

indicates that Alabama is overrun by Union cavalry under Wilson and other commands, moving towards Mobile. Gen. McCook's force is reported to have burned Red Mountain iron works and the village of Elaton and tapped the telegraph at several places, sending dispatches to the rebel officers. Two columns of Yankees are also reported advancing upon Columbus, Mississippi.

The same dispatch says, the rebel steamer Gertrude, with cargo, valued at \$2,000,000, sunk in the Spanish river near Mobile by a collision with the Natchez.

Additional by the Europa. The West India mail steamer had arrived with over two and a quarter millions in specie. She also brought several captains of blockade runners, whose occupations were gone.

The French government will probably send one or two steamers that are to be sent by the English government with the Great Eastern across the Atlantic at the time of laying the Atlantic cable. It is hoped that the U. S. government will do the same.

In the French Chambers, on the 30th, an amendment in favor of liberty of the press was debated, but rejected by a large majority.

Italy. In the allocutions delivered at the last consistory, the people expressed surprise and sorrow at the sad events which have recently taken place in Mexico. His holiness hoped that Maximilian would abandon the course upon which he had entered and satisfy the just desires of the Holy See. The Pope further thanked the Bishops of the Catholic world, especially those of Italy for defending the religion and liberty of the church, despite the decrees of secular authorities.

Baltimore, 14.

The Richmond *Whig* publishes an oath of allegiance, which it says citizens will be required to swear and subscribe to. The Provost Marshal office is crowded with people anxious to take it. The only question among the citizens seems to be who shall be first to renew their citizenship.

Washington, 14.

The advices just received from Goldsboro report that Sherman's army moved on the 10th.

Gen. Lee arrived in Richmond on Wednesday.

A NEW ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.

It is well known that Col. Seth Warner, of Revolutionary memory, who, with his noted regiment of Green Mountain Boys, as rear guard to St. Clair's retreating army, after the evacuation of Ticonderoga, beat back a whole brigade of the hotly pursuing British in the battle of Hubbardton, and thus saved, probably, that luckless General's entire forces, hurrying on just in front, from route or capture—who came down like a thunderbolt on the flushed foe in mid battle at Bennington, and secured the victory for the wavering and half-beaten Stark, and who finally was everywhere known as one of the best looking, most heroic, and accomplished military officers in the Continental army—that Col. Warner was an especial favorite of Gen. Washington.

This preliminary, however, is here introduced less on account of any particular pertinency most of it may have to the subject than for the purpose of explanation, and securing a readier appreciation and credence of the interesting personal anecdote which is about to be related, and which it is confidently believed, has never before appeared in print.

One son of Col. Warner still survives, or was surviving a few years ago, an unpretending resident of Lower Canada, from which—though then seventy-five years old, but very active, and in full possession of all his strong native faculties—he came to the Capital of Vermont with the object of petitioning the Legislature for compensation for some lands formerly granted to the heirs of Col. Warner, but unwittingly trenched upon by subsequent grants; and it was there and then that the writer of this reminiscence was introduced to him, and held several very interesting conversations.

In one of these conversations, while speaking of the private affairs of his father, Col. Warner, he frankly said that the Colonel was very thoughtless about pecuniary matters;—that he not only expended in the cause of his country, or aiding the needy families of his soldiers, all his available property, but contracted many debts, which finally compelled him, a short time before his death, to place a mortgage on his homestead, amounting at last to over nine hundred dollars, and causing the family a great deal of depression and uneasiness. But of this depressing

load they were at length suddenly relieved in the occurrence of a most unexpected incident, and one which formed, as well it might, quite an era in their family history. But we will let Mr. Warner, whose Christian name, we believe, was that of his father, Seth, relate the memorable incident in question in his own language, which by the aid of minutes before us, we know we can repeat substantially, and we think very near literally, as he made use of it.

"It was," he said, "in the month of September, 1789, the fall that Gen. Washington made his tour through the Eastern States. We had kept ourselves tolerably well posted about the progress of this tour, and heard that he was to be in New Haven or Hartford, Conn., somewhere near the time at which the event I am going to relate to you took place. But as either of those places was quite a number of miles from Woodbury, where we lived, we had no more idea of seeing him than the man in the moon. My elder brother, Israel Putnam Warner, then a man grown, and myself, a lad of twelve or thirteen, were both living with our mother at that time. And at the particular time of the day I refer to, Israel was in the yard grooming father's old war horse, which he had been compelled to go with father through all his campaigns to take charge of, for the fiery and proud old fellow would never let anybody but his master, the Colonel, and his son Israel, mount or come near him, though he had now got so much tamed down by old age that he would behave quite decent with me or anybody. I was in the house with my mother, who happened to be unusually downcast that day, and was brooding over our family embarrassments, and had just been saying:

"No, no, Seth, I can never pay, nor, with our means, hardly begin to pay, this dreadful mortgage. And as I hear it is about to be foreclosed, we must now soon be driven from our pleasant home where we have lived so long, and, until your father's death, so happily. My husband, the Colonel, fought as well as the bravest of them, and did all that he could and more than his part, for the good cause, they are all willing to allow; and I know very well that he wore himself out in the service, and was thus brought to a premature grave. And yet here is his family almost on the verge of beggary."

