

TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, February 5, 1863.

Original Poetry.

(Written for the Bradford Reporter.)
MY BROTHERS, THREE.

We shall miss our absent brothers,
When the snow flakes fall around—
And the wind in mournful whispers,
Echo's forth a doleful sound.
When the stars are brightly shining,
Shedding forth their golden light,
When the sable robe of evening,
Covers earth with darken'd night.
When we breathe our prayers at evening,
We remember brothers dear;
Asking God to guide and save them,
Through all dangers that are near!
On the gory fields of battle,
Where the shells and bullets fall,
Guard them, Father—shield, protect them,
Save my brothers, one and all.
When we gather round the fireside,
By the old familiar hearth,
Then, perhaps, my three dear brothers,
Rest upon the cold damp earth!
Who can tell the grief and sorrow,
That a sister holds concealed,
When, perhaps, her noble brothers,
Sleep upon the battle field?

M. L. S.

Selected Tale.

MISSING.

"What is it, dear?"
"Only the drums. Oh, if they would only stop one moment!"
I saw my dear aunt shake her head mournfully, while a look of meaning passed between her and my uncle. They thought I was out of my mind, but they were mistaken. I knew as well as they did that the noise which was wafting upon every nerve was only the reverberation of the crowd of carriages and omnibuses on Broadway. Still I could hear the roll of drums. I had heard it day and night for weeks.
It was a drum this time, after all, and muffled; they were approaching the house. My aunt started up, with a gesture of dismay, to try and close out the sound. Nearer and nearer came the heavy tramp of men and now the sad dirge wafted out by low toned instruments, the Dead March that marks a military funeral. Strange to say, it was wonderfully soothing and restful as it rose and died away upon my ears, strained so long to a steady monotonous roll! When they had all gone by, I was weeping for the first time in many days. It was like a dew to my dry eyeballs—an unspeakably blessed physical relief to my aching heart.
Those funeral honors were in my mind apportioned to him. I felt no longer the bitterest most maddening fear of all—that his dear form was left unburied, for the ill birds of prey to tear and mangle. A ghastly blackened edifice, returned to the scorching sun, no longer glared upon me when I closed my eyes; but a low quiet grave, where comrades had said a prayer as it was hallowed, and where dust should quietly mingle with dust. The grass should spring upon it some day; wildflowers look up with dewy eyes to Heaven; and there peacefully, as in my arms, he should slumber until we should be reunited beyond all death and change.
Again that sad and touching strain floated back to my darkened room on its errand of mercy—fainter and fainter now as the Sunday evening hymn—"Adios Fidelis," our old Sunday evening hymn! For weeks my mind had gone in the same dull, maddening round; but now I saw my old home as vividly as if I were in reality the little fair-haired child nestling in my dear father's arms, while my mother touched the keys, and their voices rose upward in a solemn and tender union—an emblem of their united godly lives!
A feeling of pity for myself came over me to think I had come to this, that bright, eager, hopeful, child! I wondered if they did not pity me, removed as they were from the sorrows of earth; if they did not long to pluck me from the dark waters that were surging over my soul. Who knows but it was their spirits ministering unto me; for from that moment the stupor of despair left me. I only wonder I had not died at first. It happened thus: I came down so cheerful and buoyant that morning, singing to my bird as I arranged the flowers that our city garden afforded, for it was my day for a letter from him, and all this long year he had never failed me. Twice a week his daily journal, in which every act and thought of his life was chronicled for my eyes, came. There might be delays after it left his hand, but none through him.
I did not think to unfold the morning paper, not knowing that a movement of his corps was expected; but my uncle had known it for several days, and had been dreading disaster, as I afterward found from the carefully worded telegrams of the war department. But I was young and over-confident of our cause, and had paid no heed to the ominous nutturing of the coming storm. The sun fell on my daily path—what were the clouds to me?
There was a white, fixed look, in my uncle's face; that was my first warning. I dropped the blood red fuschias and fragrant heliotropes which I held and sprang to his side.
"What is it? what is it?"
My voice sounded strange and husky to myself. The scared look passed from my uncle's kind eyes, and one of love and pity entered into them.
"He may be only a prisoner after all; do not worry before we hear."
But I could detect the conceit, as a child does the bitter drug hidden in the conserve.
"You mean that he is dead; and you are trying to lie?"
It did not matter that "Missing" stood above the column in which his name was enrolled. They tormented me with watching

