned by him in the better days of the Republic, will say to the angry waves of unlicensed passion—"peace, be still." And we are quite sure that good men and true patriots of all parties will, now that the end of a terrible war has come, unite their efforts to render peace a perpetual blessing, and freedom, in the true sense of the word, the inheritance of the American people.

Interesting to Office-holders.

On the 13th of March, 1848, the following resolution was offered in Congress by President Johnson, then a member of that body:

"That rotation in office, in the opinion of this House, is one of the cardinal tenets in a republican form of government, and ought never to be violated, on any pretense whatever, and should be practiced upon by all Administrations, regardless of their party names."

If Mr. Johnson still believes in "rotation," he has a chance to try his hand at decapitation. But if he does, he will be more *bored* with office-seekers than he has been by those who speak in "behalf of their State." If the President commences changing the office holders, there will be a lively advance of hungry fellows on to Washington.

"See them on their winding way,
Good Lord, how their trotters play."

Expenses to be Reduced.

It must be gratifying to observe the promptitude with which the Government has begun the work of reducing expenses. Acting upon the authorized presumption that the war has been brought to an end, orders have been issued by the War Department to stop all purchases not indispensably necessary, and to pay off and honorably discharge all soldiers whose services are rendered unnecessary by the favorable change in our national affairs. As the good work goes on, the people will breathe more and more freely, and business will again revive, while industry, returning to its customary channels, will soon render plenty the concomitant of peace.

An Old Fox With His Tail in a Trap.

A few weeks ago Bennett, of the New York *Herald*, was vehemently demanding that Andy Johnson should *resign*. Now the wily old fox is covering him with three coats of praise daily.

A few days ago the *Herald* was clamorous for the appointment—when peace should come—of Sherman as Minister to France—on account of his *diplomatic* ability. Now, Bennet is disgusted with his diplomacy, and enraptured only with his splendid military achievements.

This old fox gets his tail in a trap very frequently.

Rather Piquant.

We present our readers with an article from George Francis Train, on the funeral and the policy of the new Administration, which we clip from the Washington *Chronicle*, edited by Colonel Forney. Train is an original in his way, and never leaves an opportunity to pass by to create a sensation.

☞ Maj.-Gen. Rosseau has been urgently requested by the voters of the Fifth Congressional District of Kentucky, to become a candidate to represent them in Congress.

Watch and Pray!

"How pleasant it is for brethren to live in amity."

The sweeping majority of one hundred thousand of the so-called Union party in Ohio, in 1863, dwindled down last year to one-half its former proportions, though the most strenuous exertions were made by the friends of the Administration to keep up the majority. From the tone of several county journals of the opposition, and the divided opinion of those of more respectable calibre and circulation, we are convinced they feel that the sceptre of power is not secure in their grasp in Ohio.

There is much discordance in the ranks of those who arrogate to themselves all the patriotism and "loyalty." Some of the faithful are displeased at the idea of keeping in the most prominent positions, in the State, those "life-long Democrats" who were so suddenly converted to the political faith of men whom, on all occasions, they had zealously and determinedly opposed, and are beginning to clamor for the re-instatement of "our own men." Hence there appears to be a formidable resistance organizing to oppose the re-nomination of our present Governor, John Brough—the great original "life-long Democrat." The Perrysburgh *Journal*, an organ of the coal black wing, is singularly averse to the re-nomination of this broad and illimitable patriot, and with a lack of that courtesy which the "loyal" should observe towards the Chief Executive of the Buckeye State, sneeringly observes that the "Governor will soon find that every dog has his day!" A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette* writes that the "feeling against Governor Brough is almost universal among the Ohio soldiers. Not even a respectable minority desire his re-nomination." On the other hand, the Governor has his organs, and they grind out for him most fulsome praise, and declare that *his* action in calling out the National Guard of Ohio, last summer, was a grand stroke of policy, and that his Jacksonian energy aided materially in giving the crushing blow to the great rebellion. As the matter stands now, the fight is a pretty one, between those who think the Governor a great man, and those who don't. We are sure we do not care which party comes out uppermost, yet indications are evident that Gov. Brough is to be consigned to the shades of private life as unceremoniously as was Governor Tod.—We are satisfied that the latter and his friends can have no tears to shed over a summary disposition of Governor Brough. It is now an acknowledged fact—and admitted by many prominent Union leaders—that if ever injustice was shown to a man by a party, it was shown to Governor Tod by the Union party of Ohio—to which he gave strength and vitality in its early days by assuming the leadership, and carrying its standard—when it cast him aside for Governor Brough.

As everything indicates that Peace will soon shed its quiet beams over the country, some of the officers of the army are getting ready to claim civic honors of the State. In Chattanooga, and its neighborhood, in Tennessee, the soldiers discover that General James B. Steedman has the requisite qualifications for Governor, and with a flourish of trumpets his subordinates fill the air and newspapers with his praises. In addition to his achievements in the field, this General can be claimed as a "life-long Democrat," and the latter by some is thought a good ground for preferment in the Union party! Again, from another portion of the sunny South, the name of Major General Cox is whispered about as a suitable person to be adorned with the Executive honors of Ohio. Other Generals, of greater or less note, are spoken of also, in connection with the Governorship and Lieutenant Governorship, and Brigadier General Robinson is regarded by the "army in the field" as just the man for Treasurer of State. This desire for civil honors on the part of the tried veterans is [illegible] ularly annoying to the distinguished gentlemen who on the stump and in the hall have expended a vast amount of *gas* in putting down the wicked rebellion. They think that the soldier should be satisfied with the laurel wreath of glory, won in the field; to them—the patriots at home—should belong the fat and drippings of official station.

Error Corrected.

