

Poetical.

ANOTHER MILLION MORE!

(Resolution in Congress.)

BY DILL A. SMITH.

And the Lord said unto Pharaoh, let my people go.

To arms! to arms! a million men!—a million men, or more, To carry food to starving men, and open the prison doors!

A million men for Richmond—to set our brothers free, And teach the barbarous Goth that we've a Christian chivalry.

Ho! laborer at the anvil—ho! laborer at the plough—Ho! every man who would not work the mark upon his brow,

From your desks and workshops—and, as the lightning, leap On the foul fields that laugh to scorn our sons in dun-geon keep!

A million men are in the field,—a million trusty hands Have proved how well our people know to wield their battle-arms:

A million gallant hearts have gone the Southern's pride to lower, But, we want another million—another million more, The brave who fought at Malvern—who piled Antietam's field.

The glory of Gettysburg, whose names to fame we yield; From their dressless sleep, 'th' unburied dead of Chick-amauga's plain

Call on you to the rescue,—O, shall it be vain? I list the hapless mother's sigh for the gentle boy she bore—

God! she cries, will none deliver!—to my arms the lost restore! Sister, well to woe thou dost to weep and board the stealer's crumbs,

When thy playmate's plaint in hunger-calls from Lib-ty's charnel comes! And the old grey-headed father, how he starts from out his sleep,

As a pale spectre towards him all tremulous doth creep; 'Twas his own good sword he felt on him when going to the fray—

The same old sword himself had borne in Israel Put- nam's day.

And well "the boy" had kept the faith—the trust re-posed in him, Since his dishonor sullied blade, nor laid its sheen hid dim;

But when Burnside, at Fredericksburg, was seen re-posed by Lee, They took the last a prisoner—and, this is him you see!

Hungry, and weary, and waiting, O warden! I'm here, Let me but breathe the fresh, pure air, and I'm ready for my fate;

But to starve and freeze in a living grave, Oh! 'tis a fearful thing— And only for loving the Union, and holding my coun-try king!

To arms! to arms! a million men! a million men, or more, To carry bread to famish'd men, and burst their prison door!

A million men for anywhere, and to ride as the whit-wind rides, Over the blessed and blasted land where Slavery's votive strides!

O men! if you have manly souls; O men! if you the duty would lift up our stricken flag and own that God is just,

Rise! in your might, and, as a sea, engulf this lep-erous thing; For only truth is right, I'm sure, and God—not devil, king!

A million men for Richmond! with Grant to lead the way, So reads the resolution; will it pass? I trust it may; There's a million would do it yest' that linger in the shade!

A million, and a million yet, to leap out at the death! If the tiger lacer to lap the blood—the panther prowls about—

But the heart where generous fires are lit fears never wrong to shout; And lo! the word he spoken—Gods! I see the surging ranks

That will sweep the battle fields to the Rio Gila's banks! Bear your hearts then in your hands, men! the time to act has come.

Sure and swift the avenging angel shouts the death-ward to the drum! From a thousand hills our watch fires ring their vic-tor-shal-lings out—

To horses! to arms! to horses! to arms! and the rout! Who say no! whose footstep falters at the thought of desperate deeds!

When the reaper reaps, he turns aside to kill the not-some weeds! Read the Ups by the roots, men! then to our cov-er-ant ark

The dove will bear the olive branch—the sunlight, ah, the dark!

Miscellaneous.

GROWLER'S INCOME TAX.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

My neighbor Growler, an excitable man by the way, was particularly excited over his "Income Tax," or, as he called it, his "War Tax."

Growler came in upon me the other day, flourishing a square piece of blue writing paper, quite moved from his equanimity.

"There it is! Just so much robbery! Stand and deliver is the word. Pistols and bayonets! Your money or your life!" I took the piece of paper from his hand and read:

"You're all right," I said, smiling. "I'd like to know what you mean, by all right? Growler was just a little off-ended at my way of treating this very serious matter, serious in his eyes, I mean."

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dumping himself into a chair, and looking in a half-humored as possible.

"Instead of being 'robbed,' said I, 'you have been protected in your property and person, and guaranteed all the high privi-leges of citizenship, for the paltry sum of forty-three dollars and twenty-one cents, as your share of the cost of protection.'

