

## WHEN WILL THERE BE PEACE?

One cannot walk the streets, or sojourn in a coffee-saloon, without being asked, "When will this war be over?" when will hostilities cease, and the olive branch germinate in fruitful vigor all over this blessed land? The merchant, absorbed in his gains, asks it, while calculating prospective profits—the contractor, with an eye single to the fluctuations in "flour and bacon sides," ponders upon it—the grey-haired father dreams of his darling son on the distant battle-field, and cries out with streaming eyes, "When shall we have peace?"—and the sweetheart, as she looks on his picture sighs and sings, "When will this cruel war be over?" In most wars, there is a definite time when hostilities cease; a period when the soldier, yielding to the diplomatist, sheaths his sword in peace. But in civil wars and rebellions the case may be, and usually is, different. The rebellious being subdued, one after another the insurgent States submit, not as a whole, but in detached parts. Such, we suppose, will be the end of the rebellion. As the Federal arms triumph over insurgent States and rebellious cities, the glorious banner of the Union will be raised, the laws re-established, and peace for that section proclaimed. And so the march will continue until Jeff. Davis, finding himself without a land to govern, or a people to tax, will seek safety in flight, and become, like Cain, a wanderer in a foreign land. Such, we apprehend, will be the end of this war.

We have no hope that the sun of peace will break out in all the glory of noon-day effulgence. He will rise gradually and gently as Aurora from the waves, and seal upon us so softly that we will scarcely know when we emerge from the darkness of treason to the marvellous light of liberty. It would be pleasing to think that at a given time, peace would be proclaimed, as if by magic, all over the land, and that in a moment, swords would be sheathed, guns unloaded, port fires put out and all go home to their wives and sweethearts, to enjoy the blessing; that, at the waving of the wand, we shall abandon the tent and sit down, like the patriarch, under our own vines and fig trees. Such would be a delightful hallucination, doomed, we fear, to disappointment. The rebellion will be subdued "a piece at a time," and as State after State and section after section returns to its allegiance, regiment after regiment and battalion after battalion, will be disbanded, until the army is reduced to the peace establishment. Such has already been in part the history of Western Virginia, Tennessee and Louisiana, and doubtless the same will soon be written of North Carolina, Georgia, and other States. Each State that returns to its allegiance will hasten others to more quickly follow its example, as the falling stone moves through space with a constantly increasing velocity. That the day of our redemption draweth nigh is evident to all. Already the booming of Federal cannon can be heard all over the land of Dixie, and even the deepest dyed traitor in all the nation show their faith in the final triumph of the Republic, by their fondness for its currency. Why else is it that greenbacks are so sought after, wherever the "bonnie blue flag" is reared, an emblem of treason and an ensign for traitors. With no confidence in Confederate money, they board up that of the Union as a miser clutches his gold. They show their faith, in this instance at least, by their works. *Caveat venditor*, says the law, the seller runs his own risks; and these rebels, taking the risk, choose greenbacks over any other form of paper currency. If they prefer the promises of the Union to those of the Confederacy in the proportion of ten to one, surely their faith in the stability of the respective governments must be in the same ratio.

The Confederacy has become "delightfully small and beautifully less." Its proportions are shrunken as was Richard's withered arm. Wherever the Federal arms have triumphed and the people submitted to the law of liberty, their happiness has already been increased and their comfort enhanced. In place of famine, they have abundance; instead of idleness, labor is demanded and remunerated. Commerce has everywhere followed the flag. Thus has the Union, like the rains of heaven, descending in blessings on the just and on the unjust. There is no doubt but that not only are the boundaries of the Confederacy reduced, but the portion remaining is growing so faint-hearted, that it will soon abandon the falling cause and return to its allegiance, and then this cruel war will be over and peace be re-established all over the land. Earnest as we desire peace and devoutly as we pray for it, still we want no peace until the last armed rebel lays down his gun and goes to the industrial walks of life. Let the peace be a lasting peace, based on the principles of law and immutable justice. Let there be nothing left to create another war or breed another treason. We want to have nothing of reserved rights on the one hand, and higher law on the other. First, let the doctrine be fairly established that the constitution and laws must be obeyed "though the heavens fall," and that all reforms, changes and alterations must come by due course of law and not in opposition to it, then we shall have an honorable and lasting peace, and prosperity will again crown our land with plenty.—[New Orleans True Delta.]

—If a few civil words will render a man happy, he must be a wretch indeed, who will not give them to him. Let another man light his candle by your own, and your's looses none of its brilliancy by what he gains.

