Miscellaneous News.

Modification of the Order Concerning Passes.—We stated a week since that Gen. Sickles had so modified general order No. 10 as to permit the use of coal by persons on both sides of the Rappahannock at the State line. We publish below the order in regard to it:

Hdq'rs 2d Military Dist., }
Charleston, S. C., May 15, 1867. }

Paragraph XII of General Orders No. [illegible] does not prohibit the use of coal by persons for home consumption upon one's own premises.

Commanding officers of posts are authorized, upon good cause shown, in different cases, to grant permits to public officers to carry arms when absolutely necessary in the discharge of their duties; such permits to be in writing in each case, and to be forwarded with the [illegible]

Commanding officers of posts, to be assisted with [illegible] commissioned officers on duty at the post, next in rank when practicable, are constituted military tribunals for the trial of all persons within the limits of their commands charged with violating paragraph XII of general orders No. 10, and paragraph X of general orders No. 12, current series from these headquarters. The proceedings in all cases to be forwarded to these headquarters for approval.

By command of Major General [illegible]

D. E. Sickles,

J. W. Clous,
Capt. 28th U. S. Infantry,
A. D. C., and A. A. A. G.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

[From the New York Herald of May 16.]

Mr. Davis still remains at the New York hotel. It is stated that he has been laboring under an attack of illness, which, although not very severe, compelled him to defer his projected visit to his children in Canada. From the time of his arrival he has not once left the hotel, and has not stirred from his rooms. Should he be well enough he will probably leave New York to-morrow evening for Montreal. Yesterday comparatively few visitors called to see him throughout the day, but in the evening the thronged condition of the hotel showed that he was still an object of considerable interest to the large number of his former adherents, who have removed, since the breaking up of the rebellion, to this city. The character of the gentlemen present was pretty conclusively indicated by an occasional gray coat, which, however, was of course shorn of its original round brass buttons.

His nephew, General Davis, circulates freely about the hotel, but seems extremely anxious to keep the movements of his uncle as secret and as private as possible. He professes to have no positive information as to Mr. Davis' departure, or as to his future plans.

MONTREAL, C. E., May 16, 1867.—The *Minerve* (French semi-official journal here) tells its readers that "Mr. Davis, the heroic president of the late Southern Confederacy, may be looked for to-day or to-morrow," and that "the city will be proud to give him its hospitality." No doubt the paper speaks by authority, and the mayor being a Mr. Starnes, a man who is devoted to the party in power, and shares pro-Confederate (southern) views, it is very likely that Davis, on his arrival, will receive something like the hospitality of the city.

The present ministry have taken the tone from England, and spoken unofficially in favor of the rebel concern, and grieved for its sudden downfall; they were also jubilant at the apparent establishment of an empire in Mexico, and lachrymose at its sudden dissolution.—Therefore, it may be inferred that there will be shaking of hands and a good deal of other nonsense between Davis and other conservative, i. e. the anti-American party, on that great offender's arrival here.

THE DAVIS FAMILY.

Davis comes to see his children, it is reported. They are at school, while Mrs. Howell and Miss Howell, with "Willie," live on little C. Sames st., in a house formerly occupied by Dr. Nelson, who was concerned in the insurrection of 1837-38. The street is narrow and the house an old one of three stories. The family live plainly and very quietly. Mrs. Howell may be seen occasionally, sitting at the window, her white hair attracting attention to the [illegible] Miss Howell very little.

They showed about a good deal at first, having lived in the west end, but retired and the east end of the city being longest on Richmond Square. Now they live in the centre of the city. It will be a fine sight for the people of Montreal to see an ex-President and his children, a young girl is at the convent of the Sacred Heart, the Sacred Heart, and the boy is at the Lennoxville [illegible] Both will come to Montreal to see their liberated father.

Post Office Envelopes.—Business men are quite familiar with the printed endorsement on the envelopes of business letters, requesting the postmaster, if the letter is not called for in ten days, to return it. A Schenectady merchant has got up an endorsement on his, which runs as follows: "If Mr.——don't pay the bill in this dunning letter within ten days, the postmaster may open this and send us the money himself.

A man in Northampton, Massachusetts, has sued his brother for twenty dollars for the board of himself and wife during a visit which they paid him three years ago, when first married.

