COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT,

AND BLOOMSBURG GENERAL ADVERTISER.

LEVI L. TATE, Editor.] TO HOLD AND TRIM THE TORCH OF TRUTH AND WAVE IT O'ER THE DARKENED EARTH." [TERMS: $2,00 PER ANNUM.

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Original Poetry.

Written for the Columbia Democrat.

THE SHIPWRECK.

BY B. F. H

See, o'er the wave, prosp'rous gale,
Yon noble ship doth proudly sail,
Each mariner from duty free,
In cabin, or on deck you see,
And seeking pleasure, as the end
The greatest which can be attained.

Now look again, see yonder cloud
And hear that roar, so fierce and loud,
Oh! harken to that roaring sound,
That now reverberates around,
And view the fury of yon wave,
Which soon must be a sailor's grave.

But darker grows yon lowering cloud,
The ocean's roar, more fierce and loud,
The surges foam, the billows sweep
Across the tempestuous deep,
As swift as flies the furious gale
Which rends to atoms yonder sail.

Now fiery darts shoot through the air,
And cast around their lurid glare;
And, high above the ocean's roar
The thunder peal is heard once more,
Each seaman to his duty springs,
And all his skill to use he brings.

Too late! too late! ah, hark the cry
Of frightened seamen doomed to die!
And lo! the sigh, the groan, the prayer,
That escapes the lips of sailors there!
The ship is wrecked! and in the wave
Each seaman finds a watery grave.

Had they, while yet there was a calm,
Prepared to meet the coming storm,
The noble vessel yet might sail,
And bravely breast the howling gale,
Right proudly plough the ocean's wave,
And many a rightful temp'ste brave.

This doth a lesson wise contain
To all on nature's broad domain;
Though fortune comes with lovely form,
In time of calm, prepare for storm,
Lest in the weak, frail bark of life,
Thou wreck'st in time's wild sea of strife.

To Nations this a voice doth reach,
And it in thunder tones doth teach,
That though the land is blest with peace,
And doth in might, and power increase,
That they should idly sleep no more,
But should in peace prepare for war.

Fawnsville, Col. co., Pa.
January 26, 1863.

For the Columbia Democrat.

THE MURDER.

A TALE OF TERROR.

The night was fearful dark and drear,
A storm was brewing in the sky,
The Demon of the storm came near,
The lightning fearful flashed on high!

The howling thunder came from far,
And dreadful was the storm;
Behind the clouds will do we each star,
From danger's threatening, fearful form.

It was a night for dreadful deeds,
And from his bed, the stranger rose;
Hate his imagination feeds,
As he puts on again, his clothes.

The light burns dimly, glimmering red,
But wild and angry gleams his eye,
He grasps his knife, goes to the bed,
And fiercely draws his arm on high.

He turns upon his bed fellow,
A look of anger and of hate,
His knife he plunges, to the hilt,
Into the body of his mate.

A groan of pain, a sigh of woe,
A horrid look of anguish cast,
A fearful struggle—deep, and low,
And that old "Bed-Bug" breathed his last.

The stranger turned once more
To cuddle closely in his nest,
Disturbed no longer by his foe
He sank to slumber and to rest.

B. F. H.

Fonterrville, Pa.

Miscellaneous.

REMEMBERED AND MOURNED.—For every man who falls in battle some one mourns. For every man who dies in hospital wards, and of whom no note is made, some one mourns. For the humblest soldier shot on picket, and of whose humble exit from the stage of life little is thought, some one mourns. Nor this alone For every soldier disabled, for every one who loses an arm or leg, or who is wounded or languishes in protracted suffering, for every one who has only "camp fever," some heart bleeds, some tears are shed.—In far off humble households, perhaps, sleepless nights and anxious days are passed, of which the world never knows; and every wounded and crippled soldier who returns to his family and friends, brings a lasting pang with him. Oh! how the mothers feel this war. If ever God is said in Heaven, it seems to me it must be when he looks upon the hearts of mothers. We who are young think little of it; neither, I think do the fathers or the brothers know much about it; but it is the poor mothers and wives of the soldiers. God help them.

The Lost Key.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"I say, Philip, have you seen my portmonnaie?"

Mr. Walter's brow contracted slightly at the words, and he drew away the hand which had been caressing his wife's pretty hair

"Is that portmonnaie lost again?"

