White Cloud Kansas Chief.

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Choice Poetry.

THE COLOR SERGEANT.

You say that in every battle,
No soldier was braver than he,
As staff, in the roar and the rattle,
He carried the flag of the free.
I know, ah! I know he'd ne'er falter;
I could trust him, the dutiful boy:
My Robert was wilful—but Walter,
Dear Walter was ever a joy.

And if he was true to his mother,
Do you think he his trust would betray,
And give up his place to another,
Or turn from the danger away?
He knew, while afar he was straying—
He felt, in the thick of the fight—
That at home, his poor mother was praying
For him, and the cause of the right.

Tell me, comrade, who saw him when dying,
What he said, what he did, if you can.
On the field in his agony lying.
Did he suffer and die like a man?
Do you think he once wished he had never
Borne arms for the right and the true?
Nay, he shouted, Our Country forever!
When he died, he was praying for you!

O, my darling, my youngest and fairest,
Whom I gathered so close to my breast;
I called thee my dearest and rarest;
And thou wert my purest and best!
I tell thee, O, friend, as a mother,
Whose full heart is breaking to-day,
The Infinite Father—none other—
Can know what He's taken away.

I thank you once more for your kindness;
For this lock of his auburn hair;
Perhaps 'tis the one I in blindness
Last touched, and we parted just there.
When he asked, through his tears, should he linger
From duty, I answered him, Nay;
And he smiled, as he placed on my finger
The ring I am wearing to-day.

I watched him leap into the meadow,
Where, a child, he with others had played;
I saw him pass slowly the shadow
Of the trees where his father was laid;
And there, where the road meets two others,
Without turning he went on his way;
Once his face toward the foe, not his mother's
Should counsel him, or cause him delay.

It may be, that some day your duty
Will carry you that way again,
When the field shall be riper in beauty,
Enriched by the blood of the slain:
Would you see if the grasses are growing
On the grave of my boy? Will you see
If a flower, e'en the smallest, is blowing,
And pluck it, and send it to me?

Don't think, in my grief I'm complaining:
I gave him—God took him—'tis right;
And the cry of his mother remaining,
Shall strengthen his comrades in fight.
Not for vengeance to-day in my weeping
Goes my prayer to the Infinite Throne;
God pity the foe, when he's reaping
The harvest of what he has sown!

Tell his comrades these words of his mother:
All over the wide land to-day,
The Rachels who weep with each other,
Together in agony pray.
They know, in their great tribulation,
By the blood of their children outpoured,
We shall smite down the foes of the nation,
In the terrible day of the Lord.

Select Tale.

THE OLD BUREAU.

CHAPTER I.

As we were passing down Exchange Street, several years ago, we stopped in front of an auction room, to examine the various articles that were exposed to be sold under the hammer. We had been there but a few moments when we heard a female voice inquiring—

"Is this bureau to be sold to-day?"

On looking up, we perceived that the question had been addressed to us by a young lady, whose sad but pleasant countenance struck us at once. We replied that all the articles spread on the sidewalk would be disposed of to the highest bidder.

"I should like this bureau, if it goes low enough," she said, pointing to an old-fashioned article that was standing among the other furniture; "but I never bought anything at auction in my life, and I see no women here; I don't know as it would be proper for me to bid."

"It would be perfectly proper," we remarked; "but if you wish it, I will bid off the bureau."

"If you will, sir, I shall be greatly obliged to you."

"How high are you willing to go?"

"I don't know exactly how much it is worth; but if it sells for three or four dollars, you may buy it."

"Shall I speak to a carman to leave it at your house?"

"No, sir; I will call at noon and settle for it, and take it away. I am very much obliged to you for your kindness."

So saying, the lady went away, leaving us to wonder who she was, and of what use the old bureau could be to her. We examined it, took out the drawers, but saw nothing remarkable about it. At eleven o'clock, when the auction commenced, we were present, and after waiting nearly an hour, the auctioneer remarked—

"We will now sell the bureau.—What will you give me, gentlemen?"

