THE MARYLAND NEWS SHEET.

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BALTIMORE.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1861.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE MARYLAND NEWS SHEET will be issued daily from the office formerly occupied by the *Daily Exchange*, and will be, as its name implies, simply a "News Sheet." It will furnish the latest intelligence as derived from the despatches of the Associated Press, by which it will be supplied in common with the New York journals; from its exchanges, and from such reliable private sources of information as it may be able to command. Expressing itself no opinions, it will devote its editorial columns to such extracts from other journals as may be deemed of interest to the public.

WAR AND OTHER NEWS.

From the Chicago *Tribune* we learn that Fremont was at one time actually removed. The Boston *Courier* confirms this statement, and asserts that it was well known in Boston that Fremont had been displaced, and that the explanation of the Chicago *Tribune* is probably the true one—that General Wool's conditions were unreasonable.

The letter of Secretary Seward to the Governors of the seaboard States, asking them to fortify the harbors and lakes, has exercised the minds of northern journalists to an unusual degree. It is said to have fallen like a bomb-shell in Wall street, and the result was an instantaneous decline in every description of Government securities.

NEWS VIA WASHINGTON.

From the Washington *Star* of yesterday evening we extract the following items of news:

CHANGING THEIR FORCE IN FRONT.

Yesterday, thorough scouting in front of our lines over the river developed the fact that Beauregard has withdrawn all his camps as far back as Fairfax Court House, which is now his extreme front. That is to say: those that were not long since at Vienna and Flint Hill.

The fact of these changes of the positions of Beauregard's force lately camped nearest our lines, confirms our impression stated elsewhere to-day, that the main body of the enemy is being concentrated on an extension of their late front from Fairfax Court House to Aquia Creek, to be in position to meet flank movements against their batteries on our part, which they anticipate.

This forenoon, citizens of the territory between the two armies report preparations being apparently made by the enemy to evacuate the Court House. Our belief is that they are simply getting ready to bounce out of it in case Gen. McClellan shortly concludes to pay them a visit there in force; designing to keep what troops they have at that point sick there, until another forward movement of McC. may threaten them; as his latest movement compelled the evacuation of Falls Church and Vienna.

DOUBTFUL.

The New York *Times* and *Tribune* are trying to persuade themselves that the main body of Beauregard's army has already retired back of Manassas and is now engaged in fortifying the line of the Rappahannock river from the vicinity of Fredericksburg to the immediate base of the Blue Ridge, near Fauquier White Sulphur Springs. If this were so, with its right resting on the Potomac at AquiaCreek and Evansport, its front would stretch a distance of about fifty miles. That fact shows that the notion of those papers is ridiculous.

HORSES, MULES, HAY AND OATS.

About twenty-five thousand horses and three thousand mules have been received by the Quartermaster in this city since the commencement of the war. On Wednesday there was on hand twelve hundred wagons and one hundred and thirty-three ambulances—a portion of these being in use and the rest ready for immediate service. On the same day there were ten thousand one hundred and forty-four horses and twenty-seven mules in use, or kept as spare. For the last three weeks the Forage Master has received one hundred and fifty tons of hay and eight thousand bushels of oats per week. The issue has been very near the same.

NAVY YARD—RIVER NEWS—ARRIVALS—STEAMER SUNK BY COLLISION, ETC.

There are at the Navy Yard this morning the following vessels, which came up the Potomac last night:—The Government steamer *Connecticut*, which towed up the Government sloop Granite; (these vessels passed the batteries at 1.30, A. M., and were not fired on.) The tug Murray, which towed up to Georgetown the schooner John Forsyth, with hay for the Government; and the tug Pusey, which also towed to Georgetown a large schooner loaded with hay for the Government; (these tugs were in company, and about twenty shots were fired at them as they passed the batteries in the darkness, but neither the tugs nor schooners were struck.) Besides these vessels the following are known to have passed the batteries, all without injury, and some of them are now here:—The steamer City of Richmond, Capt. Kelly, with powder and other Government stores; the side-wheel steamer Columbia, from Baltimore; a large wood schooner, one or two other schooners, and several smaller vessels with oysters and river produce.

The Cœur-de-Lion spoke the Pawnee in Chesapeake bay bound down. The Pawnee was not at all disabled by the shots she received.

