

A Sight from the Balloon.

Col. Lowe's balloon yesterday was stationed near Gaines' Mills, on the right center of the Union line, and within six miles of Richmond. It was in the air the whole day, and in the few hours it ascended, some thirty or forty army officers observed the position of the enemy's troops from the elevated point of view it afforded. The balloon is held to the ground by a strong cord a thousand feet in length, and of course ascends to that distance above the earth. A pulley and tackle arrangement, worked by men below, is the power used to pull it down, and, being strongly fastened to the earth, there is very little danger of the machine's escape. The Colonel and his assistants very seldom ascend, officers and others, with authority for the occasion, being sent up by two and three at a time, and, after a few minutes' stay, hauled down.

When the balloon has ascended at this point to the end of its tether, a grand view of both armies is unfolded. Within a circle of two miles in radius the sight is very perfect; beyond that the angle of vision becomes so nearly horizontal that woods, houses, and hills, materially interfere with the view. The landscape has three marked objects upon it, which are the first to strike the eye. The Chickahominy, almost beneath one's feet, bordered by its dark-green swamps, runs like a thread from where it rises on the horizon, away off to the north-west, to where it blends with woods and hills in the south-east. The James river in front, though distant, runs in a deep crooked valley, and bears on its bosom hundreds of craft that, in the distance, looks like white specks upon the blue waters.

Richmond, covering a large portion of the western horizon, is, however, the principal sight. It appears to the balloonist as a confused medley of red, white, and black, and heavy brown fortifications stretching from the right to the left, with thick walls plentifully sprinkled with cannon, surrounding it on all sides. The Capitol Square can scarcely be discerned, being too thickly surrounded with buildings. The white Capitol, however, is quite conspicuous, and, of course, the stars and bars that over the roof. Three church spires, seemingly all in one spot, are the brightest part of the town, and catch the eye almost before the observer is aware he is looking at Richmond. But little else, however, can be distinguished, although, for a general view of the town, nothing could be better than that from the balloon.

The space between the Chickahominy and the fortifications around Richmond is almost filled with rebel camps. A thousand cavalry horses were picketed in one field, and others were plentifully sprinkled all about. Wedge tents, used by the officers, and little dog tents by the men, shown in every direction as the sun's rays struck them. Intrenchments and rifle pits lined the front of their position, though very few guns were mounted. Several guns of heavy calibre are sprinkled along these earthworks. Rebel camps, however, are the most prominent of all the sights.—They show in every direction, and the southern and western horizon seems to be their only boundary.

Of our own position, as seen from the balloon, I must be silent. One thing, however, in the whole view, is most remarkable. Right through the center of the picture, runs a curved belt of dark green and yellow about a mile wide. Not a man, gun, tent, or wagon, appears upon it. It is the line between the two armies. Over it cannon balls are thrown, and on its surface sounds and packets hide from each other, but no military signs to be seen upon it. Everywhere else, stretching as far as the eye can reach, are the thousand and one things incident to war; but this broad, quiet, deserted belt of land, so lonely, so sounder, varying only as it is swamp or field, or stream, lies there so still that it almost inspires the beholder, Jupiter's rings or Saturn's belts never were a grander sight than this belt of land on which nothing like a tent or gun appears.—*Cor. Phil. Press.*

A CAT STORY.—A philosophical old fellow was one day passing a new schoolhouse, erected somewhere towards the setting sun borders of the Union, when his attention was suddenly turned to a crowd of persons gathered round the door. He inquired of a boy whom he met what was going on.

"Well, nothing, 'cept the skule committee."

"A committee meets to-day? what for?"

"Well, continued the boy, you see Bill, that's our biggest boy, got mad at the teacher and he went all around and gathered up dead cats. Nothing but cats, and cats, and cats. O, it was awful—them cats!"

"Pshaw! what have the cats to do with the committee?"

"Well, you will see. Bill kept on bringing cats, and cats, and cats, 'em up rounder, 'em pointing to a huge pile as large in extent as a pyramid, and considerably aromatic, and he piled them. Nothing but cats, cats!"

"Never mind, my son, what Bill did, what has the committee met for?"

"Then Bill got sick headin' 'em, and everybody got mazin' 'em; but Bill got madder, and didn't give it up, but kept 'em cats, and cats!"

