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Death of the C. S. A.

The following is popular in the army, and will be recognized by many of the returning veterans:

Died, near the Southside Railroad, on Sunday, April 9th, 1865, the Southern Confederacy, aged four years. Concealed in sin, born in iniquity, nurtured by tyranny, died of a chronic attack of Punch. U. S. Grant, attending physician; Abraham Lincoln undertaker; Jeff. Davis, Chief mourner.

EPITAPH.

Gentle stranger, drop a tear,
The C. S. A. lies buried here;
In youth it lived and prospered well,
But like Lucifer it fell—
Its body here, its soul—well,
E'en if I knew I wouldn't tell;
Rest, C. S. A., from every strife—
Your death is better than your life;
And this one line shall grace your grave,
"Your death gave freedom to the slave."

The movement in New York to compel the butchers and speculators to lower the price of meats is quite a strong one. Miles O'Reilly contributes some verses on the subject. We copy one of the three stanzas:

"Pass the word along the line,
Let the butchers come to grief!
When we breakfast, sup or dine,
Let us shun the sight of beef!
Let us be as flesh of swine
Unto Israel's strict believers;
And, till present rates decline,
Let us all be Anti-beefers!"

"Hoisted by Her own Petard."

Down in Center Street, the other night, a stout woman of the Irish persuasion, who had just rolled a barrel of ale into her den, sat down on the head of it to get breath, and cool herself after the intense physical exertion incident upon the deposit of the said barrel in the accustomed corner. Though she had ceased working, the ale did not, and presently burst out of the head of the barrel, hoisting the old lady to the ceiling, demolishing her bottles and drinking utensils, and raising the old Nick generally. The old lady jicked herself up, and after looking for a moment at the ruin, wildly exclaimed, "Ah! be Jabus, lud luck to the man that put the torpedy in the bar'l."—*Portland Advertiser.*

Pat and his Pig.

A rolicking Irishman of the light division in the Peninsula, was trudging along the road with a pig tied to a string behind him, when, as bad luck would have it, he was overtaken by Gen. Canford. The salutation, as may be supposed, was not the most cordial. "Where did you steal that pig, you plundering rascal?" "What pig, General?" exclaimed Paddy, turning round with the most innocent surprise. "Why, that pig you have behind you, you villain!" "Well, then, I protest, General," rejoined Paddy, nothing abashed, and turning round to his four-footed companion, as if he had never seen him before, "it is scandalous to think what a wicked world we live in, and how ready folks are to take away an honest boy's character. Some blackguard wanting to get me into trouble, has tied that baste to my cartouch box." The General smiled and rode on.

Proved It.

We once knew a man who on his return from public meeting, burst open his door in his rage, upset his children, kicked his dog, hurled his hat behind the grate, and paced the room back and forth like a chafed tiger.
"What is the matter, my dear?" asked his wondering wife.
"Matter!" roared the angry husband, "matter enough. Neighbor B—— has publicly called me a liar."
"O, never mind that, my dear," replied the good woman affectionately, "he can't prove it, and nobody will believe him."
"Prove it!" replied the mad man, more furiously than before, "he did prove it. He brought witnesses and proved it on the spot!"

In Franklin, Pa., there was a well which pumped one hundred barrels of petroleum a day. The proprietors were, after much persuasion, induced to part with it for \$60,000, when they at once departed for other fields of usefulness. When the new owners took possession they found a pipe leading from the tank to a plug in the well, so that when the engine started the oil ran from the tank into the well, and pumped thence into the tank again, thus keeping up an inexhaustible supply.

A bold thief stopped a train on the Peru and Indianapolis railroad, the other night, by pulling the engineer's signal bell, and while everybody was trying to find out why the train had stopped, the safe in the express car was taken out. It contained \$22,000, and neither money nor thief have been heard from since.

COURTING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Kate Blake was the only daughter of Jacob Blake, the old miser of West Brook.

She was more than commonly pretty and her frank, engaging manners enhanced the charms of golden hair, pear-shaped skin, and eyes like the blue skies of summer. At her father's death she would be heiress to the nice little sum of seventy thousand dollars, and though men generally profess not to be influenced by pecuniary matters in affairs of love, it is to be reasonably supposed that this prospective wealth by no means lessened the number of her adorers.