and writing for information, and all manner of hopeless devices for many a day. They were sure that when the list of the prisoners should be received from Richmond he would be reported among them, but I gave up from the first; and when that came with no news from him it was almost a relief, for they let me alone with my trouble.
You take up the papers day after day, and read those dreadful lists without a thought.— Those names are no more to you than a column of a directory or a list of advertised letters. You have a kind heart, and you sigh, and say: "Poor fellows!" as you lay them down. How little do you understand of the sickening anxiety, the appalling shock, which those very columns carry to a thousand households! How eager eyes dilate with horror and unbelief as fearing, and hoping, and praying, they come upon the name they seek for starting them in the face with such persistent reality—staring them into blindness.
So I read it, leaning over my uncle's shoulder, and following his finger with a dizzy brain:
Missing—ARTHUR L. GRANT.
The first on the list, followed by the name of a company and regiment that had marched proudest of all through our street thirteen months before, since they had left wealth, and ease, and luxury, to go out for our country's sake—a pure enthusiasm in which they believed to be a noble cause.
Again and again he had been in the thickest of the fight and come out unharmed. I impudently believed it was my unceasing selfish prayers that protected him! How impious and how selfish I had never known till now; for I had come to believe the angels had a special charge concerning him. But that veil of special delusion fell from my eyes like a mist; my presumption in thanking God would exempt me from the trials common to all! I dare say you know every phase of mind I passed through with, if you have ever been visited with a sudden shock of loss; how, from what I conceived to be loving trust in my heavenly Father and a glowing gratitude, I found myself madly rebellious, suddenly faithless, wholly unbelieving. What were all his promises worth since I had come to this! Only that morning, before I left my room, I had read with such a boastful confidence in the Bible which had been his earliest gift to me:
"He shall deliver thee in six troubles; yea, in seven shall no evil touch thee."
"In famine he shall redeem thee from death, and in war from the power of the sword."
But now he had "put forth his hand and touched all that had," and the temptation to "curse him to his face" swept over me, as it had through the soul of the patient Chaldaean!