"Oh, that's only your way of putting the case," retorted Growler, dropping a little from his high tone of indignation.

"Let me be more particular in my way of putting the case. Your income is from the rent of property?"

"What would it have cost you to defend that property from the army of Gen Lee, recently driven from our State by national soldiers?"

"Cost me!" Growler looked at me in a kind of maze, as though he thought me half-jest?"

"Exactly! What would it have cost you? Lee if unopposed, would certainly have reached this city, and held it; and if your property had been of use to him, or any of his officers or soldiers, it would have been appropriated without so much as saying—'By your leave, sir? Would forty-three dollars and twenty-one cents have covered the damage? Perhaps not. Possibly, you might have lost one half to two thirds of all you are worth.'

Growler was a trifle bewildered at this way of putting the case. He looked puzzled.

"You have a store on South wharves?" said I.

"What has kept the Alabama or the Florida from running up the Delaware and burning the whole city for? Do you have forts and ships of war for the protection of your property? If not, who provides them? They are provided, and you are safe. What is your share of the expense for a whole year?—Just forty-three dollars and twenty-one cents? It sounds like a jest!"

Growler did not answer. So I kept on.

"But for our immensurable in the field, and navy of the water, this rebellion would have succeeded, what then? Have you ever pondered the future of this country in such an event? Have you thought of your own position? of the loss or gain to yourself? How long do you think we would be at peace with England or France, if the nation were dismembered, and a hostile Confederation established on our Southern border? Would our war taxes be less than now? Would life and property be more secure? Have you not an interest in our great army and navy, as well as I and every other member of the Union? Does not your safety as well as mine lie in their existence—Are they not, at this very time, the con-servators of every thing we hold dear as men and citizens?"

"Who equips and pays this army? Who builds and furnishes these ships? Who does the enormous sum of money required come from? It is the nation's work—the people aggregate in power and munificence, and so ir-resistible in might—unconquerable—Have you no heart-swelling of pride in this magnificent exhibition of will and strength? No part in the nation's glory? No eager helping hand to stretch forth?"

Growler was silent still.

"There was no power in you or me to check the wave of destruction that was launched by fratricidal hands against us. If unresisted by the nation as an aggregate power, it would have swept in de-olation over the whole land. Traitors in our midst and traitors moving in arms against us, would have united to destroy our beautiful fabric of civil liberty. The government, which dealt with all good citizens so kindly and gently, that not one in a thousand felt its touch beyond the weight of a feather, would have been subverted, and who can tell under what rule and we might have fallen for a time, or how many years of bloody strife would have elapsed before that civil liberty which ensures the greatest good to numbers would have been again established? But the wave of destruction was met—my hurled back upon the enemies who sought our ruin. We yet dwell in safety. Your property is secure. You still gath-er your annual income, protected in all your rights and privileges by the national arm. What does the nation assess to you as your share in the cost of this security? Half your property? No—not a farthing of that property!—Only a small per-centage of your income from that prop-erty! Just forty-three dollars and twenty-one cents! Pardon me for saying it, friend Growler, but I am more than half-ashamed of you!"

"And seeing the way you put the case, I am more than half-ashamed of myself," he answered, frankly. "Why thing your view, this is about the cheapest invest-ment I ever made."

"You certainly get more for your money than in any other line of expenditure. Yesterday I had a letter from an old friend living in the neighborhood of Carlisle. The rebels took from him six fine horses, worth two hundred dollars a piece; six cows and oxen and over two hundred bushels of grain. And not content with plundering him, they burnt down a barn, which cost him nearly two thousand dol-lars. But for the army raised and equip-ped by the nation, in support of which you and I are taxed so lightly we might have suffered severely. How much do you think it cost in money for the pro-tection we have enjoyed in this particular instance?"

"A million of dollars perhaps?"

"Nearer ten millions of dollars. From the time our army left the Rappahannock, until the battle of Gettysburg, its cost to the government could scarcely have been less than the sum mentioned. Of this

sun, your proportion cannot be over three or four dollars; and for that trifle, your property maybe your life was held se-cure."

