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TWO-YEAR-OLDS.

All infants appear to have an impertinent and disagreeable fashion now-a-days of saying "smart" things on most occasions that offer, and especially on occasions when they ought not to be saying anything at all. Judging by the average published specimens of smart sayings, the rising generation of children are little better than idiots. And the parents must surely be but little better than the children, for in most cases they are the publishers of the sunbursts of infantile imbecility which dazzle us from the pages of our periodicals. I may seem to speak with some heat, not to say a suspicion of personal spite; and I do admit that it nettles me to hear about so many gifted infants in these days, and remember that I seldom said anything smart when I was a child. I tried it once or twice, but it was not popular. The family were not expecting brilliant remarks from me, and they snubbed me sometimes and spanked me the rest. But it makes my flesh creep and my blood run cold to think what might have happened to me if I had dared to utter some of the smart things of this generation's "four-year-olds" where my father could hear me. To have simply skinned me alive, and considered his duty at an end would have seemed to him criminal leniency toward one so sinning. He was a stern, unsmiling man, and hated forms of precocity. If I had said some of the things I have referred to, and said them in his hearing, he would have destroyed me. He would, indeed. He would, provided the opportunity remained with him. But it would not, for I would have had judgment enough to take some strychnine first and say my smart things afterward. The fair record of my life has been tarnished by just one pun. My father overheard that, and he hunted me over four or five townships, seeking to take my life. If I had been full-grown, of course he would have been right; but, child as I was, I could not know how wicked a thing I had done.

I made of one these remarks ordinarily called "smart things" before that, but it was not a pun. Still, it came near causing a serious rupture between my father and myself. My father and mother, my uncle Ephraim and his wife and one or two others were present, and the conversation turned on a name for me. I was lying there, trying some India rubber rings of various patterns, and endeavoring to make a selection, for I was tired of trying to cut my teeth on people's fingers, and wanted to get hold of something that would enable me to hurry the things through and get at something else. Did you ever notice what a nuisance it was cutting your teeth on your nurse's finger, or how back-breaking and tiresome it was trying to cut them on your big toe? And did you never get out of patience, and wish your teeth were in Jericho long before you got them half cut? To me it seemed as if these things happened yesterday. And they did, to some children. But I digress. I was lying there trying the India rubber rings. I remember looking at the clock, and noticing that in an hour and twenty minutes I would be two weeks old, and thinking to myself how little I had done to merit the blessings that were so unsparingly lavished upon me. My father said:

"Abraham is a good name. My grandfather was named Abraham."

My mother said:

"Abraham is a good name. Very well. Let us have Abraham for one of his names."

I said:

"Abraham suits the subscriber."

My father frowned, my mother looked pleased; my aunt said:

"What a little darling it is!"

My father said:

"Isaac is a good name, and Jacob is a good name."

My mother said:

"No names are better. Let us add Isaac and Jacob to his names."

I said:

"All right. Isaac and Jacob are good enough for yours truly. Pass me that rattle, if you please. I can't chew India rubber rings all day."

Not a soul made a memorandum of these sayings of mine, for publication. I saw that, and saw it myself, else they would have been utterly lost. So far from meeting with a general encouragement like other children when developing intellectually, I was now furiously scowled upon by my father; my mother looked grieved and anxious, and even my aunt looked as if she was apprehensive of coming to think that maybe I had gone too far. I took a vicious bite out of an India rubber ring and covertly broke the rattle over the kitten's head, and said nothing. Presently my father said:

"Samuel is a very excellent name."

I saw that trouble was coming. Nothing could prevent it. I laid down my rattle; over the side of the cradle I dropped my uncle's silver watch, the clothes brush, the toy dog, my tin soldier, the nutmeg grater and other matters which I was accustomed to examine and meditate upon, and make pleasant notes with, and bang and batter and break when I needed wholesome entertainment. Then I put on my little frock and my little bonnet, and took my pigeon shoe in one hand and my licorice in the other, and climbed out on the floor. I said to myself, now, if the worst comes to the worst, I am ready. Then I said aloud, in a firm voice:

"Father, I cannot, cannot wear the name Samuel."

"My son!"

"Father, I meant it. I cannot."

"Why?"

"Father, I have an invincible antipathy to that name."

"My son, this is unreasonable. Many great and good men have been named Samuel."

"Sir, I have yet to hear of the first instance."

"What! There was Samuel, the prophet. Was not he great and good?"

"Not so very."

"My son! With His own voice the Lord called him."

