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To City Subscribers.

On and after this date, the STATESMAN will be sent to city subscribers at 50 cents a month, payable in advance. Those who have paid in advance will have their papers continued until the time expires.

THE RIVER.

From its hidden source secure,
In the waste of wild and moor,
Where the purple heather glows,
Where the bee its harvest knows,
Dancing down 'mid flowers and moss,
Dashing in the sudden foam,
Darting in the rocky pool,
Glimmering 'mid the rushes cool,
Through sun and shade, through dusk and shiver,
Onward glides the little river.

Through the meadows broad and fair,
Faster hieeth these arches rare,
Through deep woodlands green and shady,
Past gray hills of "lord and lady,"
Where white lilies lie serenely,
Whereat swans come floating queenly,
Grace from meads and ferns,
Where the willow bends and quivers,
Onward rolls the broad bright river.

Past great towns, whose roar and riot
Send their waters from the quiet,
Past wharves with barges heavily laden,
Bright sailed boats with youth and maiden,
Thundering paddles flashing back,
Mimic billows from their track,
Bearing all, for work or play,
Hurry on, through night and day,
Tribute waters to deliver,
Seward rolls the mighty river.

GUARD AGAINST VULGAR LANGUAGE.

There is as much connection between the words and the thoughts as there is between the thoughts and the actions. The latter is not only the expression of the former, but they have a power to react upon the soul, and leave the stain of corruption there. A young man who allows himself to use one vulgar or profane word, has not only shown that there is a foul spot upon his mind, but by the utterance of that word he extends that spot, and inflames it, till, by indulgence, it will pollute and ruin the whole soul. Be careful of your words as of your thoughts. If you can control the tongue, that no improper words are pronounced by it, you will soon be able to control the mind, and save that from corruption. You extinguish the fire by smothering it, or by preventing bad thoughts bursting into language. Never utter a word anywhere which you would be ashamed to speak in the presence of ladies or of the most religious men. Try this practice a little while and you will soon have command of yourself.

THE HUMAN FROG.

This astonishing performer, whose name is Harry Gurr, is now exhibiting in this country. The following are some of his feats: He descends and eats under water a sponge cake or bun. He opens his mouth to show that he has really swallowed it. Ascending to the surface, a soda water bottle is handed to him; he dives with it to the bottom and drinks down the milk which it contains. He chooses milk because of the color and in order that the audience may see that he actually drinks it from the bottle. A lighted pipe is handed him, he takes a few whiffs above water and then descends with it; he manages some how to keep it afloat and to emit bubbles, which coming to the surface burst in little puffs of tobacco smoke. Coming to the surface he shows that his pipe is still afloat. He is only about 21 years of age, lightly built, but well made and muscular. He will soon return with a fortune to England, his native country.

SHOOTING SCRAPE AT BEARTOWN.

On last Sunday night an altercation arose between James Manning and Tim Wright, in one of the saloons at Beartown in which pistols were recklessly flourished, and one shot fired which took effect in the thigh of John Doyle, a bystander, inflicting a painful but not serious wound. The pistol, when fired, was in the hand of James Manning, but the shooting of Doyle is said to have been certainly accidental. Manning is said to have left town after the affray, but returned the next evening, and, on meeting Wright, commenced an assault upon him, shooting him and cutting him severely. Wright, though badly wounded, is not considered in any very dangerous condition.—Independent.

HELPING FATHER.

"Money does not last long now-a-days, Clarissa," said Mr. Andrews to his wife one evening. "It is only a week since I received my month's salary, and now I have but little more than half of it left. I bought a cord of pine wood to-day, and to-morrow, I must pay for that suit of clothes which Daniel had; that will be fifteen dollars more."

"And Daniel will need a pair of new shoes in a day or two; those he wears now are all ripped, and hardly fit to wear," said Mrs. Andrews.

"How fast he wears out shoes! It seems hardly a fortnight since I bought the last shoes for him," said the father.

"O, well! But then he enjoys running about so much that I cannot check his pleasure as long as it is harmless. I am sure you would feel sorry to see the little shoes last longer from not being used so much," answered the affectionate mother.

Daniel, during this conversation, was sitting on the floor in a corner with his kitten, trying to teach her to stand upon her hind legs. He was apparently much occupied with his efforts, but he heard all that his father and mother had said. Pretty soon he arose, and going to his father, climbed upon his knee, and said, "Papa, do I cost you a good deal of money?"

