

Beecher and His Congregation.

The New York correspondent of the *Albany Argus* writes as follows:

"It is noteworthy, that any subject announced which is not religious draws a full house. Politics will pack Beecher's edifice closer, by far, than piety. Social topics, if they touch the popular hearts, send the pulses throbbing to the finger-tips, and as on last Sunday, set the hands to expressing their sympathy and approbation in a very emphatic, if not a reverential, manner."

There is a whole volume of texts in the above. Radicalism is not only demoralized politics in the country, but it has defiled and dishonored religion. It has done its best to stamp all vital piety out, and causes it to drag and dwindle in the mud and filth of partisan corruption. Years and years will elapse before the injury which has been inflicted by this party upon the cause of religion can be repaired. It is not to be wondered at that people prefer to hear BEECHER on avowedly political topics, for in them there is less hypocrisy displayed than when he blazons out the same sentiments under the mask of religion. The truth is, however, that these political preachers have so blinded religion and politics together, that there is great difficulty in determining where the one begins and the other leaves off, for it is politics! religion and religious politics!"—*Enquirer.*

One of the largest and most fashionable weddings that has taken place in New York for a long time, was solemnized on Wednesday last. Over seven hundred guests were present, the bridesmaids numbered twelve. The festivities were celebrated in two splendid mansions—144 and 146 West Fourteenth street being thrown into one for the occasion. The bride was beautiful and the daughter of one of New York's wealthiest merchants. One saloon was entirely occupied by elegant and costly presents, and the guests did not separate until daylight. The parties to this wedding were Mr. Eli W. Arnold and Miss Fanny S. Bernheimer. The bride wore a dress of white net, a white real lace veil, a wreath of natural flowers; pearl necklace, and a diamond bracelet. The money represented on the occasion in the persons of the guests amounted to some millions—*New York Home Journal*.

THE WORD "WHITE, STRICKEN OUT.—The *Logan Gazette* relates a peculiar circumstance which happened some months since in Champaign county. A quaker widower, tired of single-blessedness, hunted up a second wife, whom he found in a strong "manhood suffrage" neighborhood. He took her to his home, and time flew on with azure wings, they indulged in bright dreams. And, says the *Gazette*, sometimes in those dreams they would imagine that the word "white" was stricken from the Constitution, and start from their slumber in ecstasies of joy. And thus the pensive autumn receded before the stern breath of winter, and anon the springtime came, "gentle Annie," and with it, hyacinths, and bird carols, and into the household of our Quaker—a nigger baby. A baby with the word white stricken out. That's so! That's what's the matter.

Terrible Fight in Ball-room.

At a recent ball at Roseburg, Oregon, all went on in peace and quietness until Sol Colver, Jacob Fitzhugh, Bob Forbes, John Hannan, and Abe Crowe came there, it is said, to break up the ball. When they entered the ball-room they had a few words, when George Bennett struck Sol Colver in the face with a revolver. Bearer then stepped up to them for the purpose, it is said, of stopping the fuss. The others were his dupes, and as soon as Colver fell they dispersed, carrying a man whom Lieutenant Smith had wounded with them. All the actors have fled and no arrests yet made.

When we left the camp, at two o'clock P. M., Lieutenant Griffin was lying in his tent breathing, but insensible; his head a fearful sight; he will probably die before morning. Lieutenant Heyl was under the influence of chloroform, his wounds being dressed. Lieutenant Smith had received a saber cut across the wrist in parrying a blow; otherwise he was uninjured.

General Meritt is now investigating the affair, and the participants in the mutiny will receive summary justice if caught.

The casualties among the troops were one (Bradford) killed, and another wounded. The wounded man fell and his comrades carried him away. So far, all the parties have avoided arrest. Lieutenant Griffin's gallantry in forgetting his own safety and trying to assist Lieutenant Heyl, is worthy of all praise.

General Sheridan.