In common with others we were misled by those dispatches which stated that Gen. Johnston surrendered to Gen. Grant, and not to Gen. Sherman. The simple fact is, on reaching Sherman's headquarters, the Lieutenant General found there were no obstacles in the way to prevent an honorable and satisfactory adjustment of the affair. Johnson surrendered to Sherman, and Grant merely endorsed the proceedings. If we judge rightly of this matter, the error of Sherman, if he committed any, was on the side of magnanimity, and Grant, equally generous, but constitutionally more cautious, was unwilling to do anything calculated to disgrace or wound the sensibilities of his friend and co-laborer further than was absolutely necessary for the honor and safety of the nation. Republicans, like the rest of sinners are in the diabolical habit of crucifying their saviors, and all good Democrats will rejoice, if in this instance their victim shall escape from martyrdom. The fact that General Grant acted, in this matter, under the instructions and according to the expressed wishes of President Johnson, authorizes the belief that a rational and conciliatory policy is to be a characteristic of the existing Administration.

President Johnson.

The President is in some danger of breaking down under the speech making forced upon him by delegations. So far his health remains firm, but it is hoped that no more State delegations will come here with addresses.—*Special Telegram.*

State organizations, employees and delegations have waited upon the new President since Mr. Lincoln's death as men crowd around the ticket office at a railroad depot, or take their turn in a barber shop. The President has the merit of patience certainly, as since his installation he has listened to and made half a dozen speeches daily. The calling of a few delegations, acting in a representative capacity, was not inappropriate under the circumstances, but when they appear in such numbers no wonder it is hoped that no more addresses will be forced upon the President just now. A good many of the gentlemen who call upon him in "behalf of the State" do so to add to their own importance.

Mob Law Triumphant in Philadelphia

The city of "brotherly love" has added to the disgrace of former outrages of the kind, by a lawless and inexcusable assault upon Edward Ingersoll, Esq., who was accused—whether justly or not is immaterial in this case—of having attempted to justify secession, in a speech recently delivered in New York. He was assaulted by a self-constituted committee of the mob, and for drawing a pistol in self-defense, was arrested and thrown into prison. As we take no pleasure in witnessing sympathy with Southern revolutionists, so neither do we either justify or excuse the intolerable madness and folly of those who undertake by violence to make the opinions and words of others to conform to the iron bedstead of their own political orthodoxy.

A Deserved Compliment.—That sterling Democratic Journal, the St. Paul *Pioneer*, has been unanimously selected by the common Council of that city as their official organ for the current year. That nice little city of the Northwest is sensible to the last. Minnesota is in a fair way to survive and flourish.

Cleveland as a Business Point.

The stranger who stepped ashore from the Old Bunker Hill or the Old Anthony Wayne twenty-five years ago to look at the City of Cleveland, and decide upon its promise as a business point, discovered a locality relying principally upon the advantages of a fine harbor, a beautiful and commanding site, the old Ohio canal, and the old stage roads to make it the first city upon the Lakes. It had survived the several attacks of that desperate epidemic, the land speculations of '36, and the victims were applying that anodyne to old debts which the Bankrupt law furnished. The population had dwindled to 6,000 persons, all told. In 1844 the first spade broke ground for the first railroad, and from that hour to the present the industrial and the commercial interests of the City of Cleveland have prospered, the population of the place has increased steadily and surely—in an increasing ratio—till it has reached, as is now judged by the best informed, to fifty five or sixty thousand. In 1860, when the last government census was taken, the population numbered 43,000. There has been since that an enormous increase in the population, as is readily seen in the crowded streets, in the large increase of the votes polled, in the thousands of new tenements, annually built, and in the great demand for more room, occasioned by the large arrival of new comers.

We have naturally been canvassing the causes of this steady and gratifying prosperity, and the probabilities of its performances. Cities have become great and prosperous by commerce alone, others by manufactures and arts alone, but those have been most steadily and uniformly progressive in wealth and population which combined the facilities and exercise of both trade and manufactures.

That the city of Cleveland combines the great essentials to a leading commercial and manufacturing city, no one can doubt who studies the enormous annual increase of its business, who sees the course of its trade through new avenues opened within a few years, and the magnitude of its transactions as compared with those of past times. Its transportation facilities are now not exceeded by any city on the lakes. By the addition of the Atlantic & Great Western Railway, six railroads, connected with a score of others, bring the product of three or four States for sale and transhipment, and thousands of purchasers for the goods of the merchant and manufacturer.

These roads are as well built, stocked and managed as any on the continent—are all paying a profit above expenses and contributing largely to the prosperity of the city. The steam lines on the Lakes have steadily increased in number, in the tonnage of the craft employed and in their facilities for transportation to and from us of goods and produce. There are to be this season daily lines of first class steamers to every port on the Lakes—the Buffalo Lines being now established with regular passenger boats, and the Detroit and Lake Superior Lines being maintained on their usual liberal and popular style. In this Lake Superior trade Cleveland takes the lead. Capital was embarked in Lake Superior copper and iron mines—steamers and smelting works with confident and liberal hand, and the wealth now returned from the outlay is justly earned by enterprise and foresight of the capitalists. There was near 200,000 tons of iron ore shipped from Lake Superior last season alone—a large part of which freighted vessels of and paid dividends to Cleveland owners. But more of that under another head.

These facilities of transportation have, doubtless, been the cause of the large increase of the wholesale trade, which is now a leading feature in the business of the city, and is, we judge, in as healthy and handsome process of expansion as is desirable.

They have also had much to do with the land. The cheapness of transportation of the raw materials to this port, the greatest coal depot on the Northern Lakes, is one of the great causes of its success as a manufacturing city.

We are standing on the edge of the great coal fields of Eastern and Northern Ohio and Pennsylvania, into which the Pittsburgh the Mahoning, the Atlantic and the Lake Shore roads penetrate and are making new tracks to penetrate still deeper.

By these and the steam and sail craft the richest iron and copper ores in the world, meet the best of coals for their smelting at our wharves. By them, the vast pine forests of Michigan and Canada—the wood and tobacco of Ohio and Kentucky—the oils of Pennsylvania and Western Virginia are brought here to be manufactured. Here are already manufactured ingots of copper, merchant iron—nails—steam engines for mills, steamboats and oil wells—passenger cars, baggage, mail, platform and stock cars for roads in every western State—railroad car wheels—railroad iron—flouring and saw mill machinery—iron water wheels—agricultural implements and reapers—mowers, ploughs, fanning mills, planters and the like—cassimeres, flannels and cloths of Ohio wool—fabrics by the million, of the same material and the thousand and one articles which enter into the trade of the country, some of which the careless observer will not be aware of till he is told that they are manufactured within the city limits. That the successful inauguration of manufactures has been here no one can doubt who takes but a bird's eye view of the multifarious beginnings. In the building of steamers and sailing vessels the ship yards of Cleveland have turned out the largest number of propellers of great capacity and speed of any on the Northern lakes, and are likely to as long as superior materials are found in Ohio oak and superior architects and machinists are found in Cleveland builders.

