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Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Science, Morality, and General Intelligence.

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JOB PRINTING,
OF ALL KINDS,
Executed in the highest style of the Art, and on the most reasonable terms.

S. HOLMES, JR.,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, AND GENERAL
CLAIM AGENT.
STROUDSBURG, PA.
Office with S. S. Dreher, Esq.
All claims against the Government prosecuted with dispatch at reduced rates.
An additional bounty of \$100 and of \$50 procured for Soldiers in the late War, FREE OF EXTRA CHARGE. ☞
August 2, 1866.

DR. A. REEVES JACKSON,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Begs leave to announce that, in order to prevent disappointment, he will hereafter devote THURSDAY and SATURDAY of each week exclusively to CONSULTATIONS and SURGICAL OPERATIONS at his office.—Parties from a distance who desire to consult him, can do so, therefore, on those days. Stroudsburg, May 31, 1866.—tf.

Furniture! Furniture!
McCarty's New Furniture Store,
DREHER'S NEW BUILDING, two doors below the Post-office, Stroudsburg, Pa. He is selling his Furniture 10 per cent. less than Easton or Washington prices, to say nothing about freight or breakage. [May 17, 1866.—tf.]

DINING-ROOM FURNITURE in Walnut, Oak and White Ash, Extension Tables, any size you wish, at McCARTY'S new Ware-Rooms. [May 17, 1866.—tf.]

IF YOU WANT A GOOD PARLOR Suit in Rose, Mahogany or Walnut, McCARTY has it. [May 17, 1866.—tf.]

IF YOU WANT A GOOD MELODEON, from one of the best makers in the United States, solid Rosewood Case, warranted 5 years, call at McCARTY'S, he would especially invite all who are good judges of Music to come and test them. He will sell you from any maker you wish, \$10 less than those who sell on commission.—The reason is he buys for cash and sells for the same, with less than one-half the usual per centage that agents want. J. H. McCARTY. May 17, 1866.—tf.

UNDERTAKING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.
Particular attention will be given to this branch of the subscriber's business. He will always study to please and consult the wants and wishes of those who employ him. From the number of years experience he has had in this branch of business he cannot and will not be excelled either in city or country. Prices one-third less than is usually charged, from 50 to 75 finished Coffins always on hand. Trimmings to suit the best taste in the country. Funerals attended at one hour's notice. J. H. McCARTY. May 17, 1866.—tf.

Saddle and Harness Manufactory.
The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Stroudsburg, and surrounding country, that he has commenced the above business in Fowler's building, on Elizabeth street, and is fully prepared to furnish any article in his line of business, at short notice. On hand at all times, a large stock of
Harness, Whips, Trunks, Valises, Carpet Bags, Horse-Blankets, Bells, Skates, Oil Cloths, &c.
Carriage Trimming promptly attended to. JOHN O. SAYLOR. Stroudsburg, Dec. 14, 1865.

Gothic Hall Drug Store.
William Hollinshead,
Wholesale and Retail Druggist.
STROUDSBURG, PA.
Constantly on hand and for sale cheap for CASH, a fresh supply of Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oil, Glass, Putty, Varnish, Kerosene Oil, Perfumery and Fancy Goods; also
Sash, blinds and Doors.
Pure Wines and Liquors for Medicinal purpose.
P. S.—Physicians Prescriptions carefully compounded.
Stroudsburg, July 7, 1864.

TIN SHOP!
The undersigned begs leave to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has now opened a TIN SHOP, on Main street, near the Stroudsburg Mills, opposite Troch & Walton's, formerly R. S. Staples' Store, where he is prepared to manufacture and sell at wholesale and retail, all kinds of
Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron-Ware.
ALSO,
Stoves, Stove Pipe and Elbows.
Old and second hand Stoves bought and sold, at cash rates.
CASH paid for Old Lead, Copper and Brass.
☞ Roofing, Spouting and Repairing promptly attended to and warranted to give satisfaction. Call and see for yourselves.
WILLIAM KEISER.
Stroudsburg, Dec. 8, 1865.

COMMON CHAIRS of all kinds, Cane, Flag and Wood Seats; Dining, Bar-Room and Office Chairs, with or without Cushions, Rocking-Chairs of every description at McCARTY'S Ware-Rooms. May 17, 1866.—tf.