"No more of that, if you please," said Growler, showing some annoyance. You are running this thing into the ground. I own up square. I was quarrelling with my best friend. I was striking at the hand that gave me protection. If my war tax next year should be a hundred dollars instead of forty-three, I will pay it without a murmur."

"Don't say without a murmur, friend Growler?"

"What then?"

"Say gladly, as a means of safety."

"Put it as you will, he answered, fold-ing up Collector Riley's receipt, which he still held in his hand, and bowing him-self out.

Not many days afterwards, I happened to hear some grumbling in my neigh-bor's presence about his income tax.—Growler scarcely waited to hear him through. My lesson was improved in his hands. In significant phrase he pitched into the offender, and read him a lesson so much stronger than mine, that I felt myself thrown quite into the shade.

"You have been assessed fifty-eight dollars," he said, in his excited way—fifty-eight dollars! One would think, from the noise you make about it, that you had been robbed of half you are worth. Fifty-eight dollars for security at home and protection abroad! Fifty-eight dollars as your share in the cost of defence against an enemy that, if unopposed, will desolate our homes and destroy our government! Already it has cost the nation for your safety, over a thousand mil-lions of dollars; and you are angry be-cause it asks for your little part of the expense; Sir, you are not worthy the name of an American citizen!"

"That's hard talk, Growler, and I won't bear it," said the other.

"I'm true talk, and you'll have to bear it," was retorted. "Fretting over the mean little sum of fifty-eight dollars! Why, sir, I know a man who has given his right arm in the cause; and another who has given his right leg. Do they grumble? No sir! I never heard a word of complaint from their lips. Thou-sands and tens of thousands have given their sons, and wives have even their husbands—sons and husbands who will never more return! They are with the dead. Sir, you are dishonouring yourself in the eyes of all men. A grumbler over this paltry war tax for shame!"

I turned off, saying, in my thought:—So much good done! My reclaimed sinner has become a preacher of right-ousness."

A TRAVELLER, writing from Illinois, states that in getting to the place of his destination, he experienced all kinds of goadheadiness. In the first place, he took a steamboat; in the second, the rail-road; in the third, a mail-coach; the sixth miles on foot to Terra Haute; and was finally ridden out of the village on a rail. He says he don't know which to prefer, out of the six; but thinks the latter method is unquestionably the cheapest, though its accommodations are most wretched.

A NAVAL AID.—A person on whom the temperance reformation had produced no effect, entered, in a state of ex-hilaration, a temperance grocery in a neigh-boring town.

"Mr —" exclaimed he, "do you keep—any—thing—to take here?"

"Yes," replied the merchant, "we have some excellent cold water; the best thing in the world to take."

"Well, I know it," replied the Bac-chaute, "there's no one thing—that's done so much for navigation as that."

THE late Judge Peace, of the Supreme Court of the State of Ohio was a noted wag. A young lawyer was once making his first effort before him, and had thrown himself on the wings of his imagination into the seventh heaven, and was scintillat-ing by preparing for a higher ascent, when the Judge struck his rule on the desk two or three times, exclaiming to the astonish-ed orator, "Hold on, hold on, my dear sir; don't go any higher, for you are already out of the jurisdiction of the Court."

BREAD WITHOUT BUTTER.—Some fel-low enamored of a young lady named Annie Bread, dropped the following from his pocket—we expect—

"While bolls these lovely grasses spread, And fogs around them flitter, 'Tis best to have some Annie Bread, And won't have any but her."

DIGGS saw a five-pound note lying on the ground but he knew it was a forged one, and walked on without picking it up. He told Smithers the story, when the latter said, "Do you know, Diggs, you have committed a very grave offence?"

"Why what have I done?" "You have past a forged note, knowing it to be such."

WHEN asked how he got out of prison, a witty rogue replied: "I got out of my cell by ingenuity, ran up stairs with agi-lity, crawled out of the window in secrecy, slid down the lightning rod with rapidity, walked out of the town with dignity, and am now banking in the sunshine of lib-erty!"

A COLLEGE TALE.

BY T. D. REED.