In the manufacture of coal oil—the product of the twenty-five factories of this city makes it rank second to none. It is a leading feature of our enterprise and the shipment of 80,000 gallons of refined oil directly from this port to Liverpool, showed the advantage of our communications by lake and sea. The waste of oil by leakage was trifling and showed that the manufacturer who could land his product in a foreign port without a transhipment of this volatile article, had a great advantage over the Pittsburgh or other inland manufacturer.

We have said this much, rather to enlist the attention of those, who, with capital and ambition are looking this way—but who are still on the anxious seat. We propose to give them the same subject continued, believing that this point is not only a desirable place to reside, but furnishes a great field for the best men of northern Ohio and elsewhere, to exercise their ability and capital in projects which will add to the importance of this city and the prosperity of the men who will occupy the field.

On Dit.

It is said that Secretary Stanton and Gen. Sherman, some months ago, had a disagreement upon some military question, and that their relations have not since been friendly.

Damages for False Imprisonment.

A suit brought by Mr. Leonard Sturtevant for illegal arrest and imprisonment which has been on trial in Boston for some days in the Superior Court, closed yesterday morning, the jury rendering a verdict in favor of Mr. Sturtevant for $32,500.

At the breaking out of the war Mr. Sturtevant was doing business in New Orleans and upon his coming North was arrested and lodged in jail upon the charges of disloyalty preferred against him by Mr. Allen.

Not Dead.

The people have been so long and so vehemently entertained with a repetition of the assertion that the Democratic party is dead, and the principles by which it has been governed in all time past have been laid aside as of no further use, that there may be some, even among sensible men, who are in danger of being confused and misled by that kind of teaching. It may be well to guard against all fallacies of that sort. Democratic principles are immortal, and cannot die. They are so interwoven and blended with the great structure of our Government, that when they are ignored, or to any extent neglected, either in theory or in practice, the sublime fabric erected by our fathers becomes impaired, and the long cherished hope of the triumph of Republicanism becomes feeble and unsatisfactory. This, we know, is only a repetition of what has been a thousand times said before, but in this crisis of our affairs, the public need to be reminded of it. Should the day ever come when it can in truth be said that Democracy has perished, its grave will be found by the side of the grave of Liberty, and Despotism will trample them both und[illegible] not only is Democracy a [illegible] a stubborn reality, an imperishable truth, but its principles are embalmed in the minds and hearts of unnumbered millions of undaunted men, who will henceforth, as heretofore, stand up in its defence. Not yet, perhaps, will the people of this country listen to the voice of reason.

The experience of the last four years has not yet had its legitimate effect. More blood and tears must be shed before fraternal hate and inordinate cupidity can be satisfied.—Democrats must "bide their time." But, now that the war is over, statesmanship becomes a necessity, and the game of physical force is nearly played out. A solemn thoughtfulness will, ere long, take the place of noise, and as the din of battle dies away, reason will be re enthroned, and the sober second thought of the people will prompt them to commence in earnest the work of reconstruction. In Ohio there are at least two hundred and fifty thousand Democratic voters, who have never bent the knee to Baal, and who constitute the nucleus around which is to be gathered the great party of the future. New issues will undoubtedly arise, which are to be definitely stated and candidly discussed. To this great work the organs of the party will manfully address themselves, and, in their labors for the public good, they will be guided by the old landmarks established by the ancient apostles of Liberty, and be governed by the immutable principles which they so eloquently inculcated.

Petroleum.

One of the most remarkable discoveries of the age is Petroleum. Although its existence has been known for many years, its uses, so far as we know, were confined to a few special adaptations, and it has never been an article of commerce to any great extent, until its discovery in this country.

In 1860, the product, according to an exchange, was in excess of the demand, and it became a drug upon the market. Then its value was not known, and like all other new things, doubts were entertained of its ever becoming an article of general use or value. But a marvelous change has taken place since that time, and probably no other commodity has advanced with such giant strides in the commercial world in the same space of time. Then there was no foreign demand for petroleum, and up to the close of 1864 the export has increased to one million barrels per annum, and the prospects for the present year indicate that the foreign shipments will be double or trible that of last year. The value of petroleum exported in 1864 was in round numbers about $31,000,000, while the home consumption was nearly the same amount, making the value of the product not less than $50,000,000, and the [illegible] are continually being found for the new uses which the supply will hardly be able to keep pace. Heat and light being necessities, petroleum at once becomes one of the most important elements in supplying these requirements. As an artificial light the time is fast approaching when it will be used in every house and family throughout the land; and it has already been found to be cheaper than the gas generated from coal. For heat it is proven to be equal to any other fuel, and it is believed that it will supply the place of coal in many of its applications. The experiment is being made to test the practicability of supplying ocean steamers and with flattering prospects, and it is believed that the time will soon come when long voyages at sea will be made without the necessity of stopping to replenish fuel. Should this application prove successful, the immense demand for petroleum is beyond computation.

The Great Disaster.

The latest from the great disaster to the steamer *Sultana* informs us that 876 of the passengers and crew have been found alive. The total loss is believed to have been 1500. This disaster dwarfs into insignificance any river or ocean accident that has occurred for years. Many brave fellows from Ohio,—just escaped from long prison confinement in the South,—and *en route* to their homes where they would have been welcomed—oh, how warmly—by friends, by parents, and by wives and children, were lost. Many escaped the dangers of the camp, the perils of battle, and the sufferings of a prison to meet death in its most sudden and horrid form. The Hon John Covode, of the War Committee, furnishes the following information relative to the *Sultana* disaster: No troops of States east of Ohio were lost. All Eastern troops are to be sent to Annapolis. He says the boat was overloaded, her registered capacity being 376 passengers. Other good boats were at Vicksburg at the same time, but the authorities would not let them have them. Prisoners think there is criminality in the matter. About 2,000 paroled prisoners were at Vicksburg when the *Sultana* left. Three thousand were left at Andersonville in consequence of the railroad being destroyed between Andersonville and Jackson. They go to Annapolis by way of sea.