For the Jeffersonian.
TO MY DAUGHTER,
ELLA,
On her Twelfth Birth-Day.
BY A. R. B.

Twelve years already gone?
Do I now face the teens?
Am I thus hurrying on
To adult's sober scenes?
If this be so each childish thing
Away for those more wisdom bring.

To books, to thought, to play—
Apportioning well to each—
Let me arise each day
Myself to learn and teach;
Not satisfied unless each night
Shows an advance in wisdom's light.

My motto, "Onward," now,
Not hurrying years agone,
But, with an earnest brow,
Pressing to catch the dawn
That streaks the morning of that day
Where Knowledge sheds her honored ray.

I welcome struggle, toil,
So high a point to gain,
Not daunted, no recoil,
Else Motives are in vain;
But, firm in purpose and in aim,
No hindering cause e'er yet o'ercame.

Then welcome, fuller years,
I to my part respond,
Not harboring doubts or fears,
Though these may circle round;
I will in early years secure
The real though the false allure.

WATER GAP, Feb. 5th, 1867.

Oh! Well I Remember!
Oh! well I remember
How sadly I tore
The first checkered apron
That ever I wore.
How I booped and bellowed
And flooded with tears,
When my mother gave me
A box on my ears;

Then a big piece of pie for the damage she'd done
To her dearest, her darling, but good-for-naught son.

Oh! well I remember
(They are fresh in my mind)
Those little trousers,
All buttoned behind;
How I played in the puddle
And daubed them in dirt—
How my grandmother shook me
Till I screamed with the hurt,
But promised to buy me a nice sugar toy,
If I'd but remember to be a good boy.

Oh! well I remember
My advent to school—
How I got on the dance-block,
And felt like a fool;
How I pulled out the paper
From Emily's curls,
For which I was planted
On a seat with the girls!

'Twas punishment fraught with confusion and pain,
But, oh! I should like to be put there again.
Oh! well I remember
When older I'd grown,
I had to spread clover
As fast as 'twas mown;
And the finger of fancy
Still points to the churn,
And the hated old grindstone,
I dreaded to turn;

For I churned and I turned till as weak as a cat,
And sweat till as wet as a water-soaked rat.
Oh! well I remember
The old sorrel mare,
That took me to meeting,
To mill and to fair—
I rode her a plowing
Till tender and sore
Became my poor "other,"
And I couldn't ride more;
But often times since I have heavily sighed
To think of the "horse" that I daily must ride.

A New Way of Getting a Drink.
A good joke is told on one of our clever saloon keepers, which is too full of genuine humor, "under pressing circumstances," to be lost:

A short time ago a representative of the Green Isle stepped into the saloon of the person above alluded to, and with a countenance full of inquiry, said:
"An' have you got any good rye whiskey?"
"Yes, very good; the best in town," said the saloon man.
"An' have you got any half-pint bottles, my good man?"
"Yes," was the reply.
"An' will you please to fill one with your best rye whiskey for me?"
"Of course," said the obliging dealer; and after reaching for the required flask and spending a full half-hour in cleaning it, repaired to the cellar, drew half a pint of his Bourbon, and presented it to the gentleman in waiting.
"Pat" took the bottle, raised it to his lips, swallowed about half of its contents, and then, after making the appropriate face over it, said in a very confidential tone:
"Will you please sit this to one side till I call for it?"

The saloon keeper, "smelling a large sized rat trap full of small mice," carefully stowed away the half-filled bottle. The fellow never called for it, but took this novel way of obtaining a drink.
A number of seamstresses in Paris have been suffering from violent colic, attributed to putting the sewing silks they use in their mouths. The silk being sold by weight, is adulterated with sulphate of lead to make it heavier, hence its deleterious effect.

The Friend of the Friendless.

The State of Pennsylvania gave to General Jackson over fifty thousand majority for President. The whole Commonwealth seemed doomed to the perpetual sway of that school of politics thenceforth; and the young citizen of our State was a brave man who, in those days, for conscience' sake, refused to float with the current.

About that time a young lawyer from New England settled in one of the southern counties of the old Keystone. Being gifted with unusual powers of intellect, and filled with high and proper aspirations, many wondered that he did not become a Jackson man, and he carried on the wave of popular applause to the highest post of honor in the land.

