

The Potter Journal

Devoted to the Principles of True Democracy, and the Dissemination of Morality, Literature and News.

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* Devoted to the cause of Republicanism, the interests of Agriculture, the advancement of Education, and the best good of Potter county. Owing no guide except that of Principle, it will endeavor to aid in the work of more fully Freedomizing our Country.

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Lewisville, July 9, 1862.

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THIS Popular Hotel is situated near the corner of Murray Street and Broadway, opposite the Park, within one block of the Hudson River Railroad and near the Erie Rail Road Depot. It is one of the most pleasant and convenient locations in the city.
Board & Rooms \$1.50 per day.
N. HUGGINS, Proprietor.
Feb. 18th, 1863.

Now is the time to subscribe for your Country Paper—THE JOURNAL.

HYMN
Written for the Christmas Festival of the Oakland School on St. Helena Island, S. C.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

O! none were ever glad before
In all the world we live,
We're free on Carolina's shores,
We're all at home and free!

Come, Helper of the weak and poor!
Who suffered for our sake,
To open every prison door,
And every yoke to break!

Bend low Thy gentle face and mild
And help us sing and pray;
Thy hand that blessed the little child
Upon our forehead lay.

Draw near and give us as we need
Thy truth that maketh free,
And bless us while we learn to read
The Book that tells of Thee.

We hear no more the driver's horn,
No more the whip we fear,
This blessed day that saw Thee born
Was never half so dear.

The very oaks are greener clad,
The waters brighter smile;
O! never shone a day so glad
On sweet St. Helen's Isle!

We praise Thee in our songs to-day,
To Thee in prayer we call;
Make swift the feet and straight the way
Of Freedom unto all!

Come, quickly come, thou gracious Lord!
Come walking on the sea,
And let the mainlands hear the word
That makes the islands free!

A COMPROMISE.
C. S. A. would you like a truce!
Ha! Ha! a compromise!
Fighting out of any use!
Ha! Ha! a compromise!
Never mind who's wrong or right,
Mudsills can't be made to fight,
And, besides, it costs a sight!
Ha! Ha! a compromise!

Neutral Bull says, "My advice,"
Ha! Ha! the neutral Bull!
"Is, to patch it all up nice."
Ha! Ha! the neutral Bull!
"Let your wayward sisters go,
I'm your friend that tells you so,
Love 'em just as fire loves tow!"
Ha! Ha! the neutral Bull!

Guess we better fix it so,
Ha! Ha! a compromise!
Gulp our shame and let 'em go,
Ha! Ha! a compromise!
Let's own up that we're afraid,
That for ruling they were made,
We to lick their boots and trade!
Ha! Ha! a compromise!

THE ROYAL WAGER.
"Come tell me where the maid is found,
Whose heart can love without deceit,
And I will range the world around,
So sign on moment at her feet."—Moore.

One fine July day, the fair Margaret,
Queen of Navarre, then on a visit to her
royal brother, had arranged a ruse for the
morning following, which Francis had
declined attending. He was melancholy,
and the cause was said to be some
lover's quarrel with a favorite dame. The
morrow came, and the dark rain and murky
clouds destroyed at once the schemes of
the courtly throng. Margaret was angry,
and she grew weary; her only hope for
amusement was in Francis, and he had
shut himself up—an excellent reason
why she should desire to see him. She
entered his apartment; he was standing
under the easement, against which the
noisy shower beat, writing with a diamond
on the glass. Two beautiful dogs were
his sole companions. As Queen Margaret
entered he hastily let down the silken
curtain before the window, and looked a
little confused.

"What treason is this, my liege," said
the queen, "which crimson your cheek?
I must see the same."
"It is treason," replied the king, "and
therefore, sweet sister, thou must not see it."

This the more excited Margaret's curi-
osity, and a playful contest ensued. Francis
at last yielded; he threw himself on a
huge, high-backed settee; and, as the
lady drew back the curtain with an arch
smile, he grew grave and sentimental, as
he reflected on the cause which had in-
spired this libel against all womankind.