The *Sultana's* agent writes: Near 1700 persons were lost by the disaster. No report states the loss less than 1400 or 1500.

Thomas J. Thorp, the guerrilla, was hung yesterday.

☞ It appears that the "two suspicious looking men" who were reported to have called at Senator Sumner's house, on the evening of the President's assassination, and about the same hour it occurred, were his Congressional colleagues, Messrs. Dawes and Gooch! Mr. Sumner had his personal safety secured by a guard for several days after this call!

The following wise suggestion is made by the Louisville Journal.

One great aim should be to avoid all unnecessary display of force. We shall be bound to protect the emancipated blacks and Northern or loyal inhabitants, and see that the Judgments of the United States courts are carried into execution; but all interference with the ordinary working of local law, and the ordinary management of local affairs ought to be strenuously guarded against. There are other ways than these which we recommend, of holding conquered territory; but there are no other ways of healing the wounds left by civil war.

In one of the processes of steel pen making done by females at Birmingham, a quick worker will cut in one day of ten working hours two hundred and fifty gross, or thirty six thousand pens, which involves seventy-two distinct motions of the arm—two in every second.

J. W. BOOTH KILLED!

HAROLD CAPTURED.

Booth's Body and Harold in Washington.

OFFICIAL BULLETIN.

War Department,
Washington, April 27—9:20 A. M.

To Major General Dix:

J. Wilkes Booth and Harrold were chased from the swamp in St. Mary's county, Maryland, to Garrett's Farm, near Port Poyal, on the Rappahannock, by Colonel Baker's force.

The barn in which they took refuge was fired. Booth in making his escape was shot through the head and fiilled lingering about three hours and Harold was captured.

Booth's body and Harrold are now here.

[Signed] Edwin M. Stanton,
Secretary of War.

Details of the Capture and Killing of Booth.

New York, April 28.

It appears by the Herald's account, that Col. Baker sent Lieut. Col. Conger and Lieutenant Baker, of his detectives, with Colonel Doherty and his cavalry. On reaching Garrett's Farm they were told by a son of Garrett that there were two men in the barn. This was at 2 A. M. Wednesday. Proceeding to the barn, Lieut. Baker was sent forward and called upon Booth to come out and give up his arms and surrender, and that young Garrett would go into the barn to receive the arms. Upon entering the barn Booth exclaimed: "Get out of here, you betrayed me." A colloquy then ensued, of which the following is the substance:

Lieut. Baker—"You must give up your arms and surrender; we have come to take you prisoner and will treat you as a prisoner. We will give you five minutes to surrender, or will burn the barn."

Booth—"Who are you, and what do you want."

Instructions had been given to Lieut. Baker not to disclose the character of those who were in pursuit.

Lieut. Baker—"We want you; we intend to take you prisoner."

Booth—"This is a hard case; it may be that I am to be taken by my friends."

After some further colloquy of this sort, Booth seemingly convinced that he was in the folds of Federal soldiers, said: "Give me a chance for my life. I am a cripple with one leg. Withdraw four men 100 yards from the barn, and I will come out and fight you." Lieut. Baker: "We did not come here to fight, but to take you prisoner. You must give up your arms and surrender." A conversation in the barn between Booth and Harrold then took place which was not overheard by the party outside.

In about fifteen or twenty minutes Booth called out, "Who are you? I could have picked off half a dozen of your men while we were talking. I could have shot you two or three times, but I don't want to kill anybody."

Lieut. Baker—"Then give up your arms and surrender. We have come here to take you."

Booth—"I will never surrender; I will never be taken alive."

Lieut. Baker—"If you don't do so immediately we will set fire to the barn."

Booth—"Well, my brave boys, prepare a stretcher for me."

After this a conversation took place between Booth and Harrold, during which Booth was heard to say, "You damned coward, will you leave me now? But go, go; I don't want you to stay with me." He then addressed the party outside, and said:—"There is a man here who wants to come out."

Lieut. Baker—"Then let him hand out his arms and come out."

Another talk here occurred between Booth and Harrold, in which it appeared that the latter was begging to be allowed to take out some arms with him, and Booth was heard to say, "Go away from me, I don't want anything more to do with you." Harrold then came to the door and asked to be let out. Lieut. Baker said, "No, hand out your arms." Harrold replied "I have none."

Lt. Baker—"Yes, you have; you carried a carbine when you came here; you must hand it out."

Booth—"He has no arms, they are all mine. Upon my word as a gentlemen he has no arms, all that are here belong to me."

Lt. Baker then approached the door, Harrold thrust out his hands and was pulled from the door, tied and placed in charge of a guard. Colonel Conger was then satisfied that further parley with Booth was vain, and proceeding to the other side of the barn, he pulled out a wisp of hay and lighted it.

Within a few moments the blazing hay lighted up the whole of the barn. Booth was discovered leaning on a crutch which he threw aside and with a carbine in his hand came toward the side where the fire had been kindled, passed and toward the door. [illegible] and then started barn, he was shot; then Colonel Conger and Baker at once entered the barn and brought Booth out. After identification by order of the War Department, the body was properly covered in the clothing which was upon it.

The Herald's correspondent says the parley with Booth lasted a long while; that Booth told Lieutenant Doherty he had a bead drawn on him and could shoot him if he chose. That Booth could see those outside plainly while they could not see him inside. That when the fire was lighted, Booth could be seen and then Col. Doherty ordered Sergt. Corbett to fire, which he did through one of the crevices. Booth was armed with two six barreled and one seven barreled revolver.

When the party started to return with the body, Harrold refused to walk, when a rope was fastened to his neck and the other end of it to the saddle of one of the cavalry men. As soon as a horse could be procured, he was mounted. The World's correspondent says it learned that Harrold joined Booth, just after the assassination, and it is believed brought the horse into the alley.