A great many vessels are still at Smith's Point, waiting a chance to get up. Among these are the steamer Annie B. Hays, with 5,000 bushels of potatoes for the troops, the schooner Chamberlain, the schooner Kate Callaban with coal, and the schooner Mary Miller, with lumber for the Quartermaster's Department.

The tug Robert Leslie, which left the yard last night, ran into the steamer Hugh Jenkins, bound down, near Mount Vernon. The Hugh Jenkins was struck about ten feet from the bow, and was completely disabled. She had on board a troop of cavalry, with the horses. She was immediately run into shoal water, on a soft bottom, and the Leslie came up to the yard for a scow to take the horses off. Fortunately no one was injured.

The Wyandank and Alger have left the Yard with stores. The Mount Vernon went down last evening, but Captain Mitchell deemed it prudent to return to Indian Head without passing the batteries. The Harriet Lane left the Yard this morning at seven o'clock.

The new battery at Timber Branch mounts four guns.

The Yankee has on board a large-sized rifled shell, which was fired from the battery at Budd's Ferry, (between Evansport and Shipping Point.) It went through a barn on the Maryland shore, and penetrated several feet into a bank of earth.

From the N. Y. Post, Oct. 17.

A NEW CHAPTER IN THE MEXICAN IMBROGLIO.

THE ENGLISH ACCUSATIONS SPECIFIED.

Hitherto we have known nothing in this country of the Mexican offences against Great Britain, save those very vague and general charges which have appeared in the always uncertain columns of the London *Times*.

We publish the charges in a condensed form.—All the British claims arise out of violations of England's original treaty with Mexico, and those now entered on the books of the British legation for spoliation of property and outrages to person combined, amount to $21,000,000.

Here are some of the outrages specified: William Bodmer, British vice-consul at Tasco, and holding a lucrative situation in a mining company, after having three times saved the town from sack and pillage, was deliberately shot in the balcony of his house, while expostulating with Vicarias's troops against the ill-treatment of a Mexican.

The glass-works of another wealthy British citizen, Mr. Burnand, were taken from him by *Santa Ana* in 1852, held for four years, and then restored to him in so ruinous a condition that two years more were required to put them in working order. When the Liberals retook the city he stayed in his factory. It was attacked like all the other buildings' supposed capable of concealing brigand troops. Mr. Burnand stayed in it and was dangerously wounded. His left arm had to be amputated, he lost his power of providing for his family, his wife became a lunatic and his daughter an epileptic.

The Reactionary forces murdered a Mr. Beale on the 6th of last July. General Marquez (Clerical) captured Mr. Newall and demanded $15,950 which he held in his hands as trust-funds for the Potosi firm, whose agent he was. He refused to give it up, and Marquez ordered him to be shot on the next morning. Meanwhile his friends raised the same amount by subscription, gave it to Marquez, and saved Mr. Newall's life.

In October, 1858, a Mr. Perry was imprisoned for twenty-eight days by the Clerical forces without accusation of any kind, and finally expelled the country on a few hours' notice.

Miramon, the head of the Clerical army, imprisoned two other gentlemen for refusing to pay duties to him, and was about to make common soldiers of them, when their friends redeemed them.

Another gentleman did not get the subsidy which the Mexican government had promised him for his establishment in Guadalajara of a Lancastrian school.

The robbery by Miramon, of the *conductas* containing British bondholders' money, forms the main feature of the remaining charges in the specification.

We need hardly call attention to the fact that every outrage mentioned by the *Times'* correspondent is to be referred directly to the Clericals, whom Juarez, the President to be deposed by a protectorate, is at this moment putting down.

A NUMBER OF SHIPS IN A HURRY.—A correspondent of the New England *Farmer* says:

"Timothy seed numbers 41,823,360 grains to the bushel, and if sown on an acre of ground, as recommended by some, would give about 6 to the square inch. Clover, of medium size, 17,400,960, or 2¾ to the square inch.—Rio Grande wheat, fair and plump, 696,238 to the bushel, or 12¾ to the square foot. Rye, 898,190, or 20½ to the square foot."

This is easy to judge of about the quantity that should be sown per acre.

A Russian Church has just been dedicated in Paris.

From the N. Y. Post, Oct. 17.

THAT UNWRITTEN NATIONAL HYMN.

AN INFORMAL REPORT.