"Yes, sir, and he had to call him a couple of times before he would come."

And then I sallied forth, and that stern old man sallied forth after me. He overtook me at noon the following day, and when the interview was over I had acquired the name of Samuel, and a thrashing and other useful information; and by means of this compromise my father's wrath was appeased, and a misunderstanding bridged over which might have become a permanent rupture if I had chosen to be unreasonable. But, just judging from the episode, what would my father have done to me if I had ever uttered in his hearing one of the flat, sickly things these "two-year-old" say in print now-days? In my opinion there would have been a case of infanticide in our family.—*Mark Twain.*

INDUCTIVE AND DEDUCTIVE.—Philosophers and men of science are classifying their methods of discovery. The inductive and deductive methods have advocates and schools; whether we shall be much wiser for following into the intricacies of their investigations seems doubtful, but we should at least be anxious to avail ourselves of the best methods of investigation, whether we fully comprehend its terms and requirements or not.

The method called *inductive* first observes and collect facts, and then classifies them for the purpose of discovering the law that governs them, and from this classification forms a basis for the derivation of a principle applicable to all phenomena connected with science or philosophy.

This was the method of Bacon, and later, of Comte. The latter excluded from the domain in which human knowledge is to be sought, theology, metaphysics, and transcendental speculations, and classified as *positive* sciences, mathematics, astronomy, physics, chemistry, biology, sociology, and their derivatives. In these sciences, he affirms, exact knowledge can be gained—in other departments, only inferential deductions not based on facts. The inductive method proceeds from facts to principles.

The deductive method assumes a principle, but does not attempt to reach it through facts, but to use facts as the bases of investigation when once the principle is established. The danger from this latter method lies in the assumption of laws and principles that have not been verified. The danger from the inductive method is to draw conclusions from facts which they do not warrant. The inductive method is slow, the deductive rapid—for, if we must wait for facts to find principles, we must wait a great number and a rigid classification. Whereas, if we admit principles, and form a basis from them, we more speedily arrive at the result.

Reformers should use both methods, and when they wish to establish a theory, they should have principles to build upon; at the same time they should collect facts, not merely to substantiate principles, but to reveal new ones. Spiritualism is to be ranked among the positive sciences before many years, and its philosophy is to be proven from facts and from principles, but this must come from calm and earnest observation and close reasoning. It will not do to assume principles, else we shall be precisely where theology is; neither to carelessly observe facts, else we shall reach the point Christianity has, and go no farther.

MODESTY.—Nothing is more amiable than true modesty, and nothing more contemptible than that which is false; the one parts virtue, the other betrays it.—True modesty is ashamed to do anything that is repugnant to right reason; false modesty is ashamed to do anything that is opposite to the humor of those with whom the party converses. True modesty avoids everything that is criminal; false modesty everything that is unfashionable; the latter is only a removal, not determined by the dictates of conscience, but by fashion limited and circumscribed by the rules of prudence and religion.

MEASURING THE BABY.

We measured the riotous baby
Against the cottage wall—
A lily grew at the threshold,
And the boy was just as tall!
A royal tiger-lily,
With spots of purple and gold,
And a heart like a jewelled chalice,
The fragrant dew to hold.

Without the blue birds whistled
High up in the old roof-trees,
And to and fro at the window
The robin rocked her bees;
And the wee pink feet of the baby
Were never a moment still,
Snatching at shine and shadow
That danced on the lattice sill!

His eyes were wide as bluebells—
His mouth like a flower unblown—
Two little bare feet, like funny white mice
Peeped out from his snowy gown;
And we thought, with a thrill of rapture
That yet had a touch of pain,
When June rolls around with her roses,
We'll measure the boy again.

Ah me! In a darkened chamber,
With the sunshine shut away,
Through tears that fell like a bitter rain,
We measured the boy to-day;
And the little bare feet that were dimpled
And sweet as the budding rose,
Lay side by side together,
In the hush of a long repose!

Up from the dainty pillow,
White as the risen dawn,
The fair little face lay smiling,
With the light of Heaven thereon—
And the dear little hands, like rose-leaves
Dropped from a rose, lay still,
Never to snatch at the sunshine
That crept to the shrouded sill!

We measured the sleeping baby
With ribbons white as snow,
For the shining rosewood casket
That waited him below;
And out of the darkened chamber
We went with a childless moan—
To the height of sinless angels
Our little one had grown!

DREAM OF A STAR.