The following is the statement of Sergeant Boston Corbett: On Tuesday, P. M., my superior officer, Col. Doherty, received information that two persons answering to the description of Booth and his accomplice Harrold, were concealed in a barn on the place of Henry Garrett, about three miles from Port Royal, in the direction of Bowling Green. They then captured a man named Jett, who ferried Booth and his companion across the Potomac. At first he denied knowing about the matter, but when threatened with death if he did not reveal the spot where the assassins were secreted, he told us where they could be found, and piloted us to the place.

Booth and Harrold reached the barn about dusk on Tuesday evening. The barn was at once surrounded by our cavalry, and some of our party engaged in conversation with Booth from the outside. He was comanded to surrender several times, but made no reply to the demand, save that "If you want me you must take me." When first asked to surrender, he asked "Who do you take me for?" A short time after, in response to the question as to whether there was anybody else with him in the barn, he stated that he was the only person in the building; that his companion Harrold had taken another direction, and was beyond the reach of capture.

About three o'clock or a little after, the barn was fired. Before the flames were kindled Booth had the advantage of us in the respect to light. He could see us but we could not see him. But after that the tables were turned against him. We could see him plainly, but could not be seen by him. The flames appeared to confuse him, and he made a spring forward to the door, as if to attempt to force his way out. As he passed by one of the crevices I fired at him; I aimed at his body, did not want to kill him. I took deliberate aim at his shoulders, but my aim was too high. The ball struck him in the head just below the right ear, and passing through came out about an inch above the left ear. I think he stooped to pick up something just as I fired, and that may probably account for his receiving the ball in the head. I was not over eight or ten yards distant from him when I fired. I was afraid that it I did not wound him he would kill some of our men. After he was wounded I went into the barn, Booth was lying in a reclining position on the floor. I asked him, "Where are you wounded?" He replied in a feeble voice, his eye gleaming with a peculiar brilliancy, "In the head—you have finished me." He was then carried out of the burning building into the open air, where he died about two hours afterwards.

About an hour before he breathed his last, he prayed for us to shoot him through the heart. His sufferings appeared to be intense. Booth, although he could have killed several of our party, seemed to be afraid to fire. Mine was the only shot fired on either side. When he fell he had in his hand a six-barreled revolver, and at his feet was lying a seven shooter, which he dropped after he was wounded. Two other revolvers were found near him. He declared that the arms belonged to him, and that Harrold had nothing to do with the murder. We gave him brandy, and four men went in search of a doctor, whom we found about four miles from the occurrence, but when the doctor arrived Booth was dying. He did not talk much after receiving his wound. When asked if he had anything to say, he replied, "I die for my country," and asked those standing by to tell his mother so. He did not deny his crime.

More About Booth.

New York, April 29.

The Tribune's Washington special says: Edwin Booth is here for the purpose of procuring the body of his brother. His desire cannot be gratified as the grave of the assassin will never be known. The surgeons who held the autopsy upon Booth assert that he must have endured untold anguish of body as well as of mind from the nature of the fracture of his leg, the small bone having cut its way through the flesh and protruded. Mortification of the leg had also commenced, and it was the opinion of the Surgeon General that he could not have lived many days more in any event.

Ohio Items.

☞ The Holmes County *Republican* has ceased to "be."

☞ Silas W. Shaw, Treasurer of Seneca county, Ohio, died on the 29th ult. Gen. E. T. Stickney was appointed his successor.

☞ Jacob Glessner, Senior, father of the editor of the Mansfield *Shield and Banner*, died at Norwich, Muskingum county, on the 10th of April, aged 90 years, 9 months and two days.

☞ The Chillicothe *Advertiser* suggests the 28th of June as a very suitable time for the holding of the Democratic State Convention.

☞ Robert McComb, Esq., an old and highly esteemed citizen of Mansfield, died in that city, on Thursday, April 20th, in the 69th year of his age.

☞ A little son of Mr. J. T. Keith, of Madison township, Richland county, died a few days ago from the sting of a bee on the top of his head.

☞ The Zanesville *Courier* says that a bomb shell was found a short time since in the river bank near Duncan's Falls, by Mr. A. H. Thomas. It was found in the bank of a break made by the water, and is supposed to have been shot there in the fight with the French and Indians sixty years ago. The shell contained powder, which burned on being taken out, and also 31 balls.

☞ Mr. Charles Zahm, a worthy young man, has purchased the Hardin County *Democrat*, and will edit it hereafter. The "Hoop-pole" county should give him a liberal support.

☞ Burglaries are reported in every section of Ohio by our country exchanges. Some of them are extensive.

☞ The 123d Ohio Regiment, which was captured in the battles near Petersburgh, is now at Camp Chase. The 123d is a glorious Regiment, and is commanded by Col. W. T. Wilson.

☞ Isaac J. Allen, Esq., late editor of the *State Journal*, left Columbus on Tuesday last, for Hong Hong, China, to enter upon the duties of his appointment as Consul at that port.

☞ Several Oil Companies are formed in Seneca county, in this State. In Pleasant township, the Lehigh Company reports "great indications."

☞ A terrible accident occurred, says the Auglaize *Democrat*, at New Bremen, on Friday evening, the 14th instant, by the explosion of a keg containing powder, used in firing a cannon. Charles Boesel, Jr., was blown over a perpendicular well twenty five feet high into a creek below, his face and hands being shockingly burnt. Henry Feigler, aged about 16, was thrown a distance of fifteen feet, fracturing his ankle.—August Wehrman was severely burnt on one side of the face, and on the hands. Four other boys were more or less injured

The Terrible Explosion.

The shocking details of the explosion of the Sultana and the great loss of life which was the consequence of it, are given at length in the Memphis *Bulletin*, from which we extract the following:

The steamer Sultana, Captain Mason, arrived from New Orleans last night, the 26th, with about 2,200 people on board, 1,964 of whom were exchanged Federal prisoners from Vicksburg, the balance being refugees and regular passengers from various points along the river, proceeding towards St. Louis. She left the coal pile about 1 o'clock this morning, and had made some eight or ten miles, when an explosion of one of her boilers occurred. The boat, with its mass of living freight, took fire in the vicinity of the engines, and in a short time she was burned to the water, and now lies on a sand bar near Fogleman's Landing, nothing visible but her charred remains and jackstaff standing erect.