During the slow decline which had taken my father from me, and exhausted my mother's little strength in long continued care and watchfulness, we had sailed on a long voyage, in the hope that it might stay the cruel disease which worked out its end with such deceptive quietness. I was wretchedly feverish and ill for a long, long time, unable to leave my berth or to take any nourishment; yet, strange to say, I never slept without such heavenly dreams! An unaccountable happiness stole over me as I sank to sleep; the fever and the thirst were slackened on delicious fruits or at sparkling fountains of the clearest water. The dull monotony of sight and sound which almost maddened me when awake, was exchanged for the landscapes and the music of Paradise!
So it was with me now for a time; when avoilation, despair, and desolation, and eternal exile, closed around me; but when I sank into an unconsciousness that was not sleep, such bright, mocking visions of the past, with every precious hour that memory held in store was lived over with a minuteness and vividness that mocked the changeless reality of widowhood.
Every half expressed thought or glance of tenderness—the perfect repose of the full knowledge of his love—the bitter bliss of our first parting, when the call to arms sounded through the land—the unspoken longing to be called his—to bear his name, at last, if his life should be laid down for his country—the long clinging, passionate farewell, when I first felt all the intensity of his love—and his sudden, unlooked for return.
That day came up before me continually.— I heard the sound of clear, ringing footsteps in the hall when I thought him hundreds of miles away, and started to be caught to his heart, and find that my quick recognition of that familiar tread was indeed a blessed reality! How tenderly he smoothed back my hair as I clung to him—afraid he would vanish as strangely as he had come—and pressed my cheek closer and closer to his breast, till I could hear the strong throbbing of his heart; and then he whispered: "You must be my wife, Agnes, before I leave you again; this separation will be intolerable if I cannot pour out my whole heart to you and think of you as all mine!"
Yet he was to return the next day; for his sad errand of escort to a deceased comrade, one of the first to baptize the soil of Virginia with heroic blood, was already accomplished. It was all so strange, so hurried, so dreamlike, when I stood up between my kind uncle and aunt the next morning, and my uncle laid my hand in Arthur's, and, trembling from head to foot, I made those solemn vows that bound me to him for life and death.
Once—only once—I heard his dear voice utter the sacred name of "wife," and then it was all over; my clasping arms were unclenched from his neck with tender and gentle force, my husband's first and last kisses were showered upon my face—and he was gone!
Was this the end of my faithful watching and waiting—ceaseless vigils in spirit by an unknown, unloved grave?
But now neither bitter realities nor tender memories mingled in the sleep to which I sank; for hours my unstirred pillow was as dreamless as that of the dead, and I awoke so restless and so calm that at first they feared the new mood only as a more insidious symptom