A committee which has sate, but has brought forth no fledgling, is something so unusual in a land where everything is, by popular tendency, referred to committees, that we cannot but read the book* of Mr. Richard Grant White with an *a priori* interest. It has many peculiar merits which would entitle it to a thorough reading, apart from the original and special interest of the subject. We find it one of the most entertaining books of this literary season.

The committee met frequently at Mr. White's own house. It was the habit on such occasions for the venerable Gulian C. Verplanck (so well known to all who love our city's literary antiquities) to sit as father of the committee, raised upon the dais of his age and traditional prestige.

The sessions were not dull affairs at any time.—Beside the constant sense of expectation—only equalled by that of the player at Baden, that the true red night win at the next deal of manuscript—there was the frequently recurring excitement of a subjected poem either purposely or unintentionally funny.

Here for instance, is a specimen of one which we must class among the former sort:

A NATIONAL HYMN.

"All hail our country great,
May she never falter;
But every darned Secessionist
Be hung up by a halter!

(Appended by the *author of the verses*.)

"It is supposed the committee understand fugue and figured bass. The money may be sent to the author at Albany."

Another competitor wrote that he could not think of giving *his* hymn to the public for less than $250, and he, being evidently of the serious ludicrous class, calls his diversion "The Nation's Bride." He had prepared the following little arrangement for her:

"And lo! here is the side-saddle
Which the bride, with horse and bridle,
May at her pleasure take a ride
In the buoyancy of her pride."

He adds at the close of his communication that the only reason he had not written the music as well as the verses for this "Hime" was because he didn't know how—a reason by all means most conclusive, but, unfortunately, not in all cases operative, as the committee found to its great fatigue.

Another poet sends on a mere trifle of one hundred and ten lines of Iambic-Heptameter-Hypermeter, which begins with this cheerful paraphrase of the Declaration of Independence:

"When, in the course of human events, a people needful find
They must dissolve the bonds that did them to another bind."

But fancy a committee tempted to suicide by the poetic madness of "A Constitution Hymn," whereof this is a specimen:

"What is that stings the Eare?—it sounds as of yore
Is the Nation a Bleeding—by the Cannon once more
Some links seem several—From the Union's Throng
The Banner says stay—To the Union Belong
"*Coral*—Then all hail, Constitution—Thy Spirit we'll Keep
For thy starspangled banner—it never shall sleep

* * * * * *

"God's willd free to man—all things thatt he needes
From his Birth to his grave—while onward he speedes
Yet peace freedom and union—the best boon to life
Except what god made—when he made man a wife."

After all, without the true loyal sentiment expressed in the last line and a half, we should have no nation to write a hymn for.

The interest of the ludicrous rises a dozen rapid steps with our progress onward to this "Hymn of our Country."

"TUNE: *Kate Kearney.* CHORUS: *A Southerly Wind.*

"Great Fountain of Light! Great Life-giving Power!
Thine All-Seeing Eye is a Consuming Fire!
That moves us to Live! that moves us to die!
That raises our Spirits to Endless Joy!

Hail! Light of Life! Hail! Spirit of Force!
That Light which at first created all things,
That Light in man is the Image of Source,
That Light of Dominion o'er Earth's offsprings.

That Light which led the Israelites,
That Light which glowed on Sinai's Mount,
That Light which brought Good Tidings Rights,
That Light with the Dove at the Holy Font.

Chorus—Hark! Hark!! Forward!!!
The Star-Spangled Banner!
Hark! Hark!! Forward!!!
Hosanna! Hosanna!! Hozanna!!!
Hark! Hark!! Forward!!!
God save the Union!"

But the acme of the ridiculous is not reached until we stand on a peak of vision occupied by some poet to whom "Lord Lovel" seemed a "likely" tune for a national anthem, and this astonishing combination of crude theology, debating-society metaphysics, and table tipping inspiration, the proper thing to be sung to it by a nation:

"Great source of light, Eternal One, the Infinite, the real,
Where wisdom reigns thy will is done, all else is but ideal,
Ideal, all else is but ideal.

While we infinite laws survey, all finite things depart,
But where mankind on mortals prey, there's no law on the heart,
Heart, heart, there's no law on the heart.

In seventy six, our unfledged bird made Briton's symbol groan
Lo, how the hearts of men were stirred when the nestling shook the throne,
Throne, throne, when the nestling shook the throne."

