

n Politics and Religion.

IA, FRIDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 12, 1864.

Yankeeism on the Field.

Saved: Portland Transcript has the follow-There is a world of joy shut up in that lich. whether exactly true or not, is a little word, saved ! How many a dawn of

rich and a golden beauty for the soul has it the battle of the Rappahannock Sta. ushured in, after a gloomy night of deferred the cultures from exposure. after the 5th Maine had gained posses- hope and anxious watching! It is always of the works in their front and were bu- a sweet word to hear-a sweeter, word to in taking a whole brigade of Johnnys to speak. So full of happy music when the the rear, Col. Edwards, who was one of the lips utter it—so full of happier meaning first to reach the rifle pits, took a few men when the heart feels it. The voice never from Company G, and pressed on in quest of breathes it, but the face becomes radiant more prisoners, supposing some might be ury with joy, and the eye sparkles with delight. ing to get away in the darkness of the night. Every chord of the heart situation with iter pressible pleasure, as its music falls upon

ing heart will take it up, and send it joyfully back again through the gloom and darkness. Whisper it ever so softly, and there will be ion. It is sometimes easier to mak some soul that cannot contain itself for every tune by littleness than by greatness. joy. It is the avenue through which the soul breathes out its overflowing gratitude. Its whole expression is that of thankfulness. Saved! and from what! Ah! from a life Saved 1 and from what: An: from a first ity of the Union depends upon the issue? of intemperance, of misery, of crime; of ity of the Union depends upon the issue? degradation, of shame, of infamy, and from death. If you have known, kind reader, what it is to have had the dear object of your what it is to have had the dear object of your track for a first and from any of while the off intime depends upon the issue? that would so fitly express the outgushing thankfulness of your heart, as the little word—Saved !

The Open Door.

Mrs. Vanlue was a poor widow with four children, of whom Richard, the eldest, was eight years old. She could only lift up her heart to God, and this she did in earnest old lady. prayer, for she believed in his love and his power to save.

At the close of her prayer, Richard said to her : "Mother does not the Bible say that God sent ravens to a man to bring him bread ?"

"Yes, my child; but that was a long time

some ravens with bread now. 1'm going to open the door, or they can't get in ;" and jumping up he ran to the door and threw it open, so that the candle shone out into the street.

A few minutes after the village magistrate came passing by, and casting a glance through the open door, he was charmed by the appearance of a pretty group within .--hour in the evening."

S1.50 PerYear

NUMBER_39

HUMOROUS

Why are woolen hose like a cattle-grawer's sheds ? Because they sorve to protect

Lord Nubury riding in the coach of his friend Purcell, chanced to pass a galhows "Where would you be Purcell, if every man_had_his-duo? "Alone in my carriage," was the reply.

Of devil horn,

To treason wed,

A thing of score, Thou Copperhead !

mingled experience of sorrow and joy of A Tavern-keeper in Lanenshire has in-many a soul. Few there are who have not scribed over his door, instead of the usual uttered it in more or less meaning, through pictorial notification. My sign's in the whose soul has it not sent a thrill of delight, cellar." A man who lives opposite says that filling it too full for utterance. Sound it folks who go into that cellar almost always out in the stillness of night, and some ach- bring out the signs thereof with 'em.

> Tom Thumb retires upon a quarter million. It is sometimes easier to make a for

A grave subject for a debating elub-If a man had a grizzly bear by the tail would it. be policy to hold fast or let go? The stabil.

heart's best affection snatched from any of While the officiating clergyman was in the those calamities, you have found no word midst of a most interesting dicussion, an old

"Merciful Father, if I had one more feather in my wing of faith I would fly to glory." The worthy gentleman thus interrupted immediately replied.

"Good Lord, stick it in and let her go: she's but a trouble here." That quieted the

John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, when one day riding through the country, was saluted by a fellow who was lying in a

"Halloo, Father Wesley, I'm glad to see you. How do you do?"

"I don't know you," said Mr. W., reising up his horse. "Who are you ?"

"Don't know me ! Why, sir, you are the very man who converted me?"

"I reckou I am," said Mr. Wesley, putting spurs to his horse, "at least one thing is evident-the Lord had nothing to do about it."

