

THE EAGLE

CALLEN & HUGHEL, Editors.
DECATUR, INDIANA.

FRIDAY, Mar. 3, 1865.

PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

The war news for the past week is somewhat important. It seems that the confederates have given up the Atlantic coast entirely, and will endeavor to concentrate their entire force in Sherman's front, for the purpose of checking his advance northward. Sherman seems in

test on reaching, and co-operating with Grant in an attack on Richmond, which, if successful, would again "break the back-bone of the rebellion." The rebels would then be miss all their strongholds, and would be forced to an open field fight. The advantages that they have possessed from the beginning of the war, would no longer be theirs, forced into the open field thus to contend with greatly superior numbers. They could hardly hope for success, and in fact their chances of success would look rather dubious.

If, upon the other hand, the confederates succeed in whipping Sherman, Grant would no longer be able to hold his position in front of Richmond. The rebel flag would again float from the heights of Arlington and in sight of the throne at Washington. The Richmond

Examiner, in speaking of Sherman's movements, says that he has before him a much more perilous part of the grand campaign than Butler had last year, and says that Richmond is safe, if all parties concerned do their duty—let this be as it may, we shall most assuredly have some hard fighting, before either Richmond or Sherman is taken.

THE NEWS.

Sherman has crossed into North Carolina, and, at last advices, was in the vicinity of Fayetteville, 95 miles northwest of Wilmington, where, it is supposed, he has been joined by Schofield. The rebels have a report that a corps from Hood's old army struck Sherman's rear at Alston, S. C., and took 8,000 prisoners, besides a large number of wagons. Joe Johnston has assumed command of the rebel forces operating against Sherman.

A Richmond paper states that there was most obstinate fighting at Columbia, S. C.—carried on in the very heart of the city. Another Richmond paper gives a report that Sherman captured 100,000 bales of cotton at Columbia.

Large amounts of property have been found in Charleston by its federal possessors, "including, it is supposed, about 10,000 bales of cotton."

Gen. Grant's army is under orders to be ready to move at a moment's notice. Another attempt to secure possession of the South Side railroad is supposed to be contemplated, and a heavy engagement is expected.

There are rumors that a rebel force is moving down the Shenandoah valley; but they receive no credence.

Federal movements are in progress in the southwest, having in view the capture of Mobile, Cahawba, Selma, Montgomery, and Columbus, and the destruction of the rebel forces in that section.

The rebels evince no intention to evacuate Mobile. Beauregard was there on the 4th inst., and made a speech expressing confidence in a successful defence of the city.

A Washington special, announcing the result of the mission of the Cook county draft delegation to Washington, should have reached us on Monday evening, but failed to come to hand until a late hour last night. The upshot of the whole affair is summed up in an order of the president, that the pending draft shall proceed under the present enrollment; that, subsequently, a new enrollment shall be made by other than the present enrolling officers; and that, if the present enrollment shall be found to be excessive, the county shall have credit for all men furnished since March 3d, 1863, upon the basis of the new enrollment.

In the senate, yesterday, the tax bill was considered. In the house, the \$300,000,000 loan bill was passed, and the amendatory tariff bill was discussed.

It is conjectured that, in order to finish up the business now before congress, an extra session will become necessary.

It is understood that Mr. McCulloch's nomination as secretary of the treasury will be sent to the senate on the 3d inst. The belief is expressed that there will be no other changes in the cabinet for the present.

In the trial of the Chicago prisoners, at Cincinnati, yesterday, testimony was given by John Comiskey and Malcolm McDonald. It is thought that the evidence for the defence will be concluded by the close of next week.

Gen. Singleton and Judge Hughes have gone within the rebel lines, on what is positively asserted to be a peace mission.

It is rumored that Maximilian has forbidden clearances from Mexico for United States ports, and has dismissed the federal consul at Matamoras.

The number of passengers arriving in the United States from foreign countries during 1864 was 221,533.

A Pittsburgh nigger has been commissioned as a major in a negro regiment. "The work goes bravely on."

The bill to prevent military or naval interference in elections has been signed by the president.

The Richmond Enquirer calls upon the confederate authorities to arm the slaves without authority of law.

Some citizens of southern Illinois are dissatisfied at the location of the state fair at Chicago, and talk of holding a fair of their own at some point south of the Ohio and Mississippi railroad.