"Can't you tell me what the committee are holding a meeting for?"

"Why, the skule committee are goin' to hold a meetin' to see whether they'll move the skule-house or these cats!"

SINGULAR FACT.—The *Stockton Argus* relates the following:

It is a singular fact mosquitoes are afflicted with those minute ticks that are so annoying, and that have actually been the cause of death of children, by the sores they create. We were shown several of these annoying ticks, a few moments after a mosquito had been killed upon the hand, as they were noticed to leave the body of the crawling insect. The mosquito had been lucky in his foraging, and the ticks became filled with the blood they had robbed from the sanguinary rubber, which gave them a red color; otherwise but few eyes could have distinguished them, so very minute are they in size. It required an extraordinary good eye to notice them, and when pointed out to us a careful examination was necessary on our part to distinguish them, and even then would have escaped our sight had they not moved.—It is some consolation to know that such treatment as mosquitoes extend unto others is even so extended unto them.

A remarkable transaction took place the other day in a village in the west of England. A man of large fortune died, and directed in his will that his horse should be espoused and led to his grave, and shot and buried with him, that he might be ready to mount at the resurrection and start to advantage. This was actually performed.

The Conservative Congressmen.

Towards the last of June the telegraph announced that a meeting of conservative Congressmen had been held in Washington to devise ways and means to save the country from the effects of the Confiscation and Emancipation Bill, as well as other radical measures. Some thirty-five members were present; the majority were from the Border States, though quite a sprinkling of peace Democrats from the West were present and made themselves conspicuous in the meeting. The papers by the steamer contain a short report of the proceedings, including the resolutions adopted. Among them were Richardson of Illinois, Allen of Ohio, Steele of New York, Holman of Indiana, and Bidle of Pennsylvania. In the debate on the resolutions, Richardson expressed the opinion "that if the authority of the Government is everywhere to be restored, it must be by saying to the great masses at the South, 'You have done wrong; lay down your arms and you shall not be touched.' He was in favor of saying this decisively." And in further explanation, he said "he was in favor of applying the halter to the leaders of the rebellion." This is a doctrine which does not exactly suit the Breckinridge Secession Democrats in California; they consider the rebel leaders as the purest, best and bravest of patriots. Allen of Ohio thought "the leaders of the rebellion should suffer the extreme penalty of the law." The first of the series of resolutions adopted read as follows:

Resolved, That the Constitution and the Union and the laws must be preserved and maintained in all their proper and rightful supremacy, and that the rebellion now in arms against them must be suppressed and put down, and that it is our duty to vote for all the measures necessary and proper to that end.

Resolved, That the present war, as avowed by the President and Congress, and understood by the people, was commenced and prosecuted for the purpose of suppressing the rebellion and preserving and vindicating the Constitution, the Union and laws—and for that purpose only. It was a great and noble purpose, high above any mere sectional or party objects, and at once inspired and united in its support all loyal men of every creed, party and section. At the call of the Government, a mighty army—the noblest and most patriotic ever known—sprang at once into the field, and is bleeding and conquering in defense of its Government. Under these circumstances, it would, in our opinion, be most unjust and ungenerous, to give any new character or direction to the war for the accomplishment of any other than its first great purpose, and especially for the accomplishment of any mere party or sectional scheme.

Of the effect which the action of these professed conservative members is calculated to have upon parties, the Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Press says:

What do the "conservative" members of Congress hope to effect by such an organization? Do they desire to throw into the next House of Representatives a class of men like Vallandigham and Wood, whose feelings are unquestionably with Secession, and who seize every occasion to display those sympathies, and who use their best endeavors to prevent a vigorous prosecution of the war? Do the border State men wish to hasten a peace with the rebels, and bring them back in the border States again to lord it over the people?—Strange to say, the rebels themselves—the men who have so bitterly persecuted and oppressed the people of Kentucky, Missouri, Virginia, Tennessee, North Carolina and Maryland—hail every such demonstration as this "conservative" meeting as so much gained for their cause. Nothing gave these persistent foes of liberty more hope than the presence of the fifteen Democratic members of Congress, issued several weeks ago. There is not a Breckinridge in the free States that does not stand ready to rally under any call that will give him an opportunity to show his hatred to the cause of our country. Nothing is worthy of censure in the atrocities of the rebels; but he is constantly denouncing the Abolitionists. Of course the people can see through schemes like this, and it is to be hoped that the truly conservative and loyal men of the border States will not wait long to be convinced of this fact. It is a fatal blunder they are committing. They have in Lincoln a forbearing, magnanimous, generous friend, and it would be but ordinary gratitude on their part to confide in a man who has no ambition but to serve and save the republic.—*Sacramento Union.*

LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER.—Ellis Buritt says: I love to see one of these creatures, with sinews of brass, and muscles of iron, strut forth from smoky stable, and saluting the train of cars with a dozen snorts from his iron nostrils, full luck gently into his harness. There he stands champing, and fuming upon the iron track. His great heart is a furnace of glowing coals, his lymphatic blood is boiling in his veins, the strength of a thousand horses is nerveing his sinews—he pants to be gone.—He could "snake" St. Peters across the desert of Sahara if he could be fairly hitched to it; but there is a little sober-eyed man in the saddle who holds him with one finger, and could take away his breath in a moment should he grow restive or vicious. I am deeply interested in this man, for, begrimed as he may be with coal, diluted in oil and steam, I regard him as the Genius of the whole machinery, as the physical mind of that huge steam horse.

AN ANECDOTE OF THE PRESIDENT.—The following new version of an old joke about Mr. Lincoln, we find in the Washington letter of the N. Y. Journal of Commerce:

Never was a chief magistrate more perplexed than Mr. Lincoln, and never has there been one more misrepresented; for his goodness of heart prompts him to assume the responsibilities of others, and to indirectly sanction by his silence opinions ascribed to him without any foundation in truth. A few evenings since, he remarked to a visitor that a lot of terrapin had been sent to him as a present from Norfolk. "But," said he, "they looked so uncomfortable that I had them taken down to the river and turned loose." "You don't look good eating them, Mr. President?" "Yes I do," replied honest Old Abe, "when I have time to enjoy it, and nothing to bother me, but now-a-days I just have to browse round where I can get a chance."

A QUEEN OF A QUARTER OF A CENTURY.—Friday (June 20) completed the twenty-fifth year of the reign of Victoria, Queen of Great Britain. She is now in the prime of life, being crowned at the early age of eighteen, and has already reigned longer than most of her predecessors, but ten of whom were the crown a quarter of a century, the longest being that of George III, who was King sixty years.

A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

The restoration to the stage of the old play of "Valerie," in which Mademoiselle Mars obtained such success as the blind heroine, has been occasioned by the immense interest thrown around the marriage which took place, a short time ago, at the new Russian chapel in the Rue de la Croix (says the Paris correspondent of the Court Journal). Strange is every incident connected with this union, and strangest of all, that each one should be almost identical with those of the play. The young Princess—, who had become suddenly blind from the effect of exposure to the sunlight upon the snow, had been sent to Dusseldorf to consult the great oculist of that place, and after having followed his treatment for some time, and been pronounced curable, with great care and patience, and a warm climate, had been conveyed to Palermo, where she was deriving benefit from the doctor's prescriptions, and regarding herself as in a fair way for recovery, when a cold, caught by imprudently sitting on the grass, brought on inflammation, and drove her once more to despair. Of course the doctor was immediately applied to; he advised the patient remaining at Palermo, but proposed to dispatch one of his pupils, on whose attention he could rely, to watch the disease and report daily on its progress. The young man arrived, and was soon installed in the family as its most valuable member. His attention was unremitting—his exertions to please unvarying. The princess gradually recovered the hope she had lost, and was once more pronounced to wear perfect restoration to sight that the young pupil, according to the directions of the Professor, was commissioned to escort her back to Dusseldorf, for the benefit of the advice and experience which could facilitate and complete the cure. The journey seems to have achieved the conquest begun at Palermo, and by the time the young doctor and his patient had arrived at Dusseldorf, a greater anxiety than that occasioned by the uncertainty of the return of sight had taken possession of the young princess, and was shared by her medical attendant. It was a case of great delicacy, and one in which the Professor had staked much of his future fame; and he had called together a great number of his brother practitioners, and the entire class of his pupils, to be present on the day when the bandages were to be finally withdrawn from the eyes of the patient. The interest of the moment was so great that it was almost considered a solemnity, as the Professor, surrounded by his friends and the students of the place, proceeded to loosen the band which held the bandage. A cry of delight escaped from the lips of the Princess as the daylight first broke upon her gaze. She glanced wildly round the assembly, and in one moment, despite her still weakened sight, seemed to scan every countenance turned with such interest towards her own, then without an instant's hesitation—as if impelled by a magnetic power stronger than herself—she walked across the room towards where the young doctor, her friend and companion, stood, silent and trembling, concealed behind the rest, and, taking his hand, pressed it to her lips, and, forgetting all beside the gratitude she owed him, burst into a passion of tears! Needless to say to what degree the emotion was shared by him in whose favor it had been displayed. It will not be necessary to declare how much, at first, all further progress of this attachment was opposed by the relatives of the princess; but it may be as well to record the stoutness and determination with which she has pursued the happiness she has undertaken, and on Monday last she was united to the young doctor at the Russian Chapel, while in the evening "Valerie" was played at the Theater Francaise, and Mlle. Tortoux, who played the heroine, was loudly applauded by an enthusiastic audience, few of whom imagined that the very scene which so moved their pity had been enacted in real life but a short time before.