There was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister, who was a child too, and his constant companion. These two used to wonder all day long.—They wondered at the beauty of the flowers; they wondered at the heighth and blueness of the sky; they wondered at depth of the bright waters; they wondered at the goodness and the power of God who made the lovely world.

They used to say to one another, sometimes supposing all the children upon earth were to die, would the flowers and the water, and the sky be sorry? They believed they would be sorry. For, said they, the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams that gambol down the hillside are the children of the water; and the smallest bright specks playing at hide-and-seek in the sky all night, must surely be the children of the stars; and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more.

There was one clear shining star that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church spire, above the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand in hand at the window. Whoever saw it first cried out, "I see the star!"—And often they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would arise and where. So they grew to be such friends with it, that before lying down in their beds, they always looked out once again, to bid it good-night; and when they were turning round to sleep, they used to say, "God bless the star!"

But while she was still very young, oh, very young, the sister drooped and came to be so weak that she could no longer stand in the window at night; and the child looked sadly out by himself, and when he saw the star, turned round and said to the patient pale face on the bed, "I see the star!" and then a smile would come upon the face, and a little weak voice used to say, "God bless my brother and the star!"

And so the time came all too soon when the child looked out alone, and when there was no face on the bed and when there was a little grave among the graves, not there before; and when the star made long rays down toward him as he saw it through his tears.

Now, these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to Heaven, and when the child went to his solitary bed, he dreamed about the star; and dreamed that, lying where he was, he saw a train of people taken up that sparkling road by angels. And the star opening, showed him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them.

All these angels who were waiting turned their beaming eyes upon the people who were carried up into the stars; and some came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks, and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues of light, and were so happy in their company, that, lying in his bed, he wept for joy.

But there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them one he knew. The patient face that once had lain upon the bed was glorified and radiant, but his heart found out his sister among all the host.

His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people thither:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said "No."

She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his arms, and cried, "O, sister, I am here! Take me!" and then she turned her beaming eyes upon him and it was night; and the star was shining into the room, making long rays down towards him as he lay there through his tears.

From that hour forth, the child looked out upon the star as the home he was to go to, when his time should come; and he thought that he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star too, because of his sister angel gone before.

There was a baby born to be a brother to the child; and while he was so little that he never yet had spoken a word, he stretched his tiny form on his bed and died.

Again the child dreamed of the opened star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and the rows of angels with their beaming eyes all turned upon those peoples' face.

Said his sister's angel to the leader:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Not that one, but another."

As the child beheld his brother's angel in her arms, he cried, "O, sister, I am here! Take me!" And she turned and smiled upon him, and the star was shining.

He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books when an old servant came to him and said:

"Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessings on her darling son!"

Again at night he saw the star, and all that former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Thy mother!"

A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the star, because the mother was reunited to her own children. And stretched out his arms and cried, "O, my mother, sister and brother, I am here! Take me!" And they answered him "Not yet," and the star was shining.

He grew to be a man whose hair was turning gray, and he was sitting in his chair by the fireside, heavy with grief, and his face bedewed with tears, when the star opened once again.

Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Nay, but his maiden daughter."

And the man who had been the child saw his daughter, newly lost to him, a celestial creature among those three, and he said, "My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom, and her arm is around my mother's neck, and at her feet there is the baby of old time, and I can bear the parting from her, God be praised!"

And the star was shining.

Thus the child came to be an old man, and his once smooth face was wrinkled, and steps were slow and feeble, and his back was bent. And one night as he lay upon his bed, his children standing round, he cried, as he had cried so long ago:

"I see the star."

They whispered to one another, "He is dying."

And he said, "I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move towards the star as a child. And O, my Father, now I thank Thee that it has so often opened to receive those dear ones who await me!"

And the star was shining; and it shines upon his grave.

READY FOR WHAT?—The most difficult think in the world for a woman to do, is to get ready to go anywhere. And there is nothing a woman will resent quicker or more fiercely than an intimation that she may possibly miss the train. Our friend, Mr. Brayfogle, gives us an instance of this. Mr. Brayfogle was to take the ten o'clock train on the Bee Line, to visit some relatives in an interior town. Having suffered on previous occasions for injudicious suggestions, Brayfogle thought that for once he would let things take their natural course. So he sipped his coffee and ate his eggs and toast, while madam curled and powdered, and danced attendance on the looking-glass, and tied bark on the back of her head. Then Brayfogle sat by the stove for an hour and read the morning paper, while the madam still continued to get ready. At last, just as he had reached the final paragraph of reading matter and was beginning on the advertisements, madam tied the bonnet under her chin, took one long, lingering, loving look at the image reflected in the glass, and sweetly announced:

"Well, my dear, I'm ready."