Had selfish ambition been the ruling passion in his mind, doubtless he would have joined his fortunes to those of the dominant party, and thereby, at the expense of his principles, have reaped the ephemeral harvest of partisan triumph; but his was a different mission, and self was made to kick the beam by the weightier matter duty.

At that day the whole country was ruled by the twin sisters of oppression—Ignorance and Slavery. Scarcely any man dared risk his reputation, who desired official position solely for the public good, by espousing the cause of the poor and downtrodden as against the power of wealth and caste, even in republican America. When it was not only unpopular to be an Abolitionist, but actually dangerous to life, the career of this young man began, amidst a people living in a border county, who had daily intercourse with slaveowners living on adjoining estates. Separated only by an imaginary State line, the prejudices of those living north of that landmark—the far-famed "Mason and Dixon's line"—were as strongly developed as were those of their neighbors living to the southward thereof. Nothing saved him from being caste aside and being trodden under foot of men but his own high-toned, many dignified character and a heaven born zeal for the right coupled with marked eloquence of utterance, which enabled him, not only to convince all who listened to his earnest appeals for the friendless of the honesty of his own convictions, but, in many cases, to convert former enemies into lifelong friends. His first experience in connection with slavery, which was rapidly followed by others—several cases of which I propose reciting, which have never been published—was in this wise:

Being engaged as counsel in several important suits in one of the courts of Maryland, he learned that a poor girl was confined in jail for the purpose of being sold at noon of Saturday of the first week of the term, as part of an estate, but who was believed to be free. On learning that she had no person to look after her rights—none of the local members of the bar caring about attacking the prejudices of the day, or of going into a fight, for no fee or hope of reward, against one of the wealthiest and most powerful families in the county, which claimed her—this bold young man, from a neighboring State, volunteered his services.—When an interview was brought about between him and his new found client, he was utterly amazed to find her to be as white as he was himself. He took hold of the case with all the energy of his ardent nature, and, after a desperate struggle with the ablest lawyers in that bar, he succeeded in rescuing the poor girl from the clutch of slavery.

Several years thereafter, while going from his home at Gettysburg to the city of Baltimore, in his own private carriage, he stopped at a hotel on the route for dinner. The bar-tender—a bright, intelligent-looking young man evidently a son of the landlord from the striking resemblance—drove the horse to the stable, and the young lawyer walked into the parlor. Soon afterward a beautiful young woman came in and addressed him thus:
"Oh! sir, you are the man who saved me from a life of slavery and misery; can you not also save my poor husband from a similar fate?"
Upon inquiry, he learned that she who stood before him was the same in whose behalf he had labored at the court of that same county a few terms prior thereto—as already narrated.

"Who is your husband? and what can I do for him?" he asked.
"He is the young man who took charge of your horse," she replied, "and his father the landlord, is now about selling him to a soul-driver."
"Why, that young man is white!"
"Yes, sir, I believe he is; but he is a slave."
Just then an open buggy was driven in front of the house, and our friend recognized its occupants to be the landlord and a notorious slave-dealer from the city of Baltimore. Overhearing a remark which fell from the lips of the former, he discovered that the statement of the woman was true, and that no sale had yet taken place. He immediately called the bloated old publican aside, and asked him "What he was proposing to sell—doubtless a favorite horse?"
"No," said the brute, "I want to sell that boy."
"No, certainly not; he is your own son."
"Yes, I know he is my own son; but I have made up my mind to sell him. I sold two brothers of his and a sister, and I will sell him. I am going to the races

next week, and must take with me five hundred dollars, and I have only one hundred and fifty, and will sell him for three hundred and fifty dollars. I am offered three hundred and forty; but I must have the full amount."
"Come, come now; I will go the one-half, and you give your son the other half, and we will manumit him."
"No; I must have the full sum."
"Very well, I will give you two hundred dollars, and you give him one hundred and fifty."
"Not a bit of it. If you want him I will sell him to you as soon as to the slave-dealer, for he has been a faithful boy, and I believe that if you get him you will set him free."