Now, Mr. Andrews was book keeper for a manufacturing company and his salary was hardly sufficient for him to live comfortably at the rate everything was selling, owing to the Rebellion. He had nothing to spare for superfluities, and his chief enjoyment was being at home with his wife and boy, his books and pictures. Daniel's question was a queer one, but his father replied as correctly as he could.

"Whatever money you may cost me, my son, I do not regret it, for I know it adds to your comfort and enjoyment. To be sure, your papa does not have a great deal of money, but he would be poor indeed without his little Daniel!"

"How much will my suit of clothes cost?" asked Daniel.

"Fifteen dollars," was the reply.

"And how much for my shoes?"

"Two dollars more, perhaps," said his father.

"That will make seventeen dollars. If I could work and make some money for you, father," said Daniel.

"O, well, my son, don't think about that now. If you are a good boy, and study well," said Mr. Andrews.

Daniel said no more, but he determined to try and see if he could not help to pay for the clothes his father was so kind as to buy him. An opportunity soon occurred. That very afternoon the load of wood which his father bought came, and was thrown off close to the cellar door. It was Wednesday and there was no school. "Now I can save father some money," thought Daniel; and he ran into the house to ask his mother if he could put the wood into the cellar.

"I am afraid it is too heavy work for you, my son," said his mother.

"I think I can do it, mother. The wood lies close to the cellar door, and all I will have to do is to pitch it right down," replied Daniel.

"Very well, you may try it; but if you find it too hard you must give it up, and let Tim Rooney put it in," said his mother.

Daniel danced away, and went first to the cellar, where he unhooked the trap door and opened it, and climbed out into the yard where the sticks of wood lay in a great heap. At first it was good fun to send the sticks clattering one on top of the other down into the cellar, but pretty soon it grew dull, and Daniel began to think that he had rather do something else. Just then George Flynn came into the yard and asked Daniel if he wasn't going to fish for smelt that day.

"I guess not. This wood must go in, and then it will be too late to go so far this afternoon," replied Daniel.

"O, let the wood slide! We have got some round to our house that ought to go in, but I shan't do it. Father may hire a man to do such work. Come, old Rooney will be glad of that job," said George.

"No, I am going to do this before anything else," said Daniel, as he picked up a big stick and sent it scolding down the cellarway.

"Did your old man make you do it," asked Flynn.

"Who?" queried Daniel, so sharply that the boy saw his error, and corrected his form of question.

"Did your father make you do this job?"

"No; he does not know I am doing it; and, by the way, George Flynn, don't call my father 'old man.' If you do not know any better than to treat your father disrespectfully, you shan't treat mine so," answered Daniel.

"Ho! Seems to me you are getting mighty pious all of a sudden. Guess I'll have to be going. I'm not good enough for you,"—and with a sneering look, George went off.

The wood pile down the cellar grew large, until the wood pile in the yard was all gone; then Daniel brushed his clothes, and started off to find his playmates and have a game of base-ball. He felt very happy, for he had earned something for a kind father who was always earning something for him; and the thoughts of this much pleased him. He felt happy still when his father came home to supper and said while at the table, "My wood did not come, did it, mother?"

"The man to send it up this afternoon, certainly." Mr. Andrews always called his wife "mother."

"O, yes, the wood came. I saw the team back into the yard," replied Mrs. Andrews.

"Then Rooney must have put it in. I suppose he will charge fifty or seventy-five cents for doing it," said Mr. Andrews.

"I think a boy put it in," said his wife.

"What boy?"

"O, a smart little fellow that plays around here a good deal. He wanted the job, and so I let him do it," Mrs. Andrews.

"Some little chap that wanted some pocket money, I suppose. Whose boy was it?" asked Mr. Andrews.

"There he is; he will tell you all about it,"—and Mrs. Andrews pointed to Daniel, who was enjoying the fun quietly. And now he was pleased indeed to hear how industrious and thoughtful his little boy had been. It repaid him amply for not going smelt-fishing.