Wilton can boast of having the largest woman in the State of Maine, perhaps—Miss Sylvia Hardy. Her height is nearly seven feet, and she weighs three hundred and fifty pounds.

Returned.—Col. J. A. Bradshaw has just returned from the Northern cities to which he had gone to purchase his spring and summer stock of goods, and is now receiving them. We dropped in there yesterday and were shown a most beautiful assortment of the latest styles of hats, prints, &c., &c., which he is offering at very low prices.—*Banner.*

TO GET UP A REBELLION

Two of Jeff. Davis' friends are Kelley in Pennsylvania to get up a rebellion.—If they succeed, they appeal to the [illegible] in the Keystone State, as they did from the New Orleans and Memphis riots, they are not to be [illegible]

We find the following [illegible] letter in the Galveston *News* of the 7th inst.

[illegible] space as possible, I [illegible] know with the particular [illegible] publication of them in your columns for the benefit of those interested in the matter.

Lieutenant William Martin Tebbets, of Shenandoah' notoriety, and the same who rendered himself so conspicuous by his connection with the privateer 'Chickamauga,' was by chance personally known to me during the war. So far as cunning and bravery are concerned, I believe he had a match in the [illegible] navy; but on the two occasions he is known to have used his authority, and gone a step beyond in the matter of making seizures [illegible] high seas, which gained him the enviable reputation of private.

"At the close of the war he disappeared from the country, and was lost sight of for some time, till recently he turned up in command of a large ship-of-war in the East Indian waters called the 'Bird of the Ocean,' and had managed himself more prominently into notice than ever before, by simply having had a wager of two thousand five hundred dollars upon the fact of John Wilkes Booth being in existence—and won the money.

"The question, which has been feverishly agitated since the war in certain sections of the United States, has not been satisfactorily settled, then, is [illegible] shall suffer the lapse of two years [illegible] some person be kind enough to unravel the mystery which clings to Booth, and explain how the stake issue in Calcutta was decided to belong to Captain Tebbetts?

"Most respectfully your obedient servant, JOSEPH R. MASTERS,
Late Captain U. S. N."

CONFISCATION.

The Washington *Chronicle*, of Friday, comes out for confiscation. After ferocious abuse of the southern people, it says:

They are inimical to the Union. They will renew the struggle to separate it unless they are rendered powerless. One way to do that is pointed out by the great argument of Thaddeus Stevens on confiscation. As throughout the rebellion this farsighted statesman has been the *avant courier* of public sentiment upon the great issues of the day, it may be found that in this case he has only anticipated results as in previous announcements of opinion."

LINCOLN'S OPINION.

The late President Lincoln, in his inaugural address, said:

"I have no constitutional right to intermeddle with slaves within the states, and no inclination to do it. The right of each state to control its own municipal affairs and its own domestic policy, is an equilibrium upon which rests the prosperity of our institution.

"We went to the Republican meeting, of which Dr. H. M. Pritchard was President. The attendance was very large, so far as we could see, very respectable and attentive. Jos. W. Holden, of Raleigh, was the first speaker. We must declare he was very Radical—of course made up with abuse and nigger on what he lacked in brains. When we got on the ground, Jas. H. Harris, colored, of Raleigh, was up. We regret we could not hear his speech entire; but what we did hear impressed us most favorably.—Harris is an excellent speaker, and his remarks were to the point and calculated to do a great deal of good, particularly those in regard to confiscation, and political and social equality. He told the audience plainly that confiscation was out of the question; that the only way the landless could become proprietors was by making money and buying the land. He elaborated the idea so that all could understand it. He said he did not claim social equality—only he claimed all that was given by the government—nothing more, nothing less—advised civility, concord, a strict fulfilment of contracts—temperance, good behavior, industry and honesty. The speech taken altogether was a remarkable one, and we think will not be equalled by any delivered on the occasion.—The language was correct, the enunciation clear and distinct, the gestures appropriate, the substance logical, the style concise and the delivery oratorical.