of mental malady. I had a plan and purpose of life—for a time, at least—which had come to me as suddenly as an inspiration. I had been denied that which I had coveted—to soothe his pain, to watch by his bed of suffering; but there were those who had suffered in the same holy cause to whom I could minister—his comrades, who, in turn, were far from all they loved.
My aunt called it madness when I told her of my intention to leave my sheltered home with her and devote myself to the wearing, self-sacrificing life of nurse among the hospitals. "My health forbade;" "my strength had never been taxed;" "it was a romance I should soon be cured of;" "they would not undertake the risk to which my life would be exposed." But I had expected opposition, and met it quietly, but firmly. An only child, self-will had been long a governing principle, and they finally gave way, believing what I told them, that it was my only escape from madness, the prospect of action, a mind and heart both occupied fully.
I knew he would have approved my course. What was my ease and comfort that it could not be resigned when Arthur's had been so readily sacrificed? And suppose the worst came—or what they thought to—there was a selfish, cowardly pleasure to me, in the thought that I should then be united to him again so soon.
I wanted to put on the mourning dress which suited my condition, but that they would not allow me. Arthur's relations opposed it "while there was hope." Alas! there had never been hope. Some of them caviled at my purpose, and called it unwomanly; but then they had at my sudden marriage also—dull souls, who made religion of routine and social observance.
It was the first approach to happiness I had known when I put on the plain gray dress which Arthur had always liked so much, calling me his "little nun," and knelt down in the silence of my own room with a vow of consecration to my God and my suffering fellow creatures, for He accepted it, I knew, blotting out the human weakness of my rebellion. I knew it by the power that I had given me at that moment to look upon the past without bitterness, and the long, weary future, without a cowardly shrinking from it.
My dear aunt waited for me below, with tears that she could not restrain; she saw my blighted life in my thin, worn face, and she had tried so hard to make me happy after that first great loss, and be a mother to me. I stood on the spot where I had been made Arthur's wife. How should I return home again? How pass through those doors that now closed so reluctantly upon me?
But then all pain was over save meeting my uncle's pitiful looks, from time to time, as we went on our little journey together.
The surgeons did not care to admit me at first—my youth and inexperience were against me; but my uncle told them my story with a faltering voice, and I pleaded so humbly for the least and lowest office, that they allowed me to remain. My narrow, comfortless quarters were assigned me, and my longed-for task began.
The first day tried my resolution to the utmost; the long rows of sufferers, the wan and wasted faces, the pitiful imploring looks from eyes that followed me as I passed, the sickening sight of maimed and wounded limbs, the ghastly stumps cushioned into sight and coolness, the ravings of delirium, the wan and ashen faces of the dying!—oh, my God, that such scenes should be!—repeated with unvarying sameness through those long, dull wards—through miles of wards like these all over our land! And then I saw his sufferings in theirs. Ah! I could not close my eyes, could not compose my limbs to sleep; could only start, and turn, and pray for them and those they loved, and for my country, all those long wakeful hours.
After that I entered into my work with the exceeding comfort I had expected, and an eager interest in individual suffering that surprised me. When I first came upon the empty bed of one who had been my peculiar care, and who had passed beyond the reach of all ministry, I wept as if I had lost a brother. I forgot weary limbs and aching head when I moistened lips, blackened with fever, cooling the stiffened bandages or turned the heated pillow. The close heavy air ceased to sicken me, my nerves shrank no longer at the cries of pain or sight of gaping wound, if so I could prepare a cordial or bathe the sinking pulse back to life again.
Two weeks had passed and I had won the confidence of the surgeon who had opposed my admission most decidedly. He was abrupt and cold in his manner, but he had a warm and feeling heart; these men had found it out beneath his brusque exterior, for no woman's touch was more gentle, though so firm and rapid in all that required to be done.
I had never obtruded myself upon him but I noticed, with the pleasure like award of commendation, that he began to intrust his orders to me more and more; that he singled me out for cases that required the most constant watchfulness. This day he said to me, after giving his directions: "You have not broken down yet, poor thing! poor young thing!"
It was as if my father had pitied and caressed me; but it was so unlooked for that I almost gave way to tears before him.
The same afternoon I found myself passing a ward that had been prepared some days for new arrivals, just as they were bringing in those sad and touching burdens. Men helpless as infants clung to the arm that supported them, or tottered to the bed prepared for them like little children who are just learning to walk; stretchers as ghastly as biers passed and repressed with those to whom all places are alike so that motion would cease and they might be allowed to die in peace; others moaned and shrieked at the torture of the tenderest touch; and all were without exception squalid and wretched to the last degree. I wondered to see them so, even while I passed from one to another with restoratives, but still I had not heard that they were paroled