"Now, Philip," said the little woman, with a word of pretty penitence in the lightened word, "don't scold. Upon my word it is the first time I've mislaid it this whole morning."

"It is too provoking, Cora," said the iron hearted husband, pushing back the books on the table before him with a movement denoting intense irritation.

"Will you never break yourself of that careless habit, my love?"

Cora was silent, looking down like a naughty child who had been chidden.

"You don't know what annoyance these careless habits are to a methodical man like myself, dear," he added, in a gentler tone, as the coral lips began to tremble and the eyes to suffuse. "Do try to be more thoughtful, for my sake. Here is your lost treasure," he said, quietly drawing a tiny case of pearl and gold from his pocket. "I found it lying on the stairs, and thought it a most excellent opportunity of giving my careless little wife a lesson."

Cora clapped her little hands at the sight of the restored treasure, and danced out of the room in a girlish glee.

"A perfect child," murmured the husband, looking after her with a smile and a sigh blending unconsciously into one another.

"Well it I don't make haste, I shall be too late to meet that engagement on Cedar street. Let me see, the notes are in my secretary, I believe. Nothing like locking things up and keeping the keys yourself. If Cora only followed my example—"

Mr. Walter paused abruptly, seeking in all his pockets, with nervous haste, for something that seemed not to be forthcoming.

"Very strange," muttered he, biting his lips. "I always put it in that vest pocket, possibly, I may have laid it on the table among those papers.

The aforesaid papers rustled hither and thither like animated snowflakes as Mr. Walter hurriedly sought among their confused masses, but it was all in vain

"I can't have lost it," he exclaimed, in dire perplexity. "And every one of those notes is locked up in the secretary, with no earthly chance of ever getting at them. But I am certain the key can't be lost—I never lose anything! It won't do to wait many more minutes. I'll just put on a clean shirt, and run down town. Hang that key!"

Mr. Walter hastened to his room to complete the details of his toilet ere he left the house, but his trials were not yet destined to terminate. He was a methodical man, therefore his bureau was carefully locked; he always kept things in one place, therefore the keys were snugly reposing in one corner of the inaccessible secretary.

He rushed frantically back to the library, hoping that the key might be on the mantlepiece, where he had not yet searched. No, it was not there, but a treacherous inkstand—the contents whereof, by one unlucky sweep of the elbow, descended in an ebon cataract over his shirt bosom—the shirt bosom upon which alone he had depended.

"Well here is a catastrophe!" he murmured gloomingly, staunching the inky flow with his pocket handkerchief. "However, I can button my coat over it for the present Let me see—there is that money I promised to pay Smith to day, and—"

He stoped short, a cold dew of dismay breaking out on his forehead—the money drawer was a fixture of the wretched secretary!

Penniless, shirtless, and paperless, what more desperate state of affairs could his worst enemy desire for him? There was a lower deep yet, however. Would he not be characterless, likewise, if his wife should, by any inopportune chance, discover that he, the model of rule and order, had lost his key? So thought Mr. Walter, as he strode off down town to a day of perplexities and mortification.

"If ever I tease Cora again about losing things," he muttered inwardly, as he entered the tea room on returning home, "I hope to be drowned with a hundred weight of keys about my neck! It is a judgment sent upon me!"

He unbuttoned his coat as he spoke, forgetful of the ink stains of the morning. Cora uttered a faint scream, and shrank back, exclaiming—

"My dear Philip, what is the matter with your shirt bosom?"

"The matter? "Oh!" said he coloring and laughing. "I remember now—I spilt a little ink over it this morning.—It don't signify much."

"Do let me get you another, dear"

"No, no," said he, eagerly detaining her, "It is not at all worth while. Do sit down and be easy, my love!"

Cora started to carry her babe up to the nursery. Just as she reached the door, something jingled in the pocket of her little silk apron. She stopped in the passage.

"Oh! by the way, Philip, here is the key to your secretary. I found it on the dining table, this afternoon, and," she added, with an arch sparkle of the eye, "I thought it would be an excellent opportunity for giving my husband a lesson!"

She put the key in his hand, and ran out of the room, as he recoiled involuntarily from the sound of his own pedantic words. As he contemplated the gleaming words of the little mischief maker in mingled delight and mortification, the echo of Cora's merry laughter on the stairs reached his ears like a chime of silver bells.—He laughed, too—he couldn't help in!

Mrs. Cora Walter was a discreet female She never alluded to the subject of keys again, and her husband was never after known to reproach her for carelessness.