THE COST OF THE WAR.—The rebel sympathizing press is still harping on the cost of the war as an argument against its longer continuance, and a reason why treason should be allowed its way and the Republic left to destruction. The Federal Tax bill is seized upon with avidity as the basis of fresh appeals to the sordid motives of men. We are told in strains of painful eloquence how much more our coffee, tea and sugar will cost us; what fearful times our expenditures for tobacco and liquors will be; what a license we must pay to pursue any avocation; what an army of tax collectors will prey upon our subsistence, and what a mountain of public indebtedness is accumulating against this and coming generations. The logical inference from all this is, that high taxes and a big debt are worse evils than disunion, and that it would be better to purchase peace and economy at the price of acknowledging ourselves in the wrong, and recognizing the independence of the authors of all our woes. The rebel sophists! They ignore the fact that this is the people's war; that it is the people who voluntarily formed an army of three quarters of a million, and told the National Government of their free choice to crush out its enemies at any cost, and decide forever that ballots and not bullets shall shape American policy. Viewed in this light, every cent of additional taxation, every new tax collector, every dollar added to the public debt, every soldier slain in battle, is an irrefragable argument against Secession, and in favor of the war for its annihilation. If the rebellion is not crushed out, we shall have more wars, more taxes, more slaughter. End Secession now, and a few years of peace will pay off the debt, restore light taxes, and bring an era of unremembered prosperity.—*Milwaukee Appeal.*

SPIES IN McCLELLAN'S ARMY.—A startling fact occurred in connection with one of the prisoners whom we captured, says an army correspondent. On the person of Col. Washington, a rebel officer, was a complete and correct list of the Army of the Potomac, including a minute statement of its present organization in corps, divisions, and brigades. The name of every division commander and of every Brigadier General was correctly given, with the name and number of every regiment in each brigade, and the approximate strength of each regiment. More than this there was also attached a plan of the country on the Chickahominy near Richmond, with the position of each division of our army correctly marked on it. That it had recently come into the rebels' possession was evident from the fact that several of the divisions had moved their positions only two days before, and these changes were carefully noted on the sketch. The completeness and accuracy of the entire document, proved that it could have emanated from no mere military matters, and gives ground for the painful suspicion that there was a traitor in the camp who has access to the secret movements of the army. It was said at first, that together with this document was found its counterpart relative to the rebel army.—This I find on inquiry in the proper quarter, is entirely incorrect. A little slip of paper was found containing a few memoranda of single brigades in the rebel army. That was all the information concerning the rebel army that was derived from the capture of Mr. Washington.

A WARD'S FAMILY EXPERIENCE.—The famous Baldwinville showman, in a late letter from Washington, draws the matrimonial curtain aside, and gives outsiders a peep at the following little family picture behind the scenes:

My wife stood before the lookin' glass fasin up her hair.

"What air you doin', Betsy?" I inquired.

"Doin' up my back hair," she replied.

"Betsy," said I, with a stern air, "Betsy, you'er too old to think of such frivolities as back hair."

"Too old! too old!" she screamed, "too old, you bald-headed idiot. You haint got enough hair onto you head to make a wig for a single-breasted grasshopper."