Anybody who has heard Sam. Cowell sing the adventures of that lugubrious knight who

"——stood at his castle gate
A-combin' his milk-white steed,"

can imagine how a hymn of even the above mock-gravity would go to Lord Lovel. Yet the exquisite impropriety of this screed finds abundant congeners in several others submitted to the judges, all irresistibly reminding us of the communications handed in to a talking medium by the spirit of Sir Isaac Newton the morning after he had been on a celestial spree in the fourth sphere, with Joe Miller, Kant, and Shelley.

A PROSE CONTRIBUTOR.

Sometimes the poet accompanied his rhythmical venture by a protracted dissertation in prose. Mr. White gives one specimen of this kind of thing; and one is abundant, if the others were at all similar; though, in point of originality, it could hardly be bettered.

It comes from a "lone female" in Connecticut, who, even were Connecticut less famed for moral steadiness, can scarcely be imagined as suffering from her loneliness (certainly she would never be disturbed in it) if her letter be any just index of her general mental style. She begins with the following singular recognition of providential interference—in behalf of whom, it would be difficult to say, unless, perhaps, the committee, by way of wholesome chastisement:

"Maunsell B Field and others of the National Hymn Committee New York City God is the Father and Creator of all things has Caused Me to See a Notice in the N York *Tribune* that you are a Committee to award a prize of Five Hundred dollars for a National Hymn...

"The five hundred dollars is a great inducement to those that God has given that Talent. The knowledge that God has Created in *me* is to know how to accomplish the Mission of the Saviour and bring Peace on Earth and Good will amongst *Men* And the Committee knows that woman was Created for a help meet for *man*. And woman does help *Man* Create the family of *Man*. But in this Nation woman is Not allowed to help make Laws to Govern what she helps Create. And the Nation Cannot be Governed by righteous Laws without the knowledge of women to help make righteous Laws. And I want to ask the Committee what is the use of a National Hymn? where is it to be sung? is it to be sung in the Churches or is it to be sung when Men are going to Murder (war) and Make widows and orphans, and wretchedness, suffering and *Death*?"

The rest is in the same remarkable strain of high-wrought sexual self-respect, and manifests as thorough an independence of public opinion on the subjects of spelling and punctuation, as of that unfortunate *man*, who is invariably written with italics, as a symbol, no doubt, of his liability to stand erect, unaided by the WOMAN, who (pardon the pun) looks beautiful in small caps. The most amusing portion of the letter is one which makes us wonder whether Irish bulls grow in Connecticut, since it gravely requests Mr. White's committee to dissolve and reorganize itself into a woman's convention. It was rather hard on the committee to hint that it could make old ladies of itself.

LITTLE ANNOYANCES.

But the career of a National Hymn Committee is not all one glorious comedy. Human existence is chequered, and even a committee must be made perfect through suffering. When the committee, for instance, had discovered no hymn which it could in conscience recommend for the prize—but, nevertheless, found many excellent pieces which deserved to be made public—the request which it proffered to the competitors for the requisite permission to print their works was frequently received with an indignation common to all poets who live before their time. Thus Mr. White tells the story:

"It is proper to say that in some instances consent to publication was refused, owing to the disposition shown by many competitors to make themselves disagreeable, and to say as many unpleasant things as their ingenuity could devise about the committee and its doings. As some, though by no means all, of the best songs were written by authors of reputation, it was natural that a part of these, at least, should shrink from exposure to the threatened consequences. One of them remarked: 'If I were at the beginning of my career, I should not mind such talk; but as it is plain that everything ill-natured that can be said is to be said, I had rather not put myself into such a pillory.' It is right, also, to add that this plentiful conduct was exhibited inversably by those competitors who had no claims whatever to special consideration. Certain of the hymns which would otherwise have been published were withdrawn by their authors in a very courteous and good-natured manner; but the people who talked and fumed, who wearied the members of the committee with calls and letters of remonstrance and inquiry, who waylaid them in the streets, who entered the office of the publishers big with bombast and terrible with threats—some, if their verses were published, some, if they were not—were those whose manuscripts had fallen on the first reading dead into the waste basket, leaving not even a trace behind them in the memory to aid a guess at what their incensed authors were raving about."