One man offered two dollars, another three, and we bid a half dollar more. Four dollars were bid, four and a half, and five dollars. We were astonished that the old thing should bring such a price. What could we do—see it sold, and disappoint the lady? The thought struck us that it might have belonged to some friend, and she wished to purchase it on that account, and rather than disappoint her, we resolved to bid again. The bureau was run up to ten dollars, and we purchased it for half a dollar more. Certainly, we should not have given four dollars for it to use ourselves. However, we bought it, and had it sent to our room, telling the auctioneer that if a lady should call for it, to inform her where it might be found. We examined it again, and began to regret our purchase, feeling almost certain that the young woman would not thank us for what we had done. But we never mourn over a bad bargain; our philosophy will not permit us to do so.

A little after dusk, as we were sitting in our sanctum, the young lady came in, with an apology for intruding, and remarked—

"You bought me the bureau—so the auctioneer informs me."

"Yes, I bought it at an extravagant price, I assure you."

"What did you give?"

"Ten dollars and a half."

"You astonish me. What can I do? I had no idea that it would bring over three or four dollars, and am not prepared to pay for it to-night."

"I suppose it was foolish in me to give so much for it, but I presumed you wanted it very much."

"I did, sir, and would not value paying double the amount for the bureau, if I were able, rather than not have it."

"So I apprehended. Perhaps it may have belonged to some friend of yours?"

"Yes, sir, that bureau was once my mother's"—and I noticed a tear come in her eye, which she endeavored to conceal—"but she is dead now, and I want to keep it in remembrance of her."

Thinking the lady might be poor, we told her that she might take the bureau that night, if she wished, and pay us when she found it convenient.

"I am greatly obliged to you for your kindness, but would rather you should keep it until it is paid for."

We urged her to take it, but she refused, saying—

"I will see what I can do, and call in a day or two, and see you;" and bidding us good evening, she left.

There is something very mysterious about this woman, we thought. It may be that she is poor, and perhaps in very destitute circumstances. But she shows an excellent heart, and the warmest attachment to a deceased mother. Her education must have been good, and she has evidently seen better days. And we thought, the next time she called upon us, we would ascertain something more of her character and circumstances—perhaps her name, which we felt deeply anxious to learn.

In a day or two the young woman called upon us again, and with tears in her eyes remarked—

"I do not know what you will think of me, but all the money I have in the world is five dollars; this I have brought you towards the bureau you were so kind as to purchase for me;" and she then placed the money before me.

"We shall not take the money at present," we remarked; "we can do without it. You may take the bureau, if you want it; and when you are able, at some future time, you may pay for it."

She expressed a great deal of gratitude, and then said—

"I would rather you would take what I have."

Nothing that we could say would induce her to take the money again.

"You appear to have seen some affliction," we remarked, as we saw the tears in her eyes.

"Not much, sir. I must confess that I have not always been as poor as I am at present; for I have seen better days. When my parents were living I never knew what it was to want for anything. Now, I cannot say so."

"How long have your parents been dead?"

"About six years since my father died; and it was four years ago last Saturday when my mother died."

At the mention of her mother's name, the tears came to her eyes. We saw that a tender chord was touched, and made no more inquiries; after which, she took her leave.

It was nearly six weeks before we saw the young lady again. She then called upon us with the remainder of the money that we had paid for the bureau.

We protested against receiving it at that time, thinking it might have been inconvenient for her to pay it.

"I am under great obligations to you for your kindness. Had it not been for you, I should not have the bureau—the only relic of my mother; for it was then impossible for me to raise the money you so generously paid. I shall never forget your kindness."

"Do you wish to take the bureau away?"

"I have spoken to a carman, who will call here in a short time, and have it removed out of your way; for I suppose you will be very glad to get rid of it."

"Not at all. I am pleased that I was instrumental of a little service to you; and if ever you need any assistance, I shall always be ready to render it."

"I thank you, sir, with all my heart."

At this moment the carman came for the bureau, and, bidding us good morning, the young lady left the room.

CHAPTER II.

"Going, going—will you give but two dollars for this excellent bureau?" exclaimed the auctioneer, a year or two since, as were passing down Exchange Street. "Here," he said, turning to us, "buy this bureau; it is cheap enough; it is worth more for kindling wood than what it is going for. Just look at it. Going—going—say quick, or you lose it."