Gold opened in New York yesterday at the regular board at 202 1/2 and closed at 202 5/8.

DISCOMFITURE OF A HUSBAND.

A WIFE'S JOKE.

About two months since, a well-known and popular merchant in this city, and his accomplished lady, in the presence of several friends, entered into a wager that one of the two was to perpetrate a practical joke on the other, and whichever was defeated in first being "sold" should undergo a penalty to be inflicted by the triumphant party. The punishment was as follows:—If the husband was defeated, he should, on the day following, take a wheelbarrow, and go to a well known flour dealer on Walnut street, purchase a barrel of choice family flour, and wheel it up Walnut to Fourth, west on Fourth street to their residence. The feat to be performed between the hours of 10 A. M. and 4 P. M. Should the wife be defeated, she was required to attire herself in full Yankee dress, of the extravagant order, on the Sunday morning following, and proceed to St. John's Episcopal church, at 11 o'clock, and occupy the front seat, observing carefully not to conceal her face, and during the services to present to the clergymen a purse of \$100 for the benefit of the poor belonging to that parish.

If the wager was singular and unusual between husband and wife, the forfeit was certainly extravagant and remarkably severe. The parties, however, agreed to the contract, and immediately began to determine the plan which should produce a successful issue. Each was vigilant, cautious, and keenly observant of the other's movements, and every attempt at a joke failed until last evening, when woman's wit triumphed in the following terrible discomfiture of the unsuspecting husband:

On Thursday last a *billet doux* was received, inviting Mr. and Mrs. —, the aforesaid merchant and his wife, to a party, to be given Monday evening, January 2, at the residence of a well known citizen on Sixth street, the merchant being the bearer of the invitation missive to his wife. The lady made every preparation for the party, advising with her husband as to the character of her toilet and scrupulously executing every wish he indicated. On yesterday morning the lady complained of indisposition, and during the day expressed a fear that she would not be able to attend the party. The husband offered to procure a carriage, and thought there would be no serious consequences if she wrapped up warmly, and avoided the night air. The result was working charmingly.

Early last evening, the lady prepared her toilet and assisted her husband in the same very interesting proceeding. The merchant went in search of a carriage, leaving instructions with the wife to be in readiness, when he returned. The husband was only absent about fifteen minutes, but in that interim a negro woman of the same height and size had been bundled up with the lady's bonnet, cloak, furs, etc., a thick veil concealing her dark complexion. When the carriage drove up to the door, the bundled up "joke" was at the door with the waiting maid, who, with the gallant husband, assisted her to the carriage, the maid tendering the advice, "not to draw off the night air on her lungs." Mrs. —, in the meantime, had preceded the carriage in another back, and informed the company assembled of the cruel sell. It was agreed that Mrs. — should conceal herself, and, when Mr. — and his associate arrived, they should at once be ushered into the parlor, where, in public view, the amazement and discomfiture of the husband should produce the merriment of the hour.

Only a few minutes elapsed, and the carriage was at the door, the door-bell rang, and in another instant the couple were ushered into the brilliantly lighted parlors, the husband apologizing for his wife's feebleness because of an indisposition during the day. With the assistance of the lady whose guests they were, the merchant began unrobing his partner. The removal of the veil caused wild shriek and scream from the ladies and "my gracious" from the gents, while the pale and dejected merchant stood riveted to the middle of the floor, his eyes staring on the negress, who offered her hand for forgiveness. The enraged merchant was in the act of suddenly leaving the company, when the wife, full of sweet smiles, and in her beautiful toilet, confronted him by remarking, "My dear, what's the price of flour?" The husband acknowledged the sell, and promised that the wager should be paid. The negress returned home, and the pleasures of the evening proceeded, although frequently interrupted by bursts of laughter and applause at the very successful manner in which the wife had outwitted the husband.

To-day, between 10 and 4 o'clock, the wheelbarrow performance with a barrel of flour will take place on the route indicated, and as the merchant, unaccustomed to, tugs at his load, there will no doubt be a considerable amount of sport by the passers-by at his expense.—[Chicago Times.]

heaving bosom and the shoulders in the linen folds. Then the counterpane and sheets are thrown back, the gas is turned down—very, very low—and the little form presses the yielding couch, and the angel goes off into the world of dreams.