This statement shows that the committee suffered very little in its sympathies, if it did in its patience. This is the method in which the committee proceeded:

"The twelve hundred competitors, at least, will like to know that this was the manner of proceeding. The manuscripts containing words alone were first opened, the music being laid aside for separate consideration. The verses were then read by the member who opened the envelope containing them. If they were condemned at once by a nearly unanimous vote, they were cast into a waste basket ready at hand; if not, they were reserved for future consideration. But, by a waste basket must not be understood any of those ordinary wicker concavities known to mortals by that name. A vast washing-basket—a 'buck basket,' big enough to hold Falstaff himself—was made the temporary tomb of these extinguished hopes; and this receptacle was filled five times with rejected manuscripts, which were seized upon for incendiary purposes by the cooks of the gentlemen at whose houses the readings took place."

The music was winnowed separately at a piano. The committee were indebted to Mr. Scharfenberg, the pianist, and Mr. Cutler, organist of Trinity, for the cordial zeal with which they gave the assistance of their playing and criticism to the task, and gratuitously spent many valuable hours in the crank-turning of the metaphorical fanning-mill.

About twenty or thirty each of original airs and hymns came out of the ordeal with the stamp of excellence, if not of nationality; and these were laid aside, pending the proposal to make a book of them. Causes already mentioned reduced the number which the committee were allowed to retain to such a degree that the project of a merg collection had to be exchanged—and we are glad of it—for this very pleasant brochure of Mr. White's.

THE BRACKETS CLASS.

The samples presented us by the latter are of very unequal merit. We can easily understand how, if these were the best, no candid critic could work himself into the belief that any were national. The hymn which most nearly approaches that now impossible standard, is Richard Storrs Willis's, both in words and music. Were we able to print the score as well as the verses, we think our readers would be disposed to accord this hymn a very rare degree of lyrical excellence. The former being impossible, behold the latter:

I.

Anthem of liberty,
Solemn and grand,
Wake in thy loftiness,
Sweep through the land!
Light in each breast anew
Patriot fires,
Pledge the old flag again—
Flag of our sires!
Fling all thy folds abroad,
Banner of light!
Wave, wave forever,
Flag of our might!
God for our banner,
Freedom and Right!
Amen! Amen!

II.

Spirit of Unity,
Potent, divine,
Come in thy kindliness,
All hearts entwine!
Prove to our enemies
Ever a rock,
And to each traitor scheme
Ruinous shock!
Wake the old banner word!
Shout it amain,
Union forever!
Once and again!—
Union forever!
God it maintain!
Amen! Amen!

III.

Shades of our forefathers,
Pass through the land,
Clothed in full majesty,
Terrible, grand!
"Faith, Hope and Charity"
Rule in each breast!
Faith, in our Fatherland,
Hope, in our God,
Charity, still to all
Blindly who've err'd!
God save the Government!
Long it defend!
Thine is the Kingdom,
Father and Friend!
Thine be the glory,
World without end!
Amen! Amen!

This lyric is probably as near as we shall get to a national hymn, till some poet catches fire by accident, like Rouget de l'Isle.

Another hymn, signed "J——a H——," is manifestly too temporary in its interest to answer any everlasting national purpose, but breathes so sweet a religious spirit, and so luxurious a fancy, that we publish its three best verses.

"Turn not from our pleading, lest blood flow like water!
With the tears of Thy love quench these perilous fires;
That the sweet air, made clean from the scent of the slaughter,
May blush, North and South, with the flag of our sires:—

"Like a garden of roses and lilies, fresh-blowing,
Till the dead June seems thus to have blossomed anew,
And Heaven, half in love with the counterfeit growing,
To have spilled its white stars down in clusters for dew.

"Oh, hear us, our God! That the crystal foundations
Of Liberty's home may be built on a rock;
And Columbia, redeemed—the white lamb of the nations,
Once more may stand fairest and first of the flock."

The special and temporary interest which characterizes this poem led to the rejection of a great multitude besides. Many of them were mere anti-rebellion songs, containing just and hearty imprecations on "secession's ruthless hand," "the demon of disunion," and all their foul accessories. But since secession's ruthless hand is to be speedily amputated, and no wishes to perpetuate, in a nation's hymn, the memory of that bad and bloody member which will have rotted to dust before our children take the reins of the world? Since the demon of disunion is not to be "on the rampage" for ever, is it any more graceful to immortalize him than that very disagreeable doll we had ten years ago?

A SLY HIT AT BULL.