The scene following the explosion was terrible and heart-rending in the extreme.—Hundreds of people were blown into the air, and descending into the water, some dead, some with broken limbs, some scalded, were borne under by the relentless current of the great river, never to rise again. The survivors represent the screams as agonizing beyond precedent. Some clung to frail [illegible] to straws, and sustained themselves for a few moments, but finally became exhausted and sunk. Only the best of swimmers, aided by fragments of the wreck, were enabled to reach the woods, and there take refuge, until rescued by boats sent from the landing here to their assistance.

There were about fifteen women and children aboard, and as near as can be ascertained, not more than two or three bad been found at the hour when this account was written.

Some of the wretched people were borne by the current as far down as the levee at this city, and this was the first intimation the officers of the boats in port received of the terrible disaster. A yawl was immediately sent out from the Marble City, and in a few minutes several persons were picked out of the water and brought ashore. Two were afterward found clinging to the wheel, and they were also saved. Upon being brought to a realization of the calamity, the officers of the boats in port, under notification of Captain Semor, of the River Guard, steamed up, and in a short time were at the burning steamer, where hundreds of people were picked up and brought to this landing, arriving about daylight. They were met by a number of citizens and ladies, who supplied them with abundance of dry clothing from the Quartermaster's Department and from various stores.

Mr. Rawberry, the first mate, was on the watch, and standing in the pilot house with Captain George Cayton, who was at the wheel at the time of the explosion. He only remembers the shock, that he was blown in the air, and was afterwards taken from the water. He saw the lower deck in flames, and knows no more. He can give no idea of the cause of the accident, and says the boat was going at ordinary speed, and all seemed well up to the moment the explosion occurred; that the 2d Engineer, a sober, reliable man named Clemens, was at the engines, and that nothing more than common was in progress. Captain Cayton was also hurled into the wreck among the broken boilers and rubbish, sustaining slight injuries. He immediately jumped overboard with a door, by which he was enabled to reach the Arkansas shore, three miles below, where, striking a sapling, he seized and clung to it until saved. Clemens, the engineer, was badly burned and scalded, and can hardly recover. Mr. John Fogleman, residing on the Arkansas side, on being aroused by the noise, and seeing the burning steamer, hastily constructed a rude raft, and in this way was the means of saving about one hundred lives.

Among those drifted down and picked up at Fort Pickering were the following members of Ohio regiments:

Lieut J. N. Seffer, 175th; Sergt. Wm. M. Duke, 42d; H. Van Vleet, 14th; A. Dipure, 4th; E. Matthias, 64th; J. Thatcher, 46th; J. Haley, 102d; D. Hites, 102d; H. B. Wallace, 124th; G. H. Hodger, 9th Cavalry; L. Cook, 28 h; R. Carr, 7th Cavalry; S. E. Whiter, 55th; J. Wescott McClothers, Ohio Cavalry; J. Moore, 175th; C. Post, do.; J. Nowland, 4th Cavalry; Lieut. J. F. Elliott, 125th; Lieut. McCard, 97th Ohio; Lieut. Larkin; Lieut. Squire, 101st; Capt. Taggart, do.; Lieut. Davis, 71st; Major Carlin, do.; Capt; Fooser, 58th; Capt. Hake, 115th.

Out of the 2,200 persons on board, it is reliably stated that not to exceed 750 were saved. This is the greatest loss of life ever caused by any disaster of the kind on the Western waters, and what adds immensely to the horror caused by it, the most of those who were thus swept from among the living as by the besom of destruction, were soldiers returning to their homes!

A Singular Incident of the War.—A letter from the Army of the Potomac, speaking of the death of Gen. Reed, chief of Gen. Ord's staff, says:

In a charge made last Friday, he was in front of his men, when the rebel General Dearing, in an attempt to cut his way through Ord's lines, was discovered by Gen Reed, who, recognizing an old acquaintance, he engaged him in a hand-to-hand conflict. Before the infantry could get a shot at him, they had exchanged several shots with their revolvers, and Reed fell from his horse, dead, and Dearing mortally wounded. The fight was seen by several thousand men, being in the open field, and is one of the most singular incidents of the war.

Speech of Senator Guthrie.

We find in the Cincinnati *Gazette* the following brief sketch of a speech delivered at Louisville last week by Hon. James Guthrie, who will take his seat in the next Congress as U. S. Senator from Kentucky and occupy there a commanding position as a leader of the Democratic and Conservative side:

REMARKS BY HON. JAMES GUTHRIE AT LOUISVILLE.

Hon. James Guthrie said he scarcely knew what to say on that solemn occasion—except to repeat what he said four years ago—that this Union can never be severed. Let no man be so deluded as to believe such a thing possible. He had seen and conversed with Mr Lincoln but three times in his life. He was politically at variance with him, yet he had yielded him the support due from every good citizen in the trying circumstances by which he was surrounded, and as far as he could consistently with his convictions of duty. No event in his life had shocked him so much as the assassination of President Lincoln. It seems that he was to have the honor of suppressing the rebellion, and he (Guthrie) was willing that he should reap all the honors of it. As the State of Kentucky had sent him to the Senate of the United States, he intended to have supported Mr. Lincoln's administration as far as his own convictions of duty and of the public policy would permit him. He said that it was more unfortunate for the rebels that Mr. Lincoln fell by assassination than if he had died by any other means. The heart of the nation was for peace, with a restored Union, and the people looked to President Lincoln to give the country peace His (the President's) heart was in the work, and all believed he would soon give the country peace. He said President Johnson, like the late President, came from the people. He had served them with ability in Congress, as Governor of his State, and in the United States Senate, and he had strong hope in him. He trusted the new President would bring to the discharge of his duties the same earnestness of purpose as the man he succeeds. Coming from the people as he does, he will naturally obey the will of the people in shaping the policy of the government during his administration.

Speech by Ex-President Pierce—Mob Spirit Reproved.