[From the N. Y. Tribune, of 25th February.]

## PROGRESS OF THE DANO GERMAN WAR—SUMMARY OF THE LATEST ACCOUNTS BY OVERLAND MAIL.

The campaign in Schleswig has been brief and decisive. The great national rampart, the Dannevirke, from which the Danes had hoped so much, has been to them of no avail. It has hardly arrested the victorious march of the two German Powers for a single day. When it was ascertained that the Prussians were able to force a passage over the Schley, the Danish Commander-in-Chief regarded a further defense of his position at Buxtehude and Schleswig impossible. These towns and the Dannevirke were therefore evacuated on the 6th of February in such haste that 60 pieces of artillery had to be left behind.

The retreat of the Danes from Schleswig to Flensburg was gradually converted into a flight. Closely pursued by the Austrians and Prussians, they repeatedly made a stand, and fought their pursuers. But in all these engagements, especially in those at Idstedt (a few miles northwest of Schleswig) and Oversee (on the road from Schleswig to Flensburg, a few miles south of the latter city) they were totally defeated. They did not make a stand, as many had expected, at Flensburg, but being thoroughly dislodged, they tried to make their escape, partly northward into Jutland, partly eastward to the island of Als. Opposite Als lies the town of Duppel, where the Danes have strong fortifications. This place the advance of the Prussians had reached, and attacked, and, according to one account, with success. This still needs confirmation, but certain it is that the whole Duchy of Schleswig was at the last accounts virtually in the hands of the two Powers.

The people of Copenhagen were thrown by the unfortunate issue of the war into the greatest excitement and consternation. There was a general dissatisfaction not only with the General-in-Chief, but with the king. The former was at once recalled, but this did not seem to appease the popular anger. There were riots in Copenhagen, and according to one account attempts were even made to overthrow the authority of the King, and annex Denmark to Sweden. Both Houses of the Rigsdag passed resolutions in favor of a vigorous prosecution of the war.

It is now fully certain, that if Austria and Prussia should still be willing to effect any kind of compromise by virtue of which the King of Denmark would remain Duke of Schleswig and Holstein, no power of Europe will interfere in favor of the Danes. But on this point the two German Powers begin to express themselves with great equivocation. Semi-official papers of both Governments take the ground, that the outbreak of the war has annulled the treaties. It is even reported that the Austrian Cabinet, on February 7th formally resolved to recede from the Treaty of 1862. This has been substantially contradicted, but the impression has been generally created throughout Europe, that the two Allied Governments have really taken the expediency of such a course into serious consideration. The towns of Schleswig, which are within the lines of the Allied troops, have generally proclaimed the Prince of Augustenburg their Duke, and it has naturally created surprise that the commanders of the Austrian and Prussian armies have not only not done anything to prevent these demonstrations, but have not even prevented their soldiers from taking part in them.

The decision of the Austrian and Prussian Governments on this question is awaited with great impatience. They find themselves in a very embarrassing dilemma. If they support the people of the Duchies in their claim for independence, the possibility of a European war again draws near. If they refuse to support these claims, they make all the minor Governments of Germany and the immense majority of the German people their mortal enemies. In either case the decision will produce a sensation in Europe, which, as we are assured from nearly every European country, continues to watch the development of the Danish war with unabating interest.

## LOSS OF THE ATLANTIC STEAMER "BOHEMIAN."

As briefly telegraphed, the steamship *Bohemian* was wrecked off Portland Maine, at 8 o'clock on Monday evening, the 22d February. There were 218 passengers and 99 crew on board, of whom about 20, mostly steerage passengers, are supposed to have been lost. The mails were partly saved. The vessel sunk in four fathoms of water, having run upon and over a rock. The *Bohemian*, belonging to the Montreal Ocean Steamship Company, ran between Liverpool and Portland in winter, and Liverpool and Quebec in summer, touching at Montreal during the late season. She is the seventh vessel her owners have lost. Among them were the *Anglo-Saxon*, *North American*, *North Briton*, *Hungarian* and *Indian*. The *Bohemian* was an iron vessel of 2,200 tons burden. She was bark rigged, was about 300 feet long, had a draft of 20 feet, and direct acting engines of 500 horse-power. The vessel was nearly new, having been built at Dumbarton, on the Clyde, in 1859. The value of the *Bohemian* is estimated to have been about \$350,000. Previous to the loss of the *Anglo-Saxon* the Steamship Company did not insure their vessels; but it is believed that the *Bohemian* was insured, probably in English Companies. Men of much experience in nautical matters think they recognize in the loss of the *Bohemian*, a new illustration of the truth of the statement often made, that the numerous accidents on board iron steamers are attri-

butable, in some degree at least, to the failure of the compass to operate accurately on those vessels. It is not doubted, however, that the difficulty may be overcome.