Among those most ardent and perhaps most sincere, was Will Dartmouth, a rat-tail-brained young carpenter, with a heart larger than his purse, and very little thought, or care, for consequences.

Fortunately, old Jacob never suspected the partiality of his daughter for Will; he would have put her on bread and water before he would have consented to the slightest degree of intimacy with Will Dartmouth.

Jacob Blake was not in favor of marriage. Those who knew his circumstances were not surprised at this, for, to use a phrase more expressive than elegant, Mrs. Blake was a Tartar, with temper enough for two Tartars.

Old Jacob had to "walk Spanish" for the most part, or suffer the consequences, which usually descended on his head in the shape of any domestic utensil which happened to be lying around handy.

A maiden sister of Mr. Blake resided in the family, whose principal business seemed to be to act as a sort of echo to her brother and his wife. Whatever they thought, she thought, too.

She regarded it as a primary sin for Katie to associate with the young men, and this doctrine was perseveringly drilled into her niece, who, though she never dissented, had her own ideas on the subject.

One day Mr. Blake and his wife went to Dedham, to attend a fair, and Miss Peggy being absent at a friend's, Katie was left alone. Will Dartmouth in some way learned the condition of affairs, and early in the afternoon he came over to keep Katie's company.

As her parents were not expected home until the next day, and Peggy not until late in the evening, Will felt perfectly secure in stopping awhile after supper; and he and Katie were having a jolly time popping corn in the old-fashioned frying-pan, over the huge wood fire, when there was the sound of voices at the door.

"Good gracious!" cried Katie, turning white with alarm, "that's Aunt Peggy! Oh, Will, what shall we do! She will scold me to death, and father will be furious. Get under the lounge, quick!—Oh, Will, do for my sake!"

Will could not withstand the pleading in Katie's eyes, and deposited himself in the designated place.

Katie put out the light, and darting into an adjacent bedroom, in a moment was apparently sound asleep.

Peggy's voice was heard speaking softly in the entry.

"Be careful, Mr. Pike. There's a loose board there. I don't want to disturb my niece. Softly; it may crack."

"Peggy, dear, where are you?" responded the squeaking voice of Esquire Pike, the widower of a year. "I can't tell which way you've gone."

"There, Daniel! be easy. Good heavens! Daniel Pike! Well, I never!" and a report burst on the air like uncorking a champagne bottle.

"Oh, my!" cried Aunt Peggy, "what would brother Jacob say? I declare, I ain't been kissed by a man sense—"

"Let Jake mind his own business!" retorted the Squire. "You and I can take care of ours without his help; and there followed a report similar to the first, only more of it."

"Do be quiet, Daniel, and let me get a light. Set right down there, afore the fire, and make yourself at home."

A light was soon procured, Peggy divested herself of her wrappings, and blushing like a girl in her teens, sat down opposite the Squire.

"It's a fine evening," said Peggy, by way of opening the conversation.

"Very," replied the Squire, drawing his chair close to hers, and laying his arm over the back.

"Oh, good gracious! Daniel, don't set quite so high to me. I—that is, I don't consider it strictly proper. Mercy! what was that?"

Both listened attentively.

"It was the wind rattling the window, I guess," said the Squire. "Don't you go to getting so nervous, Peggy."

"I thought it was Katie waking up.—And if she should, I never should hear the last of it."

"Hark! There is a noise—I—" "Gracious airt! It's bells. It's Jake and marm coming back! What shall I do? We're done for! Oh, Squire, 'tain't right for us to be nothing to one another? Do help me! What shall I do?"

"Tell me where to go, Peggy! Say the word! I'll go any wheres, for your sake, if it's up the chimney!"

"Under the lounge, quick! It's wide, and will hold you well enough. Quick! don't delay a minute!"

The Squire obeyed, but the space was already so well filled that it was with difficulty he could squeeze himself into so

small a compass. And just as he had succeeded, Mr. Blake and his wife entered the room, floundering along in the dark, for Peggy had deemed it best to extinguish the light.