It was not longer after this that the bleak winds of November began to blow; the leaves of the trees fell lifeless to the earth; and everything prepared to put on the ermine garb of winter. One evening when Daniel went to bed, he put aside his curtain, and looked out into the street. He was surprised to find it white with snow. Silently and gently, one by one, the tiny flakes had fallen, until hillside and valley, street and house-top, were covered with the sparkling snow. "I wonder how deep it will be by morning. Perhaps there will be enough for sleighing. Old Rooney will be round to clear off the sidewalks and platforms. I must get ahead of him this winter, and save father some more money,"—and Daniel got into bed as quick as he could, so that he should awake early in the morning.

When Mr. Andrews awoke the next day, he heard the scraping of a shovel on the sidewalk, and said to his wife, "Tim has got along early this morning. These snow storms are profitable to him. Last winter I guess I paid him five or six dollars for shoveling snow."

When he got up, however, and looked out of the window, he was not a little astonished to see Daniel shoveling off the sidewalk, his face aglow with the healthy exercise.

"See that boy, mother," said he to his wife, "he has cleared the walk off nicely. What a good little fellow he is. When Christmas comes, we must reward him for all this."

And so Daniel went on according to this beginning. He cleared the snow off after every storm; in the spring time he put the garden and yard all in order, and did a great many things which his father always paid a man for doing. And he had plenty of time to play besides, and then he enjoyed himself better, because there is always a satisfaction in doing good, which lends a charm to everything that we undertake.

One day, about a year after the day that Daniel had put in the first load of wood, his memorandum of the work that you have done for me the past year, and I find, that, allowing you what I should have paid Tim Rooney or any other person, I owe you today forty-two dollars and sixty cents."

"So much as that, father? Why, I did not know I could earn so much all myself, and I did not work very hard either," said Daniel.

"Some of it was very hard work for a little boy that likes to play," replied his father; "but you did it well, and now I am ready to pay you."

"Pay me? What! the real money right in my hands?"

"Yes, the real money," and Mr. Andrews placed a roll of greenbacks in little Daniel's hand.

Daniel looked at it for a few minutes, and then said, "I'll tell you what to do with this money for me, papa."

"What, my son?"

"Buy my clothes with it for the next year," said Daniel.

And Mr. Andrews did so.

AN ENOCH ARDEN LAW CASE.—Middlesex county, Connecticut, has an Enoch Arden, differing from Tennyson's only in the most important particulars. About ten years ago Edwin Dudley, who lived in one of the towns in the lower portion of the county, left his wife and two children on pretense of going to another town, but did not return. Six or seven years elapsed, and nothing being heard from the husband, the deserted wife believed him dead, and contracted a marriage with Israel S. Burr. In the course of time Dudley wrote to his wife, informing her that he still lived, and that he left his family "because he had a grudge against the town and wanted to compel it to support his wife and children," and that he had been to California. Upon this information being received the wife applied for and obtained a divorce from Burr; and upon the return of her former husband, was re-married to him. Burr left town, but afterward returned and sued Dudley to recover \$1,500, alleged to have been expended in supporting and educating his two children. The case was tried at the present term of the Superior Court, at Haddam, and resulted in a verdict for Burr of \$950.

"This wondrous strange how great the change since I was in my teens; then I had a bean, and a billet-doux, and joined the gayest scenes. But lovers now have ceased to vow; no way they now contrive—to poison, hang, or drown themselves—because I'm thirty-five. Once, if the night was ever so bright, I ne'er abroad could roam, without—" the bliss, the honor, Miss, of seeing you safe home." But now I go, through rain and snow—fatigued and scarce alive—through all the dark, without a spark—because I'm thirty-five.

SWEARING ON THE BIBLE was first introduced into judicial proceedings by the Saxons, about A. D. 600. It was called a corporal oath, because the witness touched with his hand some part of the Holy Scriptures.

If you are of a fretful temperament, do not use your elbows upon those around you to bring them to the same irritable disposition with yourself.

The Truthful Witness.

A little girl nine years of age offered as a witness against a prisoner, who was on trial for felony committed at her father's house.

"Now, Emily," said the counsel addressing the Court, "is there anything further necessary to demonstrate the validity of my objection? This witness should be rejected. She does not comprehend the nature of an oath."

"I don't know what you mean," was the simple answer.

"There, your Honor," said the counsel addressing the Court, "is there anything further necessary to demonstrate the validity of my objection? This witness should be rejected. She does not comprehend the nature of an oath."

"Let us see," said the Judge. "Come here, my daughter."