"I want him only for that purpose, and I am pleased to hear you speaking of him. He ought not to be separated from his wife. The money you get thus will do you no good. One week at the races, where you are sure to lose every dollar, will be poor consolation for inflicting lifelong misery on these two poor creatures. Come, I will give you three hundred dollars and you give him fifty."
"No, no, no! I have said it and I stick to it. I must have the whole amount.—No gentleman(?) would think of going to the race with less than five hundred dollars, and I must have the full amount."
"I will make you another offer. I will give you three hundred and twenty-five dollars, and you give twenty-five."
"No, I won't; and I am tired talking to you. That dealer is going to see another boy, and if he buys him he will not want mine."

"Now see here that man wants your son to sell South for the purpose of making money on him. I only want to set him free. I will give you as much as he offered you—three hundred and forty dollars."
"There now you bid the same sum, and I will put him at auction between you; and I must knock him down to the highest bidder."
"No; if I buy him that man must not know that we are talking on that subject till all is arranged. You remain here till I send for the clerk of the court, and I will give all you ask."

The clerk was sent for; the papers made out; the money paid down, and the son of a Maryland father was made a free man by the money of a Pennsylvanian lawyer, and slavery thenceforth owed him a debt which she has now nearly paid by her decease, but which will not be fully cancelled until every vestige of the foul wrong is forever banished from "the land of the free and home of the brave."

The people of Adams county, feeling the necessity for the services of this champion of friendless humanity in the halls of legislation, sent our friend to Harrisburg to represent them in the Assembly. While there he exerted all his influence and efforts to promote the welfare of the people of the State, without regard to creed, party or complexion. A bachelor on the owner of large estates, which would be, and which were heavily taxed to raise funds to educate the children of other people, he is the recognized father of the admirable system of free schools which now exists in his adopted State. This system will remain, while time lasts, an imperishable monument to the disinterested benevolence and far seeing wisdom as one of Pennsylvania's best and ablest citizens—Thaddeus Stevens.

A Pointed Illustration.
A correspondent of the Milwaukee Sentinel says that the following colloquy recently occurred between a noisy, brawling democratic politician and a quiet, observing republican. It hits the nail on the head, and is too good to be lost:
Democrat.—I demand to know, sir, if the States lately in rebellion are in the Union or out of the Union. Just answer that, if you will.
Republican.—The question is well illustrated in your own personal history.—Four years ago, you united with the church here; and if I am rightly informed, you have been rather a hard member to manage; and lately charges have been preferred against you for downright misconduct, and you have been suspended until your case can be examined, and your fitness for membership determined. Now, sir, I demand to know whether you are in the church or out of the church.
The democrat appeared to see the point and left.

Here is the U. S. Supreme Court.—The best faces intellectually are those of the Chief Justice, Miller and Nelson.—The latter has an especially keen look, with his mobile nervous features, his long gray hair, bushy eyebrows, and keen, restless eyes. Miller has a noble brow.—Davis has a heavy, ploding look, a lawyer great in the books, but slow in digestion, by whom revolutions whirl while he is cogitating, and thus leave him stranded like some clumsy saurian who has left its story in the rock. Field, of California, is a remarkably obstinate looking man.—That is his marked trait. Grier is a fat man, unwholesomely so. Wayne, the Southern Judge, has a good face. Clifford looks as if in a state of hybernation, and Swaine has the appearance of a careful ponderous thinker, a devourer of books, but not a reader of men. The face of the Chief Justice is the loftiest and noblest of them all.

A woman in Michigan asked for a divorce from her husband because he refused to wear a mustache.

NABSY.

Mr. Nasby Essays a Sermon, but is interrupted by a Nigger, who is Aided and Abetted by the Perverse Joe Bigler.
POST OFFICE, CONFEDERATE ROADS,
(Which is in the State of Kentucky.)
January 10, 1867.

I wuz rekestet a week ago to preach a discourse from the text wich the noble and highminded Gvner Bramlette used with such crushin force in his last annual message, to wit: "Kin the leopared change his spots or the Ethiopian his skin?" and alluz feeling anxious to do wat I kin for the cause, I did it last nite, or rather essayed to do it.

And here let me remark, that there aint a more devoted people in Kentucky than them lambs ez comoso my flock.—It wuz a techin site and one wich filled my sole wich joy to see em pour out uv the groceries at the first tootin' uv the horn; and to see Pennsbacker, wich owns the distillery, stoppin work to come; but the most cheerin and encouragin sign to me wuz to see Dekin Pogrom, who wuz a playin seven up for the drinks wich Elder Slathers, at Bascom's, lay down his hand when he hed his low, and jack in it, and hed only three to go. "Elder, there's the horn. Let us to our dooties. 'Ligion must take the front seat uv temporal matters," and sighin ez he cast a parting glance at his hand, he strode resolutely to the sakktooty.