ESCAPED PRISONERS.—The Dalles (Oregon) Mountaineer gives the following description of desperate scoundrels who escaped from the jail at that place on the 9th ult., which we re-publish for general information, as it is probable those fellows are on their travels:

J. W. Smith, with about a score of aliases, a remarkably cute thief, is described as being six feet in height; twenty-four years of age; chestnut hair; slim built; blue eyes, a plasterer by trade; is a native of the District of Columbia; was a merchant at Bannock City, Idaho, last summer; well known at Portland, and is notorious as a Jeremy Diddler. Charles Poul, in jail for stealing a large quantity of gold dust, described as five feet eight inches in his boots; blue eyes—cast in left eye; hair black, interspersed with grey on the temples; aged twenty six years; square built; sallow complexion; ugly look; speaks German; is a Pennsylvanian by birth, and is well known in Walla Walla. W. T. C. S. Hoyt, one of the greatest swindlers on the Pacific coast, is described as five feet ten inches in height; aged thirty-five years; light hair, sallow complexion; three or four false teeth, on the left side, upper jaw, on good skeleton plate; right arm and hand drawn from disease; round shouldered; awkward gait, stoops forward when walking; confidential and persuasive in manner; and is celebrated for his swindling operations in Cariboo, Olympia, W. T. and Idaho. A reward of \$200 for the arrest of Smith, and \$100 each for Poul and Hoyt is offered by the Sheriff of Wasco county.

Now, there is a chance to make money. [Ex.]

## MISCELLANEOUS.

PRIVATEERING IN THE WAR OF 1812.—Washington correspondence of the 9th February says:

A prominent member of Congress, whose attention has recently been turned to the subject of privateering, has furnished me some interesting facts in reference to the American privateersmen in the War of 1812. Some of them, recited below, have a bearing upon the present situation of the country.

The estimates of the Secretary of the Navy at that time were predicated upon the employment of 871 commissioned and warrant officers, 3,620 petty officers, seamen and boys for 9 frigates and 7 smaller vessels, 7,000 marines for 200 gunboats, including 1,800 officers—total 13,360 men. The expenses were estimated at \$23,186,000. The aggregate expenses of the navy during the War of 1812 were at least \$100,000,000, and if the privateers had been thrown upon the Government for support another \$50,000,000 would have been added. The prizes taken during the war by United States vessels numbered 140, of which 74 came safely into port.

Our privateers numbered 300, and they were manned by 15,000 men. The number of prizes captured by those privateers amounted to 2,011, of which 1,551 arrived North—worth \$150,000,000. The destruction of the enemy's property was at least \$40,000,000 more. The Government offered no bounty for prisoners taken, hence 5,600 prisoners were for a long time shut up in the gloomy prisons of Dartmoor, not being exchanged.

When the immense amount of service rendered by the privateers in the war of 1812 is contrasted with the work of the navy during that time, one is compelled to come to the conclusion that privateering will always be, in case of the last resort, a very effective method by which the Government can chastise a commercial nation with which we may be at war.

TUNNELING THE ALPS.—The great Mont Cenis tunnel through the Alpine Pass is making slow but steady progress. Boring machines were set to work in 1861. During the past year cutting was done at the rate of 4 feet 5 inches per day, so that at the present rate of working it will require nearly 15 years to complete the job! The rock in which the excavation is at present being made is exceedingly difficult to work, having what the engineers have termed an "infelicitous stratification."

A HINT.—The following order has been received in the city by General Hays:

Washington, March 18, 1864.—All the men raised in excess of the quotas assigned for the last call, will be credited on the next call. JAMES B. FRY, Provost-Marshal General.

SOUND ADVICE.—If you wish to relish your food, work for it; if you would enjoy your raiment thoroughly, pay for it before you put it on, if you would sleep soundly, take a clear conscience to bed with you.

A DUEL.—On the 2d of July, 1792; Lord Lauderdale, attended by Charles J. Fox, Esq., met Benedict Arnold, near London, attended by Lord Hawke. Lord Lauderdale received Arnold's fire unhurt, and refused to return it. On being asked why he did not, he replied, "I leave him for the executioner!" The seconds retired for a few minutes, and said that Lord L. must fire at General Arnold, or retract the expression he had used. The nobleman then replied, "that he did not come out to fire at Arnold, and if he (Arnold) was not satisfied, he might fire at him till he was." The cause of the quarrel was this:

A gentleman was about to introduce Lord Lauderdale to General Arnold, when the former exclaimed, "What! the traitor, Arnold?"

