



TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

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Pensions! Pensions! ALL PERSONS WHO HAVE BEEN DISABLED DURING THE PRESENT WAR ARE ENTITLED TO A PENSION.

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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD—ON AND AFTER SUNDAY, MAY 29, 1866, Passenger Trains will leave Mifflin Station as follows: EASTWARD. Local Accommodation... 3.20 P. M. Philadelphia Express... 12.44 P. M.

1866. Philadelphia and Erie Rail Road. THIS Great Line traverses the Northern and Northwest counties of Pennsylvania to the city of Erie, on Lake Erie.

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Select Poetry.

IN THE FOLD. BY GEORGE COOPER. "A little child shall lead them." Never more the little feet Patter up and down the stairs!

Never more he comes from play, Telling all his childish joys; Lay the little shoes away, Hide the little cap and toys!

Dressing here in fading light, In my sad and lonely room, Oft I hear his low "good-night" In my vision's tender gloom.

Genie favour! once a child, Thou canst never sorrow still; Teach me to be reconciled, Teach my soul to bear thy will.

Lord, I thirst for peace and love; Let me all thy comforts share; Lord, I seek thy home above, And my darling leads me there.

Miscellaneous Reading. MYRA MELVILLE. "Thank God! it is six o'clock at last; the maids are returning from work with their empty dinner cans; Myra will soon be home."

Home! a small, low-roofed, uncarpeted, comfortable room, its only furniture consisting of a rickety old bedstead, a cracked, fireless stove, a deal table, a few trunks, and by the solitary window, an old rocking chair, in which reclined a woman evidently in the last stage of consumption.

She could not have been forty years of age, but though her eyes were unutterably bright, and her cheeks glowed with the hectic spots of fever, her hair was already streaked with silver, her form prematurely bent, shrunk and emaciated.

She had been knitting, but her racking cough prevented continuous exertion of any kind; and now the glittering mesh, with beads and silk slipped unheeded from the transparent fingers. On the table was a paper box containing some completed hair nets, their bright hues contrasting strangely with the squalor of surrounding objects.

The blustering March wind moaned in the cold chimney, rattled the badly fitting window sashes, and penetrated the broken pane, each fresh gust shaking down a portion of dry putty that had evidently been applied to the cracked glass by some unskillful hand.

In the street, the pedestrians quickened their steps anxious to reach shelter from the cutting wind. Evening drew on apace and still the invalid sat alone in the cold, cheerless room she called home; she who had been reared amid all the luxuries that wealth could purchase.

This was her story; the motherless child of a wealthy, purse-proud, London merchant, she eloped with one of his clerks. Her father not only refused his forgiveness, disinherited her; and, previous to his death, which occurred about five years subsequent to his daughter's ill-starred marriage, bequeathed all his property to public charities. Mr. and Mrs. Melville struggled on in London for some years, and then with their only child and daughter, came to New York to improve their condition, and might, perhaps, have done so if he had not fallen into bad company, taken to drink, and in a fit of despair at having lost a good situation, enlisted in one of the first volunteer regiments raised for the war.

Mrs. Melville was a good pianist, but she had no friends and could not afford to advertise. At last she obtained a few music pupils, and for some time, with the additional help granted by the Soldier's Relief Fund, was enabled to support herself and daughter, and to send the latter to a public school. Melville's three years' term of service had almost expired when he fell wounded into the enemy's hands, and no tidings of his ultimate fate ever reached his afflicted family.

The Relief Fund was discontinued; poor Mrs. Melville redoubled her exertions, but she was delicate and could not bear hardships and exposure, took a violent cold that brought on rapid consumption, and now there she lay, heartsick, hopeless in that miserable room, and in a foreign country, dying.

Myra Melville was now sixteen; when her mother fell sick she left school, and for a time they had tried to maintain themselves by making hair nets for the

stores, but this was so badly paid that their united efforts were inadequate to supply their wants, and since Mrs. Melville had become too ill to work, Myra had accepted a situation in a wholesale grocery in Front street, where they employed girls to pack and label spices, &c.

It was a great trial, this daily separation of mother and daughter for so many long and weary hours—the one so lonely, so weak, so suffering, the other blessed with youth and health, but surrounded by uncongenial companions, and exposed to all the dangers and seductions of a large city at the very age when a loving mother's companionship and vigilance were most required.

Myra was late to-night, but she came at last. The wind was so high that she had scarcely strength to close the door behind her as she entered, staggering under the weight of a large market basket. She quickly lighted a small lamp and embraced her mother.

"You are late, Myra." "Yes, mother, they have a large order. Nora and Ellen were again absent, so I had their work to do as well as my own, and could not get through till nearly seven. It was pepper I had to pack, and oh! how it choked me!"