"What have we here?" said Margaret.
Nay this is *les majestés*—
"Souvent femme varie—bien fou qui
s'y fie!" (Often woman changes—foolish
is he who trusts her.)
"Very little change would better amend
your line, sir—would it not greatly run
thus:
"Souvent homme varie—bien folle qui
s'y fie!" (Often man changes—foolish
she who trusts him.) I could tell you a
thousand stories of man's inconstancy."
"I will be content with one true tale of
woman's fidelity," said Francis dryly, "but
do not provoke me. I would fain be at
peace with the soft mutabilities for thy
dear sake."
"I defy your grace," replied Margaret
rashly, "to instance the falsehood of one
noble and reputed dame."
"Not even *Emilie de Langry*?" said
the king.

This was a sore subject for the queen.
Emilie had been brought up in her house-
hold, the most beautiful and virtuous of
her maids of honor. She had long loved
the Sire de Langry, and their nuptials
were celebrated with rejoicings, but little
ominous of the result. De Langry was ac-
cused by a year after of traitorously yield-
ing to the emperor a fortress under his
command, and he was condemned to per-
petual imprisonment. For some time
Emilie was inconsolable, often visiting the
miserable dungeon of her husband, and
suffering, on her return from witnessing his
wretchedness, such paroxysms of
grief, as threatened her life. Suddenly,
in the midst of her sorrow, she disap-
peared; and inquiry only divulged the
disgraceful fact that she had escaped from
France, bearing her jewels with her, and
accompanied by her page *Robinet Leroux*.
It was whispered that, during her jour-
ney, the lady and her stripping were often
seen together; and Margaret, enraged at
these discoveries, commanded that no
further quest should be made for her lost
favorite.

Taunted now by her brother, she de-
fended *Emilie*, declaring that she be-
lieved her to be guiltless, even going so
far as to boast that within a month she
would bring proof of her innocence.

"Robinet was a pretty boy," said Francis,
laughing.
"Let us make a bet," cried Margaret.
"If I lose, I will bear this wild rhyme of
yours as a motto of my shame to my grave;
if I win—"

"I will break my window, and grant
thee whatever boon thou askest," said the
king.

The result of this bet was long sung by
troubadour and minstrel. The queen en-
gaged a hundred emissaries—published
rewards for any intelligence of *Emilie*—
all in vain. The month was expiring,
and Margaret would have given many
bright jewels to redeem her word. On
the eve of the fatal day, the jailer of the
prison "in which the Sire de Langry was
confined, sought audience of the queen;
he brought her a message from the
knight to say, that if the lady Margaret
would ask his pardon for his boon, and
obtain from her royal brother that he
might be brought before him, her bet was
won. Fair Margaret was very joyful, and
readily made the required promise. Francis
was unwilling to see his false servant,
but he was in high good humor, for a
cavalier had that morning brought intel-
ligence of a victory over the imperialists.
The messenger himself was lauded in the
despatches as the most fearless and brave
knight in France. The king loaded him
with presents, only regretting that a vow
prevented the soldier from raising a visor
or declaring his name.

The same evening as the setting sun
shone on the lattice on which the ungal-
lant rhyme was traced, Francis reposed
on the same settee, and the beautiful
queen of Navarre, with triumph in her
bright eyes, sat beside him. Attended
by guards, the prisoner was brought in;
his frame was attenuated with privation,
and he walked with tottering steps. He
knelt at the feet of Francis, and uncovered
his head; a quantity of rich golden
hair then escaping, fell over the sunken
cheeks and pallid brow of the supplicant.

"We have treason here!" cried the
king. "Sir jailer, where is your prisoner?"
"Sir, blame him not," said the soft
faltering voice of *Emilie*; "wiser men
than he have been deceived by woman.
My dear lord was guiltless of the crime
for which he suffered. There was but
one mode to save him. I assumed his
chains, he escaped with poor *Robinet* in
my attire; he joined your army; the
young gallant cavalier who delivered the
despatches to your grace—whom you
overwhelmed with honors and rewards—is
my own *Buguerard de Langry*. I waited
but for his arrival with testimonials of
his innocence, to declare myself to the
lady queen. Has she not won the bet?
and that boon she asks—"

"Is de *Bugny's* pardon," said Margaret;
as she also knelt to the king "Spare
your faithful vassal, sire, and reward this
lady's truth!"

Francis first broke the false speaking
window, then he raised the ladies from
their supplicatory posture.

In the tournament given to cele-
brate this "triumph of ladies," the sire
de Langry bore of every prize and surely
there was more loveliness in *Emilie's* faded
cheek—more grace in her emaciated
form—types as they were of the truest
affection—than the prouder bearing and
fresher complexion of the most brilliant
beauty in attendance on the courtly festi-
val.