I opened by readin the follerin from Gov. Bramlett's message:
"The nigger is the inferior uv the white—he lacks the power to rise. Ontil the leopard kin change his spots, or the Ethiopian his skin, all efforts to repeal or nullify God's laws will be unavailin."
"My brethern these words is words uv wisdom, and far em let us be thakful.—The skin uv the Ethiopian wuz inflicted onto him for the express purpose uv distinguishin him from his brethern, those servants hed wuz condemned to be, for all time, ez a punishment for the sin uv Cain or the impudence uv Ham, wich, the Democratic divines heven't settled on.—With the black skin he wuz given all the other marks uv inferiority. He wuz cust wich long arms, immense hands, flat nose and bowed legs, and that their mite be no mistake in the matter, he wuz given wool instead uv hair—halleloogy.

"Ah, my brethern, wat a blessed thing for us is this Ethiopian! What a consolation it must be to you all to know that ther is a race below you, and how blessed the reflexshun that they can't change ther skin, and by that means git above you! That's the comfort we draw from the skripters. Wat a horror it wud be for Deekin Pogrom, who is snorin so peacefully.
"Dreamin, sweetly dreamin, the happy hours away," ef when the Soopreme Court decides the abhishin amendment unconstooshnel, and he gets his niggers back again, if ther shoold be a new dispensashun and niggers shoold be permitted to change their skins! Wat sekourity wud we hev for our property? Some mornin he'd wake up and find em all white persons, wich it would be unconstooshnel to wollop.

"My brethern ther hez been many efforts to change the skin of the Ethiopian, or rather ther hez bin many who wanted to. The Boston Abhishinists hev tried it, but wat hev bin the result? Aint they niggers yit, and aint they still the degraded wretches they alluz wuz? I paws for a reply."
I made this latter remark becoz, and only becoz it sounded well, not that I hed any idee that anybody wud reply. I imagine my surpris at seein a gray-headed nigger, wich hed bin, dooin and after the fratrisidde struggles, employed in the Freedmen Burow, rise, and remark that he hed a word to say onto that pint—There wuz a storm of indignashun, and the impudent nigger, who wuz so sassy ez to pressoom to speak in a white meetin wud hev bin sacrificed on the spot hed not Joe Bigler, who wuz half drunk, drawd a ugly looking navy revolver, and remarkin that he knowd that nigger—that he hed more sence than the hull bilin uv us, and he shoold hev his say.

"Ef," sed this reeklis Joe, "ef he beats you, Perfesser, truth is truth; let's hev it. Ef he don't, why, it's all the better for you. Ef your Websterian intellect kivers the ground, all rite—of his ponderous intellect gets the best on't just rite. "Out of the mouths uv babes and sucklins." Elder, I go my bottom dollar on this sucklin. Speak up, venerable—there won't none uv em teal you," and he cockt his revolver.
"Begginn pardon," sed the nigger, "I agree wich you, Perfesser, that the Ethiopian can't change his skin himself, but does the skripters say that it can't be changed for him?"
"Anser the venerable babe," sed Joe Bigler, pintin his revolver at me.
"I can't say that it does," sez I.
"Very good," retorted the nigger; "heintz there a change bin a goin on in Kentuckey from the beginnin? My mother wuz ez black ez a crow, I'm considible lighter; my wife's a half lighter than I am; my gal's children is a half lighter than their mother, and I want to know wat Gvner Bramlette's got to say to that? The white man ain't got no cuss onto him, hez he!"
"Speak up, Perfesser—the sucklin wants you to be prompt," sed Joe Bigler.

I answered that he hed not—that it wuz plied onto Ham or Cain and their decedents, and nobody else.

"Very well, then," sed the nigger, chucklin all over, "ez I am only half Ham or Cain (wich you heven't decided,) than uv coarse there's only a half a cuss onto me, only a quarter onto my wife, only an eight onto my daughters, only a sixteenth onto my daughters children, an there's lots uv niggers in this yer vinity wat hezen't got the thirtysekund or the sixty-fourth part of it hangin to em. Gvner Bramlette also sed, utin bout niggers being degraden coz truz their nachur, did't he that eddicashen woodent do for em?"