We could not remain to hear the other speeches, but as "we gather the facts will present them.—*Charlotte Times.*

Hon. Wm. A. Graham.—We are greatly gratified to be able to state, that the Hon. Wm. A. Graham has received his pardon, which was forwarded to him by the Post-Master-General. If there be any citizen of North Carolina to whom our people feel a just pride, and in whose sagacity and integrity they have implicit confidence, that man is Wm. A. Graham. The removal of that foul imputation upon his loyalty, involved in his long withholding his pardon, is an unquestionable triumph of justice, which we hailed previous with [illegible] and which we announce [illegible]—*Raleigh Sentinel.*

JEFF. DAVIS IN PETERSBURG.

Hon. Gerrit Smith is in the city yesterday, according to public report. Mr. Smith—whose brother John was not aware of his presence, or he would have called upon him—is certainly entitled to considerate regards. He was a terrible fellow once, and could have ground the whole South to powder if he had have had a great mill of the requisite dimensions. But he went bail for Jeff. Davis, and that is proof that he was not so terribly tragic as we thought he was. Besides, he now confesses that in the operation of this war, which came out of slavery, that the North was as much to blame as the South; and that in fact the North made more out of slavery than the South. To use his own language: "The South held the cow and the North milked her." The Provost Marshal will please issue a special permit to Mr. Smith to pass undisturbed through any part of Petersburg, at all hours of the day or night he may select. By order of General Lee; R. H. Chilton, A. A. G. (Approved.)—*Express of Saturday.*

THE NORTH WAKING UP.

If a military or civil functionary may compel the proprietor of the St. Charles New Orleans, to throw open his parlors and chambers to traveling negroes, under the pretence of carrying out the civil rights bill, may not some other functionary, civil or uncivil, compel the lessees of the Fifth Avenue and the Clarendon Hotels in this city to assign their bridal chambers to the first colored couples that may feel ambitious of the distinction? Clearly, the hotels are as much subject to generals and mayors as railroads or steamboats; and the law which confers jurisdiction over southern hotels in the interest of the negroes also applies to hotels at the North. The law recognizes no discrimination on account of locality, and our city hotels may therefore be on the lookout for a test case before the summer ends.—*N. Y. Times.*

NO MORE WAR.

A chemist of Marseilles professes to have invented a new preparation of Greek fire, which, unless the description is outrageously exagerated, will certainly put an end to all war. With this terrible agent of destruction the inventor claims that he could envelope in flames any army of 100,000 men, from a distance of 1,000 yards, within less than five minutes. In a naval battle he could consume the enemy, and in fifteen seconds cover his decks with a torrent of flames, which would burn the rigging, scorch the hatchways, and instantaneously kill all the crew. The invention seems to have one little drawback, however, which may prevent its general introduction; for, as the chemist himself naively admits, "neither victors nor vanquished would return from the field of battle" on which this terrible fire was used. In fact, as both armies would be destroyed, it would puzzle historians to decide which was the victor and which the vanquished.—*New York Times.*

George Francis Train says our modern marriage service should read thus: Clergyman—Will you take this brown stone front, this carriage and span, these diamonds, for thy wedded husband? Yes. Will you take this unpaid milliner's bill, this high waterfall of foreign hair, these affectation accomplishments and feeble constitution for thy wedding wife? Yes. Then, what man has joined together let the next best man run away with, so that the first divorce court may tear them asunder."

THE VAMPIRE;

OR, ACTED TO THE LIFE.

BY ALFRED MARKS.

How delicious after the crowd and bustle of the city, are the first few hours of a walking trip in the country. My heart had been mouldy and lonely for a long time, until one sultry day in September I received a note from Markham, asking me to take a holiday and visit him at his mother's villa. I persuaded myself that I was overworked and wanted rest, and determined to take Markham at his word. I sat down and wrote two lines, telling him that I should walk down, starting that very night, and that he might expect me as soon as twenty miles a day and a zig-zag road would bring me. In ten minutes I put a few things to send on before me, packed a knapsack, and then shouldered my traps and rushed from the horrible gloom of my chambers and in another hour found myself on a country road, doing my first stage in the bright moonlight.

I absolutely danced with delight, it was so glorious to be free once more. I was walking through a woody country, and felt a pleasure I cannot describe in reminiscences of childish terrors awakened by the strange forms that moonlight showed among the trees. When I came to a break in the woods, I leaned over a gate opening into meadows that stretched far away, all gleaming in the light which lends a beauty, delicate but mysterious, and almost unearthly to the most common objects. As I leaned, I listened; not a sound except the tinklink of a sheep bell; now and then the bark of a dog, baying the moon, or a village church bell striking the hour.