Jake made for the fire, which still glowed red with coals, stumbled over a cricket, and fell headlong against Peggy, who was standing bolt upright, trying to collect her scattered senses.

"The deuce!" cried Jake. "Look out there, old woman, or you'll be down over me. It's dark as a pocket here, and I've fell over the rocking chair, or the churn, I can't tell which. Hullo! what's that?" reaching out his hand to feel for his situation, and coming in contact with the bearded face of the Squire. "By George! it's got whiskers! Peg! Peg! where are you? and where's Kate?"

"The Squire did not relish the assault made on his hirsute appendages, and by way of retaliation he gave a series of vigorous kicks, which hit Will Dartmouth in the region of the stomach, and stirred his bile.

"Look here, old chap!" exclaimed he; "I'm perfectly willing to share my quarters with you, seeing as we're both in for it; but you'd better not undertake to play that again."

"Heavings!" ejaculated Peggy; "whose voice is that?"

"Who in the deuce is here? that's what I want to know!" cried Jake, struggling for an upright position. "Hallo! who's fell down over my legs?"

"I'll let you know who's down and who's up!" said the voice of Mrs. Blake; and the old lady scrambled up, only to get instantly down again over a chair. "Jake, where are you? Git up this instant, and get a light, or I'll shake your breath out, when I git on my feet again."

Jake started to obey, and just then Tige, the watch dog, who, hearing the uproar, had managed to break loose from his chain, rushed upon the scene, and set up his best how-wow.

The Squire had a mortal horror of dogs, and neither fear nor love was strong enough to keep him quiescent now. He sprang to his feet with a yell; Will followed. Katie, full of alarm for her lover, hopped out of bed, and appeared with a flaming tallow dip. Peggy flung her arms around the Squire's neck, with a cry of terror, and Jake was silent with amazement. Mrs. Blake was the only one who possessed her wits. She seized the corn-popper, and laid about her with vigor.

Her aim was not always correct, and in consequence, she smashed the looking-glass into a thousand fragments, and knocked down the clock from its shelf, and demolished two bowls and a pitcher that were quietly reposing on the mantel.

The Squire broke from Peggy's embrace, and dashed out of the window.—Will followed him, and Mrs. Blake would have pursued by the same outlet, but she was a little too large to get through with ease.

A dreadful council was holden; Jake stormed, and Mrs. Blake threatened; and at last both Peggy and Katie confessed. And Jake and his wife were so rejoiced at the prospect of getting rid of Peggy, that they forgave their daughter, and took Will Dartmouth home at the end of the year.

And in due time, Peggy and the Squire were made one flesh.

A Sensible Father and Sensible Children.

At Central Falls, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. Osborne had a celebration of their golden wedding. There was a gift and a speech; and both the gift and the speech implied the best relations among the parties, and showed that the family were of the right type for the North—where labor is held to be honorable and useful industry a virtue. The eldest son made the following address, which tells the whole story;

My dear father: Allow me, on behalf of my brothers, to present to you this new and bright hoe. It is an emblem of the principles you early inculcated in us.—You taught us to be industrious; you taught us how to work. How well we have followed the advice you gave, is for you, and not for us, to say. Years ago, when taking a departure for the far West, as a token of remembrance you handed each of us—it was all you then had to give—a hoe, and said to each, in words too emphatic to be forgotten, "hoe out your row."

A Dog Story.

A friend of his—said President Lincoln—passing along a village street, was painfully bitten by an ugly dog. A single blow of a heavy stick, skillfully aimed, killed the animal instantly; but the enraged pedestrian continued to pummel the whelp, till little vestige of the canine form remained. At length he was accosted with, "What are you about? That dog has been dead these ten minutes." "I know it," was the reply; "but I want to give the beast a realizing sense that there is punishment after death."

Pennies are beginning to be a drug in the market again. The Brooklyn Ferry Company offer them in sums of \$20 at three per cent discount.

A passage of compliments recently took place in the Philadelphia Common Council, in which Mr. Kamey knocked down Mr. Gray, and Mr. Gray upset Mr. Kamey. The combatants were separated by friends and, each having been severely bruised, expressed their regrets.

Recollection of Grant.

MANNERS AND HABITS.