A justice of the peace, in Ohio, has adopted a novel mode of putting the test to all persons who are being brought before him He could not refrain from entering, and said | under charge of having taken too much stimto Mrs. Vanlue; "My good lady, how hap- ulus. He has procured a long narrow plank, pens it that your door is wide open at this which is clovated from the ground by means of a brick at each end. This the accused is "It is my little Richard that has opened | made to walk-or rather to attempt to walk. the door, so that the ravens, he says, may It he succeeds, he is at once discharged, and the constable saddled with costs; but if he falls off, it is taken as prima facie evidence against him, and the sentence of the law is forthwith pronounced. A JOKE FOR THE LADIES .- The editor of a paper in Providence. lately informed his readers that the ladies always pulled off the grocer's, filled a basket with provisions, and | left stocking last. This, as may be suppossent him home with it. Richard, you may ed created some stir among his fair readers, and while in positive terms they denied the statement, they at the same time declared When they had must determent, they had no business to know it, even it ard again went to the door, took off his cap, and looking up into the sky, said, "Thank you, my dear Father in Heaven;" after you, my dear Father in Heaven;" after short argument. "When one stocking is short argument. It when one stocking is pulled off and another left on, pulling off this is taking the left stocking off last.'

the damp, cold grave. tren-ding to witness that silent despanning anguish! No violent demonstration, no words, no tears, only at intervals the long, deep wailing moan. My heart bled for the stricken one ; and sinking behind the moss-grown headstone, I fervently besought Him, who wept over the grave of Lazarus, to whisper words of comfort to the soul of that mourner.

For a time the children stood by in awestricken silence, when, suddenly, the young- "Here," answered the Colonel who was er one, a boy about five years old. stamped commanding the rebel brigade, "and who his little foot, and with clenched hands, ex- | are you, sir ?" elaimed :

"Oh, dear, I wish I was a man! Den I till de naughty rebel what shoot my papa." Poor, fatherless little cherub, how elo-

quently did the simple words tell the sad, plied the rebel officer. sad tale. Then did I know why those deep throes of mental anguish racked that prostrate form; then could I understand the vancing. (Pointing to a large body of men, yearning with which that bosom was pressed marching over the hill, but who were the to the cold, damp turf ! And when, as the grey of twilight had almost merged into the blackness of night, the mother and children silently departed, I went to the hallowed grave, and kneeling upon it, dropped a tear to the memory of the dead hero !

Reader, do you ever reflect upon the many hearts thus stricken, the many homes thus desolated? Do you honor the brave fellows dishonored?" who have sundered ties so binding for the sake of our country? Do you pray for their preservation amid the perils of war, and (Colonels by h their speedy return to home and friends ? Oh, uoble soldiers ! Offering your heart's best blood upon the alter of freedom ! braving the molten lead of the booming cannon ! shrinking not from the fiery hail of the rattling musketry ! facing undauntedly even the sharp point of the gleaming bayo-net! May God protect you! May He rule your hearts and strengthen your arms, and in his own good time crown you with the victory for which you are so gloriously stri-

> The Aeolian Harp. BY REV. J. MILTON AKERS.

ving!

tne preeze

In my restless wanderings to and fro, I am wont to fix up a wind harp in my win dow; for in its sweet, sad voice it seems to sing of my home, far, far away, that I love so well. If I am sad, its plaintive wailings scems congenial to my desponding heart .---Lightly touched by the unseen fingers of a song at once unearthly in its

Following the line of fortifications down towards the river he saw before him a long line of troops in the rifle-pits. Finding that he was in a tight fix, he determined to put on a

Tankee story :

bold tace. "Where is the officer in command of these troops ?" den anded the gallant Colonel. "Here," answered the Colonel who was

"My name is Col. Edwards, of the 5th Maine, and I demand you to surrender your company "

"I will confer with my officers first," re-"Not a moment will I allow, sir,,' said Col.

Edwards. "Don't you see my columns adrebel prisoners being marched to the rear.) Your forces have all been captured, and your retreat is cut off," and as the rebel comman-

der hesitated he continued. "Forward! 5th Maine and 21st New York." "I surrender, sir." said the rebel commander quickly. "Will you allow me the cour-tesy of retaining a sword that has never been

"Yes sir," replied Col. E. "but I will take the swords of those officers," pointing to the

dozen men of his regiment.

Situations Reversed.

Colonels by his side. They were handed to him. "Now order your men to lay down their arms, and pass to the rear with this-guard."

They obeyed, and a whole brigade of Lou isianians, the famous 5th and 6th Tigers, being among them permitted themselves to be disarmed, and marched to the rear as prisoners of war, by Col. Edwards, and less than a

ago."