[From the New Hampshire Patriot]

We are extremely sorry to perceive that the people of Concord have so soon forgotten, or concluded to violate their solemn pledge to the State, to enforce the laws, protect individual rights, and put down the mob spirit among themselves. That pledge alone prevented the removal of the capital; its violation, if persisted in will surely effect its removal, no matter how much Concord may expend upon the State House. We are sorry, also, on all accounts, that the mob spirit still exists here, and is encouraged by men of influence and property. But argument with them is useless, and we shall not now seek to convince them that they are digging a pit into which they may themselves fall. We propose only to notice briefly the disgraceful doings of Saturday evening, April 17. Between 8 and 10 o'clock on that evening a mob numbering at various times from three hundred to six hundred men and boys, visited the residences and places of business of seven or eight of our citizens, behaving in a most disorderly manner, uttering threats of violence and outrage to persons and property; in some places insisting upon searching dwellings where there were only women and children, and thereby literally driving old ladies from their houses, in a dark and stormy night, to seek protection elsewhere. The purpose of these disgraceful proceedings was declared to be to make the persons visited "hang out a flag." Thus it seems that we are all to rejoice or mourn at the dictation of a mob; and the city authorities look on approvingly, or at least take no efficient measure to put a stop to such outrages! Comment is unnecessary; we record the act for the consideration of right minded people. At about nine o'clock, this mob, numbering then from two hundred to four hundred appeared about the door of the residence of General Pierce and surprised him by vociferous calls. Immediately the door was thrown open, and in the blaze of the entry light the ex-President appeared upon the steps and addressed to the assemblage the remarks which follow. It is due to the crowd to say that the moment our distinguished fellow-citizen appeared and uttered one or two sentences, with the exception of occasional remarks, such as "that's so," "that's good," "that's true," absolute quiet and silence prevailed while General Pierce was speaking. When he uttered his "good night," they responded with a hearty "good night" and three cheers for the general, and retired as quietly as though there had been no scene of excitement in the city. This, at least, was creditable.

SPEECH OF GENERAL PIERCE.

[illegible] the motives of this call. What is your desire?

[Some person in the crowd replied: "We wish to hear some words from you on this sad occasion." General Pierce responded.]

I wish I could address to you words of solace. But that can hardly be done. The magnitude of the calamity, in all its aspects, is overwhelming. If your hearts are oppressed by events more calculated to awaken profound sorrow and regret than any which have hitherto occurred in our history, mine mingles its deepest regrets and sorrows with yours. It is to be hoped that the great wickedness and atrocity was confined, morally and actually, to the heads and hearts of but two individuals of all those who still survive on this continent, and that they may speedily, and in obedience to law, meet the punishment due to their unparalleled crimes. It is well that you—it is well that I—well that all men worthy to be called citizens of the United States, make manifest, in all suitable forms, the emotions incident to the bereavement and distress which have been brought to the hearths and homes of the two most conspicuous families of the Republic. I give them my warm, outgushing sympathy, as I am sure all persons within the hearing of my voice must do. But beyond personal grief and loss, there will abide with us inevitably the most painful memories. Because, as citizens obedient to law, revering the Constitution, holding fast to the Union, thankful for the period of history which succeeded the Revolution in so many years of peaceful growth and prosperity, and loving, with the devotion of true and faithful children, all that belongs to the advancement and glory of the nation, we can never forget or cease to deplore the great crime and deep stain.

(A voice from the crowd—"Where is your flag?")

It is not necessary for me to show my devotion for the stars and stripes by any special exhibition, or upon the demand of any man or body of men. My ancestors followed it through the Revolution—one of them, at least, never having seen his mother's roof from the beginning to the close of that protracted struggle. My brothers followed it in the war of 1812; and I left my family in the spring of 1847, among you, to follow its fortunes and maintain it upon a foreign soil But this you all know. If the period during which I have served our state and country in various situations, commencing more than thirty-five years ago, have left the question of my devotion to the flag, the Constitution and the Union in doubt, it is too late now to remove it by any such exhibition as the inquiry suggests.

Besides, to remove such doubts from minds where they may have been cultivated by a spirit of domination and partisan rancor, if such a thing were possible, would be of no consequence to you, and is certainly none to me. The malicious questionings would return to reassert their supremacy and pursue the work of injustice. Conscious of the infirmities of temperament, which to a greater or less extent beset us all, I have never felt or found that that violence or passion was ultimately productive of beneficial results. Is is gratifying to perceive that your observation, briefer than mine, has led your minds to the same conclusion. What a priceless commentary upon this general thought, is the final reported conversation between the late President and his cabinet! and with that dispatch comes news to warrant the cheering hope that, in spite of the knife of the assassin the life and intellect of the Secretary of State may, through Providence, be spared to us in this appalling emergency. I thank you for that silent attention with which you have listened to me, and for the manifestations of your approval as my neighbors, and will not detain you in this storm longer than to add my best wishes for you all, and for what, individually and collectively, we ought to hold most dear—our country—our whole country. Good night.

Hon. S. S. Cox.—The Ohio *Statesman* says Hon. S. S. Cox will not be a candidate for Governor at the next election. It also says:

It is Mr. Cox's intention, at the request of his old constituents, to publish a volume of his speeches in Congress, with a *memorabilia* of the inner life of these memorable times. His knowledge of important matters that have not transpired, connected with the rise and progress of the rebellion, will enable him to make an interesting book.

The Press and the Public.

[From the New York Tribune]

One of many letters of similar tenor recently received, says, in perfect simplicity, "I assure you that what you say in favor of peace and of lenity to rebels does not represent the sentiments of your subscribers in this quarter." We haven't the least doubt of it. Representing—that is, reflecting, conforming to—the changing opinion of the hour, may not be difficult; but it surely cannot be achieved by those who do not try; and we never attempted the task, finding it unadapted to our mental habits and tastes. We might hoe cotton for a peck of corn and a couple of pounds of bacon per week, with a few cuts of a horsewhip thrown in at intervals; we can certainly chop cord wood or dig potatoes for a living, for we have tried; but to represent public opinion in the editorial columns of a newspaper is a task quite outside our capacity. The physical possibility of doing it may or may not inhere our faculties; the moral does not.