The reblook was severe, but merited.—Henshith I shall let my wife's back hair alone. You heard me.

My little dawter is growin' quite rapid, and begins to scrutinize clothin' with young men inside us, it pretty close. I observe, too, that she twists pieces of paper round her hair at nights, and wont let me put my arms around her any more for fear I'll muss her.

"Your mother wasn't afraid I'd muss her when she was your age, my child," said I one day, with a slight trouble in my dark, bay eye.

"No," replied my little dawter, "she probably liked it."

You ain't goin' to fool female Young Americans much—you may gamble on that.

TROUBLE WITH SECESSION WOMEN.—Our commanders at every point in the South, find the women the most difficult subjects they have to deal with. Casting aside the natural delicacy and refinement that belong to their sex, they delight in the most unwomanly, impudent and vulgar exhibitions of anger and detestation toward the Federal troops. Nothing but severe measures will induce them to treat our officers and men with decent respect. A Baton Rouge letter in the Philadelphia Press says:

Brigadier-General Williams occupies the house of General Taylor, which the latter sided in when in command of the U. S. force some years ago. General Williams is greatly annoyed by visitors, particularly ladies. The latter are almost uncontrollable. They make all sorts of requests and when refused, are very insolent. A lady and her husband visited him yesterday. The lady desired to obtain a pass to leave the city, which was refused, when she sprang up, exclaiming, "I knew it, and did not expect anything better from a Yankee!" Her husband pulled her by the sleeve to induce her to stop talking, when she cried out, "I will talk, I will. Let me alone!" Two other ladies called to make a similar request, and upon being refused, the scene was almost indescribable. The General told them they were beautiful, but if they did not stop their abuse he would lock them up in comfortable cells, upon which they retired, somewhat subdued.

THE FRENCH WAR ON MEXICO UNPOPULAR.—The *Union Franco Americaine*, published at San Francisco, says:

The entire liberal and independent press of France condemns the Mexican expedition.—In the United States, every American paper without exception, and all the French papers with two exceptions—which are: the *Concier des Etats Unis* and the *Echo du Pacifique*—raise their voice against this unjust and impolitic war.

TIDE OF EMIGRATION.—It appears from the statistics of 1850, that during the ten years previous 208,924 of the natives of Free States had emigrated to the Slave States, and that during the same period 909,223 natives of the Slave States had emigrated to the Free States—showing an excess of 400,000 emigrants from the South to the North. The facts suggest the inquiry: If the climate, soil and institutions of the South are better than those of the North (as many pretend to claim), why is it that the balance of emigration is so heavy against the South?—*S. F. Journal.*

PROGRESS OF EMANCIPATION SENTIMENT IN MARYLAND.—The Washington *Star* publishes a large number of extracts from Maryland papers, all showing the rapid progress of emancipation in the State of Maryland. Ex-Governor Hicks, Hon. Beverly Johnson and Senator Sellman, are said to be open advocates of the new order of things. The Baltimore *American*, the ablest paper in the State, keeps up its fire in support of the President's policy on this subject.

LADIES, WHAT COULD THE MAN MEAN?—"Are you not alarmed at the approach of the king of terrors?" said a clergyman to an invalid. "Oh, no!" was the reply, "I have been living six and thirty years with the queen of terrors; the king cannot be much worse!"

AMERICAN MATTERS IN CANADA.

Not long since in the Canadian Parliament, a bill was offered requiring the organization of the militia, for the purpose of being prepared to fight the United States. On that occasion, Col. Arthur Rankin, a member of the same body, (and who offered his services to the United States, and was commissioned a Colonel in the Union army) made a powerful speech against the bill, in which he said:

"A moment's real reflection, Mr. Speaker, ought to be sufficient to convince every honorable member that such a law never could have been carried out; its provisions were oppressive in the extreme, and to have enforced them would have been an impossibility. Sir, for us to talk of placing Canada in a state of defense against the power of the United States Government is as ridiculous as it would be for a mouse to assume an attitude of defiance towards an elephant. The army of that nation is but little inferior in discipline to the best armies of Europe; it is superior in intelligence to any army in the world; it is as well armed and equipped as the army of any European power; it is maintained at the cost of a daily expenditure greater than the yearly cost of even such an organization as that proposed by the late government, and in case of emergency, its numbers, now exceeding half a million, can be doubled. Such being the power of our republican neighbors, it is obvious that for us to talk of defending ourselves against the government of that country, if disposed to attack us, is simply absurd. But, Mr. Speaker, we have no cause for apprehension. In the first place, I don't believe there is any ill-feeling towards us as Canadians, in the United States, or, if there is such a feeling, it is because we are connected with Britain, and not on our account."

