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D. W. SCOTT, Jr., Editor.

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NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

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Marriages and Deaths, Religious, Political and other Notices of a public nature, free.

POETICAL.

THE CENTURY FLOWER.

BY REV. E. A. WASHBURN, D.D.

'Tis noon of night! in slumber pale
The dreaming soul of nature lies;
No lifts the flower its mystic veil,
Nor flushes morning from its eyes.
Around the years of waning earth;
Of frost and sunbeam, blight and bloom;
Of birth, but ne'er its infant birth,
A frailer flower has sought the tomb.

A hundred years! what empires sped,
As eddies on the whirling tide!
Lands cooled beneath Napoleon's tread,
And green'er flow the song and shed.
Yet dumb in silence strange,
Those fringed eyelids wait the hour,
Till ripening through each mighty change,
It blooms, Time's rich, full opened flower.

A hundred years! the soul of truth
Lay dead, as in death-like rest;
Yet lives a Thought its budding youth
Wrapped in some holy prophet breast.
It dawns! the spell of ages breaks!
Startled it towers o'er barren men;
A world of perfumed beauty wakes,
Then drops its seed to rise again.

A hundred years! our fathers lie
Calm sleeping on the field of toil;
We build, we drive the plowshare by,
Heedless of aught beneath the soil.
Silent, through long, long night,
Still grew the bud; but, see! the morn!
See! burst the glorious petals white,
And Freedom's Century flower is born!

—*U. S. Service Magazine.*

Miscellaneous.

[From the Independent.]

The Enemy we Fight.

Are we fighting the common people of the South? By no means.—They are shamefully misled and betrayed by their wily and desperate rulers. Could the masses of the non-slaveholders in "Dixie" fully understand the animus of our Government, and could they vote without terror of the bayonet, they would reinstate the Federal authority over the whole region of rebeldom. We have no feeling for the Southern masses but fraternal kindness.

Are we figisting their leaders? Not as men; not as enemies whom we wish to exterminate from personal hatred. It is as traitors to our best interests and *their own*, that we seek to overthrow them. Nor would they ever have been traitors for an hour, but for the accursed system of slavery.—Every leading rebel is a slaveholder; *almost* every slaveholder is a rebel, and has been since Riffle fired slavery's cowardly shot among the half starved band of heroes in Fort Sumter.—Slavery made the rebellion. Slavery keeps it alive, let its arch leader say what he will. The enemy against whom we have been aiming our bullets for three bloody years, and against whom loyal men will aim their ballots at the coming election, is the barbed-fly sin and crime of slavery. Do not let us lose sight of that an instant. The Union lives only while liberty while slavery exists, the dragon's tooth of secessism is yet lingering beneath the ground, to shoot up again in armed traitors.

In warring against slavery, too, let us never forget that it is the system we make war against, and not the slaveholding individuals who inherited the curse from their fathers. We war against they system, not merely for our preservation as a *united* nation, but for the deliverance of our Southern territory from an organism of evil that has worked infinite mischief there for a century. That is *our* territory; it belongs to *our* nation; it has long been overrun by a system that impoverished and demoralized and disgraced its occupants, and has now aimed an assassin-stab at the nation's life. And in fighting to exterminate slavery, we *are the South's best benefactors*. We are fighting for the slaveholders' real interests, material and moral. We are warring to emancipate, not only 3,000,000, of our black brethren, but 5,000,000 of our white brethren too. To-day, Abraham Lincoln is a thousandfold truer friend to Southern interests than Jefferson Davis or Gen. Lee.