"Assured by the kind tone and manner of the Judge, the child stepped toward him and looked up confidently in his face with a calm, clear eye, and in a manner so artless and frank, that it went right to the heart."

"Did you ever take an oath?" inquired the Judge.

The little girl stepped back with a look of horror, and the red bloom mantled in a blush over her face and neck as she answered:

"No, sir!"

"She thought he meant to inquire if she had ever blasphemed."

"I do not mean that," said the Judge, who saw his mistake. "I only mean to ask if you were a witness before?"

"No, sir; I was never in Court before," was the answer.

He handed her the Bible, open.

"Do you know that book, my daughter?"

She looked at it and answered, "It is the Bible."

"Do you ever read it," he asked.

"Yes, sir, every evening."

"Can you tell me what the Bible is?"

"It is the word of the great God," she answered.

"Well, place your hand upon this Bible and listen to what I say; and he repeated slowly and solemnly the oath usually administered to witnesses."

"Now," said the Judge, "you have sworn as a witness, will you tell me what will befall you if you do not tell the truth?"

"I shall be shut up in the States Prison."

"Anything else?"

"I shall never go to Heaven," she replied.

"How do you know this?" said the Judge.

The child took the Bible and turning rapidly to the chapter containing the ten commandments, pointed to the injunction, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor," and said, "I learned that before I could read."

"Has any one talked with you about your being a witness here in Court against this man?" inquired the Judge.

"Yes, sir," she replied. "My mother heard they wanted me to be a witness, and last night she called me to her room and asked me to tell her the ten commandments; and then we kneeled down together, and she prayed that I might understand how wicked it was to bear false witness against my neighbor, and that God would help me, a little child, to tell the truth as it was before him."

And when I came up here with father, she kissed me, and told me to remember the ninth commandment, and God would hear every word I said."

"Do you believe this?" asked the Judge, with a tear glistening in his eye, and his lip quivering with emotion.

"Yes, sir," said the child, with a voice that showed that her conviction of its truth was perfect.

"God bless you, my child," said the Judge, you have a good mother. This witness is competent, he continued. "Were I on trial for my life, and innocent of the charge against me, I would pray to God for such a witness as this. Let her be examined."

She told her story with the simplicity of a child, as she was, but there was a directness about it which carried conviction of its truth to every heart. She was rigidly cross examined. The counsel plied her with infinite and ingenious questionings, but she varied from her first statement in nothing. The truth, so spoken by that little child, was sublime. Falsehood and perjury had preceded her testimony. The prisoner had intrenched himself in lies till he deemed himself impregnable. But before her testimony falsehood was scattered like chaff. The little child for whom a mother had prayed for strength to be given to speak the truth as it was before God, broke the cunning devices of matured villainy to pieces like a potter's vessel. The strength that her mother prayed for was her's, and the sublime simplicity—terrible to the prisoner and his associates—with which she spoke, was like revelation from God himself.

GOUGH says he has lectured during his 26 years of public speaking 250 times in New York city, and 350 times in Boston, and yet he never came before an audience without trembling at the knees and huskiness of voice. The dramatic people call this "stage-fright," and they remark that the actor who does not feel it always, seldom reaches a high professional position.

A RADICAL of this place who was closely analyzed the other day was found to contain "great moral ideas" in the following proportion: "Hatred of democracy, 45 per cent; love of spoils of office, 46 per cent; love of negroes, 6 per cent; love of despotism, 3 per cent; love of country, 0."

An exchange says the radicals have always maintained that the only difference between the white and negro races was color. In their case we believe it. Hardly one out of one hundred of their party differ from the nigger in any other respect than color of the skin. Their instincts are as rank as the negro's stinks.

Russian Encroachments Upon China.

A correspondent (W. P.) makes the following remarks in a private letter, which is worth attention:

There appears to be a tendency in many quarters, especially in radical ones, to consider Russia as the natural ally of the United States. Is this opinion well founded? Ought we not rather to look upon her as our natural rival, and that in not a remote future? That most ambitious of all the powers of the Old World, not content with her Pan Slavic propagandism in the heart of Europe, is steadily advancing upon Asia in three different directions; by way of Constantinople and Armenia, by way of Bokhara against India, and, what is most important to us, by way of the Amoor river against China. The United States, on the other hand, are rapidly peopling the Pacific States of North America, and when the railroad to California is completed, as it will be in a few months, that process will advance with accelerated velocity. We are a Pacific power as well as an Atlantic one; it is our essential interest, both military, political and commercial, to prevent China, now to all appearances falling to pieces, from being absorbed by any great military empire, especially by one so ambitious, and so inimical to republicanism, or, in fact, to any form of liberty, as Muscovy.