"Poor child! poor child!" "Never mind, I will make you some fire and tell you all my adventures, while the kettle boils."

"Dear child! what adventures—what new misfortunes have you met?" "Nothing so horrible. As I was passing along Fulton street, where the fire was, I saw all this nice wood, so I collected it, and was thinking what a good warm room it would make for you when I felt myself seized around the waist, and in another moment I was struggling in that hateful Bob Grinder's arms, and I—

but mother, darling, I am here all safe, you see; do not look so scared and white or I shall be afraid to tell you anything."

"Go on, child, tell me all."

"There is little more to tell, mamma. Two young men came up at the time, and one of them, quite a gentleman, threatened to come Bob if he did not release me instantly. The companion of my unknown friend walked on saying: 'Let her alone, Gerald, she is in no account, anyhow.' But the gentleman did not heed him; and then when Bob saw my protector approach he sneaked off like a coward, muttering something I could not hear. Then the gentleman picked up the wood which was upset in the scuffle, and handed me the basket with as much respect as if I had been a great lady, instead of a poor working girl."

"May God's blessing be with him for his kindness to my fatherless child."

"But, oh! mother, I have behaved like a fool; I was so confused, so ashamed I took the basket, and looked up to thank him, when who should I see but the same handsome young man who saved me from being run over when I was a little girl and crossing Broadway to the Thirteenth street school; who so often afterwards used to meet me wet days and hold his umbrella over me, because we were neighbors, he said, and going the same way. I wonder if he recognized me; I could not speak, and he must have thought me rude and ungrateful—he raised his hat, and as he left me gave me this card. See it is his name and address, 'Markham, No.—Fourth street.'"

"Gerald Markham! that was the name of my Godfather. I was named after him Geraldine, and your second name is Geraldine, too. I wonder if they are in any way connected; it can hardly be, for Mr. Markham emigrated to Australia before I married your poor father. I could not apply to him for assistance, for I did not know his address; but if he had remained in England our fate would have been far different, for he was a most generous, liberal man, and I was ever a great favorite with him."

Myra had kindled the fire, and secured the banging shutters, and having assisted her mother to bed, and prepared their frugal supper of tea and soda crackers, sat down to finish the hair net which her mother had commenced, and which had to be completed that night, for the next day was the 1st of April and she depended upon the money she was to receive for them to pay the rent of the miserable room they tenanted for the ensuing month and she knew she dare not ask for her week's wages at the store before Saturday.

Myra was indeed a creature of rare and exquisite beauty. The rays of the lamp, which was on the mantel piece, streamed upon her head, surrounding it with a glory such as Rembrandt loved to picture about the heads of saints and martyrs. Her face was in shadow now, but her large lustrous eyes expanded and contracted with every emotion, and were, in color, as variable as the heaving pillow that borrows its hue from the passing shadows or the rose-tinted sunbeams.

Strength and resolution might be seen in the finely formed chin, with its deep dimple, contrasting with the otherwise perfectly feminine contour of her beautiful face. Her cheek was usually pale, yet possessing the pure marble whiteness of perfect health, and she possessed that greatest charm of woman—a voice low, sweet, and musical.

"Come to bed, Myra; you are tired—I cannot bear to have you work so late."

"Yes, mother, I have nearly finished. The beaded silk slipped through poor Myra's dexterous fingers; but it was long after midnight before the weary girl had completed her task."

Tim O'Rafferty, the drunkard, came staggering home from the grog shop, his unwidely torn groggling through the dark entry, and he came with such force against the door that the rusty bolt, which was its only security, trembled in its socket, and Myra started in alarm to her feet, but the drunkard recovered his equilibrium and she heard him curse and swear till he found he was to the creaking stair way, thence to the room over head, his heavy footsteps shaking down some of the plaster from the cracked ceiling. Then all was still within the wretched tenement Myra's lamp flickered and expired, and thoroughly chilled and exhausted, she undressed in the dark and then threw herself down by her mother's side. She had

awoke for some time, thinking over her meeting with Gerald Markham, but at last fell into a sound, dreamless sleep. When she awoke, she found herself gasping and suffocating—the room was full of smoke—men, women and children shouting and shrieking. She rushed to the door and succeeded in opening it, but the flames forced her back.

"Mother! wake! the house is on fire!" There was no reply. At this moment the window was burst open from the outside, and a man leaped into the room and would have borne her away in his arms, but she escaped from his grasp and fell fainting to the ground, exclaiming, 'No! Save her! Save my mother!'

Was it all a dream! Was she still dreaming? She was lying on a luxurious couch, enveloped in a soft, silken wrapper. Kind faces were bending over her with anxious solicitude.

Then the tide of recollection returned to her. "Oh, God! My mother!"