In the archives of Bowdoin—meaning by archives, in this case, the garret of Maine Hall—is to be seen an old and faded flag. On a ground of white is a bristling swine, done in dubious brown. Astride this fierce animal, holding on by the ears, is a full-uniformed military officer. Above his head is the awful inscrip-tion, "Bowdoin's First Heat." Thereby hangs a tale. Becoming that the history of Maine would be incomplete without the recital, we venture, at our peril, to take up this story of demi gods and heroes.

As early as '320 the students were an-nually warned to appear "armed and equipped as the law directs." Accordingly, being incorporated into the town com-pany, they occasionally improved the good nature of the inhabitants by choosing, un-der their astonished noses, students as chief officers. Besides this, they indulg-ed, say excellent old ladies with suit-able unction, in other "highly unbecom-ing and indecorous tricks." It is cre-dible, also, judging what is past by what is present, that there was no lack of practical jokes. At last, it being thir-ty-two too much for the towns-people to en-dure, the Legislature passed a bill ex-empting students from military duty.—Then did peace, like the dew of evening, settle once more upon Brunswick. Its citizens rejoiced in warlike dignities.—They became corporals and lieutenants and captains, and were happy. Uncon-scious innocent little knowing the future and the bellying cloud of disaster above.

But the military spirit was on the in-crease throughout the State. Valorous individuals talked of slaughter, and of glory won on tented field. "Our people must become citizen-soldiers. It is the only safety for a free people—the only bulwark of our free institutions." And the valorous individuals went on as ever, conquering and to conquer.—As the re-sult of all this, in 1836 it seemed good to the Legislature of Maine to pass a law requiring students to train. It seemed good to them, also, to make sarcastic re-marks, indicative of contempt, which was not wise. This act, contrary to cus-tom, went into effect soon after it was passed. Of course there was commotion in college. Stump oratory was rampant. Every man with gift of language and a-bility to collect together six others, gave vent to sentiments of rebellion in firm and determined tones, and backed them by irrefutable arguments. But it is a sin-gular fact that even irrefutable argu-ments do not always hold sway in this world, nor prevail over common-sense. Every student was summoned sick or well, pre-sent or absent, it made no difference.—For the select men were efficient and de-termined to sacrifice all things to duty—having an eye likewise to the fines. The collegians, finding that stump-oratory came to little, held a meeting, heard speeches, passed resolutions of a compli-mentary nature, and determined to train. From that time it seemed as if college had become a barracks. "Forward, march," "Right and left oblique," were the only sounds to be heard. At dinner, instead of peaceful request to pass the potatoes, rang the warlike command to march down that detachment of beefsteak, or order out that platoon of potatoes, or squadron of pie. Meantime, active preparation went on behind the scenes. Only sometimes, by glancing at the windows, you might see "hideous forms shrinking from sight," and fancy colleges had turned menag-eries, and all the animals got loose.

At length came on the eventful day. The roll of war-drums and roar of ar-tillery heralded and ushered in the dawn. The rays of the rising sun slanted across the battle-banners flung from the peo-cant halls of learning. The village spire, forgetting to point heavenward, draped its summit in the folds of a fearful flag, on which you might have read the somn-olent, inspiring, food-dishartening "BELLUM." The sun reached the zenith. From all quarters the motley crowd poured into the college grounds. Every man was a muster-piece. "The ingenuity of weeks had not been put forth in vain. Some glowered in painted faces. Masks trans-formed some into fantastic demons. Gor-geous whiskers, putting to shame all the music teachers for miles around, bristled on the cheeks of the "mailed minions" of war. Through huge goggles leered the mocking images of old age, and around sides shaking with laughter wore dim melancholy badges of despair. The head-gear was equally varied. Broad-brimmed beavers, smart-cooked hats, hats of every size, shape and fashion, from a clown's bag to a general's chapeau, topped heads brimming with wisdom. P'umes of all styles—of old rope, feathers, brooms and brushes—waved from tin caps and chapeaus de bras. One Penicillin, worthy even of our time, mounted a helmet of bark, from which floated down the maj-estic pine bough—*typha latifolia* sam-ples."