The possession of India is not dangerous to the other nations, for India is indolent, tenacious of its old ways, childish, invincibly ignorant, and incapable of rapid improvement and development. China, on the contrary, has a population more than double that of India, a population remarkably active and industrious, and capable when their resources had been developed by European science, of furnishing their conquerors with as great a public revenue as 400,000,000 of Europeans could. Truly a magnificent prize for Muscovite ambition; a prize that throws into the shade the attractions of the 30,000,000 of slaves in Central and Southern Europe, whom she is so desirous to bring under her sway. The taxes of 400,000,000 of keen, intelligent and enterprising Chinese, to support vast armies and powerful navies upon the Pacific opposite California and Oregon, armies and navies to be fitted and manned, not by Chinese, but by bold and hardy Russians! It will be a race between the Celto-Gothic stock (as I call the American), and the Slav-Tartar Muscovite, which shall colonize the magnificent wilds of the great Amoor Basin and the contiguous unoccupied countries in Chinese Tartary and Eastern Siberia. Russia has the advantage of being in possession. Within the last few years she has usurped the better part of all Manchuria. There she is established in the basin of the Amoor, after waiting more than 150 years for the favorable moment of the decline of the Manchoo dynasty, within a few hundred miles of Peking, and the wealthy, densely peopled provinces of the north of China, each of which numbers its population by tens of millions. The rich Chinese trade, the liberation of the serfs in Russia herself, (who are thereby enabled to emigrate to any part of the empire without asking leave of a master), and the policy of the Czar, will surely tend to people this important and long-coveted frontier, and that rapidly, with colonies of old Muscovite descent. The telegraph, and ultimately the railroad, will connect them with St. Petersburg in perhaps less than a quarter of a century. If a petty tribe, a few hundred thousand Manchoes, ignorant of discipline and military science, wretchedly armed with the matchlock or the bow and arrow, have sufficed to conquer China and hold it now for more than two centuries, what is likely to be her fate from a Russian population living almost within sight of China's great wall? The basin of the Amoor is very valuable for purposes of colonization, and is of great extent. It affords room for two great empires, each as extensive, populous and powerful as France or Germany. Can any reflecting mind doubt that the Russian or other white colonists of the Amoor will ultimately be masters of the almost fabulous resources of China, and consequently rulers of the Pacific ocean? What a destiny for the Anglo-Saxon, or rather Celto-Gothic race! And Russia by her recent seizure of the Amoor country, is the power that forestalls us, that has prevented, and if she retains her hold, will forever prevent the Tartar coast of the Pacific from being peopled by one race and the blood of Western Europe and Germany; the power that will turn the boundless resources of China against us in the future! Viewed in this light, I think reflecting men must come to the conclusion that Russia is not our natural ally, but, on the contrary, our natural rival. Let us not be deceived by her interested caresses, nor permit ourselves for merely temporary objects, to be made the instruments of the aggrandizement of that colossal, ambitious, wily despotism which, I repeat, is our natural rival and not our natural friend.—N. Y. World.

A GOOD SENTIMENT.—"I am rich enough," says Pope to Swift, "and can afford to give away a hundred pounds a year. I would not crawl upon the earth without doing good. I will enjoy the pleasure of what I give by giving it alive, and seeing another enjoy it. When I die I should be ashamed to leave enough for a monument, if a wanting friend is above ground." That speech of Pope is enough to immortalize him, independently of his philosophical verses.

A patriotic lady of Baltimore has forwarded two cents to the Treasury, the interest of which, she claims, will pay off the public debt in a thousand years, and therefore save us the crime of repudiation.

BOASTING seldom or never accompanies a sense of real power. When men feel that they can express themselves by deeds, they do not often care to do so by words.

Crushed Hopes.