Tears here started in my mother's eyes, which so touched me that I rose and went and looked out of the window, when to my surprise, I saw entering the yard two well mounted strange gentlemen, whom, from something about their general appearance, I took to be old military officers of pretty high rank—or, at least, one of them, who was large and had a very commanding look. Having significantly beckoned mother to my side, she earnestly gazed out at the new comers a moment in silence, when she suddenly gave a start, and, with an excited air, exclaimed:

"Seth! just take notice of that noble looking one! Why, he looks ever so much like the picture I once saw of—But no; that surely can't be!"

"Well, at any rate, mother, he must be a man of some consequence; for, see! brother Israel, who acts as if he knew him, is swinging his hat from his head at arm's length, and bowing lower than he would to a king! Israel is quite too stiff-necked to do that for any common man. But they are beginning to talk. I will just open the door here a little mite, and perhaps we can hear what they are saying."

I did so, and the first words I distinguished were those of the person who had so attracted our attention, and who, addressing my brother, and pointing to the horse, by the side of which he was standing, asked,

"Is not that the horse Col. Warner used to ride in the war?"

"It is, Your Excellency," replied my brother Israel, again bowing low and very respectfully.

"Ah, yes, I thought so," resumed the former, turning to his companion, or attachee, and pointing to the old war steed with that interest with which he was known ever to regard horses. "I thought it could be no other. Just glance at his leading points—shapely head, arched neck, deep chest, haunches and limbs. I have seen Col. Warner riding on parade, when I noted him as a rare animal, and thought that the horse and rider, taken together—for Warner was a model of a figure, and several inches taller than I am—made a military appearance second to none in the Continental army. But my business is with your mother, my young friend, and I will now, if you will take charge of my horse a few minutes, go in at once to see her."

Hearing this announcement, mother and I hastily retreated to our seats, and with the curiosity and excitement of what we had witnessed naturally raised in us, silently awaited the entry of the expected visitor. We had been thus seated but two, or three minutes, before he came in, and, bowing graciously to my mother, said:

"I take this to be Mrs. Warner, the widow of my much esteemed friend, the late Col. Warner, of the Continental army?"

"It is, sir," she replied, tremulously.

"Will you permit me to introduce myself to you, madam?" he resumed, with that winning sort of dignity I had noticed in him from the first; "I am General Washington. And after I arrived in this section of the country, a few days ago, I made—and I hope you will pardon me the liberty I took with your private affairs—I made some inquiries about you and the situation of your family; when learning to my deep regret, that your late husband, in consequence of his long continued absence from home and business, while in the service of his country, and his subsequent shattered health, resulting from the hardships of war, left you laboring under pecuniary embarrassments, I was prompted to come and see you."

"I had little dreamed of such an honor and such a kindness, General," she responded, nearly overpowered by her emotions and the imposing presence of her august visitor.

"There is a mortgage," he rejoined without responding in any way to her last remarks, "a rather heavy mortgage on your homestead."

"I am sorry," she replied, sadly, "very sorry that I am compelled to say there is, Gen. Washington—a much heavier one than I can ever pay."

"So I had ascertained," the General proceeded; "and I have also, before coming here, been at the pains of ascertaining the exact amount now due, and required to cancel this, to your, doubtless, ruinous incumbrance, and I propose now to leave with you the sum of money you will need for effecting this desirable object."

"Does the money come from Government, sir?" she asked, doubtfully and with a look that seemed to say, "if it does, then all is right."

Washington looked at her, and hesitated a little at first, but soon, while taking up the valise he had brought in with him, slowly responded:

"In one sense it does, I may say, madam, if you have delicacies on the subject. I am in the receipt of a liberal yearly salary from Government, from which it is discretionary with me to impart aid sometimes to deserving objects; and I certainly know of none more so than one which will relieve the family of so meritorious an officer as your late self-sacrificing husband."

Without waiting for any rejoinder to these remarks, he opened his valise, and took from it a bag of silver money, and deliberately proceeded to draw out and count from it, until he had reached the sum of nine hundred and some odd dollars, which afterwards proved to be precisely the sum demanded, in principal, interest, and fees for the discharge of the mortgage on our place. He then, after returning the money to the bag and setting it aside for the purpose he had designated, and taking the hand of my mother who seemed inclined to remonstrate, but could not force the words for it from her quivering lips, tenderly, but with an air that seemed to forbid an attempt at refusal, said to her:

"Accept it, don't hesitate to accept it—take it and get the mortgage discharged at once; and then all your immediate pressing anxieties will be relieved, and soon you will find those brighter days the God of the widow has kept in store for you. And now, as my time is quite limited, it only remains for me to say, as I do most sincerely and kindly, heaven bless you, dear madam, heaven bless you. Farewell."