prisoners, fresh from the filth and privation of the rebel capital. No; there was not even a tremor of possible hope that I might hear his name or story among the suffering crowd, as one by one passed before me.
I stooped at length over a wan and wasted figure laid upon the bed in the most remote corner. The face was hollow and emaciated, the eye-balls sunken, the dry lips black and parched by fever, the dark hair and heavy beard were closely shaven, the thin hands clasped together, as if death had already released this poor sufferer. I thought it must be so at first; but as I bent down more closely the eyelids were feebly lifted, the lips feebly quivered painfully:
"Yes—it is heaven!"
I caught the feeble, wandering whisper; but oh, my heavenly father! was my brain wandering too? Had pity clouded my brain? They must have thought that I had gone mad! Perhaps the kind surgeon thought so when he turned, the moment after, to find me kneeling by the bed with that poor, wasted, shriveled face cradled in my arms, and my passionate cries for help starting the painful quiet around us, for life seemed to have flickered and gone out with the look of recognition which I had caught.
I had said—oh, how often!—that I would be content if he could die in my arms; and there he lay, slipping away from me into eternity.
I knew it was best when they unwound my arms as he had done that blessed morning, and the surgeon lifted me as if I had been a child and carried me from the room; but I crept down by the door, blessing the fallen darkness that sheltered me, and when he had passed out I crept back to the bedside. Surely, we might be trusted; we did not exchange one word! Sight and touch were sufficient.—The grateful, almost adoring looks from those large, brilliant eyes, as my hand passed softly over his forehead wooing for him the sleep that would save him, and praying that it might avail. And at last the eyelids fell softly, the hand that I clasped sank away, the painfully tense expression faded from his face; and I began to find out that it was no cheating dream but a blessed, hopeful reality, that Arthur had been given back to me from the dead!
How did I return to the home I had left with such a breaking heart? As a bride, indeed, with the blessed consciousness that but for my presence and watchful care, Arthur would at that moment have been lying among the crowd of unknown dead of a soldier's burying ground. There had been no trace of his name or home, for the fever had been on him when he had went out to the battle field, and he was carried away from it to a prison shelter, wounded and raving in delirium.
Think of the change in my heart and life when I entered the room in which I had suffered those long, slow weeks of torture; and I knelt by the white robed bed, too speechlessly thankful for words or tears, with Arthur's arms clasping me, and his dear voice thanking God for both of us, and for the strange deliverance which He had wrought.
WHAT'S IN A NAME—There is a confounded deal in a name. You are at a public dinner table. Smith, the grocer, says, "Rice is down again."
"Is Rice down again?" asked the minister. "I was in hopes he had permanently reformed."
"I was speaking of rice the vegetable," replied the grocer.
"Oh, ah, indeed!" exclaimed the minister, "and I was speaking of Rice the animal. He! He!"
"Wool has advanced," says a dealer in the article.
"Has he?" asked a military man; "which way is he marching now?"
"I was speaking of the wool of the sheep," was the reply.
"I beg your pardon. I supposed you were speaking of Wool, the man."
"What is butter worth?" asked some one of the grocer.
"Butterworth is a Hard Shell Democrat," at once responds a politician, whose thoughts are wholly engrossed with party matters.
A CHILD'S FAITH—In the Highlands of Scotland, there is a mountain gorge twenty feet in width, and two hundred feet in depth. Its perpendicular walls are bare of vegetation, save in the crevices, in which grow numerous wild flowers of rare beauty. Desirous of obtaining specimens of these mountain beauties, some scientific tourists once offered a Highland boy a handsome gift if he would consent to be lowered down the cliff by a rope, and would gather a little basket full of them. The boy looked wistfully at the money, for his parents were poor, but when he gazed at the yawning chasm, he shuddered, shrank back and declined. But filial love was strong within him, and after another glance at the gift, and at the terrible fissure, his heart grew strong, his eye flashed, and he said:
"I will go if my father will hold the rope."
And then with unshrinking nerves, and heart firmly strung, he suffered his father to put the rope about him, lower him into the wild abyss, and to suspend him there while he filled his basket with the coveted flowers. It was a daring deed, but his faith in the strength of his father's arm and the love of his father's heart gave him courage and power to perform it.
THE writer of the Declaration of Independence was passionately fond of fiddling, and is said to have excelled in playing that instrument. In 1770 his family mansion was burnt. Mr. Jefferson used to tell, in after years, with great glee, an anecdote connected with the fire. He was absent from home when it occurred, and a slave arrived out of breath to inform him of the disaster. After learning the general destruction, he inquired—"But were none of my books saved?" "No, massa," was the reply, "but we saved de fiddle."