For arms they bore claymores and simon-sters, iron or wooden, rusty guns ren-dered trustworthy by padlocks, hand-spikes, poleaxes, scythes, brooms, bayo-net, spurs, case-knives, and saws. And had the colossus been born into the world, that "sublime instrument" would have adorned every hand. As for body equip-ments, every battle-field from Bannock-burn to Queenstown seemed to have stripped its dead and furnished its share. No eye ever before beheld such motley groups. All the nations and tribes, from Lapland to Australia, were mimicked and caricatured to perfection. Thus the crowd stood, each convulsed with laughter at the comical costume of the other. And thus equipped, they were marshalled in order of classes, the Pandan and Pandow by musical bands marching in the van, beneath a flag inscribed, "The de'll cam-

fidlin' through the town." The medical class followed with a banner bearing an armed skeleton, surrounded by the motto, "Magna est Medica et praevalent." The seniors and juniors carried the flag we have already described. The Soph-omores were cheered on by the goddess of Victory and Death, with the motto, "Dulce est decorum est pro patria mori," and the Freshmen by a jackass rampant, and beneath him, "The Sage Ass what made the LAW."

Then commenced the march. Slowly swelled the solemn strains from the Pandan and Pandewdy. Standards waved and horns blew most melodiously. Welcome worthily the noble commander, who appeared just then to pluck the faded laurels of that fadeless day. He merits particular description, says the an-cient chronicler, and so, having materials, we describe him. On his head was a diminutive hat. Over his shoulders drooped the "waving folds" of an ex-tail plume. Wooden goggles bestowed his nose. Behind his back clattered an old hat, a canteen, a tin kettle, a cigar-box, a wooden firelock, and heaven knows what else. His horse was a strange animal, "compound of horse and jackass." Price eight dollars as was afterward discovered, for he died on the field of glory.

Receiving with shouts of applause their hero, who bowed to the very verge of equi-librium, the troops marched down Main street, crossed into Back Stand, and pro-ceeded to the place of training behind the bank, where now a row of quiet cottages, each one just like the other, peacefully rear their roofs—like their commander an-ting their meantime with comical remarks, pleasant no doubt then, but unappreci-able at this present. Arrived on the ground, the deep-mouthed cannon thundered their salute. They were then drawn up around their captain to listen to the roll-call. "At-tend," commanded he, "and answer to your names." The whole troop thronged round the affrighted officer. "Once at a time," trembled he in terror-stricken tones. The clerk called the first name. "Here!" "Here!" shouted all the posse in a breath. Next name. "Here!" "Here!" from all again. The colonel, as before, makes a few jocos remarks which were not suited to the act. At last order was restored, and the roll-call went on. Then began the examination of equipments. They stepped forward, one by one. "Mark him down—no equipments," shouted the captain, grown quite valorous now, find-ing no personal injury intended. The spectators nearly split their sides, while rage was filling the hardened bosom of the man of war. But what could he do, when his officers were "wringing around him like bears at bay?" This ended, they were ordered to form a line. "We've formed a line, but we can't keep it," mourned the valiant defenders of their country. "Form a line, or march off the field," roared the despairing and discom-fited captain, biting his lips.

Loudly swelled the strains of triumph from Pandan and Pandowdy. Wreath-ed with earliest victory and laurelled with latest renown, the conquerors left the field, their swords unsheathed, their guns un-fired, but their souls lifted heavenward by the glowing consciousness of battle done for truth and right. So they march-ed on, through the verdant streets of Brunswick and the shaded lanes of Top-sham, until they reached the college grounds. There, as everywhere, noble tongues were burning to eulogize noble deeds.

"Follow-students and soldiers," began the orator, whose speech has come down to our day; "follow-students and soldiers, you have earned for yourselves and your country never fading laurels. When dan-gers and perils thickened around your de-voted country, when her hardy yeoman-ry were no longer able to defend her soil and her liberties, you have nobly stepped forth to her rescue. You have doffed your students' gowns and assumed the mailed dress of war. You have exchange-d the badges of literary distinction for the toils and dangers of the battle-field. You have extinguished the midnight lamp and lit in its place the fiery torch of Mars. If you have followed Minerva in the flow-ery paths of literature, if you have toiled with her up the rugged steep of science, you have also followed her in the ranks of war and glory. If you have twined around your brows the prizes of poetic distinction, you have also encircled your temples with the wreaths of military glory. Yes follow-students! side by side we have followed in the career of literary fame, and shoulder to shoulder will we advance in the cause of liberty, law and our country."