We make a vital mistake when we denounce slavery as solely an outrage on the natural rights of the negro. In every crime an infinitely greater evil to the one who commits it than to him against whom it is committed? The oppressor suffers, in fact, infinitely worse than the oppressed. No man could visit the South in past years, without observing that, abominable as slavery was, *the white, had the worst of it*. The overworked, unpaid, downtrodden, plundered slave was even the least sufferer; for he was innocent of all complicity in the sin. The poor non-slaveholding whites were more degraded than the bondman, more vicious, more pitiable and hopeless.—But the worst sufferers in the South were the worst sinners—*the negro drivers themselves*. Their system was fast destroying them. It made the slaveholder's land less valuable, his home less pure, his family less moral, his character less manly, his eternal interests less safe. Slavery, as a system, was death to the South. It was fatal to good agriculture, to good education, to good morals, to the eternal welfare of the souls who drank of its poison cup. For one, I know slavery thoroughly; I was educated among the sons of slaveholders; many of my fellow-students are now leaders in this iniquitous rebellion. I always found that slavery made its prepetrators indolent, insolent, and generally licentious. This was its *tendency* inevitably; but few escaped its blight. Slavery eats out the conscience, Slavery corrupted the pulpit. Slavery falsifies the Word of God. Slavery rots out the moral sense; what else so soon could have made men traitors to their country and their God?

Many of the most hideous evils of slavery can only be discovered by living where it exists. The secrets of the house of bondage must be found out by entering its dungeon-doors. Many of those secrets are too loathsome for publication. Even at the risk of trenching on delicacy, we give a single fact (which we have never seen in print) as an illustration of the one infernal system under which such outrages are possible.

A Christian friend of ours, a few years since, was descending a Western river on a steamer. On the forward deck he met a pretty, modest-looking mulatto girl, who, he was told, had been purchased by a planter on board and who was taking her "down South" as his slave. Our friend fell into a conversation with the unhappy young woman, and found that she was unusually intelligent, and was a devout and zealous member of the Methodist church. Returning to the cabin, he said to the planter "what is a nice, likely girl you have got yonder; what did you give for her?" The planter replied substantially, "Yes stranger, she is a pretty wench. I came across her in Kentucky. You see, I have got a lot of boys growing up. I live down in Alabama, near a town. My boys keep running off after women on other plantations. So I paid a big price, and bought this young girl for them! You understand how it is, stranger. A likely woman, ain't she?"

Our friend found it as hard to keep from knocking the wretch into the river as we do to send this loathsome incident for pure eyes to look upon.—But this cool traffic in the body and soul of one of Christ's redeemed children is only a *necessary inevitable* and *frequent* result and fruit of the system of chattle-slavery. Irresponsible power over a weak, subject race breeds such crimes, and produces the criminals who have made the fair South the nestling-place of lechery, laziness, insolence and treason. Can any true friend of the South, of the country, of humanity, or of God, vote, this fall, to perpetuate the "sum of all villainies?" Whatever the intention of the voter, it seems undeniable that every ballot thrown against our national authorities is practically sustaining the accursed rebellion, and the satanic system that gave it birth. For one, I know no party, but my country; no "platform," but the Golden Rule of Right.

REV. THEO. L. CUYLER.

WELL PUT.—The emancipation policy, says the New York *Post*, has taken away from the rebels nearly a million of the population from which they are now drawing soldiers; one hundred thousand colored men, mostly southern blacks, are serving the Union flag. If it had not been for the proclamation and the policy for which Mr. Lincoln is condemned by the McClellan men, three hundred thousand men would next spring serve against the Union, in the rebel armies. The emancipation proclamation and policy have deprived the rebels of a productive population of a million—and yet the American people are told by a parcel of blind politicians that it was a great mistake, that it was a blunder, a Pope's bull against the comet," and so on.

☞ It is a fact, though not generally known, that two hundred and thirty years ago $24 purchased the whole city and county of New York.

Elegant Extracts from Old Divines.

HARD TO LIVE.