"Ready for *what?*" asked Brayfogle, in well affected astonishment.

"To go to the depot, to be sure," said Mrs. Brayfogle, tartly.

"Oh," said Brayfogle, "I'd forgotten. Well madam," continued he, looking at his watch, "that train has been gone thirteen minutes. Just keep on your things, and you'll be ready for the train tomorrow morning."

We dreamed all night that we were trying to get our wife ready to go to church. We are assured, however, that many married men have dreamed the same dream, and that Mrs. B. was not ready in her sleep, at that time.

HAWTHORNE'S ENGLISH NOTE-BOOK.—Of Tennyson he says:

He looks an Englishman possible enough, an Englishman of genius, usually lacks the national characteristics, and is great abnormally. Even the great sailor, Nelson, was unlike his countrymen in the qualities that constituted him a hero; he was not the perfection of an Englishman, but a creature of another kind—sensitive, nervous, excitable, and really more like a Frenchman or Italian than an Englishman, had not, however, an American look. I cannot well describe the difference; but there was something more mellow in him—softer, sweeter, broader, more simple than we are apt to be. Leaving apart from me as he does would hurt any one of us more than it does him. I may as well leave him here, for I cannot touch the central point.

A visit to the House of Commons results in the following sketch:

I was not much impressed with the appearance of the members generally; they seemed to me rather shabbier than English gentlemen usually, and I saw or fancied in many of them a certain self importance, as they passed into the interior, betokening them to be very full of their dignity. Some of them looked more American—more like American politicians—than most Englishmen do. There was now and then a gray-headed country gentleman, the very type of stupidity; and two or three city members came up and spoke to Bennoch, and showed themselves quite as dull, in their aldermanic way, as the country squires. Bennoch pointed out Lord John Russell, a small, very short, elderly gentleman, in a brown coat, and so large a hat—not large of brim, but large like a peck measure—that I saw really no face beneath it. By and by came a rather tall, slender person, in a black frock-coat, buttoned up, and black pantaloons, taking long steps, but I thought rather feebly or listlessly; his shoulders were round, or else he had a habitual stoop in them; he had a prominent nose, a thin face, and a sallow, very sallow complexion. Had I seen him in America, I should have taken him for a hard-worked editor of a newspaper, weary and worn with night labor and want of exercise—aged before his time. It was Disraeli, and I never saw any other Englishman look in the least like him; though, in America, his appearance would not attract notice as being unusual.

We quote two or three of the striking thoughts and fragments of description, so abundant in the earlier diaries:

I think that the feeling of an American, divided, as I am, by the ocean from his country, has a continual and immediate correspondence with the national feeling at home; and it seems to be independent of any external communication. Thus, my ideas about the Russian war vary in accordance with the state of the public mind at home, so that I am conscious whereabouts public sympathy is.

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Every Englishman runs to the *Times* with his little grievance, as a child runs to his mother.

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Why did Christ curse the fig-tree? It was not in the least to blame; and it *seems* most unreasonable to have expected it to bear figs out of season. Instead of withering it away, it would have been as great a miracle, and far more beautiful—and, one would think, of more beneficent influence—to have made it suddenly rich with ripe fruit. Then, to be sure, it might have died joyfully, having answered so good a purpose. I have been reminded of this miracle by the story of a man in Haywood, a town in Lancashire, who used such horrible profane language that a plane tree in front of his cottage is said to have withered away from that hour. I can draw no moral from the incident of the fig-tree, unless it be that all things perish from the instant when they cease to answer some divine purpose.

* * * * * *

In a future state of being, I think it will be one of my inquiries, in reference to the mysteries of the present state, why monkeys were made. The Creator could not surely have meant to ridicule his own work. It might rather be fancied that Satan had perpetrated monkeys, with a malicious purpose of parodying the masterpiece of creation.

☞ A paragraph is going the rounds about a girl in Chester, Vt., dying from tight lacing. An editor commenting on the fact, says: "These corsets should be done away with; and if the girls can't live without being squeezed, we suppose men can be found who would sacrifice themselves. As old as we are we would devote three hours a day, without a cent of pay, as a brevet corset, than see these girls dying off in that manner. Office hours almost any time.

☞ A Scotchman asked an Irishman why farthings were coined in England and Pat's answer was:

"To give Scotchmen an opportunity to subscribe for charitable institutions."