Bachler's Thermometer.

At sixteen. Impatient, palpitatic toward the young ladies.

At seventeen. Blushing and confusion in conversation with them.

At eighteen. Confidence in conversing with them much increased.

At nineteen. Angry if he is treated by them as a boy.

At twenty. Very conscious of his own charms and manliness.

At twenty one. A mirror in his room quite indispensible to admire himself.

At twenty two. Insufferable puppyness

At twenty three. Thinks no woman is good enough for him.

At twenty four. He is caught unawares by the snares of Cupid.

At twenty five. The connection broke off for self conceit on his part.

At twenty six. Conducts himself with much superiority toward her.

At twenty seven. Pays his respects to another young lady, nor without hopes of mortifying the first.

At twenty eight. He is mortifying and frantic at being refused.

At twenty nine. He rails against the fair sex in general.

At thirty. Morose and out of humor at conversation on matrimony.

At thirty one. Contemplates matrimony a little more under the influence of interest than he formerly did.

At thirty two Considers personal beauty in a wife not quite so indispensible as formerly.

A thirty three. Still attains a most exalted opinion of his own personal attraction as a husband.

At thirty four. Consequently has no idea but he may still marry a "chicken."

At thirty five. Fell deeply and violently in love with one of "seventeen."

At thirty six. Another refusal.

At thirty seven. He indulges in every kind o dissipation.

At thirty eight. He shuns the best part of the female sex.

At thirty nine. Suffers much mortification and remorse in so doing.

At forty. A fresh budding of matrimonial ideas.

A forty one. A very nice young widow perplexes him.

At forty two. Ventures to address her with mixed sensations of love and interest.

At forty three. Interest prevails, which causes much cautious reflection.

At forty four. The widow jilts him, she being as curious as himself.

At forty five. Becomes every day more averse to the fair sex.

At forty six. Gouty and nervous symptoms begin to appear.

At forty seven. Fears what may become of him when he is old and infirm.

At forty eight. He thinks living alone is quite irksome.

At forty nine. Resolves to have a prudent young woman as a house keeper and companion.

At fifty. A nervous affection about him and frequent attacks of the gout.

At fifty one. Much pleased with his own house keeper as a nurse.

At fifty two Commences some attachment for her.

At fifty three. His pride revolts at the idea of marring her.

At fifty four. Is in great distress about how to act.

At fifty five. Completely under her influence, and very miserable.

At fifty six Very painful thoughts about parting with her.

At fifty seven. She refuses to live with him any longer.

At fifty eight. Gouty, nervous and sadly bilious.

At fifty nine. Falls very ill, and sends for her to his bedside, and intends, espousing.

At sixty. Grows worse, and has his last will and testament made in her favor and makes his exit.

What creatures may be said to live on their relations? Why, the aunt-*eaters* to be sure!

Gems of Thought.

The friendship of some people is like our shadow, keeping close while we are walking in the sunshine, deserting us the moment we enter the shade.

Character is like money; when you have a great deal, you may risk some; for if you loose it, folks will still believe you have plenty to spare.

If you wish to dispense with butter, take a sweet, plump damsel to wife and you can relish your crust and coffee at breakfast without any but her.

Keep your body sound; as wine savors of the cask it is kept in, the soul recieves a tincture from the frame through which it works.

In our adversity it is night with us and in the night many beasts of prey range abroad that keep their dens through the day.

Morose, solemn, and inflexible men enjoy in general a greater share of dignity than of happiness.

Benevolence is a beautiful plant in the garret of the soul. Good deeds are its blossoms.

Hope and fear are the springs of all our actions.

Skillful mariners get their art in tempestous storms; any novice can sail on a smooth sea.

Slanderers are like flies that hunt and fasten upon sores.

He who serves only himself is the slave of a fool.

Old age is a relentless tyrant.

Elect Lincoln.