But soon I saw, breaking over the horizon, distant lightning, which warned me that a storm was approaching. I had still some miles to go before I could reach the end of my first stage, so I pressed on again. Before an hour had passed the wind had risen and was swaying the tree tops over head in the narrow arched lanes, and soon the moon was hidden, and I felt the first slow heavy drops of rain. Half dazzled at times by vivid flashes, and splashing through puddles already formed in the cart ruts, I hastened onward, but it was nearly midnight when drenched to the skin, I reached the little town of D——.

It did not take me long to hunt up the market place and to find out the Red Lion, which I knew to be the best inn. It was not quite so easy, however, to gain admittance; but at last a suspicious porter, after a parley from the window, leisurely descended, and having narrowly examined me, admitted my claim to a night's lodging, and set about showing me to a room. I followed him as he went along the passage, past rooms with their names painted over the doorways, up stairs and along the gallery which overlooked the courtyard.

"You've got a theatre here, then?" I said, as my eye fell on a bill watered to the wall.

"Yes, sir," said the porter. "Yes, sir, they do say as how Miss Barry is an uncommon good actress. She has only been here a week, and the company won't stop long, for there ain't many people to fill a theatre, except the young chaps from G——, likewise some gents from the university."

I stopped to look at the bill—a long, narrow document, which announced the appearance of Miss Barry in the "Thrilling melo drama of the Vampire." I smiled as I read the bill, which not only set forth the performers' names, but gave in a few words the leading characteristics of the personages of the drama. "Sir Greville Lilburne (he is a swarthy baronet, of ancient lineage, poor, but haughty, proud and revengeful;) Marsden, the Vampire, (a demon who renews his life by drinking the blood of maidens.")

"That's her father," interposed the officious porter.

"Isa (a lovely girl)——"

"That's true enough," cut in the porter. "She's fit for a better theater nor this here. There's a city manager coming down to-morrow on purpose to see her."

I finished the bill, went into my room, and taking off my clothes, gave the porter particular instructions to have them well dried against the morning. But alone and in bed in the huge room, only half lighted by the candle, left burning and flickering in the gusts of wind which made their way to it, I found it impossible to sleep. There I lay wide awake, listening to the thunder, which still muttered in the distance, and to the wind, which seemed to gain fresh strength every now and then, as it came dashing full against my windows. Then I watched the flickering shadows of the bed hangings, and from that I fell to thinking of the playbill and of the hidious subject of the play.

As I lay turning in my huge bed, I confess that I wished the town the theatre and its bill had been everywhere but in my road that night. At last, however, I got tired of turning over and over and my candle dying out, after many fitful leaps, which startled me not a little I fell asleep.

I awoke late, feeling heavy and out of humor and my temper was not at all improved by finding that for the present there was no chance of getting further on my road. All above was one dull mass of clouds, from which the rain still poured in torrents. I breakfasted slowly, wrote a few letters rendered necessary by my abrupt departure, and then looked out into the market place at the puddles; when tired of this, I turned for consolation to the literary resources of the coffee-room, but found nothing worth reading. Utterly miserable—for my clothes, despite my injunction, had been wretchedly dried—I had a fire lit, and sat before it till the waiter came in to ask me when I would dine. As dinner, carried to the pitch of repletion, appeared to be the readiest means of rendering myself impervious to meteorological influences, I ordered a repast which taxed the resources of the Red Lion to the utmost. I had scarcely sat down to it when a carriage drove to the door, and shot a large man, who entered with much bustle and a loud tread. It was the "city manager" of whom the porter had told me. In him I was glad to recognize Potts (let me veil his personality under this discreet pseudonym) an enterprising lessee, known to me slightly through Markham, who had written for his theatre. He recollected me, and we dined together. He confirmed the porter's account of the object of his visit, and asked me to go with him to the theatre. I accepted, for there was something intensely amusing to me in the lively talk of the manager, his anecdotes and knowledge of the world. The rain had ceased, and it was now a lovely afternoon, but still so wet under foot that I thought I would stop at D—— another night, so we sat over our wine—he talking, I listening and laughing—till it was time to be off.