"Soldiers, you have deserved well of your country, and think not but that she will fully discharge the debt. Students and soldiers, let this be our motto, 'War and science, military glory and literary distinction, now and forever, one and inseparable.'"

Thus have we endeavored to collect and preserve whatever might be valuable of a scene and action which still lingers in dim tradition about the college walls. Of its consequences, it suffices to say that it was the prime cause of that utter con-tempt into which general musters have sunk within the bounds of Maine. As to its immediate effects, no pen can do it justice, for no pen can bring back the quaint antics of the actors, the jolly laugh-ter of staid professors, or fill again the windows with the giggling groups, or line the sidewalks with the grinning soldier-boys.

Two gentlemen fishing—sharp boy ap-pears. "Well, sir, got any bites?" "Lots of em." "Y-e-e—under yer hat," "Race between 'em and sundry stones—boy a little ahead."

How East Tennessee Has Suffered Under Both Armies.

From Col. Taylor's description of Burnside's campaign we make this ex-tract:

"From before Zollikoffer ten miles above Carter Station, Burnside fell back toward Knoxville, the Confederates cau-tiously following. From Buhl's Gap he turned upon them, and drove them across the Watanga, and beyond the Virginia line. Again the Union forces retired and again the Rebels advanced, each ar-my supplying itself from the country around. Surging forward and back, these two armies four times advanced and retrograded, widening at each movement the desolation that marked their track. What the Rebels spared the Federals took, and what the Federals left was ap-propriated by the Rebels, and robbers, who found rallying points and secure hiding places in the mountains that skirt the valleys, came in for their share of the substance of this plundered people, and completed their ruin. Thus our cribbs and smoke-houses, our barns and dwellings have been emptied and pillaged. Our women and children have been de-stituted of their wearing apparel, and even the webs of domestic cloth in their looms, destined for winter clothing, have been cut out and carried away. Our tanneries have fared no better, and the limited amount of leather, which might have shed a portion of our women and old men, has been seized, and they are left bare-footed to struggle through the winter."

THE DRESS OF AFFLICTION.

"Believe me, East Tennessee has drunk its full cup of suffering, and nothing seems left her but to drain its very dregs. She has sacrificed everything but loyalty and life; she has endured everything but dishonor and death, and now destitution and famine, followed hard by despair and death are already trem-bling on the threshold of her sad homes, already entering their doors, to complete the sacrifice and consummate the suffer-ing."

But, through all her trials, she has re-mained faithful; persuasions, threats, in-sults, arrests, imprisonments, wounds, stripes, privations, punishments, chains and confiscations, gibbets, and military murders, the clash of arms and the ter-ribleness of armies with banners, and all the combined and concentrated horrors of internecine war marshalled on her battle torn bosom, and never corrupted her loyalty, nor driven her a line from her devotion to the Government of our fathers. Unprotected she was by the Government she loved, interior and iso-lated, dismissed before she could organize she was seized and pinioned by a power that overrode all law, and trampled con-stitutional liberty under its feet. Choked down under a reign of terror black as the night of the Robespierian dynasty, her proud neck has felt the heel of despotism more heartless and crushing than the power of an autocracy. Her loyal peo-ple, because they could not do otherwise, have submitted, for more than two drear-ful years, to a bondage their inmost hearts abhorred—a bondage that fettered the soul, and sealed the lips, and all but closed the door of hope. We breathed but to live, and lived to pray! Oh Lord, how long!"

Jack's Letter.

An English writer says:—One day when I came home from visiting, my old landlady told me that some one had been down begging me to go up to old Will's house as soon as ever I could—he was in great trouble. I started off at once, and found him and his old woman both in tears. I asked what was the matter.

"Oh, sir, we've had such a letter from our Jack in Africa?"

Now, our Jack was a soldier, and had, by good conduct, risen to the rank of sergeant-major.