"Well," said Richard, "God can send us A correspondent of the Cincinnatti Commercial, with the Army of the Cumberland,

narrates the following incident : A certain wealthy old planter, who used to govern a precinct in Alabama, in a recent skirmish was taken prisoner, and at a late hour brought into camp, where a guard was placed over him. The aristocratic rebel. supposing everything was all right-that he was secure enough any way as a prisoner of war-as a committee of the whole, resolved. himself into "sleep's dead slumber." Awak-

the ear long waiting in anxious expectation. It has a history of its own, written in the

LADIES WEAR. The people's eyes are open As they are passing by ! You cannot tell what they might think, Blk. and Fancy Silks, All Wool Delaines, They've said strange things before; Turin Cloth, Figured Delaines, Poplins, French and English Merinos, Alpacas, Shepherd Plaids, Cloaking Cloths of every quali-Ly, color and description. **MOURNING GOODS** Bik. French Merinos English do., all Wool Delaines, Bonathera Cloths. Turin Cloths, English Crape. Prints. French Crupe, Plush lined Gaunilets, Crape Ribbons, Hoods Nubias. Balmorals: and everything to make the sad mourner look beau titul in all her somow.

GENTS' WEAR.

d colo. Gray, Bik, Bro, Solferino, Red T C

All colors, Bay State Flannels,

Red Twiffed Flannel,

Gray do. do., Grifen do. do.,

Yellow do. do.

Domestic Goods,

Bro Muslin

Tickings,

Jeans,

Denims.

Burlaps,

CROCERIES

AND

OUEENSWARE

very low, come and see for yourselves. To see is to buy. Remember the place. Northeast corner of the Diamond. Oct. 13. JOS. PRICE We have a full and complete stock and will sell

Anger at (nov 27) Barns's

Sheetings.

Pillowcase muslin

Hickory Stripes Canton Flannels

And if you wish to talk awhile, Come in and shut the door! Nay, do not say, "No, thank you, Jane," With such a bashful face ; You said when ladies wispered "No," 'They ment "Yes" all the while ! My tather, too, will welcome you, I told you that before; It doesn't look well standing here-Come in and shut the door ! You say I did not answer you To what you said last night : I heard your question in the dark -Thought on it in the light ; And now my lips shall utter what . My heart has said before,

Yes, dearest, 1-but stay awhile-Come in and shut the door.

MISCELLANY.

THE DEAD HERO.

The deep shadows of an October afternoon Broad Cloths, Blk. and Fancy Cassimeres, Bea-ver Cloths, Silk and Velvet Vesting, Morino Shirts and Drawers, Fancy Flannet Shirts, Linen marwere fast blending with the sombre grey of early twilight. All day had the sky been shrouded in a dark, heavy mantle, as if seeksails and Cash. Shirt Fronts, Neck Ties, Collars Handk'rs, Hose, Suspenders, and anything and ing protection from the chilling wind, which everythig to cause him to break a (adie's heart, or moaned and whistled through the yellow leafed trees. Occasionally the lurid face of the make him presentable at the house of Queen Vic. sun peered from behind the sombre folds. then, as if disgusted at his ineffectual attempts to animate the dull landscape, retreat-WOOLEN/GOODS. ed hastily behind the friendly shelter.

My feelings were in harmony with the into the damp, misty air, I bent my step toward the village churchyard. This beautiful spot, nestling in the lap of

green, sloping hills, at the outskirts of the village, was my favorite resort. And often, when harrassed by the cares and anxieties of life, I could almost wish myself among the number of those who "under the willow trees are sleeping."

Nowhere have I realized so fully the vani ty of worldy pursuits, or the shortness or uncertainty of human life, as in this sacred men, who are rapidly passing down to death place The grassy mounds, the gleaming on the rushing tide of intoxication. Do you tombstone, the deep, solemn stillness, broken only by the warbling notes of the yellow-bird. or the soft sighing of the willows, appealed to my soul with an earnestness that no words and sear," it seemed as if the "voice, of the Lord" was walking among the silent graves.