It was not the fact of the theatre being a wretched one that so much surprised me, as that C—— should have one at all. Of all the unhappy investments in brick and mortar which have ever come under my observation, that was decidedly one of the very worst. Nevertheless, travelling companies did occasionally take it for a while, though I should not like to affirm that any of them ever got a living out of it.

The performance had begun before our arrival, and it was with some difficulty that we found any one who would consent to take our money and admit us.—The ill-lighted, empty look of the house, with its tawdry decorations, all faded and mouldered, was wretched in the extreme. My attention was far too much occupied by the chit chat of Potts, to allow of my noticing particularly what was passing on the stage; but the acting I know was ludicrously bad, for it excited in us so much merriment that an irruption into our box of the D—— population was at one time threatened.—But after awhile appeard the young actress, whom Potts' account had made me anxious to see. Certainly, I had rarely beheld more exquisite beauty of face and figure, or more intelligent action.—Her dress, too, was simple, and even poor, yet it gave evidence of a refined taste, which surprised me in a girl so situated. The managerial eye of Potts saw her capabilities at a glance, and for a while our merriment was restrained, only to be re awakened, however, by the entrance of the supposed vampire. "Her father," said Potts, "deceased gentleman, poor old fellow, won't let his daughter act without him." It required all my sympathy to refrain from laughing out right at the absurd antics of the poor old man, who had to sacrifice many a prejudice before he could consent to allow his daughter to employ her talents as a means of livelihood.

I have almost forgotten the plot of the piece, but it was the final act, it I recollect rightly, that the lovely girl was to become the vampire's victim. When the curtain rose, she was discovered alone. After a short soliloquy, she reclined on a couch, and the plot of the piece required the entrance of her father after a short panse.

He came, and never to my dying day shall I forget the fearful impression caused by his appearance. My professional studies had made me acquainted with all the fearful forms which death assumes; but the hue of the face which was before me, I had never met with. I had not dreamed that it was in the actor's art to prod'ce so awful an appearance, which seemed the result rather of the absolute *withdrawal* of all color—I hardly know how to express my meaning—than the production of an external application.—No words of mine could describe the terror of his deeply sunken, heavy eyes, and his stealthy noiseless tread. A habit of observation, which had become a second nature to me, compelled me for an instant to withdraw my gaze from the ghastly figure stealing along the stage, and to glance round the theatre.

The effect of the apparition was appalling. Children, wild with terror clung to their mothers, scarcely less terrified than they; while strong men hid their faces in their hands. I looked at Potts, the cool man of the world. His self possession prevented him from betraying what the firmly set mouth told me he could not wholly suppress. Every sound in the theatre was hushed, and it was amid a silence as that of death, in which I could hear the rapid beating of my own heart, that the vampire stole to the couch of the recumbent girl. What vague foreboding deepened the terror with which I watched his approach to the girl, I know not; but I felt that to turn my head for an instant, or to open my lips, would be utterly impossible.

I would have given worlds for the power to cry out; but every muscle was powerless, as if under the dominion of a spell, and my gaze was fixed uncontrollably on the actor, as he bent his head toward the neck of the seemingly sleeping girl. An instant later, and with a cry like that of a death stricken creature, she sprang from the couch, tottered towards the footlights, and fell huddled together on the stage. Had she, too, become suddenly endowed with some wonderous faculty, which gave to the acting of a novice a power beyond that of the highest attainments of art? The reality of her fearful cry, the manner of her fall, and a dark pool under her head, told a different tale. Released, I know not how, from the fascination which had held me a moment before, I leaped from my seat, clambered over the footlights, and raised the girl's head on my knee. A gash in her small delicate throat, showed that all was too real. Potts had followed me; with his aid I carried the girl into a dressing-room, where I gave her all the assistance in my power.

"Her father," I said to an actor, who followed us; "where is he? he must not escape."

The man rushed out of the room, but returned a few minutes later to tell me that he had found the girl's father lying utterly unconscious on the floor of his dressing-room. His manner terrified me.

"What do you mean?" I said.

"It is not he," he whispered in a hoarse voice; "he had not finished dressing for the part."

"Shut the stage-door," I said. "Is there any way besides of leaving the theatre from the stage?"

"None."

"But we were too late; before the alarm was given, the other had gone out, with a handkerchief to his face.