The Testimony of an Eye-Witness.

What Gen. Butler's Officers Think.

On Thursday of last week Major General Butler was in New York, and a committee of the Chamber of Commerce waited upon him at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, offering him on behalf of the citizens a public dinner.— This the General declined for the present, his private affairs requiring his presence at home. The New York papers report:
The General was then introduced to a number of gentlemen present, and during the colloquy that ensued he spoke of a few things respecting his course in New Orleans, which had been carpated at and severely criticized by those who had been accustomed to act with him politically in time past—not for the purpose of injuring him but the cause of the country.— With reference to the Slavery question, his views had undergone a radical change during his residence at New Orleans, and while entertaining no prejudice against his old political associates, who loathed fault with him on that score, he would only say to them that if they had gone there with the same sentiments that he felt, they would have come away with the same sentiments that he felt. [Laughter.] He thought he might say the principal members of his staff, and the prominent officers of his regiments, without any exception, went out to New Orleans, and that he would be the hunkered sort, for it was natural that a child and carried around him those whose views were similar to his own, and every individual of the number had come precisely to the same belief on the question of Slavery as he had put forth in his farewell address to the people of New Orleans. This change came about from seeing what all of them saw, day by day. In this war the entire property of the South was against us, because almost the entire property of the South was bound up in that institution. This was a well-known fact, probably, but he did not become fully aware of it until he had spent some time at New Orleans. The South had \$160,000,000 of taxables property in slaves, and \$162,000,000 in all other kind of property. And this was the cause why the merchants of New Orleans had not remained loyal. They found themselves ruined—all their property being loaned upon planters' notes and mortgages upon plantations and slaves, all of which property is now reasonably worthless. Again, he had learned what he did not know before, that this was not a rebellion against us, but simply a rebellion to perpetuate power in the hands of a few slaveholders. At first he had not believed that Slavery was the cause of the Rebellion but attributed it to Davis, Slidell and others, who had brought it about to make political triumphs by which to regain their former ascendancy. The rebellion was again the humble and poorer classes, and there were in the South large numbers of secret societies dealing in cabalistic signs, organized for the purpose of perpetuating the power of the rich over the poor. It was feared that these common people would come into power, and that three or four hundred thousand men could not hold against eight millions. The first movement of these men was to make land the basis of political power; and that was not enough, for land could not be owned by many persons. Then they annexed land to slaves and divided the property into movable and immovable. He was not generally accused of being a humanitarian—at least not by his Southern friends. [Laughter.] When he saw the utter demoralization of the people, resulting from Slavery, it struck him that it was an institution which should be thrust out of the Union. He had read Mrs. Stowe's book—"Uncle Tom's Cabin"—believing it to be an over-drawn, highly-wrought picture of Southern life, but he had seen with his own eyes, and heard with own ears, many things which go beyond her book as much as her book does beyond an ordinary schoolgirl's novel. He related an instance of the shocking demoralization of society at New Orleans.— There came into his office a woman, 27 years of age, perfectly white, who asked him in proper language if he would put her in one of her father's houses. Her history was this: Her father had educated her in the City of New York, until she was between 17 and 18 years of age, and taking her to one of the metropolitan hotels, where he kept her as his mistress. Not relishing the connection, and desiring to get away from him, she went to New Orleans—he followed her, but she refused to live with him, at which he whipped her in the public street, and made her marry a slave. She afterward resumed the unnatural relation, going to Cincinnati, but was brought back by her husband, or father, with a child belonging to somebody. Her father fled from the city at the time of its occupation by the United States forces, leaving her in a state of destitution. She wanted to live in one of her father's houses, but her story was not credible, and he determined to investigate it. To his surprise, it was found to be well known, and testimony of its truth was obtained from A, B, and C, without difficulty.
Notwithstanding this fact, widely known as it was, this man could be elected in Louisiana, in the city of New Orleans, a Judge of one of the Courts. On one occasion one of his aids brought before him a young woman almost white who had been brutally whipped and turned out of the house of her father. For this outrage the man had been made to pay a fine of \$1,000 and give the woman a deed of emancipation. [Applause.] These were the kind of charges which had been brought against him. [Cheers and cries of "Good."] Yes, no right-minded man could be sent to New Orleans without returning an unconditional Anti-Slavery man, even though the roofs of the houses were not taken off and the full extent of the corruption exposed. All the lower class of the people of New Orleans were loyal. During the first fourteen days after the Union forces entered the city 14,000 took the oath of allegiance; and when he went on board the steamer, on his return to the North,