Wandering dreamily along the winding path, musing upon the beautiful lines, "I would not live always," and stooping, ever and anon. to pluck some little flower, whose tender petals were yet unscathed by the autumn winds, I reached the resting place of a

dear friend. Sitting upon it, Oblivion drop. | ped her veil o'er the outward world, and left my mind to wander unrestrained through the boundless fields of imagination. A low wail. Be honest and sincere.

sweetness is heard, charming the ear and thrilling through us like the last lingering echo from the golden trumpets of Elfland. There is magic, too, in the song. Like the puissant incantations of early astrologers, which drew from their graves the ghosts of those long since dead; so does the wind harp's wild song call forth from the tomb of the "past" the ghost-like memories of other years. Panorama like visions of home and childhood pass before the mind; the mountains, blue and mysty in the distance, the strange sad feeling that comes we know not why, the unsatisfied longing of the heart, the halcyon days of happiness with no thought or care of the future, the friends of our childhood now "scattered and sundered" that we shall see again never It seems to sing the heart-song at the grave of bereaved affection. It is the disconsolate wail of unsuspecting innocence betrayed ; it mourns the heartlessness and in. constancy of this selfish world. It is like the voice of unseen angles mourning over this sin-cursed curth. It is like the last wailing cry of hope clean gone forever. It is the desphiring refrain of the "lost," play. ed on the harps of heaven.

Drinking Whiskey.

What do you drink whiskey for? Do you know? You don't know? Well we would like to know who does. It is a vile practice. in which politicians, common people, all the rest of mankind, and even editors and lawyers indulge It is a very mean practice .-It destroys the intellect, kills the body and damps the soul. The devil won a great victory when he introduced whiskey into the world. He knew what he was about. It gloomy aspect of nature, and sallying forth | was his business to fill his regions with souls, and he knew that whiskey was the best recruiting officer for the armies of perdition that he could employ. We have a few words to say to whiskey drinkers-don't touch it.

It injures, it ruins, it kills. The kindest, truest, best hearted men in the world drink liquor to excess. God, and God alone, knows the struggle of such men to resist temptation. He alone knows how earnestly they pray to be delivered from evil. Oh, how many we know, kind hearted, true, loving

drink? Stop to-day for your own sake .--Do you know a friend who sometimes drinks to excess, but who is trying to lead a sober life? You do? Well don't tompt him. It noon, one of the saddest of the year, "of wail-ing winds, of naked woods, of meadwos brown injure yourself, do so; but don't he instru- without further narley the bargain was cho is a great crime to use your influence for the | yard." A sigh and the dew of a tear gave

Horses have to suffer starvation in war as well as men. An officer having arrived at snug house so speedily. The landlord says Chattanooga, inquired of a darkey whore he he shall never trust a woman in black after could find accommodations for his horse .-

Don't know, sah, 'bout the 'commodations. De fence rails is all gouc, aud dar ain't nothin' for 'em to eat any more, only a few barn doors, an' we want dem fur de general's hos-

ses."

ening about midnight, to find the moon shining full into his face, he chanced to inspect his guard, when, horror of horrors, that soldier was a negro! And, worse than all, he recognized in that towering form, slowly and steadily walking a beat, one of his own slaves! 🕙

Human nature could not stand that : the prisoner was enraged, furious, and swore he would not. Addressing the guard, through clenched teeth, foaming at the mouth, he

yelled out : "Sambo !" "Well, massa." "Send for the colonel to come here immediately. My own slave can never stand

guard over me; it's a d---d outrage; no gentleman would submit to it." Laughing in his sleeve, the dark faced soldier promptly called out, "corr'l de guard!"

After listening to the Southerner's impasioned harangue, which was full of invective. the colonel turned to the negro with, "Sam !"

"Yes, Colonel." "You know this gentleman, do you?" "Ob course; he's Massa B., and has big plantation in Alabam'." Well. Sam, just take care of him to-night!" and the officer walked away.

As the sentinel again paced his beat, the gentlemen from Alabama appealed to him in an argument.

-"Listen, Sambo-" "You hush, dar; it's done gone talkin to you now., Hush, rebel!" was the negro's emphatic command, bringing down bis musket to a charge bayonet position, by way of enforcing silence.

The nabob was now a slave-bis once valued negro his master; and think you, as he sank back upon a blanket in horror and shame that night, that he believed human bondage was a divine institution, ordained of God !

Ingenious. Our landlords are getting mighty partie. | our country will be re-created, and increased ular about their tenants, as well as their rents. It a body has half a-dozen children, and of course more need of a house than if he had none at all, he is very cooly told he cannot have the premisos.