* * * * * * *

I have little to add to my story. The girls beauty, her gentleness and intelligence had awakened in me a strong feeling of interest, and I willingly gave up my holiday to pass it at her bedside. I was in love with the girl whom a strange and awful fate had thrown in my path. I tendered her with all my skill, and when I was compelled to return, and to leave her to other care, it was arranged that I should every day have news of her; and that as soon as she could possibly bear removal she should be brought to London. A recovery from her wound seemed possible, when she was attacked by fits of such a character, that their continuance I knew would be fatal. It would be too painful for me to dwell on the agony of these attacks, during which the recollection of that ghastly face was always present to her. A month after I left her I learned with bitter grief that all was over. My absence spared me a terrible shock—she died raving mad in a lunatic asylum.

A rigid inquiry left no doubt on my mind of the father's complete innocence. His account was, that while dressing in his room he happened to turn towards the door, when he saw before him a figure dressed in all respects as he was to have been, but with a face so awful that he fell senseless. He recollected nothing more till, on his recovery, he found persons standing by him. The most careful investigation tended to corroborate this statement, but failed to produce any other evidence. From the first I had refused to believe in the father's guilt, and after the death of his daughter, I was instrumental in procuring him employment in the city. In the hope of finding some clue to the mystery of that awful night, I had him constantly watched; every step he took was dogged, all his actions were recorded, but nothing to alter my opinion was discovered. I did not require this confirmation; I knew how he loved his daughter; he knew how his life was bound up in hers. I noted his impatience at the slow approach of death, and it was with a feeling of self reproach, which the sense of duty fulfilled could not stifle, that I followed him to his grave.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF VARIOUS ADVERTISERS.

We clip the following from the New York *Sunday Mercury*:—

The *Spasmodic Advertiser* is the most numerous of all advertisers. He rushes with great eagerness into the harvest field offered by advertisements, reaps a handful or two of grain, and then retires. He is thoughly convinced that advertising is profitable and indeed indispensable; but he thinks that when the public has been made acquainted with his business, that there is no use for further advertising till a change of season or fashion, or the removal of his place of business, necessitates a further notice to the public. He carries his advertisement to the newspaper office much on the same system that some people carry an umbrella, because the almanac announces a change of season and a prospect of fine trade-weather. But as, according to Solomon, he who will not plough because of the rain shall reap but a scanty harvest, so he that will not advertise because of the lowering aspect of the financial sky, shall often experience a scanty attendance of customers.

The *Stingy Advertiser* is the miser among advertisers. He sees the evidences of prosperity resulting from advertising all around him, and he covets the prizes won by this means by others.—So he resolves to advertise; but like the half-witted sportsman who thought that he would only put as many shot in his fowling piece as the number of birds he intended to kill, he determined to be very economical in his expenditures in shooting at that coy bird the general public, and therefore writes out the tiniest advertisement, with the advertised article so jumbled together to save space, that no one cares to decipher it. After consulting all the newspaper offices for the lowest rate of advertising, the S. A. finds a paper to suit him, leaves his advertisement with it, and goes back to his store in great hast, to hire additional clerks, and make preparations lest the tide of custom should flood on him before he is ready for it. After he has waited a day or two he is astonished that no new customer appears. He reads and re-reads his advertisement, sees that his name and address are correct, and then sits down to cogitate. Consulting a neighbor, he learns that he has actually thrown away what little money he expended on the advertisement.—Chagrined, he resolves not to be duped again, and buttons up his pocket when any one suggests to him advertise; but being again tempted by seeing his advertising neighbors' stores crowded, while his is empty, he proceeds to the office of a popular paper, and putting down his money with the air of the Yankee who darned the expense of a doughnut between himself and Sarah Ann on a fair day, demands that his five-line notice shall appear at the top of the most conspicuous column of the paper, and that there shall be an editorial puff of at least a column and a half calling attention to it, and a hundred copies of the paper sent free to his address. The quizzical clerk takes his money, and, nodding "all right," puts the tiny document on file. When the S. A. sees his tiny advertisement buried in a corner, he feels the truth of the adage, "Nothing for nothing," and despondingly gives up hope; but even a single grain of wheat, planted though it be in a fifty acre lot, will spring up and bring forth, so the grain advertisement astonishes its parsimonious author by producing at least one customer.

The *Dingdong Advertiser* believes in keeping pegging away at all times and on all occasions.—