In his manners, dress, and style of living, Grant displays more republican simplicity than any other general officer of the army. In manner he is very unassuming and approachable, and his conversation is noticeable from its unpretending plain, and straightforward style. There is nothing didactic nor pedantic in his tone or language. His rhetoric is more remarkable for the compact structure than the elegance and finish of his sentences. He talks practically, and writes as he talks; and his language, written and oral, is distinguished by strong common sense. He seldom indulges in figurative language; but when he does, his comparisons betray his habits of close observation. He dresses in a careless but by no means slovenly manner. Though his uniform conforms to army regulations in cut and trimmings, it is often, like that of Sherman, worn threadbare. He never wears any article which attracts attention by its oddity, except, indeed, the three stars which indicate his rank. His wardrobe, when campaigning, is generally very scant, while his headquarters train is often the smallest in the army. For several months past he has been living in a log hut of unpretending dimensions on the James River, sleeping on a common camp cot, and eating at a table common to all his staff, plainly furnished with good roast beef, pork and beans, "hardtack," and coffee. It is related of the General that when the march to the rear of Vicksburg began, he announced to his army the necessity of "moving light," i. e. without extra baggage. He set an example by sending to the rear all his baggage except a green brier-root pipe, a tooth-brush, and a horn pocket-comb.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

Grant is not so tall as Sherman nor so heavy as Thomas. His short stature would have made it difficult for him to enlist in the British army. He is but an inch above the minimum standard of officers of our army, but being straight and somewhat spare, he has the appearance of being above medium height. Sheridan and Logan are the only Major-Generals in our army who are shorter in figure than Grant. His forehead is high and square. His hair was originally a dark brown, but at forty-three, his present age, it is fast becoming sprinkled with iron gray. His eyes are sharp and expressive, though small, peering out from under his overarching brow with great brilliancy. His nose is aquiline. His mouth is small, and he has a habit of closely compressing his lips. His chin and cheeks are covered with a heavy beard, which he never shaves but keeps closely cropped or trimmed.

AT THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.

The following story of Grant may be apocryphal. If true, however, it is a fine commentary on his character. If not true, it shows that the trait of firmness is such a prominent one that anecdotes have been originated to illustrate it. The story runs that immediately after the battle of Shiloh, Gen. Buell began criticizing, in a friendly way, what he termed the bad policy displayed by Grant in fighting with the Tennessee River in his rear.

"Where, if beaten, could you have retreated, General?" asked Buell.

"I didn't mean to be beaten," was Grant's reply.

"But suppose you had been beaten?"

"Well, there were all the transports to cross the river."

"But, General," urged Buell, "your whole number of transports could not contain over ten thousand men, and you have fifty thousand engaged."

"Well," said Grant "ten thousand men is as many as there would have been left to cross."

AT FORT DONELSON.

A fine illustration of his practical turn of mind is found in a story related of him when operating before Fort Donelson. On the night before the surrender, the preparations of a portion of the rebels to evacuate the Fort led Gen. McClellan to believe they were meditating an attack, and he communicated his suspicions to Grant, at the same time sending him a prisoner who had been captured a short time before. On reading McClellan's dispatch, Grant ordered the prisoner's haversack to be searched. It was found that it was filled with rations.—"If the rebels intended to hold the fort they would not encumber their men with rations. They are preparing to leave," was the very sage and practical reasoning of the General; and he immediately ordered McClellan to assume the offensive. The result was that a commanding ridge, near Dover, south of the fort was carried and only a portion of the garrison escaped; the remainder capitulated.

HIS OPINION OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

A short time after he assumed personal supervision of Meade's army, General Olesby asked him what he thought of its personnel.

"This is a very fine army," he replied, "and these men I am told have fought with great courage and bravery. I think however, that the Army of the Potomac has never fought its battles through."—It certainly fought them through at the Wilderness, Spotsylvania, and the Appomattox, and fully confirmed Grant's faith in the superior endurance of the men.

HIS FAITH IN SUCCESS.