"Have you children, madam !" inquired one of these sharpers, of a lady, in modest black, who was looking at one of his houses. just finished and in perfect order. "I have "Yes," said the gentle mother, seven, sir, but they are all in the church

were delighted to hear that she had found a glad as can be."

this. Portand Leauscripts Fanny Fern says "if one-half of the girls what did you call him ?" "Why," said he great Shakespeare terms the knew the previous life of the men they mar. "I called him a scoundrel, too." "We!!," natural aid to memory.

•

the list of old maids still further?

•••••

,

come in and bring us some bread." Now the magistrate was actually dressed

in black from head to toot "Ah, indeed," said he, laughing, "Richard is right. His raven has come, and a big one, too. Come, Richard, I'will show you where the bread is."

He took the little boy with him to the be sure, hurried home as fast as he could. When they had finished their meal, Rich-

In a recent article on "The Future of Sla-

very," the Pittsburg Post says : We feel satisfied that the future peace of year or next; or whether it shall disappear pear before the President, who said : in this generation or in the next; our idea is that final abolition, at some fixed period, rel of ale in you room." is necessary for the future peace of the Re- "Yes, sir." public. It must be removed from the area of politics, or pretending philanthrophists commotion occasioned by the incessant agi- ded to have a barrel taken to my room." tation alluded to, be confined to those who riot in it, we could afford to let the tear-pest rage. Unfortunately, however, this is "Ah! ver is a rainbow of promise shining through the gloom. One of the results of the present rebellion will be the weakening, or perhaps destruction of one of its causes, Slavery in the Sonth. With that will follow the death of abolition among ourselves. Then after the terrible experience of the present times, civilization, on its' luminous wings, will spread its blessings upon a regenerated Republic, destined to be the greatest nation upon which the sun has yet shone.

A shcool-boy down East, who was noted among his playfellows for his frolics with the girls, was reading aloud in the Old Testament, when coming to the phrase 'making waste places glad, he was asked what it meant. The youngster paused scratched his head-but gave no answer, when up jumped a more precocious urchin and cried out, "I know what it means, master. It means hugsed. Her little flock were waiting for her ging the gals; for Tom Ross is allers hugin the church yard, round the corner, and gin' 'em around the waist, and it makes 'em

A person complained to Dr. Franklin of having been insulted by one who called him [ry, the list of old maids would be wonderful- resumed Franklin, "I presume you are both ly increased." If the men knew what their gentlemen of veracity, and as the account to think that all this rare tabric of heaven future lives were to be, woulan't it increase seems balanced between you, each should re- and earth could come by chance, when all gard it as a receipt in full.'

GAINING STRENGTH.-A student in one of our State colleges was charged by the Facthis now distracted and bleeding country re- ulty with having had a barrel of ale deposquires the total extinction of Slavery among ited in his room, contrary, of course, to rule us. We do not allude to its eradication this and usage. He received a summons to ap-"Sir, Lam informed that you have a bar-

"Yes, sir." "Well, what explanation can you make ?" "Why, the fact is, sir, my physician adviand scheaming demagogues will use it, not sed me to try a little ale each day as a tonic, for the benefit of the slave, but for their own and not wishing to stop at the various plaaggrandizement. Could the effects of the ces where the beverage is retailed, I conclu "Indeed! have you derived any benefit

"Ah ! yes sir. When the barrol was first not the case. We all suffer alike. But there | taken to my room, two weeks since I could scarcely lift it. Now I can carry it with the greatest ease."

> TO HAVE A GOOD MEMORY .- There remains a rule which is perhaps the most important of all, and that is embodied in the old prayer for "a sound mind in a sound body." In vain shall we look for vigorous memories if our bodily systems are deranged; in vain expect to draw a shining blade from a damp and rusty scabbard. Early rising is as great assistant to good powers of recollection as can possibly be imagined. Temperance, strict tomperance, both in eating and drinking, are positive necessities, if we would have our memories in good working order; and the excessive use of tobacco is, I feel sure, accidedly prejudicial.

The memory, like much other montal ma-chinery, depends more on the stomach than we are generally willing to allow. From dyspepsia proceed what we vulgarly term "thick headedness," indistinctness, unwilling. ness to work, and inability to do so, eyen were we willings Those, who would have their memorics powerful and active, must be "temporate in all things," and rise with the larks, those "ploughmen's clocks." as our great Shakespeare torms them. So far for

CHANCE .- What can be more foolish than the skill of art is not able to make an oyster.