The strange Radical performances of this officer, at New Orleans, have created no little surprise, as well as indignation. Sheridan is a young regular army officer, with no political antecedents whatever. Such men have usually been found to be pretty fair custodians of power, and imposed to use it for purposes of political or personal tyranny. It might naturally be supposed that such would have been the case with Sheridan when he was thrust into the important position of Dictator of New Orleans and the surrounding country. These anticipations have not been realized.

On the contrary, he has distinguished himself most unmercifully by the perverted use he has made of his power, and by his extreme and utter subserviency to every project and every idea that Radical villainy could coin.

He seems to have endeavored to render himself and the United States Government as obnoxious and hateful as possible to all those under his iron sway. He is the most willing and subservient military tool which the Radicals have found since the days of Butler, Burnside, Schenck, Hunter and Lew Wallace.

As it is not possible that Sheridan has any very strong political attachments, the reasons of his conduct must be found elsewhere. He is undoubtedly catering and bidding for what he supposes to be permanent power in the United States, in order to make favor for his own advancement.

He has, therefore, in his anxiety to conciliate his congressional masters, dived deeper and come out muddied in partisan filth than almost any other officer. His indiscreet proceedings and high-handed usurpation in Louisiana have greatly tarnished the military reputation he acquired in the war. His failure as a civil commander is even more apparent than were his successes as a cavalry officer.

Under the caption of "Hotter Still," the *Pittsburgh (Pa.) Express* makes the following remarks:

"Those who are beginning to revive their sympathies for Jeff Davis, because he is doomed to another summer at that dreadfully hot place, Fort Monroe, ought to think of poor Abe Lincoln and the climate of the locality he is supposed to be in, according to the Georgia Spiritualists."

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The man who has got into the habit of bowing to nearly every-body he meets may be safely set down as a *not fellow*.

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Why is every teacher of music necessarily a good teacher? Ans.—Because she is a sound instructor.

What's the difference between a pound of meat and a drummer boy? Ans.—One weighs a pound and the other pounds away.

The Murder of Lieutenant Griffin.

We find the particulars of the murder of Lieutenant S. E. Griffin in the San Antonio (Texas) *Express* of April 10:

"One of those tragedies occurred yesterday, unaccountable, except when instigated by the erratic disposition of a stupid idiot. A private of Company E, had robbed the house of a colored woman the night before, and the woman had sent to camp for the purpose of identifying the thief. For this purpose Lieutenant E. M. Heyl directed the First Sergeant of the company, Harrison Bradford, to have the company form in line. The Sergeant formed the company and marched up to the officers quarters. Just before reaching the head quarters guard line he commanded, 'Rally boys, rally,' and started forward with drawn saber, followed by fourteen others—the remainder of the company standing in line perfectly dumbfounded. Sergeant Bradford rushed forward, and with drawn saber commenced a murderous attack on Lieutenant Heyl, inflicting no less than five severe saber wounds upon him. The affair was so sudden and so entirely unexpected that the officers were unarmed. Lieutenant Seth E. Griffin, Company A, in the next tent, rushed to the assistance of Lieutenant Heyl, with no weapon except a small pocket pistol.—Bradford turned on Lieutenant G., and with a front saber cut literally clef the Lieutenant's skull open from the forehead to the base of the brain, the brain protruding through the opening several inches. The sergeant received two shots from Lieutenant Griffin's pistol, but he apparently did not suffer from the shots. At this time Lieutenant Fred W. Smith made his way through the other mutiniers, and reaching the sergeant, fired three shots at him, killing him instantly.

Harrison Bradford was a light mulatto, five feet nine inches high, fair black hair, black eyes, and we saw him an hour after the mutiny, lying on his back dead, his gash face turned upward, he could easily be mistaken for a white man, possessing the outward marks of the white blood; he inherited all the lowest instincts of the African, stupid, contrary and treacherous. For these faults Lieutenant Heyl had determined to reduce him to the ranks.—Bradford knowing this, and seeing an opportunity for revenge, availed himself of it. The others were his dupes, and as soon as Bradford fell they dispersed, carrying a man whom Lieutenant Smith had wounded with them. All the actors have fled and no arrests yet made.

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