HOW TECUMSEH WAS KILLED.—The *Western Christian Advocate* contains an obituary notice of Isaac Hamblin, Sr., who died at his residence near Bloomfield, Ind., a few months since, aged about eighty-six years. Mr. Hamblin was a man of deep piety and unquestionable veracity. He was in the battle of the Thames, and the writer gives the following as his statement in regard to the manner in which Tecumseh was killed:

He says he was standing but a few feet from Colonel Johnson when he fell, and in full view, and saw the whole of that part of the battle. He was well acquainted with Tecumseh, having seen him before the war, and having been a prisoner seventeen days, and received many a cursing from him. He thinks that Tecumseh thought Johnson was Harrison, as he often heard the chief swear he would have Harrison's scalp, and seemed to have a special hatred toward him. Johnson's horse fell under him, himself being also deeply wounded; in the fall he lost his sword, his large pistols were empty, and he was entangled with his horse on the ground. Tecumseh had fired his rifle at him, and when he saw him fall he threw down his gun and bounded forward like a tiger, sure of his prey. Johnson had only a side pistol ready for use. He aimed at the chief over the head of the horse, and shot near the centre of his forehead. When the ball struck, it seemed to him that the Indian jumped with his head full fifteen feet into the air. As soon as he struck the ground a little Frenchman ran his bayonet into him, and pinned him fast to the ground.

GOLD BY THE SHOVELFUL.—A tradition has been current for years that some lost immigrants, in 1845, while wandering through the country drained by the Malheur, discovered mines where gold could be raked up by the shovelful. At the time the discoverers were ignorant of the characteristics of gold in its native state and accordingly they passed on, regarding the metal as worthless. A few years later some of these men were attracted to California, and on visiting the mines there almost the first remark was that they knew where bushels of that sort of stuff were to be had. Since that date scarce a year has passed that did not witness the departure of companies of men who were sent out for the purpose of discovering the country described by these emigrants. These exploring parties have uniformly proved failures, owing in a great measure to the hostility of the Indians, who have uniformly refused to allow the white men to prospect the country. At last, however, a party more fortunate than the rest have succeeded in finding the long lost gold fields and if reports are to be believed, the story of its richness has not been exaggerated by the original discoverers.—[Oregon Mountaineer.]

THE TOMB OF EZRA THE SCRIBE.—This is the age of commemorations. While we here in England are preparing to celebrate the 300th anniversary of the Bard of Avon, the Jews in the heart of Asia are bestirring themselves to erect a monument to the memory of the great restorer of their sacred writings. After having rested in his grave for nearly 2,500 years, the Jews of Bagdad have been roused to erect him a monument on the spot which the most ancient tradition has designated as his grave, and the correctness of which there is no doubt. This spot lies in the desert, near the confluence of the Euphrates and Tigris, and the monument to be established is the only one testifying the memory of a man as much venerated by Christians as Jews. The proposed monument is a college for the study of the writings preserved through his care for the civilized world. Contributions for this purpose have been forwarded from Bombay, London and Paris.—[Jewish Chronicle, (Eng.)]

PREMATURELY AGED.—There are some people who imperceptibly float away from their youth into middle age, and from thence pass into declining life, with the soft and gentle motion of happy years. There are others who are whirled, in spite of themselves, down dizzy rapids of agony away from their youth at one great bound; into old age with another sudden shock; and thence into the vast calm ocean where there are no shore-marks to tell of time.—[All the Year Round.]

HOW SOON WE FORGET.—A leaf is torn from the tree by a rude gale, and borne away to some desert spot to perish. Who misses it from among its fellows? Who is sad that it has gone? Thus it is with human life. There are dear friends, perhaps, who are stricken with grief when a loved one is taken, and for many days the grave is watered with tears of anguish. But by and by the crystal fountain is drawn dry; the last drop oozes out, the stern gates of forgetfulness fold back upon the exhausted spring; and Time, the healer of sorrow, walks over the closed sepulchre without waking a single echo by the footsteps.

—In view of the "discord, anarchy, and civil war which still exists in our nation, as God's righteous judgment for the sins of the people," Governor Buckingham, of Connecticut, has issued a proclamation appointing Friday, the 25th instant, as a "day of humiliation, fasting and prayer."