Now in the room directly above her is the great brute of a brother. He comes into it, shuts the door with a slam, pulls off his boots and throws them into a corner, jerks the socks from his feet, drops his pantaloons on the floor, and lets them lie there; gets off his coat and vest by a quick, vindictive sort of twist of his arms and body, unpins and unbuttons his collar, throws it carelessly with the tie at, rather than on the table, travels to the window in his shirt extremity to let down the curtains, as if he didn't care a cuss whether the entire population of the street beheld his anatomy or not; then puts out the light and bounces into bed like a great calf jumping into a pile of hay, curls himself up, his knees nearly touching his nose, lies so a moment or two, turns on his back, stretches his limbs out, swears at the tucking in of the clothes, grunts, gets over on the other side, and is—asleep. Then comes in the snoring and snorting.

Isn't there a difference in style?

A BRIEF CHAPTER ON KISSES.

Kisses cannot be defined; too much of the subtle essence of the higher poetry—too much of the choice dew of heaven—too much of the foretaste of immortal happiness is born in their recreate being to render their definition possible. Gentle, enchanting, etherealizing, soul-inspiring kisses, ye are neither of heaven nor of earth, of reason nor of fancy, wholly. Ye are a rosy hand falling upon our spirit with a dulcet violence, and retaining it amid the sombre scenes of life with a power of grateful resignation.

Divine kisses, ye come from among the stars, and when your balm distils itself upon the arid lips of humanity those stars seem not far distant nor does their music appear to hush.

The true and sweetest flower of existence, the liquid poesy of heart, and the glorious picturing of some bright hope are in kisses. They associate all blissful memories—deck the heavy future with golden clouds and violet skies; and gather together the brief pleasures of the known past and seal them, and make them long lasting with hyblean breath.

All kisses have honey in them, though more or less—a drop or unmeasured quantity, according as they are received, and from whom. A mother's kiss is holy and Heaven befitting; it resembles a voiceless prayer, and the soul grows prouer, better, and loftier beneath its giving.

The pleasure of a sister's lips is calm and sacred, glowing with goodness, affection and benevolence that give them much life in the mind after they have died upon the place of their falling.

Then the kiss of friendship, too, this receives its chiefest charm from an inward thought; it is but a sign of the internal appreciation; it may be cold, for the kiss of friendship is but a symbol only.

Such kisses are not truly kisses—not the children of love—the violet-strewn pathway to the delicious labyrinths of pleasure, not forgetting to glance nervously under the sofa, the space between which and the floor is not sufficient to contain the ghost of Calvin Elson, much less an ordinary robber. Having ascertained that she is really alone, she leisurely proceeds to divest her form of "the silk and linen conventionalities of society." First she relieves her glossy hair of the pins and combs which enthrall it and "does it up" more completely. Then off comes the little collar, and light vapory cloud of lace she calls undersleeves which all the day have been clasped around her white plump arms, by a couple of india rubber straps.

Next the love of a spring silk dress is unfastened in front. Then sundry waist strings and button straps are loosened, and lo! what a collapse like Lowe's big balloon. She stands like Saturn, the centre of rings. There they lie upon the soft carpet, partly covered by the linen underlinings and overfixings, with no more expression in them than there is in the bare floor beneath the carpet.

Sits she upon the bed, and begins the unlacing of garters, and the disrobing of those fair swelling limbs of the stockings. The pretty little foot is carefully perched upon the knee—down drops the garter, off comes the elastic, and her thumb inserted at the top of the stocking, pushes it down—down over the heel, and the cotton rests beside the prunella.

So with the other foot, only involving a slight change of position. There is a smile that peeps out from behind the blushes of her sweet face, now, as standing before the glass, she places upon her head the night cap, and with a quick twist of her fingers ties the bewitching bow. Then the night gown is thrown over the frilled chemise, concealing the

heaving bosom and the shoulders in the linen folds. Then the counterpane and sheets are thrown back, the gas is turned down—very, very low—and the little form presses the yielding couch, and the angel goes off into the world of dreams.

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But kisses must be gently dealt with

—they are delicate—there is the strangest of refinement in them, and the soul must regulate their conduct and bestowment.

They cannot be taught, for they are felt, and their power of happiness in-

crease!

Beware of kisses! They may bring

harm or Heaven—they are the weapons

of the gods, and the plundered bliss of

Paradise.

JUNIUS.

ant melts and resolution fails, and oceans dry beneath the heaven of a kiss—the touchstone of our common nature, revealing the eternity of love.

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