☞ A word has often proved the ruin of a virtuous soul—a word thoughtlessly spoken it may be—but reported by an evil mind.

☞ Give me liberty or give me death.—But on the 2 $ prefer liberty.

DEATH OF BISHOP POLK.—A correspondent of the Standard of the Cross, in a recent letter to that paper, says:

Being on a long ramble from my home in Cleveland, through the States in the South, I have been journeying a few days in the city of Atlanta and vicinity, and having been over the battle ground of Kenesaw Mountain, where Gen. (Bishop) Polk met his fate, I was interested in making inquiries about his life as a soldier, and of his death. Fortunately for my purpose, I was visiting in a house of a wealthy and highly intelligent Georgia family where Bishops Elliott and Polk were often inmates, and from the gentleman and lady of the house I obtained the information which I designed.

On the day when Gen. Polk fell, Gen. Joe Johnston, who was in command of the defences of Atlanta and vicinity, being at Kenesaw, twenty miles north of this place, during a lull in the storm of battle, said to Gen. Polk that the two, with their respective staff officers, would advance to an outlook and see how the field looked. Dismounting under cover of the crest of Kenesaw, they stepped out upon the spur of the hill and with field glasses were reconnoitering the ground between the two armies, when they noticed that Gen. Sherman, with his staff, was doing the same thing from the opposite hills.

Being in fair view, they were recognized as general officers, and complimented with a shell from a battery near which Gen. Sherman was standing. The shell struck close by Gen. Johnston. As soon as the piece could be reloaded, another shell was dropped by the first, when Gen. Johnston said: "Bishop we have seen all we desire; let us retire;" and walked rapidly back to where the horses were left. Gen. Polk seemed lost in thought, and instead of following Gen. Johnston to the rear, walked to the face of the hill, and received the third shell which fell upon his side, carrying off his viscera. His two staff officers sprang forward, and receiving him in their arms, carried him to a conveyance by which he was immediately carried to Atlanta, where he lay in state for a time, and was then taken to Augusta for burial.

Having seen it reported so often during the war, that since he became a soldier, Bishop Polk had been guilty of using strong drink, and also of using profane language, I asked my host and hostess concerning the truth of these reports.—With an earnestness which brought tears to their cheeks, they both exclaimed:—"No, O, no! never! never! His Christian character was never sullied by his life as a soldier."

HOW A BATTLE IS FOUGHT.—How a battle is fought? With tremendous volleys the ranks standing firm and steady as on dress parade—with enthusiasm, with deafening cheers, with music, and finished by a glorious bayonet charge? Nothing of the kind. Here are simply some thousands of men, on either side, who have been marched out this pleasant day to butcher each other. Modern fire arms are horribly effective weapons—a good Springfield musket will kill a thousand yards; and by the time you have drawn these opposing forces to within two hundred yards of each other or about the distance across a good sized wheat field, the battle is resolved into a simple problem—which army can stand the most killing or wounding without breaking up?—When the question is answered, you can tell which side is victorious. The business of the officers is to hold the men to work—to compel them to load and fire until so many of the enemy are put *hors du combat* that he is forced to withdraw.

Take your regiment into battle as orderly as you may, before it has been under fire half an hour, it will become resolved into knots and groups, from the drawing together to fill the places of those stricken down, and the survivors will be lying or kneeling, forced down by the irresistible instinct of self-preservation.—The sights and sounds of battle are well-nigh indescribable. Noise, tumult, danger, excitement, all blend to make a scene which I think can have no parallel on the hither side of the infernal regions. During his first battle, perhaps the novelty of the thing may fill the recruit with genuine enthusiasm and put fear in the back ground; but after that he will find the poetry of the battle field somewhat overdone in "Hohenlinden," and fighting itself rather a prosaic and dangerous butchery.

There is nothing less like a pageant, I verily believe, than a battle. The arms are not polished and shiny now, for the dew of last night's bivouac in the grass has tarnished them; very plain blouses have taken the place of straight bodied, corsety coats; belts are loosened, or in the fury of the fights are thrown aside altogether; shoulder straps and epaulets are discarded, out of wholesome regard for the enemy's sharp-shooters; and after the fight has progressed an hour, you will find those who are still fighting dirty, grimy, and laboring to kill the enemy with about as hard manual labor as your wood sawyer employs on your wood pile.

☞ A Spanish proverb says; One "I did" is worth two "I wish I had." But that depends upon whether you wish to do something or to do somebody.