We bid two dollars and fifty cents, as we saw it was the very same bureau we had bought several years before for ten and a half dollars, and it was knocked off to us.

This is singular enough, thought we, as we had the article again carried to our room. Where is the young woman who formerly owned it? Who was she?

We made several inquiries, but could not ascertain who she was, or what had become of her. The bureau had been carried to the auction room by a stranger, and all our inquiries to ascertain what became of the young lady seemed, fruitless.

Several months passed by, and still we heard nothing of the young lady, when, one day, not knowing but what we might get some clue of the former owner, we took out all the drawers separately and examined them. We saw no writing whatever. In the back of the under drawer we noticed that a small piece of pine had been inserted. It looked as if it had been put there to stop a defect. Prying it with a knife, it came out, when to our astonishment we found several gold pieces to the value of about fifty dollars, besides a note for twenty-five hundred dollars, with interest, made payable to Sarah M——, when she should become of age. It was a witnessed note, and had been running about ten years, signed by a wealthy man, whose reputation for honesty was not exceedingly good.

Without mentioning to a single individual what we had discovered, we immediately renewed our efforts to ascertain who Sarah M—— was, and where she could be. We learned that a girl of this name formerly lived with Capt. L——, and did the work of the kitchen. From him, we could obtain but little information. His wife recollected the girl, and spoke of her in the highest terms. She believed Sarah had married a mechanic, and retired from the city, but his name she could not recollect. By repeated inquiries, we ascertained that Sarah and her husband lived on a small farm, on the road that leads to Saco.

Taking an early opportunity, we started for the residence of the young woman. After numerous inquiries on the road, we were directed to the house. It was in a pleasant situation, a little from the road, while everything looked neat about the dwelling. As we drew up to the cottage, who should come to the door but the very woman we had so long been anxious to find? She recognized us at once.

"Why, sir, how glad I am to see you! Where in the world did you come from? Walk in and take a seat."

Her husband was present—an intelligent looking man—to whom she presented us.

"I have often thought of you," she remarked, "and when in Portland, have been tempted to call and see you; but although I have not called, be assured I have not forgotten your kindness, and I never shall forget it."

"But you seem happier than when I last saw you."

"Be assured, sir, I am. My husband has hired this little farm, where we have resided for the last two years, and we have a comfortable living, and are as happy as we could wish. In the course of a few years, if we have our health, and prosper, we are in hopes to purchase the farm."

"What does the owner value it at?"

"He values it at about fifteen hundred dollars. We have had to purchase a great many farming things, or we should have made a payment before this time."

"But what has become of your old bureau?"

"I fear I never shall see it again," she replied.

After a pause, she added—

"I believe I have never told you how I have been situated?"

"You never did."

"When my mother died, it was thought she left some property in the hands of an uncle of mine, that would come to me when I was of age; but he said it was not the case. With him I resided for a short time."

"Was your uncle's name, Mr. N——?" said we, mentioning the individual who had signed the note in our possession.

"Yes, sir; that was his name. He was very unkind to me—made me work hard, and was so cross that I was obliged to leave him, and earn my living by doing the work of a kitchen girl. One day, I learned that he was about to dispose of what little property mother had left, to pay an old debt of hers. As soon as I found it correct, I immediately went to the auction, and found it too true.—You know about the bureau, the only article of mother's property I could purchase—and had it not been for your kindness, it would have gone with the rest. The money I paid was earned in the kitchen. As I found it inconvenient to have it with me, I asked my aunt's permission to put it in her garret, which favor she granted. On calling for it, when I was married, I learned that my uncle had disposed of it, with some other things, at auction. I would rather have lost a hundred dollars; not that the bureau possessed any real value, but it belonged to my dearly beloved mother, and on that account I did not wish to part with it. But it was useless to speak to my uncle about it—he was entirely indifferent to me and what concerned me."

"Suppose that I should tell you that I have that bureau in my possession?"

"Is it possible? You astonish me! Have you, indeed, the old bureau?"

"I have, and, what is better, I have something here for you," said I, taking out my pocket book, and placing the note and gold upon the table; "these are yours."

"Why, sir, you amaze and more astonish me."