Pride is as loud a beggar as want,
and a great deal more sassy. When
you have bought one fine thing you want
ten more, that your appearance may be
all of a piece; but it is easier to sup-
press the first desire than to satisfy all
that follow it. Pride has broken many a
heart.

From the 171st Regiment.
NEWBERN, N. C., March 12, 1863.

Thinking that perhaps the whereabouts
and what doings of the Potter boys might
interest some of the old friends and neigh-
bors at home, I have determined to again
venture on a detail for a while past. I
will commence at near the latest date and
go crabwise. On the 4th inst., we got
orders to prepare three days rations and
be ready to move at a moment's notice.
The next evening at roll call we were told
to be ready the next morning at six o'-
clock, with a blanket and overcoat, and
to take 60 rounds of ammunition. Punc-
tual to the time we were ready and *Daddy*
Bierer, the Colonel, ordered a "right
face" and the column moved off in high
spirits. We had lain idle for some time
and longed to stretch our legs over the
land of "cinnamon seed and sandy bot-
tom." Our force consisted of Gen. Prince's
Division of infantry, two batteries of
artillery, one of steel rifled, and a regiment
of cavalry. The right wing of the division
is *Spinola's* Brigade, of which the
171st Pa. M., is the right and leading
regiment. The Potter boys are at the
head of the column, and so have a better
opportunity for seeing all that is going
on. We directed our course towards
Trenton, a considerable of a rendezvous for
the Rebels. At noon we rested and
took our dinners at Pollockville, a small
town which was burned by our cavalry a
short time ago in retaliation for being
fired upon from the houses. A large cot-
ton warehouse had been burned with
quite a quantity of cotton by the Rebels.
Some eight miles further marching brought
us to one of the finest plantations I have
seen, where the division camped for the
night. Scarcely an inhabitant was seen
along the route. All looked deserted and
desolate. At one poor house I saw two
women and two girls, and at another an
old man and woman. At every inhabited
house a white flag was hung out as the
column came up. One poorly dressed
youngish man came out of the woods and
along with us away. The attention of
the Col. being called to him he was taken
up and put under guard. Towards night
another was picked up and served the
same way. Early next morning we
pressed on for eight miles, when the cav-
alry returned reporting that the enemy
had fled from Trenton and our game was
up that way. We about face and retraced
our steps to our camp ground a little after
noon. After dinner and two hours rest,
we shouldered knapsacks, (which had
been left there in the morning,) and started
for Jacksonville, the county seat of
Anzelo Co. Our route the rest of the
day lay through a low, swampy wood,
making our march very uncomfortable.
We got to our camping ground at 8
o'clock in the evening, but it was three
the next morning before the whole col-
umn got in. The next morning it was
reported that the Rebels had been seen in
some force a mile and a half off, just over
the White Oak River. We moved down
early in the morning, and found a battery
of cannon planted to cover the "Black
Brigade," who were building a bridge
across the river. The 171st crossed
the stringers and formed a line three-
fourths of a mile beyond, in a field near
where the enemy had disappeared in the
woods, and threw out skirmishers. The
whole Regiment appeared as cool as
if going on dress parade. "Now boys,"
said the Col., "remember that the Rebels
wear gray clothes, and do not make as
fine a line as we do. You must fire low,
and be careful not to waste any powder.
Remember that the bravest men always
come out best." We remained here un-
til the column had crossed the bridge
when we moved on reconnoitering for a
mile or two. We saw no enemy, for the
reason the sequel will show. We passed
a few fine plantations, most of which were
deserted. We halted for a rest on one,
the residence of a N. C. Justice. There
was no one at home but a woman and
young girl, her husband had been in the
Rebel army, and she had been told he
was dead. One of the blacks in our Reg-
iment, a waiter, was raised here, and wan-
ted to go up and see his old mistress.—
The captain took him up. They seemed
very glad to see one another, but the
mistress' persuasions for him to stay there
were indignantly scorned. Some of the
boys picked up some old and curious
books in an out house, and brought them
away; and some old letters, one of which
was dated in 1788. We came across a
few more stragglers along the way, all of
whom were bagged, or to use the forcible
expression of the Rebels, "thrown in for
wedge-wood." Just at dark we met our
cavalry, who had been down to Jackson-
ville, and reported that the enemy had
run from there. They had taken three
Rebel cavalry prisoners; horses and all.
A bivouac was ordered on a small planta-
tion just at hand, and we gladly availed
ourselves of the privilege to stretch out
our weary limbs. We had just got our
suppers and laid down, when there was a
call for butchers, to dress beefs for the
whole division. Gen. *Spinola* having