☞ He who receives a good turn should never forget it, he who does one should never remember it.

Old men are mowed down, but babies are dead ed.

SIGNS OF THE HANDS.—A little work on "Modern Palmistry" brings together a large amount of amusing gossip, but we cannot say how much you believe of it. The person who will carefully study the nubbles, furrows, lines and hollows on the hands, will be able to tell fortunes as well as any modern Gipsy.

If the palm of the hand be long, and the fingers well proportioned, etc., he will, but rather rare, it denotes the person to be ingenious, changeable, and addicted to theft and vice.

If the hands be hollow, solid, and well knit in the joints, it predicts long life, but if overthwarted then it denotes short life.

Observe the finger of Mercury, that is, the little finger; if the end of it exceeds the joint of the ring finger, such a man will rule in his own house; and his wife will be pleasing and obedient to him; but if it be short and does not reach the joint he will have a shrew, and she will be boss.

Broad nails show the person to be bashful, fearful, but of a gentle nature.

Narrow nails denotes the person to be inclined to mischief, and to do injury to his neighbors.

Long nails show a person to be good natured, but distrustful, and loving reconciliation rather than differences.

Oblique nails signify deceit and want of courage.

Little round nails signify obstinacy, anger and hatred.

If they are crooked at the extremity they show pride and fierceness.

Round nails show a choleric person, yet soon reconciled, honesty, a lover of secret science.

Flesh nails denote the person to be mild in temper, idle and lazy.

Pale and black nails show the person to be very deceitful to his neighbors, and subject to many diseases.

Red and marked nails signify choleric and martial nature, given to cruelty; and as many little marks as there are, speak so many evil desires.

SCRAPS OF HISTORY.—Little by little the secret infamy of Stanton's military administration is being made public.—The New York World, criticising Judge Black's defence of Stanton in the Galaxy, introduces the following incident.

Nor is it amiss here to state a fact not generally known, but susceptible of proof that when, on the trial of Wirz, Judge Ould, the Confederate Commissioner of Exchange, came to Washington as a witness, under subpœna, to prove the facts we have stated, Stanton sent him word that if he did not return home at once his parole would be determined. He went away and Wirz was hung!

To which the Savannah (Ga.) Republican furnishes the following historical continuation:

To which we would add the additional fact, not generally known, that Gen. Robert E. Lee and Gen. Howell Cobb, were also subpœnaed and ordered to Washington as witnesses for the accused, but were subsequently met on route by dispatches from the Government, ordering them not to come on. Gen. Cobb got as far as Savannah, and, receiving his dispatch, turned back. The prosecution had both these gentlemen rejected as witnesses on the ground that having engaged in rebellion they were personally infamous, and not to be believed on oath!

We may also state, as an interesting fact in this connection, that Gen. Cobb, who was in command at Macon during the year 1864, had he been allowed to reach Washington, would have testified that upon receipt of a very large number of wounded Confederates from a recent battle, more than could be accommodated in Macon, he wrote to Andersonville to have a quantity of lumber that had been collected there sent up immediately, to be used in the construction of temporary hospitals. Wirz refused to let it go, alleging that he had been trying long and had procured it with great difficulty in order to shelter his prisoners. We had the circumstance from Gen. Cobb's own lips.

DISRAELI AND HIS SARCASMS.—Disraeli once described a certain author as "a literary louse." That man is now revenging himself in Blackwood. On a certain occasion he spoke of the great Irish agitator, O'Connell, as a "bloody traitor." O'Connell made the memorable retort:—"For aught I know this present Disraeli is the true heir-at-law of the impenitent thief who died on the cross." Exasperated by this taunt, Mr. Disraeli challenged O'Connell's son, who had taken up his father's quarrel, but the challenge was not accepted.

Mr. Disraeli was remarkable at the outset of his political career for his acrimony in debate. His severe and effective attacks on Sir Robert Peel established his reputation as one of the most powerful debaters and keen and merciless satirists in Parliament. But he had to encounter a signal mortification in the very beginning of his career. His maiden speech was a lamentable failure. Ignorant of the tastes and temper of his audience, and with the most violent and grotesque gestures, he poured forth the grossest abuse of O'Connell, the only effect of which was to call forth the laughter and ridicule of the House. He closed this now famous speech with the following words: "I am not surprised at the reception I have experienced. I have begun several times many things, and I have often succeeded at first. I shall sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me." His prediction is more than fulfilled.