"They are yours. After I became the owner of your bureau, I found this gold and the note concealed in one of the drawers. There are nearly fifty dollars, and the note is against your uncle for nearly three thousand dollars, every cent of which you can recover."

The astonished lady could not speak for some time; but, when she recovered from her surprise, she could only express her gratitude in tears; nay, more, she offered us half the amount; but we merely told her that it pleased us to have justice done her, and be instrumental in adding to the happiness of those we considered so worthy as herself and husband.

When we left, we promised to call on her soon again, and in the meantime to make arrangements for her to receive her just dues from her unworthy uncle.

The old man demurred a little at first; but when he found that he could wrong a poor orphan girl no longer, he paid the note with interest—begging us not to expose him.

Sarah's husband purchased the farm on which he resided, stocking it well, and is now an independent farmer. Two happier souls it is difficult to find than Sarah and her husband. May prosperity attend them to the close of life.

We often call at the farmhouse of our friends, and spend there many a happy hour. It was but a week or two since we saw them, and they seem as cheerful and contented as it is possible for mortals to be.

Miscellaneous.

MY BOY.

BY W. H. C. HOSMER.

He has fallen in front of the battle at last,
With our star-spangled banner wrapped over him fast;
With pride we remember, although he has low,
He never turned back in the strife on a foe.

Though others with panic were seized, in the fight,
He was one who had never sought safety in flight;
In the vanguard of danger was ever his place,
For he feared not destruction, but only disgrace.

His heart with the pulse of a hero was warm;
His features were noble, and martial his form;
Oh, would I had power to rekindle the fire,
Of life in his veins, wake him up with my lyre!

His comrades, ere long, to their homes will come back,
But draped is my hearth in funeral black;
Changed to darkness and grief is the light of my joy,
For gone to his grave is my brave soldier boy.

I've sworn to avenge him with sabre and ball;
In deadly requital three traitors shall fall:
Let the blood of their hearts, not weak tear-drops, be shed,
As a sign of regard for the dauntless and dead.

The Nile Explorers Telling The Story of Their Wanderings.

The members of the Royal Institution held a special meeting in London on the 23d ult., to hear a lecture by Captain Speke on the discovery of the source of the Nile. The Prince of Wales was present, attended by Gen. Knollys, Sir Roderick Murchison, and a numerous suite. The Prince was accompanied by the Comte de Paris, and several of the royal family of France.

Before commencing his lecture, Capt. Speke introduced two little black boys who were brought to England for education. He also desired publicly to thank Sir Roderick Murchison and the fellows of the Geographical Society, for the assistance they had afforded him in proving the correctness of the conclusion at which he had arrived in 1858, that Lake Victoria Nyanza was the source of some great river, and that that river was the Nile. Time would not permit him to describe the whole of the incidents of his journey from Zanzibar to Egypt, which occupied two years and a half, and extended over a distance of three thousand miles. He chose rather to give some account of the Wahuma and some of the other tribes inhabiting the shores of Lake Nyanza.

Judging from the physical characteristics of those tribes, he considered them to be descended from the ancient Abyssinians—an idea confirmed by the traditions of the people, who, when questioned about their origin, always replied that they came from the north. Capt. Speke gave a long and interesting account of the history of the people of Unyoro, tracing their kings down to the present monarch. On the most fertile part of the shore of Lake Nyanza, he said, is the kingdom of Uganda, which is the most interesting of all the nations of equatorial Africa, being better cultivated and better governed than any other. The customs of Uganda are many of them most irregular. The Princes having large harems of women, their progeny is, of course, most numerous. When a king dies all his sons are burnt except his successor and two others, who are kept, in case of accident, until the coronation, after which one is pensioned off and the other banished to Unyoro. Untidiness in dress is a capital crime, unless the offender possesses sufficient riches to pay an enormous fine. Ingratitude, or even neglecting to thank a person for a benefit conferred, is punishable.