promised us an ox if we succeeded in
driving out the enemy. And now en-
sued a scene my pen cannot describe.
The poor beasts were driven out for
slaughter, but owing to the darkness the
death blow was often not well aimed,
when he would break away and run into
the woods, pursued by the butchers, who
looked, by the lurid light of the burning
pitch pine rails like devils at their orgies.
The result was, however, that we were
called up at three in the morning to roast
some very good beef for our breakfasts.
Our object seemed now accomplished,
namely: to make a reconnoissance in
force, as far as Trenton and Jacksonville,
to find out the condition of the country and
enemy; whip him if we could find him,
and be back to Newbern in ten days.—
Three days had elapsed, and nothing re-
mained but to go home. This we now
prepared to do. We found out by our
prisoners that they supposed our force to
be only cavalry, and that by retreating
they could come around in their rear and
capture the whole of them. This they
had attempted to do, but found they had
caught a tartar, and now they were in our
rear and likely to fall a prey to us. They
estimated our force at 15,000. The night
before a couple of the cavalry boys came
along with a florid, fat faced, jolly fellow,
on a poor sorrel horse, who was evidently
a prisoner. "Hallo boys!" I said, "been re-
cruiting?" "Yes, we've got one," "I'm
just thrown in for wedge-wood," says ruby
of the straw hat. This morning a nigger
rebel soldier was taken and brought in.
The prisoners were all down at the Gen-
eral's quarters in the woods when he was
feted up. "What Mr. Collins!" says
darkie, "you wedge wood too?" "Stop
your talk," says the Gen. don't let me
hear another word out of you." I recog-
nized one of the cavalry prisoners as a
fisherman I had seen drawing a net in
the river by our camp. Hundreds of
others also recognized him. That is the
way information of our numbers and do-
ings gets to the enemy.

The folks at the house appeared very
poor, and the old lady said her son had
been taken the day before a Rebel occu-
pied it. It was suspected that the old
fellow in the straw hat was the husband
of the other. Nothing in or about any
house was disturbed by our troops, but
excess of caution frequently proved dan-
gerous and ludicrous in its results. For
instance. This morning some of the
boys of the 171st, roaming about
the woods, found a box covered with
brush. Its contents was, among other
things, a quantity of cotton cloth,
both home-made and factory, cloth for
pants and coat; one pair new pants; a
dozen pounds of cotton yarn; a paper of
red calico; a silk handkerchief; some to-
bacco; several ladies dresses and shirts,
and other women's ware, &c. &c. The
boys appropriated the pants and the cloth
for towels and small sugar and coffee
sacks, and of course the tobacco, but the
balance, not being useful to them, they
took to the house. The old lady said,
if their soldiers had come there so, they
would not have used them so well as we
did. "Pity was in the heart of every one
for them. I could not help contrasting
their condition, and theirs is like all the
rest this way, with ours up home, had as
it is. Friends at home, you are in para-
dise compared with residents here! The
country desolate, farms ruined, families
all broken up; not a horse or a mule left
or a man to work them; houses burned
or deserted, fields abandoned and grown
up to weeds, and nothing in the granary;
what can be more pitiable? When the
prisoners were told that we were about
making another draft for three years, they
replied, "It is useless, we can barely live
now, we shall raise nothing this year, we
have nothing to fall back upon, and what
can we do? Still they declared their
intention to fight to the last man. Nor
is this all talk and bravado. Their con-
duct proves the truth and strength of
their determination. Who but Rebels
would carry on so hopeless a contest so
long. A united front at the North would
do more towards a victory in full fruition,
than a half million can do in arms. They
why not end it now and not leave so poor
a legacy to our children as a patched up
peace a civil itch, that will sooner or later
break out in the ulcer of war?"

The order was given to fall in and in
a moment every man was harnessed and
at his post. We lay bivouaced in divi-
sions. *Daddy Bierer* rode into our center
with an order to read to us, the tenor of
which was this, that the 171st Pa. M. Col. E.
Bierer, by their good conduct, cheerfulness
and good nature in the arduous
march they had gone through with, mer-
ited and received the commendation of
the Gen. commanding; and as a mark of
honor to them, they were directed to take
charge of the prisoners and conduct them
to Newbern.