In reading the accounts of the condition of the Southern people under military rule, or under Brownlowism, we can but admire the spirit of magnanimity which dictates patience, hope and forbearance toward the tyrants who are just now lordling it over the people. In Tennessee, we see a disposition on the part of the conservatives not to make a canvass, for fear of producing a collision between the contending political parties, thereby giving a seeming cause of complaint toward those who have been crushed by overwhelming power. The great majority of the white people have been disfranchised, thus securing to the negro and lower classes the preponderance of power, which gives fall sway to the meanest instincts of the human heart—revenge! Thus we see one of the most beautiful, fertile and healthy States in the South, given over to despotism; her intelligent people forced to submit to every indignity which cruelty, envy or malice can invent; men like Brownlow, elevated to power, incapable himself of feeling the hallowed influence of generous impulses of the heart, he uses his accidental elevation to power for the baser purpose of crushing that intelligence which refused to recognize in him the true gentleman, but surrounds him with the low and vulgar, and stands like Nero, and beholds his native land crumbling to ruin under his beastly policy. Such is Brownlowism—such is the boasted reconstruction of radicalism, which will, if permitted to prevail, cause one-half of this fair land to degenerate into a dreary waste.

The people there feel that their only hope is in the returning sense of justice in the mind of the Northern people. They had assurances from the President, from Congress and the Generals of the Union army, that when they surrendered, laid down their arms and acknowledged the authority of the Government, they would be received as coequal States, and be protected by the Constitution and laws of a common country. Every promise has been violated, every constitutional guarantee has been disregarded; even the civilities which should ever distinguish American people, crushed beneath a despotism, which, if permitted longer to curse our land, will make us all a nation of cowards and slaves.

When we read of Poland, of her heroic men who met the enemy of liberty, who struggled long and faithfully for nationality, but were crushed by overwhelming power, we shed the tear of sorrow, and feel proud of her heroic deeds, and hope that crushed Poland will yet rise, Phoenix like, from her ashes, and assert her godlike native independence, and take her place among the nations of the earth. Hungary has our sympathy, and Greece, the land of poetry and the home of heroes, is our idol; while Ireland, the gem of the seas, the home of Emmet and Curran, and the birthplace of genius, occupies a prominent place in each of every heart, and every throbbing patriot beats in unison with the spirit of liberty which animates and energizes true Americanism; and yet, we forget that here under the benign influence of the spirit of Liberty, here in this land of Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, and Clay, we have a Poland, a worse than Hungary, and a rival for the despotism of crushed Ireland.

Men of the North, sons of patriot sires, who love liberty, and hate tyranny, will you longer permit this great outrage against God and man? Hear the wail of crushed hopes as it comes on every breeze, from the heart of a suffering, ruined and conquered people in the South, and while we charge you to cherish the hopes for a regenerated Poland, a restored Hungary and a redeemed Ireland, in God's name remember our own brethren of the sunny South, and swear upon the altars of your country to redeem our own land from the tyrant's grasp or perish on the field.

Enemies in war, in peace friends, was a noble sentiment in 1776; let it be remembered in 1868. He that would enslave his brother is a fit subject to be a slave himself, and while we cherish the wish to crush our neighbor we ourselves may be crushed beneath the power prepared for him.—Harrissonian.

THERE is a blithe maiden that lives next door to me; her eyes are black as midnight, and handsome as can be. Her cheeks are full of dimples, and red as any rose; and then this love of mine, too, has got a Roman nose! I asked her if she'd have me (that was the other night), and this was her reply: "Why, Jimmy, you are 'tight'!" Says I, "I know I have, love, aboard a little wine, but that is not the question—will you, or not, be mine?" And then she put her face, friends, as near mine as she could, and with the sweetest smile, friends, said simply that she would—escort me to the door, if I was ready to depart. And thus it was the girl next door declined my hand and heart.

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.—A Welsh parson preaching from this text, "Love one another," told his congregation that in kind and respectful treatment to our brute-creatures, we were inferior to the brute creation. As an illustration of the truth of his remark, he quoted an instance of two goats in his own parish that once met upon a bridge so very narrow, that they could not pass by without one thrusting the other off in the river; and, continued he "how do you think they acted? why, I will tell you—one goat laid himself down and let the other leap over him—Ah, beloved, let us live like goats."

Frederic Hutson, so long the managing editor of the New York Herald, is writing his recollections of journalism.

We go up the hill of life like the boy with his sled after him, and go down it like boy with his sled under him.