The Court customs are also curious. No one is allowed to stand before the King, and to touch him or look at one of his women is death. They believe implicitly in magic and the evil eye, and the kings are always attended by a certain number of women crowned with dead lizards, and bearing bowls of plantain wine in their hands. The King of Karagwe is the most civilized of all these native chiefs; before entering Uganda, Captain Speke spent many days with him; in manners, civility and enlightenment, he might be compared with many Europeans. He owes much of this to the influence of an Indian merchant named Mousaa Mzouri, who helped him by his advice to conquer his brother, with whom he was at war. Captain Speke was much entertained with many of his questions as to what became of the old suns, and why the moon made faces at the earth. He also wanted to know whether England, of which he had heard from the ivory traders could blow up the whole of Africa with gunpowder. The moment the King heard that he was desirous of going north, he sent messengers to the King of Uganda to prepare the way for him. The King was most anxious to afford him every possible assistance and information about the country.

While at the palace the King took him yatching on Murchison Creek for several days, and he frequently went shooting with the princes of the court, who, when he had shot anything, would rush up to shake him heartily by the hand—a custom little known in that part of Africa. Before leaving, they heard from the King Karasi that a body of white men had been seen at the north, who had killed numbers of the natives with a wonderful gun. This made Capt. Speke most anxious to push forward, as he supposed the party of white men to be that of Mr Petherick, who had appointed to meet him. He then started for Uganda with a numerous retinue.—Before leaving King Rumanika's palace, at Karngwe, he had noticed on several occasions three or four lofty mountain peaks, more than ten thousand feet high. The King of Uganda sent an armed body of men to meet him, who conducted him through the kingdom.—Everywhere they went the people left their huts, leaving their provisions behind them. The fertility of this part is very great, and the scenery on the shores of the lake most beautiful.

On arriving at the King of Uganda's capital, Capt. Speke found it necessary to wrap up all his presents in chintz before sending them to the King, as nothing bare or naked could be looked at by his majesty. He found the palace to consist of hundreds of conical tents spread over the spur of a hill. Thousands of courtiers and attendants were to be seen engaged in every conceivable occupation, from playing on musical instruments to feeding the royal chickens. On sending word to the King that he wished for an interview, that monarch sent back a sharp message that he was to sit on the ground and wait until he was at liberty. Capt. Speke, however, sent back word that he was a prince, and not accustomed either to sit on the ground or wait. A courtier followed him, prophesying all kinds of evil from his presumption.

Captain Speke, however, terrified the whole court, king and all, into submission, by merely opening his umbrella, which they took to be a deadly weapon, killing by magic. A chair was consequently allowed to Capt. Speke, who was received by the king, surrounded by his court, and having by his side the woman crowned with dead lizards, to ward off the effects of the evil eye. The King stared at him for about an hour, at the end of which time his Majesty said: "Have you seen me?" and retired to another tent, where the same process of staring was followed by a similar inquiry. The King went into a third tent, and Capt. Speke followed. This time, however, the monarch deigned to examine Capt. Speke's Whitworth rifle. Capt. Speke told him that it was the custom of the inhabitants of the country of which he was a prince to make presents of everything they possessed to any King into whose country they entered. He accordingly left him several rifles and watches, and a quantity of gunpowder. He endeavored to engage his Majesty in conversation about Petherick's party, and the possibility of opening a trade through the north. It was a long time, however, before he gained his confidence. On leaving, the King presented him with numerous very valuable presents.

At Gondokoro Capt. Speke met Mr. Baker, but the latter, hearing from Capt. Speke that he had not been able to explore the lake Luta Nzigi, Mr Baker immediately set off on an expedition in that direction, and Capt. Speke has no doubt that by next year we shall know all about this supposed tribute of the Nile.

Capt. Grant was present at this meeting, but made no speech.

The "Birth Place" of Daniel Webster, in Franklin, N. H., has passed out of the Webster name. It was owned by the widow of the late Col. Fletcher Webster, by whom it has recently been sold to L. D. Colty, of Franklin.

An editor, describing General Meade's manners, says that he is "easily approached." Gen. Bragg isn't. Try to approach him, and he runs away.—*Prentice.*

A Hokeite desires us to state that the "Friends" to whom the Governor alluded in his speech are not of the regular meeting.—*N. Y. Independent.*

RESOLUSHUNS

On the Concord, N. H., "Dimmeckrassy," (so-called, NOT in honor on Gineral Jackson.) dedicated tu Hon. Franklin Pierce, the Hero on Mexico, and Chairman on the Conveushun.