Which is the most difficult, living or dying? I know not; yet to live rightly appears to me the hardest. It is hard to deny one's self; to undergo privations; to mortify all sinful inclinations; to sever all the ties which bind us to the world; and, when God calls, to resign the spirit back to his hands with joy. But perhaps it is harder still to walk on in this dark vale with patient courage; to be content not to see, and to take up with the blindness of faith; to tread in the footsteps of the Savior without backsliding, and never, either from inclination or from weariness or from compliance, to yield to temptation, turning neither to the right nor to the left; to endure the weaknesses and the failings of brethren, and also our own, without distrusting ourselves or them; to love our brethren as ourselves, and ourselves not more than our brethren; and in labors of love toward them to continue on until hearts shall break in death, so to live I say, is perhaps more difficult than to die; or rather we might the one as well as the other, through divine grace. Only must our hearts stand perpetually open to the reception of this grace, and the disposition to receive it, we strengthen and preserve, while lingering by the graves of our friends.—*Theremin.*

AN OVERWROUGHT CONSCIENCE.

How great these torments of conscience are here, let any man imagine that can but understand what despair means; despair upon just reason; let it be what it will, no misery can be greater than despair. And because I hope none here have felt those horrors of an evil conscience which are contagious to eternity, you may please to learn it by your own reason, or else by the sad instances of story. It is reported of Petrus Bosvanus, a Polonial schoolmaster, that having read some ill managed discourses of reprobate decrees and divine reprobation, he began to be fantastic and melancholic, and apprehensive that he might be one of those many whom God had decreed for hell from all eternity.

From possible to probable, from probable to certain, the temptation soon carried him; and when he once began to believe himself to be a person inevitably perishing, it is not possible to understand perfectly what infinite fears and agonies, and despairs, what tremblings, what horrors, what confusion and amazement, the poor man felt felt within him, to consider that he was to be tormented extremely, without remedy, even to eternal ages. This, in a short continuance, grew insufferable, and prevailed upon him so far that he hanged himself and left an account of it to this purpose in writing in his study: "I have gone from hence to the flames of hell, and have forced my way thither, being impatient to try what those great torments are, which here I have feared with an insupportable amazement." This instance may suffice to show what it is to lose a soul.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

THE VICARIOUS ATONEMENT.

Now look at the imaginary God of the Indians, watching with a kind of savage delight the agonies of his votaries; and then look at your Redeemer, bearing away all the sufferings to which you were devoted, and assisting you in the conflict that you have yet to undergo. He was verily and indeed crucified for our sakes, and His body nailed to the tree; but when He turns to us, He lays the cross gently upon our shoulders, and when he commands us to be crucified with him, he asks for no torments, no blood, but that we should render our bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable, which is our reasonable service;" that we should offer them as temples for His holy spirit, that we may glorify Him in our body and in our spirit.—*Wolfe.*

☞ The late Judge Taney clung to life with wonderful tenacity in spite of his illness. As long ago as 1810, a gentleman in Maryland having some interest in a disputed land case, in which there was considerable more feeling than money involved, inquired of a merchant in Baltimore for the name of some able lawyer to be employed. The name of Mr. Taney was given. The gentleman called on the latter, but, after talking with him a while, declined engaging his services, giving afterward as his reason that he intended his case should stay in court at least five years, that Taney would not live half that time, and then he would have to engage new council. Fifty years have passed since then, and ten years ago that individual and all the other parties to the protracted suit, as well as the lawyers on both sides, and the judge who tried the cause, were all dead, and Taney was as hale and hearty as he had ever been, but still moving about with his apparent feebleness.

☞ An ingenious Pennsylvanian has invented a machine for coal mining, which weighs 200 pounds, costs $300 and will do the work of twenty men.—The machine operates on a series of picks, which have the peculiar motion of the human arm when manipulating a pick in undermining or boring into the coal, and are moved up to their work by the same mechanism which operates them, and their motion and movement can be graduated to any desired speed; hence the machine can be worked by hand, horse, or steam power.

The Household Economy.

A writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* has analyzed the cost of the respective articles consumed in a family of six grown persons and two children, whose united expenses for the year for food, amounted to $926.33. This analysis is summed up for each item, showing the following result: Butter cost almost one-tenth of the whole expense. Flour and wheat bread cost also one-tenth. Beef cost one-tenth; other meats cost a tenth and a half of which was spent for eating and drinking; tea, coffee, etc., one-tenth; sugar and milk one-tenth; fish, eggs, potatoes, etc., one-tenth. The comments the writer may possibly induce those to make an economical investigation into their own expenses. He says:

"Thus it is, that three-quarters of what you eat will be spent on your bread and butter, your meat, eggs and potatoes, your coffee, tea, milk and sugar, for twenty-one articles on a list of one hundred and seven. Fresh vegetables besides, if canned, will take one fifth of what is left, say five per cent of the whole expense. The doctor will order oysters or wine when your back aches. Have anything to do with them until he does order them, but reserve another five per cent for them. The rest is variance. If it is yeast, it is vinegar, pepper, mustard; it is sardines, it is cider; it is the unconsidered world of trifles which make up the visible difference between the table of high civilization and that of the Abyssinian or the Black-foot Indian. Let us hope it is not much cream of tartar or saleratus. It is grits and grapes, it is lard and lemons, it is maple sugar and lemons, it is nuts and nutmeg, or any other alliteration that you fancy."

"Rich or poor, buy it in large quantities as you can. Rich or poor, pay cash. Rich or poor, do not try to do without nitrogen. Rich or poor, vary steadily the bills of fare. Now the minimum of what you can support life upon at this moment, is daily told. Jeff Davis makes the calculation for you. It is a quarter of a pound of salt pork a day, with hard Graham hard tack. A year of Jeff Davis' diet would cost you and I, reader, if you bought in Confederate shinplasters, $60. A year at Rye Beach just now would cost you two or three thousand dollars."

Jackson and Union.

In 1837, President Jackson wrote from Washington to a Mrs. Jackson, of New York city, a letter of thanks for the compliment given him by the lady in making her son his namesake. The following passages occur in that old Union man's letter:

I inclose herewith the usual gift to this namesake that I have bestowed to all my others; it bears the impress of the Eagle of his country, displayed on all her banners—and as the child grows in years and in wisdom, I have to depend upon you to explain to him, with this injunction of his godfather, that when he arrives at the years of manhood, he will always be found sustaining the Eagle of his country from the insult or grasp of a foreign foe, *and the still more dangerous enemy the intestine traitor who may engage in the wicked scheme of severing our glorious Union, upon which depends the perpetuation of our happy Government, which will endure or long as our cause be the system lasts, and no longer*—instill in his mind that our federal Union must be preserved. To the patriotism of his dear parents I trust this lesson will be early impressed, with all moral virtues, on his mind.

I beg you to kiss the dear boy for me, and present him with my blessing. My prayers will be constantly offered up for him, that he may have long and useful life, that he may be a blessing to his parents in the declining years, and enjoy a happy immortality. With my sincere prayers for your and your dear husband's welfare and happiness here and hereafter, and that of your amiable family,

I am, very respectfully, your friend,

ANDREW JACKSON.

"Mrs. Jackson, of the city of New York."

Do not Write Poetry.

"Irenæus," in the New York *Observer* gives young rhymers a fragment of advice, thus:—

If you cannot help it, if it sings in your head and will be heard, why then there is no other way but to put it upon paper and send it to the printer. But try to help it if you can.—There are only two or three poets alive at any time. A great poet makes and marks an age; and poor poets, or those who think they are poets and are not, are plenty as blackberries.—Every hamlet has its poetaster. Oh, how much valuable white paper is spoiled by people who think they can write poitry, and cannot. Verse is not poetry. You may make correct verse with faultless rhymes, and there is not a gleam of poetry in it. Poetry requires a peculiar faculty; the imagination; and you may have genius, sense, learning and the power of expressions, so as to write prose to rival Burke or Johnson, and after all, make yourself ridiculous by trying your hand at poetry. Write prose.