In order that we may conclude this article with the book which affords it a theme, let us say that we cannot avoid seeing in Mr. Richard Grant White a wag as well as a critic. At least two poems, which, with great gravity, he bids us believe were "handed in by gentlemen," we cannot help suspecting had no further to pass than from one of the Shakespeare scholar's hands to the other—

"Instinct is a great matter"——

and just at this point, it particularly hints to us who conceived the following hymn, which will be sung, says Mr. White, when John Bull, still adhering to his old forms, though they have lost all their original meaning, shall see his monarch, already reduced to a triple gilt constable, fade into nothing and leave him, Bull, alone as the object of his own loyal subsequiousness. Here, followed by a characteristic foot note, is the first poem—the second mentioned may be found on the hundred and thirty-second page of the book, and is an excellent burlesque, which no poetaster could have written in earnest, of the Spasmodico-Ideal National Hymn.

"A gentleman who has seen the proofs of these pages as they passed through the press, has laid upon my table the following verses as a rough sketch of the form which the British national hymn might conveniently take at the period referred to above:

GOD SAVE JOHN BULL.

"God save me, great John Bull!
Long keep my pocket full!
God save John Bull!
Ever victorious,
Haughty, vain-glorious,
Snobbish, censorious,
God save John Bull!

"O Lords, our gods, arise!
Tax all our chemics,
Make tariffs fall!
Confound French politics,
Frustrate all Russian tricks,
Get Yankees in a fix,
God 'bless' them all!

[*Sinistra manu.*]

"Thy choicest gifts in store,
On me, me only pour—
Me, great John Bull!
Maintain oppressive laws,
Frown down the poor man's cause!
So sing with heart and voice,
I, great John Bull."

"But, rough as this sketch is, I cannot present it even thus, without expostulating with my friend on his grave and I fear mischievous misrepresentations of the British character and policy. I must protest against it, also, as an ungrateful return for the candor, the courtesy and the genuine good feeling with which American affairs have always, and especially of late, been discussed in Great Britain."

From Vanity Fair.

Motto Verses for Funerals.

Doubtless everybody has read samples of the prevailing style of motto verses for funerals, to be found chiefly in the obituary columns of the *Herald*, and has been duly struck with the brief statistics generally woven into their hitching stanzas. Sometimes we learn from the poet of the hour that

"——a cherub has fled
To the bright skies above—
Johnny Tompkins is dead."

Or that

"Rachael Amelia, who promises gave
Of beauty and power,
Has gone to her grave."

Or that

"Our darling boy has left his home,
In fields of bliss for aye to roam."

Not long since the following efficient lines attracted our attention:

"Rest, little Tilly, 'tis the last breath I hear,
No more shall thy voice bring delight to my ear,
As when home returning to my arms you would fly,
Nor feel thy proud prance on my shoulder so high."

We respect the feelings of relatives and friends during times of affliction, and do not purpose, in noticing the effusions incident to bereavement, to trifle with the matter. In nine cases out of ten, it is probable that the most distant relative or friend, among the many who always clutter around during the most sacred moments in family history, is the author of the comic or absurd sentimentalities that are published along with the advertisement of the decease. Sometimes the bereaved ones are not aware that an imbecile memento of the dear departed has been produced, until it meets their sight in print. Of course the distant relative or friend thinks he does an act that will at once soothe and flatter the more immediate friends, when he stealthily inserts his hack-work with the announcement of the funeral. Candidly, we would advise this distant connexion, be he rural cousin or obscure civilian, to refrain from attempting anything like a funeral refrain hereafter, unless he be an acknowledged "born" poet, and not a manufactured bard. Foolish sentiments in loose English and tottering verse are about as offensive to good taste when the last Christian rites are to be performed, as would be an ill-shapen burial case, or a soiled and tattered shroud.

From the New York World, Oct. 18.

The Emancipation Policy.

The *Anti-Slavery Standard*, a well known abolition journal, prints at the head of its columns a memorial to Congress, asking a proclamation of the total abolition of slavery throughout the country, mitigated only by compensation to loyal owners. The following are its terms:

MEMORIAL OF THE PEOPLE TO CONGRESS.

"Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof."