at least one thousand laboring men came down upon the levee, and uttered no words except those of good will to him as the representative of the Government. General Butler continued by saying that the war could only be successfully prosecuted by the destruction of Slavery, which was made the corner stone of the Confederacy. This was the second time in the history of the world that a rebellion of property holders against the lower classes and against the Government was ever carried on. The Hungarian rebellion was one of that kind, and that failed, as must every rebellion of men of property against Government, and against the rights of the many. One of the greatest arguments which he could find against Slavery was the demoralizing influence it exerted upon the lower white classes, who were brought into secession by the hundred because they ignorantly supposed that great wrong was to be done them by the Lincoln Government, as they termed it, if the North succeeded. Therefore, if you meet an old Hunker Democrat, and send him for sixty days to New Orleans, and he comes back a Hunker still, he is merely incorrigible. [Laughter.]
There was one thing about the President's edict of emancipation to which he would call attention. In Louisiana he had excepted from freedom about 87,000. These comprise all the negroes held in the Lafourche District who have been emancipated already for some time, under the law which frees slaves taken in rebellious territory by our armies. Others of these negroes had been freed by the proclamation of September, which declared all slaves free whose owners shall be in arms on the 1st of January. The slaves of Frenchmen were free because the *code civil* expressly prohibits a Frenchman holding slaves, and by the 7th and 8th Victoria, every Englishman holding slaves submitted himself to a penalty of \$500 for each. Now, take the negroes of Secessionists, Frenchmen, and Englishmen, out of the 87,000, and the number is reduced to an infinitesimal portion of those excepted. This fact had come to his knowledge from having required every inhabitant in the city to register his nationality. After all the names had been fairly registered, he explained these laws to the English and French Consuls, and had thus replied to demands which had been made by English and French residents of Louisiana upon the Government for slaves alleged to have been seized. [Applause.] The General then adverted to the fight at Vicksburg, explaining how utterly impossible it was for Banks and Farragut to pass the strongly fortified Rebel position, three hundred miles below, at Port Hudson, in time, at the present low stage of water in the river, to co-operate with Gen. Sherman. In the course of the conversation, the General alluded to other matters of public interest. After the departure of the Committee the General received many of the guests of the hotel, continuing his levee until near 10 o'clock.
When our readers remember that General Butler before the breaking out of this Rebellion was an intense pro slavery Democrat, and that he supported Breckinridge for the Presidency, they cannot doubt the truth of his statement.
EDUCATE THE HEAD, HEART AND HAND.—Every boy should have his head, his heart and his hand educated. Let this truth never be forgotten. By the proper education of the head, he will be taught what is good and what is evil, what is wise and what is foolish, what is right and what is wrong; by the proper education of the heart he will be brought to love what is good, wise and right, and to hate what is foolish and wrong. And by proper education of the hand, he will be enabled to supply his wants, to add to his comforts, and to assist those around him. The highest objects of a good education are to reverence and obey God, and to love and to serve mankind. Everything that helps us in attaining those objects is of great value and everything that hinders us is comparatively worthless. When wisdom reigns in the head, and love in the heart, the man is ever ready to do good, and peace reigns around, and sin and sorrow are almost unknown.
A gay fellow who had taken lodgings at a public house, and got considerably in debt, absented himself, and took new quarters. This so enraged the landlord that he commissioned his wife to go and dun him, which the debtor having heard of, declared publicly that if she came he would kiss her. "Will he?" said the lady. "Will he?" "Give me my bonnet, Molly, I will see whether any fellow has such impudence!" "My dear," said the cooling husband, "pray do no, be too rash. You do not know what a man may do when he's in a passion."
*"*Why, Pete, you've got back from Dobb's early; isn't Ruth to hum?" inquired a Yankee girl of her awkward brother, who had started a courting about an hour before. "Yas, she was there; but I and the old man didn't agree very well, so he gin me a hint and I left." "A hint, what sort of a hint?" "Wall, he opened the door, and pointed down towards our house, and kinded raised his right foot as though he was going to kick, and I felt so ashamed of such conduct before Ruth, that I started off without saying another single word."
Brig. General Asboth has been assigned to the command of Columbus, Ky. It is reported that Brigadier General Davies has been ordered under arrest for his misconduct in ordering the guns at New Madrid and Island No. 10 to be spiked, when there was in ready no danger of an attack from the rebels.
If a stupid fellow is going "up" for competitive examination, why shouldn't he study the letter P? Because it can make even an ass P-assy.
If you want your neighbors to know "who you are," give a party and don't invite the folks "who live next door."