Gen Butler on the Death of Gen. Birney.

Major General Butler issued the following order upon the receipt of the intelligence of the death of General Birney.

Headquarters Department Virginia and North Carolina, Army of the James in the Field, Friday, Oct 21, 1864.—General Orders No 125—Soldiers of the Army of the James: With deep grief from the heart, the word must be said, Major General David B. Birney is dead. But yet erelay he was with us, leading you to victory. If choice of the manner of death had been his, it would have been to have died on field of battle as your cheers rang in his ear. But the All Wise determined all things well. Gen. Birney died at his home in Philadelphia, on Tuesday last, of disease contracted on the field, in the line of his duty.

Surrounded by all that makes life desirable, a happy home, endeared family relations, leaving affluence and ease, as a volunteer at the call of his country, he came into the service in April, 1861. Almost every battle-field whereupon the Army of the Potomac has fought has witnessed his valor.—Rising rapidly in his profession, no more deserved appointment had been made by the President than Gen. Birney's assignment to the command of the Tenth Army Corps. The respect and love of the soldiers of his own corps has been shown by the manner they followed him. The patriot, the hero, the soldier, by no death has the country sustained a greater loss. Although not bred to arms, he has shown every soldierly quality, and illustrated that it was the profession of his love and choice.

It is not the purpose of this order, nor will the woe of the heart of the officer giving it now permit him to write General Birney's eulogy. Yet even amid the din of arms, and upon eve of battle, it is fit that we, his comrades, should pause a moment to draw from the example of his life the lesson it teaches. To him the word "duty," with all its obligations and incentives, was the spur of action. He had no enemies, save the enemies of his country. A friend a brother to us all, it remains to us to say to it, by treading the path of duty as he has done, that the great object for which he has struggled with us and laid down his life shall not fail, and his death be profitless.

Soldiers of the Tenth Army Corps, your particular grief at the loss of your brave commander has the sympathy of every soldier in the army. It will be yours to show your respect to his memory by serving your country in the future as with you Birney has served it in the past.

By command of Maj. Gen. BUTLER.

ED. W. SMITH, A. A. General.

One of Lamb's Best.

Lamb once convulsed a company with an anecdote of Coleridge which without doubt he hatched in his boozy loving brain. "I was," he said, "going from my house at Enfield to the East India House one morning, when I met Coleridge on his way to pay me a visit. He was brimful of some new idea, and, in spite of my assuring him that time was precious, he drew me within the gate of an unoccupied garden by the roadside, and there, sheltered from observation by a hedge of evergreens, he took me by the button of my coat and, closing his eyes, commenced an eloquent discourse, waving his right hand gently as the musical words flowed in an unbroken stream from his lips. I listened entranced; but the striking clock recalled me to a sense of duty. I saw it was of no use to attempt to break away; so, taking advantage of his absorption in his subject, and, with my penknife, quietly severing my button from my coat, I decamped. Five hours afterwards, in passing the same garden, on my way home, I heard Coleridge's voice; and on looking in, there he was with closed eyes, the button in his fingers, and the right hand gracefully waving just as when I left him. He had never missed me."

HOME FOR SOLDIERS' ORPHANS.—In accordance with the act of Assembly providing for the education and maintenance of the destitute orphans of the soldiers and sailors of the State, the Superintendent has issued an official notice asking for applications from the several counties. The application must be sworn to and certified by the school directors of the district in which the orphan resides, and upon its receipt an order will be issued to admit the applicant. The schools will be ready for the reception of these pupils during this month. The State will provide clothing, boarding, washing, mending, instruction, books, &c., for the orphans while in the schools provided for them, but the relatives or friends are expected to send them thither without cost to the State, and also to send with them, in as good order as possible, such clothing as they may have, to be worn till others can be provided for them.

APPLES FOR THE ARMY.—A number of citizens of New York, desirous of enhancing the Thank-giving comforts of our soldiers before Petersburg and Richmond, have started a movement to send one thousand barrels of apples to the front. Government has agreed to provide free transportation.