To the Congress of the United States:

The undersigned, citizens of ——, State of ——, respectfully submit—

That as the present formidable rebellion against the General Government manifestly finds its root and nourishment in the system of chattel slavery at the South; as the leading conspirators are slaveholders, who constitute an oligarchy avowedly hostile to all free institutions; and as, in the nature of things, no solid peace can be maintained while the cause of this treasonable revolt is permitted to exist, your honorable body is urgently implored to lose no time in enacting, under the war power, the total abolition of slavery throughout the country—liberating unconditionally the slaves of all who are rebels, and, while not recognizing the right of property in man, allowing for the emancipated slaves of such as are loyal to the Government a fair pecuniary award, as a conciliatory measure, and to facilitate an amicable adjustment of difficulties; and thus to bring the war to a speedy and beneficent termination, and indissolubly to unite all sections and all interests of the country upon the enduring basis of universal freedom.

The *Tribune*, some time ago, thought such A policy impolitic, but during the last few months has gradually been veering around to the opposite point of the compass, and now advocates openly the immediate emancipation and arming of negroes owned by the Confederates, as follows:

"We hold that slavery, in the line of treason, perfidy and outrage, has already filled up the measure of its iniquities, and should be placed under the ban of the republic. We esteem a black Unionist above a white traitor, and think the government should do likewise. Seeing that the rebellion is only strong with the strength of slavery—that it is not only confined to the slaveholding States, but substantially to the considerably slaveholding portions of those States—that it has no vitality in Western Maryland, Western Virginia, East Tennessee, Northeastern Kentucky, Western Texas, &c., simply because there are few slaves there—we would treat the disease radically, by offering liberty to the slaves of every traitor on condition of their coming within the lines of our armies and taking an oath of fidelity to the Union. Instead of catching and returning the slaves of traitors, we should incite them to run away, and protect them wherever we had ability. And, as they are largely employed in digging trenches and raising breastworks for the rebels, we should freely employ them in lightening the labors or shielding the breasts of the defenders of the Union, even though it should be necessary to give them arms wherwith to defend themselves in so doing."

ITALIAN ART AND INDUSTRY.—A correspondent of the London *Athenæum*, who has attended the Italian Industrial Exhibition, gives this account of the articles displayed by native producers:

"The silk growers of Upper Italy appear to bear away the palm from all their rivals in the quality of their raw silk, both white and yellow; and that produced by the Romagna seems the most inferior, both in color, strength and richness. Among the manufactured specimens, the furniture brocades turned out by the looms of Piedmont and Lombardy, and some of those sent from Naples, are of a splendor, both for design and quality, which halts but a little, if at all, behind the manufactures of Lyons. Gold and silver *moire*, and gold-brocaded silks for church vestments, too, are among the most advanced branches of this industry. The linens and damasks for table use, although very far behind what England can show in beauty of finish, are yet in all respects very promising, and have generally in Italy the advantage which a great number of our most plausibly elegant table-linen manufacturers have not, of containing no admixture of cotton, and of consequently enduring unfrayed the scrubbing and thumping of several generations of washerwomen, as did the household linen plied in the lavender-scented oak-presses of our grandmothers. Tuscany furnishes a great quantity of the best goods of this kind, as well as all varieties of towelling, sheeting, &c., less tempting to look at, but more reasonable and far more durable than ours.

"Versatile Naples has contributed products of all kinds to the National Exhibition. Pianos, carriages, silks, linens, hemp cloths, and a dozen more kinds of manufactured articles, besides a very beautiful though not very numerous display of wrought coral ornaments, which, with singular bad taste, have been crowded into two lower shelves of a sort of glazed *étagere*, where they make no appearance whatever, and where numbers of visitors never discover them at all. Nothing can exceed the elegance of the bracelets, brooches and other ornaments of mixed red and white, or of pale rose-colored coral, worked with infinite taste into knots, posies and cameos of rare delicacy and finish. The Florentine and the Roman mosaics, handsome as they are, look heavy and graceless beside this exquisite manufacture; and one feels quite provoked at the stores of good material wasted in cutting those massive strings of rich flesh-colored coral beads which look too heavy to adorn any throat but that of a Juggernaut idol, when they could be turned into such elegant and becoming trinkets as these.