"Perfesser," sed the tormentin Bigler, wich hed just wisky enuff into him to be ugly, "I must remind you that the partikeler babe and sucklin onto uv whose month your bein immensely condemned, expect prompt ansers, or rather I his guardian and pectorator do."
I ansered that such was the tenor uv the Gvner's remarks.
"Ef that's troo, why don't the mullatros come up faster? Ef its the natural stoopidity uv the nigger, the white ain't effected by it, and the mullato only half. I are 'quainted wich the heft of the people afore me, and I'll bet my last year's wages, wich Deekin Pogrom ain't paid yit, that half uv em can't read my morn' I kin. 'Pears to me I'd like to hev Gvner Bramlette take the load off us, for a year or two and see whether we'd rise or not. We moun't, and then agin we mout. But I ruther its a leetle too much to put a millstone on top uv a man and then kick him for not gettin up."

"Bully!" sed Joe Bigler. "Go on! go on!"
"It ain't just square playing to make all sorts uv laws agin our risin, to flog us for hevin speelin books, to make it a penitentiary offense to learn to read, and to burn our skool houses, and then, because we ain't just ready to enter college, to insist on that we are naterally incapabile. And above all, aint it pressoomin a little to charge it onto the Load? Aint you mistakin your own work for hizzin? 'Praps ef Gvner Bramlett's father hed bin flogged for wantin to learn to read, and Gvner Bramlett's mother hed him brought up ez a field hand, and the same strategy hed bin practiced on Gvner Bramlett's grand-father and grand-grand-father and great-great-grand-father and his great—"

"Hold on, venerable," said Joe Bigler, "don't enumerate. Jest say his ancestors, back to the identical time when they wuz slaves to them Normans, wich held it prejenitors just ez closely ez you've bin held, and it'll be sufficient. Bat go on."
"I plead guilty to the big hands, flat nose and bowed legs. Possibly the first nigger hed em—possible not. Ef Gvner Bromlett's father, and his grand-father—which is to say ancestors—hed bin kept at the hoe, his hands wood hev been ez big ez mine; ef they'd borne burdens forever his legs wud be bowd, and ef her noses hed him perpetually smashut, hizzin wood be flatter than it is."

"Hev you any more questions to put to the Perfesser?" sed Joseph.
"No," replied the Ethiopian, "I hev sed my say."
"Then," said this Bigler, wich wuz gettin more and more reckless every munit, "I dismiss this congregashun, wich this remark, that that nigger is under my protection care, and of a single look uv his wool is disturbed I shel feel it a sollum but painfull dooty derolvin upon me, to put a ball into the carcass uv each uv the offshils uv this church, commencing wich the Paster, and continuin all the way down to the scribble. Git!"
And pell mell the congregashun piled onto one over another.

It will be necessary to dispose of Joe Bigler somehow. He lost what property he hed in the war, and is becoming exceedingly loose in his talk. He can't be tolerated long.
PETROLEUM V. NASBY, P. M.,
(Wich is Postmaster,) and likewise Professor uv Bibleke Politics in the Southern Classike Military Institoot.

Making Others Happy.
A mother who was in the habit of asking her children before they retired for the night, what they had done to make others happy, found her twin daughters silent. The question was repeated. "I can remember nothing good all this day, dear mother; only one of my schoolmates was happy because she had gained the head of the class, and I smiled on her and ran to kiss her; so she said I was good. That is all mother." The other spoke timidly. "A little girl, who sat wich me on the bench at school, has lost a little brother. I saw that, while she studied her lesson, she hid her face in her book and wept. I felt sorry, and laid my face on the same book and wept wich her.—Then she looked up and was comforted, and put her arms around my neck; but I do not know why she said I had done hev good." "Come to my arms, my darling!" said her mother; "to rejoice wich those that rejoice, and weep wich those that weep, is to obey the blessed Redeemer!"

The terms of service of 15,000 troops enlisted in 1864 in the regular army expire during the current year, and the War Department will fill their places by fresh enlistments. About 12,000 men have been recruited since October 1, and if enlistments continue in the same ratio, the minimum strength of the army will be reached in about three months.

Condemn no man for not thinking as you think.