Elect Lincoln and we shall have good times. Elect Lincoln, and there shall be plenty of work and high wages. Elect Lincoln, and the expenses of government will be reduced. Elect Lincoln, and if the South secede we will send a few regiments of wide awakes down there and whip them out in thirty days. Elect Lincoln, and there shall be plenty of money. Elect Lincoln and [illegible] honesty and reform. Elect Lincoln, and we will bring the government back to the policy of the fathers. Lincoln was elected, and we have plenty of work, such as wading in blood to the knees, digging graves for our young men and taking care of the maimed, wounded, widows and orphans. The pay, however is not so good, when soldiers are drafted and forced to work for thirteen dollars per month in paper money which is worth only half its face. Lincoln was elected and the expense of the government is a hundred times greater. Lincoln was elected, the South seceded and instead of sending down wide awakes, they draft from Pennsylvania and let the abolition wide-awakes of Massachusetts go free. Lincoln is elected, and we have paper rags for a currency and billions of debt. Lincoln is elected, and instead of economy and reform we have had stealing, and wholesale plunder, unheard of in any age of the world. Lincoln is elected, and instead of coming to any policy of our fathers, we are coming to taxation, national bankruptcy and unmistakable ruin.

Sunbury Democrat.

A Difficult Question Answered.

Can any one tell why, when Eve was made out of one of Adam's ribs, a hired girl was not made at the same time to wait upon her? We can, easy. Because Adam never came whining to Eve with a hole in his stocking to be darned, a button to be sewed on, or a glove to be mended "right away, quick now!" Because he never read the newspaper until the sun go down behind the palm tree, and then stretched himself, yawning out, "ain't supper most ready, my dear?" Not he. He made the fire and hung over the teakettle himself, we'll venture, and pulled the radishes, and did everything he ought to. He milked the cows, and fed the chickens, and looked after the pigs himself. He never brought a half dozen friends home to dinner w[illegible] [illegible] hurry up for one out and out [illegible] and then scolding because pooty [illegible] was sitting up and crying inside the g[illegible] To be sure, he acted rather [illegible] about apple gathering times; but then [illegible] doesn't depreciate the general helpfulness about the garden. He never played billiards, nor drove fast horses, nor choked Eve with cigar smoke. He never dined at his club, while solitary Eve was rocking litth Cain's cradle at home. In short, he didn't think she was created specially for the purpose of waiting on him, and wasn't under the impression that it disgraced a man to lighten his wife's cares a little. That's the reason.

A man being asked as he lay sunning himself on the grass what was the height of his ambition replied;—"To marry a rich widow wit a bad cough.'

☞ "Oh, pay let me have my way this time!" sal a young gentleman to his lady love. "Well, Willie, I suppose I must this one, but you know that after we have marsd I shall always have a Will of my own."

Military Arrest and Shooting in Fulton County.

There has been a great excitement in Fulton county, growing out of a military arrest and the shooting of a Lieutenant under the following circumstances, as given by the Fulton *Democrat*:

A man named John Forney was enrolled by the Deputy Marshal of Todd township, Fulton county. He claimed to be over 45 years of age, and a note of the claim was made by the Deputy Marshal. On the day of Appeals he appeared before the Commissioner for Draft, and made affidavit that he was over 45. The *red line* was then drawn through his name thus exempting him. Afterwards the Commissioner wrote after his name "not exempt," and put his name into the wheel with the rest. It was drawn out, and Forney notified that he had been drafted. After the draft the Commissioner wrote the word "drafted" over the words "not exempt"

Immediately after receiving the notice Forney appeared before the Commissioner, and produced satisfactory proof of the fact that he was over 45 years of age. The Commissioner thereupon declared that he was exempt, telling him to go home, and assuring his attorneys that he would make [illegible] right. He did after that [illegible] "not exempt," and the word "drafted" and wrote at the end of the line on which the name of Forney stood the words "over age." Thus the public record of the acts of Isaac Taylor, Commissioner of Draft for Fulton county, now stands.

On the coming of a Provost Guard into the County for the purpose of arresting deserters and delinquent drafted men, the name of John Forney was handed to the officer of the guard by Mr. Taylor. Forney was arrested. A writ of *habeas corpus* was issued, and after a hearing of the case, records of the Commissioner being produced, and abundant proof on the oath of responsible parties being brought that Forney was over 45 at the time of the enrollment, he was discharged by Judge Campbell.

After all this, when Lieutenant Ford was attempting to re-arrest Forney in his own house, Forney shot the Lieutenant on the stairs.

The same day Forney delivered himself up to the civil authorities, and was regularly committed to jail by the proper officer. On the next day he was forcibly removed from the jail by the soldiery, the jailor refusing to give up the keys voluntarily and protesting against their being taken from him. Forney was removed to Chambersburg, and after being kept in jail there over night, was sent to Washington.