During the battles of the Wilderness

an aid brought the Lieutenant-General news of a serious disaster to the Second Corps, which was vigorously attacked by A. P. Hill. "I don't believe it," was the slow answer of Grant, inspired by his faith in his success. The aid was sent back for further reports, and found that the reported disaster had been exaggerated.—*Harpers Weekly.*

The State Prisoners.

The Inquirer's Fortress Monroe correspondent gives some interesting items relative to the condition and behaviour of the head traitors confined at the place:

John Mitchel is treated very much in the style of the more important Rebs.—He subsists on Government army rations, is strictly guarded, and is not allowed the wherewithal to manufacture reasonable newspaper articles; nor is he furnished with papers or any reading matter, save the Bible, or any prayer book that he may desire. John wiles away the weary hours of his prison life with smoking.—He brought a pipe with him, and is allowed tobacco. No conversation is permitted with him, nor does he court any. Thus far he has shown himself rather taciturn than otherwise.

Clem Clay smokes with philosophic indifference. He occasionally addresses a pleasant remark to his guards. As a prisoner he has given very little trouble. From the beginning he has subsisted on the army ration. He eats but little, smokes a great deal, and has evidently made up his mind that neither fretting nor grumbling will help his case, and the best course to be pursued is to take things easily and quietly.

Jeff. Davis, the chief of all offenders, has fully recovered his health. He has not yet been returned to his first diet, the army ration. His food is prescribed by Dr. Craven, and is such as will conduce most to his health. Since the tone of his physical health has been restored, he too has taken to puffing the Indian weed. He uses an elegant meershaum pipe, which he brought with him into the Fortress. The bowl is wrought in the semblance of a turbaned head *a la souave*. The stem and mouth-piece are of pure amber. This pipe is doubtless a relic of the pseudo royalty that Jeff. maintained while presiding over the fortunes of the *ignis fatuus* Confederacy.

As not a word is allowed to be said to Davis, he speaks very little. No one is allowed to see him. Occasionally a highly imaginative or positively mendacious individual, passing through here, gives out that he has seen Jeff. Davis. These statements are utterly false; no one whatever, excepting only the guards, and General Miles, have looked upon the "fallen Lucifer" since his incarceration.—Cabinet officers have visited the fort since Jeff's imprisonment there, but not even to them was accorded the privilege of looking upon him. Passes to enter the fort can only be obtained by persons well known here, and these must have most urgent business. Then, when within the coveted enclosure, they are obliged to transact their business and then leave, not even seeing the row of castmates wherein Jeff's cell is situated.

Swindlers Caught.

A despatch from Washington to the New York times says that most of the scamps who have been swindling our soldiers are caught with their hands full of uncollectable accounts—one man that we hear of having on hand \$42,000 unpaid accounts against the Government. Large sums of money were recently invested in soldiers, by so called "claim agents" in that city and Baltimore, who have purchased what are called soldier's "check-books," and cashed officers accounts at enormous discounts. In some instance the agent giving the soldier but one-fourth of the amount coming to him from the Government. The sharpers managed to get information of the date of expiration of services of all officers. And sometimes, one is found with a complete list of names and terms of service of all the members of a regiment. Having obtained this information, their custom was to send a circular specially to each officer and private, setting forth that they, the agents, had peculiar and advantageous facilities for obtaining the moneys due for bounties and on account of services. By this means they induced the soldier to call, and he was then apprised of difficulties in the way of immediate collection, etc., etc., the latter generally resulting in the purchase of the account by the agent, who had money to advance and could afford to wait. The recent order of the Paymaster General, directing his assistants to pay only to the soldier or officer in person, has about put an end to the agency swindle, and it has likewise been decided that the check-book transfer is not such an assignment of the claim as will entitle the holder to receive the money due the soldier. Thus the agents are bitten, and find themselves the possessors of an immense stock of worthless check-books and accounts, on which they had expected to realize handsome little fortunes.

A large number of letters are constantly returned to the Dead Letter Office on account of the use of revenue instead of letter stamps.

It is authoritatively stated that there has been no consultation as to the trial of Jeff. Davis by the Executive branch of the Government.

Terrible Tornado near Red Wing, Minn.

—Loss of Life and Property.

Red Wing, June 17, 1865.