New England and the War.

I trust I may not seem to pass the boundaries of my place on this platform, if in these words of valediction I assume to speak your acknowledgments, as well as those of the people of Massachusetts, for the illustration and interest imparted to this occasion, and for the honor it enjoys in the presence and co-operation, of those who represent our sister States. May the golden chain become brighter and strengthened, which binds these our sister commonwealths in the accord of a Confederate unity. May a like intelligence, freedom and happiness visit the homes and possess the hearts of the whole people of every community, so that every home shall exult, ere long, in the sheltering and victorious power of a government, whose symbol shall be the flag of our fathers; the secret of whose strength shall be found in a central and intelligent Union—or the foundation of impartial liberty, the common inheritance of human nature.

In behalf of such a Union and such a government, a people like those of New England will continue in the future as they have done in the past, by the method of Peace and in the shock of arms, to struggle against every foe, unconscious of dismay and despising temptation. For the preservation of our nationality they have, like their brethren in other sections, accepted the sad appeal to arms. For the sake of maintaining government and order and public liberty, the loyal men of the Union have not shunned arbitrament of war. Lovers of peace and haters of discord, we of New England are slow to draw the blade, but we are still slower to yield to the infamy which must blast a common cause, or to that infirmity of purpose which grows tired of a grand and momentous duty because it tasks our manhood or our faith.

To protect the printing press, the plough, the anchor, the loom, the cradle, the fireside and the altar, the rights of labor, the earnings of industry, the security and peace of home, if it must be, we can wield the sword, nor return it hastily to its wonted scabbard. For the brand of war becomes then the sacred emblem of every duty and every hope.—*Gov. Andrew.*

TWO QUALITIES OF MEN.—There is a negativeness of character, which is often mistaken for amiability, or impartiality, or some other kindred virtue. The person possessing it never sides on a question of importance enlisting the interest and action of men, and is equally well pleased which ever party wins in the contest. The future of the church, of the government, of society, of man, are of but little account to him; so that he is left undisturbed in his quiet, plodding, aimless journey through life. He avoids the opposition, strife and bitterness encountered by the positive man, but then he is practically and for all useful purposes, nobody; accomplishes nothing in life, and dies to be forgotten as soon as he is buried.

On the other hand there is a positiveness of character not unfrequently mistaken for hardness and sourness.—The positive man has a purpose in life, and in all questions of great interest firmly plants himself on one side or the other, and will make himself unmistakably felt, whether the decision be for him or against his cherished views. All matters of public interest engage his best powers, and find in him either an earnest advocate, or an active, persistent opponent. Men will call him hard names and some will heartily hate him. But then he is a *force* in the world, and all there is of science, art, and education, government, is attributed to him.—While he lives he is the only useful element in society; and after his death even his enemies will rejoice at his virtues, and vie with his friends in their efforts to perpetuate his memory among men.

Democratic Perversion.

George Sennet, a leading Democrat in Massachusetts, but not of the Copperhead genus, finished a speech at Roxbury, Mass., the other night, as follows:

"Slavery is the only thing that stands between us and Union and peace. Send it home to hell to it of our way. When the youth in the Arabian story trod the cavern of evil in a half of the lost treasure, after battling the thousand giants, he approached the mighty gate behind which lay the prize. And he looked—and lo! the figure and the venerable face of his mother stood before him, and the well known accents wildly bade him back on the peril of his soul. But the chosen of heaven said to himself: "Verily, it resembleth a woman of the Holy—but what doeth the servant of God on the side of sin?" And he piously struck at the figure in the name of God—and lo! it was a devil, who fled howling, leaving the treasure under the sward. So it is with you. You have trodden the cavern of evil up to the gate of the treasure. You have fought the good fight, and are ready to receive your reward. And now stands before us the awful figure of the Constitution—but it is only a figure, and under it a devil! Strike it in the name of God! For it is not the Constitution, but Slavery you strike, and Liberty is the prize of the blow.