This case involves a direct issue between the civil authorities of the State of Pennsylvania and the military authorities of the United States. Forney cannot be tried by the Military authorities for the crime committed, unless he was at the time of committing it, a soldier of the United States. That he was not is abundantly proven by the facts above stated.—He must then be delivered back to the civil authorities to be tried by the proper civil tribunal.

The District Attorney for Fulton county, laid the case promptly before Governor Curtin, demanding the return of the prisoner, and intends to use every exertion to vindicate the majesty of the law.

The District Attorney expresses his satisfaction at the prompt action of the Governor, and hopes that the supremacy of the civil law will be sustained.

OLD CLOOTIE CROWDED OUT.—Among the patients in the General Hospital, at Philadelphia, is a secesh soldier He was very sick when first brought there, but is now doing better. He is a crabbed customer. Now that he is recovering, his surliness begins to show itself in a manner that his comrades don't care about putting up with—at any rate, from a secesh.

In the same ward with him is a Union soldier—an adopted citizen, from the land of kraut. The other day a Union German said something to secesh. Secesh vouched only in reply.

'Go to h—l.'

'Do vat?'

Secesh repeated his remark.

The German was not at all exasperated, but [illegible] friend, you ish too [illegible] dat place.

'Why not?'

'It is now full. It is very crowded down. Sing I see fit it up not dead rebels. Even dat I exist has to sleep out o' doors.

The laugh came in here from the boys who were lounging around. Secesh had nothing more to say.

LAZY BOY.—A lazy boy makes a lazy man, just as sure as a crooked sapling makes a crooked tree. Who ever yet saw a boy grow up in idleness, that did not make a shiftless vagabone when he became a man, unless he had a fortune left him to keep up appearance? The great mass of thieves, paupers and criminals, have come to what they are by being brought up in idleness. Those who constitute the business part of the community—those who make our great and useful men—were taught in their boyhood to be industrious.

☞ Postponed—The good times. Wait a little longer.

Army Correspodence.

"*Army of the Potomac.*"
CAMP NEAR BELLE PLAINS, VA.
Friday, February 6th, 1863,

Col. JOHN G. FREEZE:—

Dear Sir:—I take this opportunity of addressing you a few lines, in the hope that good health is your present portion, and believing that to ask if you are in good spirits, is to doubt your concern in the mighty Revolution that threatens to completely overthrow our present form of Government

I can but fervently pray that GOD may so dispose the minds of our National and State Legislatures, that some means may be adopted whereby peace and a restoration of our Union can be effected.

I speak the words of soberness and truth, when I tell you, that nineteen-twentieths of our Division are opposed to the further prosecution of this war. They are almost unanimous in the declaration, that this war is waged for the abolition of slavery, and not for the restoration of the Union, on the basis of the present Constitution. They believe that, whatever may have been the President's policy at the commencement of this rebellion, he has of late become the main instrument of rampant Abolitionism. That his emancipation proclamation makes us the Agents of *negro freedom*, when our object was solely to *restore the laws*, as our fathers made them. Our men feel sensitive on that subject. A large majority of whom openly denounce the whole scheme. They further believe that it is useless to carry on this war for the purpose of re union, with the present known policy of the Administration, published to us all. If a war of subjugation is to be adopted, it will require but little calculation to tell him how many of our vast army will be living at the next Presidential inauguration.

The truth is, sir, that constantly I hear my comrades exclaim, "To hell with the war!—I am going home!" For them the history of the Army of the Potomac has been one of blunders. The thousands of Union men that sleep their last sleep in Virginia, will never be told, for it is one vast grave-yard, Our last battle was the grand *finale* of our achievements.

It is melancholly to one who believes that even yet, a reconciliation between the North and South is not impossible in proper hands, to witness the sad effects of this war. From Alexandria to the Rappahannock river is to be seen thousands of men huddled together in canvass and miserable muslin tents, perishing from the effects of the elements, or strolling around the camps afflicted with all manner of diseases. The hospitals are filled, and the inmates are treated in a manner revolting to the dictates of common humanity.

It is astonishing to witness the great change that has taken place in the minds of our men in reference to parties and their present policy. Our former opponents now believe that there is no prospect of peace outside of the Democratic party,—that they and they alone, have the power of dispelling the gloom, and the mighty weight of sorrow pressing on us as nation and as heads of families. In short,—our men have become demoralized, and care but little on what terms peace may be made.

I have, as a responsible being, endeavored in these few lines to portray the feelings and prospects of my companions in arms.