"Italy is yet a mere beginner in these grand displays of national competitive industry, and that the Italians are too apt to look upon them rather as the pretext for a beautiful show than as a means of aiding in the manufacture of the great mass of articles of primary necessity better and more cheaply than they could otherwise be produced.—But if Italy has yet to go to school in these matters, she must be allowed to be a willing learner and apt at her book, as this exhibition amply proves. The next such national Italian fair will show many a mistake rectified, and (imperial policy permitting!) a wider and richer field for competition in the yet enslaved provinces. Italy's commercial improvement increases steadily in proportion to the extension of her political liberty; in proof of which assertion I need only point to the results of the manufactures of Upper Italy, as compared with those of the provinces lately liberated from Bourbon sway. The arts, indeed, are not unworthily represented by the works received from Naples and Sicily; but the manufacturers of the lower portion of the Peninsula are at a sorely low ebb, and the new *regime* must be allowed to work there freely and extensively before we can hope to see them flourish."

From the Springfield Republican.

THE PRESIDENT'S WIFE.—We have, for the first time in the history of Presidents, a President's wife who seems to be ambitious of having a finger in the government pie. Her friends compare Mrs. Lincoln to Queen Elizabeth in her statesmanlike tastes and capabilities. She is by no means a simple domestic woman, but was evidently intended by nature to mix somewhat in politics. That she does so is undeniable. She has ere this made and unmade the political fortunes of men. She is said to be much in conversation with cabinet members, and has before now held correspondence with them on political topics. Some go so far as to suggest that the President is indebted to her for some of his ideas and projects. She is a very active woman. Nothing escapes her eye. She manages the affairs of the White House (I do not mean state affairs) with ability, and will see to it that the "old man" does not return to Springfield penniless. In foreign countries her turn for politics would not subject her to adverse criticism, but the American people are so unused to these things, that it is not easy for them to like it. Mrs. Douglas was a good deal of a politician, though she never injured her husband's position, but rather improved it, by her social alliances. Miss Lane never alluded to politics, and Mrs. Pierce knew nothing about them.—She was probably the most simple-hearted woman that ever presided at the President's table. The word "simple" is not used in a depreciative sense. She was a pure-minded, unselfish, Christian woman, and knew nothing at all of the world.

WESTMINSTER PALACE.—Westminster Palace is falling into premature old age. Workmen are constantly engaged in trying to arrest the progress of decay. The London *News* says:

"The frescoes of the lobby leading to the committee rooms of the House of Commons are curiosities of art. The artists by whom they were painted must feel a little bewildered now on viewing their handiwork. Those frescoes—illustrative of passages in the writings of famous British poets—are rapidly assuming the appearance of dissolving views. What were intended to be memorials of art in future ages are vanishing within a decade.—The figures representing English rivers seem very characteristically to be done in water colors. Marmion and Lara are apparently in an advanced stage of decomposition. The Red Cross Knight has got a few scratches from the dragon. One of the amiable daughters of Lear has an eruption on her neck, and the old gentleman himself and the rest of the family are apparently suffering either from skin disease or yellow fever. The spear of Ithuriel has not only touched Satan while suggesting evil dreams to Eve, but has left his mark behind. A slight puncture on the neck of Adam would suggest the idea that he also got a poke from the same weapon. St. Cecilia is losing her complexion and looks more angelic, but it is a beauty that will prove evanescent, and twelve months hence she may be as disfigured as her neighbors.

STRAY SHOT.—It is with ideas as with pieces of money, those of the least value generally circulate the most.

A man, for being told the truth, thanks you the first time, votes you a bore the second, and quarrels with you the third.

There is no adhesive label like a nickname.

Waiting for dead men's shoes is, in most cases, a bootless affair.

The number of poor poets is, if anything, greater than the number of poems who are poor.

Bad words like bad shillings, are often brought home to the person who has uttered them.

The ducked lawyer dreads the pump.

The Federal Government has authorized the construction of a line of telegraph along the Ohio river, from the mouth of the Miami to the boundary line of Indiana, the work to be commenced immediately.

MARRIED,

At Wesley Chapel, on the 17th instant, by Rev. Samuel V. Blake, L. EMORY BENNETT to ANNIE A., daughter of Chas. Blake, Esq.

On the 17th instant, at Christ Church, by Rev. Aug. Stryeker, FRANKLIN HANWAY, of Harford county, to Miss SUSAN B., daughter of Henry Dukehart, Esq.

DIED,

On the evening of the 16th inst., FRANCIS S. ELDER, aged 53 years and 6 days. May he rest in peace.

On the 17th October, of cholera, ELLENE OWEN SULLIVAN, second son of Rodolph and Ann Sullivan, in the 7th year of his age.

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