We are sometimes inspired with intense disgust for a vocation whereof the popular estimate appears to be so sordid and low. We have quite often received epistles gravely informing us that what we think and say on a certain topic is unpopular, in the evident presumption that we only need to know this to make us wear ship at once, and come short round on the other tack. The notion that a writer should ever undertake to correct and improve public sentiment, seems as inconceivable to our mentors as that a man should practice law with a view to the promotion of justice rather than for the sake of the money he might earn by it.

If the public is to be made any better, it must have instructors who do not "represent" its average views, but are wiser, better, profounder, than they are. A journal who uniformly "represent" the popular opinion may make his newspaper profitable to its publishers; but what can he possibly have done for his readers? As a vehicle of news, his sheet may be valuable; but his editorials, considered as lamps along the public highway and guides to correct thinking, can be of no use whatever.

The idea which seems to lie at the bottom of the degrading conception of our calling which we find prevalent seems to be [illegible] from this: An editor is an intellectual gladiator, whom we hire or pay to find or invent reasons for the course which we have determined to take. He is like the lawyer who, being paid his fee, does his best for his client, whether that client's case be good or bad. He cannot always win; but he must ascertain what his clients want and "represent" it as well as he can.

Now we know and could name journals that always mean to "go with the tide," and generally succeed in this; we presume they also succeed in making money; but they have no more influence on public opinion than the weathercock has on the direction and force of the wind. They may be consulted as evidence of what is popular, and may, in that view, have a certain value; but in no other are they worth a straw.

Sometimes we are addressed by a person who says, "I have taken your paper fifteen or twenty years, and have never disagreed with it till now." We are very sorry to hear it; for, in the course of so many years, we must have been many times wrong, and you ought to have detected some of those errors. The end and aim of this journal are not to make its readers think in all cases as we do, but teach them to think for themselves. We state our own opinions fully and frankly; we ask for them a fair consideration and a candid judgment; but we never dreamed that every one would make them his own. In fact, if we supposed every one united in the belief of a certain proposition, we should waste no words in its defence. It is precisely because we present an opinion not generally entertained that we show cause for cherishing it.

On a single point, we insist on being better understood. Several have written protesting against "sentimentality," "tenderness to criminals," etc. They entirely mistake our position. It is in the interest not of the criminal but of the yet undepraved that we resist penal inflictions that tend to barbarize the community. It is in the interest of human liberty that we resist all tendencies to invest the defeated champions of slavery with the honors of martyrdom. [illegible] cannot well agree with those who hold that a great criminal escapes punishment unless the law takes his life or inflicts on him some kind of physical torture; for our respective stand points are not within hail of each other, but we can possibly make students of history and of human nature comprehend that no party triumphant in a great civil war ever yet suffered for treating its vanquished opponents with too much lenity. The danger is all the other way; for there will always be a hundred voices crying, "Strike!" for every one which pleads "Spare!" In fact, they who would silence the one side evince an uneasy consciousness that their side of the question cannot abide discussion. Better let all be fairly heard, and be sure that they who [illegible] in such crisis are most unlikely, even if unprovoked, to rigor, to "bear it in vain!"

Attempts at Assassination.

[From the Chicago Times]

Historians, with a natural and proper spirit of investigation, are already at work to find precedents for the crime committed at the National Capital. There are, however, few parallels to this case, for, as Bishop [illegible] says, it is rather parricide than regicide. Paul I. of Russia, in 1801, was assassinated, but under very different circumstances. He was no representative of the people, and the enemy of almost every one of his [illegible]. His own son was believed to be one of the conspirators, who included the highest [illegible] in the empire, and the son, even with his own hands, to have assisted in the murder of his father. The murdered Duke de Berri was not a king, but through his body the Bourbon family could be perpetuated, and on that account he was assassinated by Louvel, at Paris, in 1820. The murderer declared that he had no accomplice or confidant. The moment selected for this murder was at the door of the opera-house, as the Duke was leaving it in company with his wife. The Duke was carried to a room near the entrance of the theatre, where he was at once surrounded by the high officers of the government, including the King himself. He lived through the night, dying about [illegible] o'clock in the morning. Abbas Pasha, Viceroy of Egypt, was murdered in his bed by assassins.

The nearest parallel to this assassination [illegible] comparing the character of the men [illegible] the murder of the good Henry IV, the [illegible] prince perhaps ever on the throne of France, who restored harmony to a country long ravaged by factions, and established the unity of the Kingdom, combining France and Navarre under one crown. He was struck down in open day, in the open street, in his carriage, by an assassin, who rushed upon him with a poignard and committed the bloody deed in spite of the six persons who occupied the same carriage with the King. Every effort was made to prove a conspiracy, but it rests as an undoubted historical fact that Ravaillac was doomed to an immortality of infamy as the sole conspirator and assassin. A correspondent of the Post, in citing the case, says:

This may turn out to be the truth in regard to the murderer of the President.

One of Mr. Lincoln's Latest Letters.

Last week General Van Allen, of New York, wrote to the President to ask him not to expose his life unnecessarily, as he had done at Richmond, and assuring him of the earnest desire of all his countrymen to see the war he had so successfully conducted [illegible]. After acknowledging the receipt of the letter, the President replied April 14, the day of his death, and said:

"I intend to adopt the advice of my friends and use due precaution. * * * I thank you for the assurance you give me that I shall be supported by conservative men like yourself, in the efforts I may make to restore the Union, so as to make it, to use your language, a Union of hearts and hands as well as of States.

"Yours truly, A. Lincoln."

Edward Bates, late United States Attorney General, is writing a series of articles in the Missouri Democrat for the restoration of law and order in that State. He says that all that has been done under pretence of martial law in the State is a personal wrong and a punishable usurpation; that the provost marshals have assumed civil functions without authority, and that the late State convention was revolutionary in its character and proceedings, and its acts illegal and void. There is no doubt that great crimes, and even monstrous crimes, have been committed in Missouri under the shield of loyalty and radicalism, and it would be well if the people of the State follow the advice given them by President Lincoln in his recent letter to Governor Fletcher, to combine together to save the laws and suppress disorder and violence. Missouri has a great career before her as soon as she can get ruffianism out of her politics.—*Springfield Republican.*

Railroad Earnings.

The Cleveland and Toledo Road earned in the first half of April, 1864, $81,737; 1865, $[illegible]; increase, $11,077.