BY CHARITY GRIMES.

Resolved—This nation's going to ruin—
Old Abram Lincoln's bound to stand it.
There's some awl-fired mischief brewin',
We Dimmykrats can't no way stand it!
We make a vow, from this time forth,
To stop awl warfare in the North.

Resolved—That Lincoln's a nuisper—
An awful skeery critter, at that—
He shall not lead us one step further
Then we've a mind to go—that's flat!
We luv the Guvernment on the nation,
But go agin its administrashun.

Resolved—This war shood be conducktet
Most viggorous, by laws on peace,
That nigger folks may be abduckted
Whereso oour Suthern brethren please;
And wheresoever a trimblin' slave is,
He shood be given to Jeff. Davis.

Resolved—The stones we're throwin' in Dixie,
Hev brought us to an orful pass:
We let oour dander rise tew quickly;
We shood hev gone a throwin' grass.
We b'leeve Vallandigham a saint:
Woe to the man who sez he ain't!

Resolved—We will rekord the story,
That in this war we've acted wust.
It's true, the South fired on "old glory;"
But didn't we go and h'ist it fust?
We might hev missed the war's mischances,
Ef we had h'isted olive branches!

Therefore, we form a resolushun,
To make all Lincoln's orders void—
To put his Gineruls to konfushun,
So that oour own shan't be annoyed;
And fortify oour strong position,
By firing guns on abolishun!

We'll grasp the fiery Suthern Cross,
And bid sich folks as Butler bear it!
We'll kiver oour defeat and loss
With treason's garb, now Davis wears it!
We skorn deceit, detest hypockrasy—
Make way thar for the Peace Dimmockrassy!

A Fair Offer Taken Up.

A few days ago the following liberal offer was published in the Hartford Times:

"A FAIR AND LIBERAL OFFER.

"BURLINGTON, Ct., Aug. 26, 1863.

"FRIEND BURR: In looking over your paper, I find that I am drafted into the service of the United States. It will be very inconvenient for me to attend to that branch of business just at present, and I am therefore desirous of procuring the services of some individual as a substitute. Any person who will act as a substitute shall, on being mustered into service, receive the sum of $500 dollars, provided said substitute shall bring sufficient proof that he is the blackest Abolitionist in the the town where he resides. I want one of the John Brown style, or one of 'Beecher's fighting Christians.' None others need apply.

"Yours, etc.,

"NORRIS W. BUNNELL."

The person making this offer, who probably flattered himself that he had said a rather sharp thing, was somewhat taken aback at having a returned nine months' man present himself as exactly the person called for:

"Mr. Case is a lawyer, an upright, honest, able-bodied man. He offers ample evidence that he is as thorough an Abolitionist as his town can produce. He hails from the very village where the John Brown pikes ('ten inches long and tapering to a point like a dirk') are said to have been manufactured. He is proud to be called one of 'Beecher's fighting Christians,' and that he is such is proved by his character, and the fact that he has already fought, or done his best to do so, having served nine months in the twenty-second Connecticut regiment. He offers ample proof that he is all that is required in the offer of Bunnell."

When it came to the point, however, Mr. Bunnell determined to seek for a less costly substitute.

THE INFAMOUS FIVE.—WHO THEY ARE AND WHERE THEY ARE.—When the bill for raising money for paying our soldiers in the field was put upon its final passage in the United States House of Representatives, it received a vote of 150 in favor to five against it. The names of those five members who voted against paying our brave soldiers, are:

Clement L. Vallandigham, of Ohio, an exile now in Canada, having been expatriated for complicity with the enemy.

Benjamin Wood, of New York, editing a secession newspaper.

H. C. Burnett, of Kentucky, expelled the House of Representatives for treason, now in the rebel army.

Elijah H. Norton, of Missouri, who ran away from his home, and now is in the rebel army.

John W. Reid, of Missouri, expelled in the House of Representatives for treason, and now, or lately, in the rebel army.

GENERAL ROSECRANS was reviewing the lamented Brigadier-General Nelson's old division. He took unusual interest in that band of heroes who had so long and so nobly defended their country. He rode alone between the ranks, talking to the men and inquiring into their individual wants. Some wanted shoes, some blankets, some an increase of rations, etc. Finally the General stopped in front of an Irishman, apparently well pleased with his soldierly appearance.