Our march now made us the covering
column, or rear guard. The cavalry had
gone out in pursuit of the Rebel cavalry,
which we had passed, and returned with
eleven more prisoners. Some few guns

were also picked up which they had
thrown away to their flight. Their haste
was so great that they cut their horses
instead of untying them. Passing along
to-day we saw some contrabands a little
way out in the wood looking at our array.
The boys called out to them to "come
on." They timidly ventured into our
ranks, but left in a few minutes to go
back after their children. At our halt
for dinner they came up again, one man,
two women and four children. Two of
the children had only shirts on, and all
the rest of the party were but little bet-
ter off. Each of the adults had a large
bundle on their heads and had to carry
all of the children. "Well boy," I said to
the man, "you are moving I see." "Yes
sah, I see cut and dried for de Union now
hurrah!" and he cut a flourish and kicked
up his heels in clear excess of joy. Every
one that comes in in this way we think
is as good as a Rebel dead; therefore we
say come on.

Passing along to-day the boys discov-
ered a barrel under a brush heap near a
house. Remembering the box of the
morning they were not long in discover-
ing it were *barrels* of hams, and instantly
they were traveling towards our ranks.
"O, see im go, see im go!" cried the old
lady at the house. The Chaplain was
talking to her. He waved his hand to
the boys and then stepped getting them.
If they had been where they had ought
to have been not one would have been
touched by us, but the Rebels would
have got them. At noon the fifth day
out it commenced raining. The artillery
had been ordered back to Newbern in
haste, and proceeding us cut up the roads
badly. The provision train got stuck in
the mud, it was strong along for two
miles, the axes dragging in the mud.—
We reached our camp at dark, accom-
plishing in five days the work laid out
for ten, receiving the thanks of the Gen.
and a treat. Not a man of the 171st
straggled or was left behind. The boys
from Potter are all well except *Conright*
who is gaining fast. My space admon-
ishes me that I must quit. E. A.

[For the JOURNAL.]

"Bayonets Think now days"
Is the caption of a late article in the
Journal. It was good and timely, and I
would like to add a supplement. First,
I would strike out the adverb "now days"
—for bayonets have thought ever since
the fall of our race, and will think so long
as sin is in the world. Carnal weapons,
like spiritual, are mighty, through God,
in pulling down the strongholds of Satan.
In many of the great revolutions that have
taken place, the bayonet (or sword) has
preceded the gospel. During the seven
long years of distress and anguish endur-
ed by our fathers, the sword was thinking
and acting; and the sword is now con-
templating leaving to our children a more
perfect government and a brighter out-
look than they left us. When will it
be returned again to its scabbard is the
question? But not until the wild delir-
ium of rebels has given place to reason,
and passion to returning patriotism. Mr.
Breed says "we can endure twenty years
of war with less suffering than seven cost
them." The sword of Damocles has
fallen! Its point was aimed at the heart
of our nation, when the rebels and tor-
tried to assassinate Lincoln, when on his
way to be inaugurated. The sword of
the North is now thinking. Hark! hear
its soliloquy: "I was drawn in defence of
justice and will not return to my scab-
bard until justice is obtained. The cry
of oppression from the South has roused
me, and I will drink the blood of the
oppressor. I will put down treason and
rebellion, or no peace demagog or oppres-
sion can stay my course, until my
mission be fully accomplished. I will
not suffer this land to be divided. South
Carolina cannot go out; not one inch of
territory or a river or a rill can be ap-
parted—the land is one. As I cut off the head
of bawling Goliath, and sent it to the
camp of the descendants of Abraham, so
will I decapitate the leaders of the rebel-
lion and send their heads to *Abraham's*
tent. But the Hagar's must be cast out.
Beware ye Democrats, who say that this
Mayflower cast her fifth upon Plymouth
rock; beware, while I establish the true
republican, gospel principles brought over
by that Mayflower." Bayonets and swords
think!

A father came home from his business
at early evening, and took his little girl
upon his knee. After a few dove-like
caresses, she crept to his bosom and fell
asleep. He carried her to her chamber
and said, "Nellie would not like to go to
bed and not say her prayers." Half
opening her large blue eyes, she dreamily
articulated,
"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord—"
then adding, in a sweet murmur, "He
knows the rest," she sank on her pillow
in His watchful care who "gives his be-
loved sleep."