"She is safe—she is here, and if you are sufficiently recovered you shall see her," said the elder of the two ladies, who sat by her side. Yes, Mrs. Melville was safe and under the roof of Gerald Markham, her godfather, and these ladies were his wife and daughter. When he returned, a millionaire, from Australia, his old friend Stanton was dead. He heard with great regret of Geraldine's unhappy marriage and emigration to America, and as he had no ties in England, brought his family to settle in New York, hoping that he might in course of time discover the retreat of the emigrants.

Every comfort, every delicacy that money could purchase was procured by the Markhams for Mrs. Melville.

The skill of the most eminent New York physicians alleviated her sufferings; but all could not save her life.

Myra and Gerald were married privately by the coach from which the poor invalid was now unable to rise. She lived long to witness the happiness of her devoted child. Then, with a long, tremulous sigh, the peaceful spirit fled, leaving the impress of its beatitude upon the unconscious clay.

Myra's place is now among the wealthy of the land, but she does not adorn it the less because she remembers that she was only a poor working girl.

Hundreds, and even thousands of old maids are starting out for California. The California bachelors can have no right to consider them misfortunes, for they will, unlike misfortunes, come single.

THE TEST OATH.

The plea of the President and two or three of his Cabinet Ministers for a repeal or modification of the test oath is, that there are not men enough to be found in the South to fill the national offices, who can take the test oath. The Union men of Alabama, however, effectually exploded this plea, by enrolling themselves and demonstrating by actual count that there are, in that State alone, nineteen thousand men who did not bow the knee to Baa! and the Judiciary Committee of the House at Washington offer the further fact that there were forty-two thousand men in the Union army drawn from every Southern State except South Carolina.

But the case of Mr. Giers, of Alabama, recently made public, shows that the difficulty does not grow out of lack of men who can take the oath, but out of the preference which the administration naturally feels for men who were tainted with the Rebellion. Mr. Giers was an applicant for an appointment as Commissioner for the collection of direct taxes in that State. He bore recommendations signed by Abraham Lincoln, Nov. 13, 1863; by Andrew Johnson, Sept. 30, 1864; by Gen. Thomas, May 14, 1865; and by Gen. Grant, Feb. 18, 1865. Mr. Andrew Johnson endorsed him as "a gentleman of integrity and respectability; and one of the few in the country who stood firm to the Union," and Gen. Grant called him as "competent and reliable."

Yet this true, loyal, competent and reliable man was not appointed. He was willing and able to take the test oath; but he was thrust aside and the place conferred upon one F. W. Sykes, a member of the Rebel legislature of Alabama, and who cannot therefore take the test oath. And Mr. McCulloch, through whose department this appointment was made, asks Congress to modify or repeal that oath because he cannot find men, qualified for office, who cannot subscribe to it!

There is no such dearth of loyal men at the South as the Administration would have us believe. There are enough of them and to spare, for all the national offices. But the trouble is they are not Johnson men. They can take the test oath, but do not belong to the "Incorruptible Host." They find the rebels, to whom they have been opposed for five weary years, all full of devotion to the President, and naturally enough they do not like to follow where such men lead. Hence the Administration ignores them, and asks Congress to repeal the test oath because it is an impossibility to fill the national offices otherwise.—Pittsburg Gazette.

THE FLOT FOR THE RELEASE OF JEFF DAVIS.

It is scarcely necessary for us to repeat to our readers, what is an admitted fact among all sensible and observant men, to wit: that the National Administration desires the release of Jeff Davis's.

We believe that Davis would have been set at liberty before this time, had the elections recently held in several loyal States went as the National Administration plotted they should go—in favor of "my plotters." The result of those elections having been adverse to the action of the Administration, it is now deemed advisable to defer the mock trial and release of Jeff Davis until after the election has been held in Pennsylvania. If the people of Pennsylvania elect Clynner, and a Copperhead majority in the Legislature, the President will accept it as a decree in favor not merely of his re-admission of the rebels to equal civil rights with all loyal men, but as a decision in favor of the release of Jeff Davis. Hence it is that the trial of Davis is deferred. The authorities having the disposal of the arch traitor, do not want to take the responsibility of his release without a majority to take the odium of his acquittal upon an important political campaign. That would be too heavy a load to carry.—Clynner, himself, as an original and persistent sympathizer with treason, is about all the Copperheads can bear up. They would sink without a struggle beneath the political wave, were Jeff Davis and his crimes of treason and murder piled upon their shoulders.

It may be possible that Jeff Davis will be tried before the October election.—The President may perhaps yield to the pressure of public clamor on this subject, but whether he is tried before or after the election in this State, we are perfectly satisfied that his acquittal is one of the daring objects of the President of the U. S.