A terrible tornado passed about five miles from this city, yesterday p. m., destroying life and demolishing houses.—Sheriff Chandler was overtaken by the tornado, and on its approach, leaped from his carriage, threw himself upon the ground, and by clinging to a tree was saved, but received serious injuries. His horse and carriage was taken away between heaven and earth. The horse, today, was found in a tree-top 70 rods distant. Fragments of the carriage have since been discovered.

The dwelling-house of Justice Chamberlain, on the Hastings road, was totally destroyed, fragments of which are scattered for miles. Mrs. Chamberlain sought refuge in the cellar, very wisely, thereby saving her life. Mrs. Streeter, who was descending the cellar stairs, was carried off with the house, and received such injury as to render recovery impossible.

The telegraph line for half a mile was destroyed, and some of the poles were drawn out of the ground, and others broken off and the wire found in the fields some distance away.

In the town of Vasa several buildings were destroyed and much damage done.—The storm up the Mississippi Valley was very severe and did considerable damage. At the Anoka it was sufficiently violent to overturn wagons passing along the roads.

Artemus Ward has visited Richmond and gives the result of his experience in a letter from which we make the following extracts:

There is really a great deal of Union sentiment in this city. I see it on every hand. I met a man to-day—I am not at liberty to tell his name, but he is in old and influential citizen of Richmond,—and sez he, "Why! we've bin fighting agin the Old Flag! Ler' bless me, how singlar!" He then borred five dollars of me and bust into a flood of tears.

Sed another (a man of standing and formerly a bitter rebel) "Let us at once stop this effooshun of Blut! The Old Flag is good enuff for me. Sir," he adde, "you air from the North!—Have you a doughnut or a piece of custard pie about you?" I told him no, but I knew a man from Vermont who had just organized a sort of restaurant, where he could go an make a very comfortable breakfast on New England rum and cheese. He borrowed fifty cents of me, and askin me to send him William Lloyd Garrison's ambrotype as I got home he walked off.

Seda nother, "There's bin a tremendous Union feelin' here from the fust. But we was kep down by a rain of terror.—Have you a daggertipe of Wendell Phillips about your person? and will you lend me four dollars for a few days till we air once mote a happy and united people?"

Jeff. Davis is not popular here. She is regarded as a Southern sympathizer.—& yet I'm told he was kind to his Partieners. She ran away from 'em many years ago, and has never bin back. This was showin' 'em a good deal of consideration when we reflect what his conduct has been. Her capturu in female apparel confuses me in regard to his sex, & you see I speak of him as a her as frekent as otherwise, & I guess he feels so hisself.

As I am through, I'll say adoo, gentle reader, merely remarkin' that the Star Spangled Banner is wavin' round loose agin, and that there don't seem to be anything the matter with the Goddess of Liberty beyond alite cold.

ARTEMUS WARD.

A Soldier's Dinner.

Gov. A. G. Curtin paid a visit, in 1862, to the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps.—While with the—Regiment, talking to the officers and men in front of the Colonel's tent, company D drum beat the call for dinner. The men, ever ready, fell in single file for their rations. The Governor, wishing to dine with the boys, called for plate, knife, fork and tin cup—dishes used at that time by the soldiers—walked toward the head of the company to get into the line, that he might not have to wait until the last to be served. He attempted to get into line, when a fellow took him by the shoulder, and politely pushed him aside, saying, "No, you don't, old fellow; you take your turn here." The Governor saw the joke, as well as the force of the fellow's argument, and retired with a hearty laugh to the rear of the company, got his dinner, (when his turn came,) ate it like a true soldier, and then left. Since that time he has had the privilege of giving the same soldier a lieutenant's commission, and we know he never signed one for a braver or better man.

While some of the oil enthusiasts were prospecting in Venango County, they discovered the foundation of a house which must have been built there some years ago by the French. Over the walls stood the stump of a chestnut tree, two feet in diameter. Near the house was a little cut out of a solid rock, which evidently had been used for smelting metals, either lead or silver, which is supposed to abound in that neighborhood.

A somewhat juvenile dandy said to a fair partner at a ball, "Don't you think, miss, my monstachious are becoming?" To which she replied, "Well, sir, they may be coming, but they have not yet arrived."