Maryland a Free State.

Governor Bradford, on the 29th ult., proclaimed the new Free State Constitution of Maryland. The Governor's proclamation concludes as follows:

Now, therefore, I, Augustus W. Bradford, Governor of the State of Maryland, in pursuance of the the authority so vested in me by said act of Assembly and constitution aforesaid, do by this my proclamation, declare and make known that the said constitution and form of government, so framed and adopted by the convention aforesaid, has been adopted by a majority of the voters of the State, and that in pursuance of the provision therein contained, the same will go into effect as the proper constitution and form of government of this State, superseding the one now existing, on the first day of November.

Given under my hand and the great seal of the State of Maryland, at the City of Annapolis, on the 29th day of October, in the year of our Lord 1864.

By the Gov'r: A. W. BRADFORD.
W. B. HALL, Sec'y of State.

☞ A firm in Philadelphia has invented a scientific apparatus for lighting gas by electricity. It is a neat and elegant fixture consisting of a brass cup, lined with silk, a loosely fitting India rubber stopper, and an insulated copper wire coil, with a platinum point, directly over the burner. Within the stopper is placed a small piece of tin foil, to hold or store for use the electricity generated by the friction of the India rubber stopper upon the silk lining of the cup. While the cup is closed there is a complete current maintained, but when the gas is to be lighted the cup is lifted, the electric current is broken, and the electricity passes down the coil of wire to the burner. At the same moment the gas is turned on, and is instantly lighted.

☞ Mr. Trenholm, the rebel Secretary of the Treasury, represents the funded and unfunded debt of the Confederacy on the 1st of July last, $1,250,000,000. The expenses from the 1st of July to the 31st of December are estimated at about $325,000,000, making an aggregate of $1,575,000,000. The annual interest of this debt is over $100,000,000.

☞ Gen. Custer, who has so distinguished himself in the battles won by Gen. Sheridan, and who has been made a Major General, is but twenty-four years old. He's "one of the boys," and his mother must be proud of him, like that other mother of his, his country.

☞ Reverdy Johnson says that Mr. Lincoln "has appointed weak and incompetent men to the commands of his armies." Winter Davis admits this charge to be true, and cites McClellan, Buell and Fitz John Porter as proofs.

☞ A New York Councilman was heard lately getting off the following specimen of what may be called corporation logic:—"All human things are hollow. I'm a human thing; therefore I'm hollow. It is contemptible to be hollow; therefore I'll stuff myself as full as I'm able."

☞ The truly wise, who have acquired much knowledge, doubt often, and are modest in opinion; whilst the very ignorant, who have not knowledge enough to form a look to hang a doubt on, are hasty and presumptuous.

☞ A soldier in one of the late battles, sitting very coolly behind one of his guns, where the shot was falling fast, being asked by the chaplain whether he was supported by Divine Providence, replied, "No, sir; I am supported by the Ninth New Jersey."

☞ Poor acquaintances are apt to develop blindness. There's Muggins never sees his friends. Slender, Short and Seedy; and all because they have become poor. For affecting the sight, it is marvellous what power there is in poor folks.

☞ A lady who had a silk gown spoiled in being repaired brought an action against the establishment, and summoned several of the workmen to give their "dyeing testimony."

☞ Choose things that will please. Nutgalls are not the only things in the world. There are roses and honey suckles. Wasps are not the only things in the world; there is honey as well.

☞ Jones complained of a bad smell about the post office, and asked Brown what it could be. Brown said he didn't know, but suggested that it might be caused by the "dead letters."

☞ The proprietor of a forge, not remarkable for correctness of language, but who by honest industry realized a comfortable independence, being called upon at a social meeting for a toast, gave "Success to forgery."

☞ A philosopher who married a vulgar but amiable girl, used to call her "brown sugar," because he said, she was sweet but unrefined.