His letter was in a high-flow strain. He had been evidently reading Moore and other poets; and he had written when the news of the threatened Chartist riot on the famous 19th of April had first reached the camp. I cannot re-member all his letter, but this passage occurs to me:

"BELOVED PARENTS—I have heard of the terrible dangers that threaten my native land. Perhaps ere now it has been devastated by lawless bands of un-principled miscreants; perhaps ere now the humble cot in which I first drew nurture has been committed to ruthless flames. Would I were with you, to protect my ancestral hearth! I cannot be with you; but, beloved parents, my soul hovers over you, as the fabled Hour of the Mohammedan; and I do all I can, by wish and supplication, to cast an agni around you."

Of course I burst out laughing at this high-flown letter and their grief. They started at my laugh.

"What, sir, is all right? We thought summat terrible had surely happened; and we never heard such words afore."

"I assured them all was right, and translated the letter for them, to their amazing comfort; but I can assure you that letter was shown to every neighbor as 'what our Jack could do,' and doubly treasured because they could not com-prehend it."

Gen. Grant in a Horse Trade.

A few Congressmen on the train to-day entered into conversation about the merits of different Generals in our army, in the course of which one of them told the following story about Gen. Grant:

"I knew Ulysses Grant when he was a little boy. We used to go to school to-gether, near Georgetown, Brown county, Ohio. The boys used to plague him dreadfully about a horse trade he once made. When he was about twelve years old, his father sent him a few miles into the country to buy a horse from a man named Ralston. The old man told Ulysses to offer Ralston fifty dollars at first, if he wouldn't take that, to offer fifty-five dollars, and to go as high as sixty dollars if no less would make the purchase. The embryotic Major-General started off with these instructions fully impressed upon his mind. He called upon Mr. Ralston, and told him he wished to buy the horse.

"How much did your father tell you to give for him? was a very natural in-quiry from the owner of the steed.

"Why," said Ulysses, "he told me to offer you fifty dollars, and if that wouldn't do, to give you fifty-five dollars, and if you wouldn't take less than sixty dollars, to give you that."

"Of course sixty dollars was the lowest figure, and on payment of that amount, the animal became the property of the young Napoleon."

We see an announcement of a marriage of a Mr. Greenback. Now look out for an issue of legal tenders."

A Singular and Affecting Incident.

A Cincinnati paper says that some three years ago a household in the city of Covington was thrown into commotion by the sudden disappearance of a daughter twelve years of age. She was tracked to the ferry boat but whether she had passed safely over or had been drowned was not discovered. Patient and anxious waiting brought no tidings of her. The frenzied and unhappy father, although in moderate circumstances, sought the newspaper offices, and advertised a reward of 1,000 to whoever should restore his missing child. All proved unavailing. Some time afterwards the corpse of a young lady was found in the river near Neway, Indiana, and hearing of it he went there, but it was not his daughter.

Time wore on and no tidings came of the lost child. She was dead to them, but they could not visit her grave. About twelve months since the stricken family removed to Mexico and took up their abode in a country foreign in lan-guage and customs in features and in habits from that in which they had met with their great loss. It might wear away their thoughts from sadly ruminating on the past, and enable them, in region de-voted to religious duties, to look more hopefully toward the great future. There they still are.

About a week since a steamer arriving from Memphis was crowded with passen-gers who were upon the guards straining their eyes to gather into one look the multi-tudinous objects which throng the pub-lic landing. One however, a young girl budding into womanhood, sought the out-ter rail and looked wistfully over the naked shore of Covington to where, hid a-neath a clump of trees, was the cottage of her childhood, hoping in vain to see the curling smoke announce to her a warm welcome within. Quickly she passed over the ferry, where long since she had disappeared. No one noted or knew her and she went without interrup-tion to the door of her father's house.—It answered not her knock; weeds had grown up rank and rough where she had left flowers, and no signs of human life were to be found there.

It was the turn now of the wayward child to weep, and when, by inquiry, she found how far and almost hopeless she was separated from her parents, she be-gan to feel desolate. Piqued at some chiding or some punishment of her moth-er, she had gone upon a steamboat, where a female passenger hired her as a nurse. After a little while the war broke out, stopping all intercourse with the South by the river, and, though she soon found that untried friends but seldom prove steadfast in trouble, she did that the harsh-ness of a parent is melting beside that of a stranger, yet she was unable until late-ly to return. A kind lady of Covington has given shelter to the wanderer until her return is made known to her parents.

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