The election of Hon. CHARLES R. BUCKALEW, to the United States Senate created joy and gladness in the hearts of the Pennsylvania Troops. We look to him for aid and assitance, in these dark and troublesome days, and confidently look forward to the coming month of March, to hear his eloquence in behalf of our suffering country. He will be a tower of strength in the right place.

Respectfully, yours &c.

One of the First Army Corps.

☞ Wicked as was secession, it did not involve the invasion, of the North with shotted guns, the occupation of our towns and cities by a ruthless soldiery, the devastation of our fields, and forests, and sacred sanctuaries. It spared our lives and property, our women, and children, and firesides. It menanced none of our rights or privileges, as citizens; and whatever of evil it entailed upon the country, the south must have shared it. By war, it is most probable we have deferred reunion, and by war, it is certain we have impoverished our country, slain hundreds of thousands of our bravest men, and filled the land with universal mourning.

Religious.

Death and Life.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Jan. 29th, 1863

Earley in the afternoon of a bright Saturday, not long since, two men dressed as privates were seen speaking in an undertone to the sentinel who stood at the gate of Hospital No. 14. A placard on the gate-post plainly denied the right of visitors to enter at that house; but one of those alluded to seemed importunate, and both at length passed through the iron gateway. Halting before the door of the clerk's office, a young officer confronted them, and it was plain from the animated conversation which quickly followed the recognition, that they were intimately acquainted. Among the first questions asked—and by both almost simultaneously—were:

"How is Henry? Have you seen him this morning?"

"He's gone! He died about eleven o'clock last night," answered the officer in a low tone.

Oh, how those words pierced my soul! for I was one of the two. How I thought of the opportunities I might have improved! I had determined to visit him that morning, but it was too late.

"He has just been carried out," continued the officer, "and here are his effects. Do you wish to see him?"

We walked rapidly to the rear of the building, where stood the dead house.—Uncovering the face of several, we at last looked upon the emaciated form of our old comrade. On his young face we gazed awhile and then returned to camp with sorrowing hearts. Quietly on the day after, we followed his body to its resting place, where thousands sleep side by side in the narrow grave.

Dead! Buried! Gone from our midst! What solemn thoughts to fill the mind! No longer to be with us through weary marches—freed from all pain and trouble. Gone! But where! Passed from death unto life; but a few days ago, a poor mortal racked with pain, now a glorified saint, singing praises to Him who sitteth upon the Throne, and of the Lamb forever and ever. How glorious the transition!

Our comrade left his home to fight the battles of his country; discharging all the duties of a soldier promptly, until months ago he fell sick of the measles.

While on a bed of sickness he thought seriously of his soul's salvation; and *then* he appeared to have clear views of the plan of redemption through the cross of a Redeemer. Recovering of the measles he looked forward to the time when he would again be able to join his regiment; but a slight exposure brought on a severe cold, which proved to much for his reduced frame, and although day after day returned, they brought no strength to him.—But while he felt himself slowly sinking into the grave, and his bopily powers fast failing him, his mind grew stronger, and his trust in the Redeemer becomes more steadfast. He could look forward to the future with confidence, with joy. He was perfectly happy in the view of death; and although he had a desire to live, that he might once more look upon the faces of dear friends at home, he felt that to depart and be with Christ would be far better.—Towards the close of his last illness, and while his mind wandered, he sang hymns and prayed alternately; and thus his spirit passed from its frail house on earth to mansions of glory on high.

Oh! Christian reader, is it not well with him? Are not the dead blessed who die in the Lord? Will it not be source of great consolation to his deeply afflicted friends, to know that he is now so happy? Will it not encourage Christians at home to put forward great efforts in behalf of the inner life of the soldier? We trust it will. Remaining yours truly,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF A COMRADE.

Presbyterian Banner

BE JUST AND FEAR NOT.—Never let your honest convictions be laughed down. You can no more exercise your reasons if you live in the constant dread of ridicule, than you can enjoy your life; if you think it right to differ from the times, and to make a point of morals, do it—and for insolence, but seriously and gradually, as if a man wore a big sole of his own in his bosom, and did not wait till it was breathed into him by the breath of fashion.—Be true to your manhood's conviction, and in the end you will not only be respected by the world, but have the approval of your own conscience.

THE EARLY DEAD.—Some one has said of those who die young, that they are like the lambs which Alpine shepherds bear in their arms to higher, greener pastures, that the flocks may follow.