There is great force in the sentiments contained in this extract, especially in the concluding paragraph.

HOW WILL THE PACIFIC RAILROAD BE BUILT?—The *New York Evening Post* thus answers:

When the present war terminates we shall have not merely an army of soldiers seeking new employment, but men incured to fatigue, familiar with entrenching tools, the pickaxe and the shovel, and who, accustomed to new scenes and novel adventures, will gladly furnish much of the labor necessary for the work. We can imagine 100,000 or 200,000 of these hardy men spread along the route, attacking the sections simultaneously, and brooding the whole within the same time that any single section could be completed. We can imagine them finally settling down in cantonments or villages all along the line across the plains, or in the valleys where the gold and silver crop out, at once benefiting their own fortunes, and adequately protecting the road itself. Yet this result would be an inconsiderable part of the benefits to be achieved.

ONE OF THE BEAUTIES OF SLAVERY.—From the James river a magnificent plain of two thousand acres of cleared land stretches off to the woods bounding it in the distance. This is the property of a man named Toland—or rather of his wife—whose few store-houses and slave huts on the water's edge constitute the entire settlement of Cumberland. The Toland residence overlooks the plain from a high hill, which rises abruptly at one side, affording precisely such a view of the 2,000 acres farm below as one gets of a level ball room floor from the high gallery at its end. As I looked down from this point upon our troops encamped in the wheat fields below, I thought it must have been from such a position that Xerxes reviewed his army of a million of souls before he led them forth to battle. Toland is a slave breeder; on his plantation you have the institution presented in one of its worst aspects. With him human beings have been literally treated as cattle, his whole stock of 71 slaves springing from one woman, who now, less than 60 years old, finds herself surrounded by three generations of offspring, without ever having been bound by the marriage relation to thwart the purposes of her master in his anxiety to improve his stock.—*Wilmington (Va.) Letter.*

GENERAL CRITICISMS.—Among the numerous anecdotes we have heard of the coolness and daring shown by General Crittenden on the field of Shiloh, is one told by a credible prisoner, to whom it seems neither the name or rank of General Crittenden were known.

"We had you whipped at one time," said the rebel captive, "and would have kept you whipped and routed you, if it hadn't been for a fellow that rode up in front of you on a d—d little stump-tailed nag just as you were breaking, and threw his cap into the air with a shout like a trumpeter. After that there was no doing anything with you, and it was soon all over with us!" That "fellow" was General Crittenden.—*Louisville Journal.*

Since iron clad war vessels have become fashionable, scientific minds have been engaged in the matter of finding something to go through the armor. Steel pointed balls, conical balls, and other elaborate arrangements have been tried, with no great satisfaction, and now Michael Ritner, of Vincennes, Indiana, says he has put a conical leaden ball of ten pounds, at long range, and with a light charge of powder, through a target twenty inches thick, plated with two iron slabs of one inch thickness each.

JOHN BULL'S WEAKNESS.—Irving long ago characterized John Bull thus happily in the *Sketch Book*:

He cannot bear of a quarrel between the most distant of his neighbors, but he begins incontinently to fumble with the head of his cudgel and consider whether his interest or his honor does not require that he should meddle in the broil.

BRITISH OFFICIOUSNESS.—There is reason to believe that Secretary Seward has received a note from Earl Russell touching Gen. Butler's "women order," so called. It will probably be treated as the note from the same quarter remonstrating against the stone blockade was treated.

A WEALTHY SAINT.—One of the women belonging to the last batch of newly-made Latter Day Saints that passed through St. Joseph, Missouri, on the 17th ult., bound to Mormonism, had in a box, which was entrusted to the care of the Express company, ninety-seven thousand dollars in gold coin.

Heaven holds no conditional saint, and the Union should tolerate no conditional patriot.—*Nashville Union.*

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