I was present during the whole of this interview between General Washington and my mother, heard every word they both said, and saw all the money counted down on the table, and feel very confident that I have neither taken from nor added to anything that there took place.

On leaving the house, General Washington immediately mounted his horse and rode away, leaving us quite unable for a time to realize this unexpected visit, and the still more unexpected benefaction of the illustrious visitor.

As Mr. Warner was ascertained to have been a man of integrity, and of an unbroken memory, there need be but little doubt respecting the truth and authenticity of the above related incident, which, while it involved testimony highly honorable to the heroic leader of the Green Mountain Boys, fur-

nishes a new and beautiful illustration of the elevated and benevolent character of Washington.

RECEIPT FOR A NICE MAN.

Did you ever live in the country? I mean in the rural part of the country, where the birds warble, the peas vegetate, and the beans grow as the telegraph runs, from pole to pole. You see I have been there. I live in the country. The glowing, blowing, growing, sowing, mowing and showing country, where the rills rill it, and the trilling birds trill it, where the crows low and the boys hallo; where, on banks wet with dew you can sit and listen to the squeak of a dry wagon on the one hand, and thrash the big mosquitos as they light on your little toe with the other. Nice, modest country, is the Western country. So modest that the clouds always blush when the sun goes to bed. But I am not writing of the country.

Do you know what constitutes a nice man, not a cold-hearted ice man, but a nice man? I am one. Don't start, but I am. We all live in a village. It is the village of Lake Ross. Fine place on the marginal reference to a long lake. The ladies say I am a nice man. A proper nice old man. It is fourscore years since I became borned. All that time I have been a nice man. I do just as folks want me to. I wear just such rich trotting harness as the people suggest. I say pretty things to please them. Unless you are a nice man you can't get along, so I'll tell you how to do it. Go to all the parties. Dress rather poorer than your neighbors of the masculine. They will then think you just right. Then you must tell stories to the ladies. Little, funny stories, which fashionable ladies can appreciate. Have a little whipped cream laugh come in to see each story die. Then you must hold all the babies where you go to visit. It is fine fun, and the babies like it. The mothers like it. Tell each mother in a whisper that her baby is the "ittiest," sweetest, pootiest, dearest baby ever invented, and nicer than all other babies put together. Then you must not be seen to speak to the wives, or the husbands may shoot.

Shooting is fashionable now. All on account of the war, I'll warrant. It's dused unpleasant to be shot. I know a man who was badly shot, and he never got over it; shot dead. He was, indeed. A bad deed. Be careful. Then go to pic nics. There is the place to show how nice a man you are. Wear good clothes. Clothes tell. Then all the ladies will love you. Then you must climb the tallest trees, wade the deepest creeks, wet your best pants, tear your fashionablest coat, stretch your prettiest face, wrench your taintiest hands out of shape. But you will be a nice man. All in knowing how. Be accommodat-ing. Break your neck. Kill yourself. Go everywhere to please everybody. Pay all the expenses. Take all the responsibility. Do all the work. Give some other man all the credit. Give lots of other men all the credit. Lend all the fellers money. Never ask them for it. Make all the women presents, but in some other person's name. Do what every one wants you. It is the easiest matter in the world to be a nice man. Never mind the expense. Never mind the inconvenience. Never mind the trouble. If you are a nice man it will pay. It will pay somebody, sure.

In the country, you can be a nice man. You can milk your neighbor's bovine female when your neighbor wishes to go to a kick up across the creek. You can build fires in the church or school-house fifteen years for nothing. You can stop hog-holes in your neighbor's fences for fun. You can lend your horse to every chap who wants one. You can lend your buggy, wagon, bobsled, and things to everybody, and pay for repairs yourself. You can help your neighbors kill hogs, break colts, pick geese, and burn stumps, all for nothing—but you will be a nice man. Then, you must believe what every one tells you—go where every person asks you—vote for all the candidates—give to all the funds till all your funds are given; and when you quit breathing long enough to die, folks will say that even if you didn't know much, you were a very nice man. Easy! My word for it.

Nicely yours, "BRICK" POMEROY.

TO CURE A FELON.—As soon as the part begins to swell, get the tincture of lobelia, and wrap the part affected with cloth, saturate it thoroughly with the tincture, and the felon will soon "die." An old physician informs us that he has known this to cure in scores of cases, and it never fails if applied in season.—[Ex.]