"Well, Pat," says the General, "and what do ye want!"

"*A furlo, plase yer honor!*" answered Pat.

"You'll do, Pat," said the General, as he rode away laughing.

Portrait of Vallandigham.

The Detroit Tribune truthfully sketches the disgraced, exiled, convicted traitor, C. L. Vallandigham, thus:

The insignificant town of Windsor at present harbors a man whose absence has been deemed essential to his country's welfare. His course has at least the merit of being consistent and of terminating fitly. Nurtured under the beneficent protection of American institutions, honored by an influential position in our councils, favored beyond the ordinary lot of our citizens, he has in the hour of our country's need, used the power thus given against those who gave it, and stands to-day convicted of an ingrate baseness amounting to positive crime.—Had the path of duty been less plain, the dictates of patriotism less explicit, or the distinctions of the present less clear, friendly ingenuity might have devised plausible and palliating excuses for his moral and political aberrations; but unfortunately for him and his posterity, the light of present events is too powerful and penetrating to permit such flimsy fictions to veil for a moment the infamy of his career. Born on free soil, he has abused its priceless privileges, and outraged its generous forbearance, until the nation has spued him out as an outcast. Possessing our common human nature, he has slandered its character, for patriotism is one of its cardinal virtues. The voluntary ally of traitors, he has a closer fellowship and a completer interchange of sympathies. Strangely repudiating this appropriate, although involuntary society, he has transferred himself to the protection of power, whom he had formerly villified and abused, and now hovers along the confines of his native land, a bird of ill omen, blurring with his foreboding shape our distant horizon, but fortunately deterred from contaminating the soil with his actual presence. Owing his escape from the gallows to the leniency of the men whom he has persistently abused and defamed, this political parricide, foiled in his plots, still remains a pestilent but impotent schemer against the welfare of his country. His future reputation, it is painful to anticipate, when his name will be mentioned only as an example of evil, and remembered only as a thing to be loathed.

Gay Times on the Railroad.

Out on the Dubuque and Sioux City Railroad travellers and employees have the gayest possible times. The train is only about two hours making the first nine miles.

The other day, just this side of Peosta, a boy ran along side of the cars for nearly half an hour, yelling, "Mr. Cawley! Mr. Cawley!" at the top of his voice. At length the conductor heard him, and asked what was the matter.

"Why," said the boy, "father's big bull has jumped on the hind car."

Cy ran back, and sure enough, on the platform of the hind car stood a big bovine leisurely chewing his cud and contentedly enjoying a view of the country from his elevated position. The conductor had the brakes whistled down, and the noble critter was helped off. He had been seen standing at the side of the track for several days, and probably deliberately came to the conclusion that he could wait till the train passed, and then catch up to it, jump on the hind car, and take a free ride. He tried it and won. Since then the conductor has placed a cow-catcher at the rear of his train, and has had no more trouble with animals on his hind car.

Out at Manchester, Independence, Waterloo and Cedar Falls, they send messenger boys on horseback to meet the train and get the Times—so anxious are they for news. The newsboy on the train throws them the papers, and they gallop back, thus enabling the people of those enterprising towns to read the latest intelligence from the seat of war, from two to three hours sooner than they otherwise would.

The Dubuque and Sioux City is a great road for time. You can ride longer on it than any road in the country for the same amount of fare.

LIFE IN KANSAS.—Kansas City is a gay place, and they have queer specimens of humanity down there. If you don't believe it, read the following about a woman of doubtful loyalty, who was recently before the Provost Marshal.

She gave as an evidence of her loyalty that her husband had been killed in the 106th Illinois regiment.

"When did your husband go to Illinois?"

"About three years ago."

"That was before the war, was it not?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you go with him?"

"Well, I didn't like to go off so far with a man I wasn't much acquainted with."

"You don't mean to say that your husband was so much of a stranger that you did not like to go with him?"

"Yes, I do. I had only been married to him about a year, and I wasn't going to leave my folks and go off to Illinois with a man I didn't know more about."

The late Duke of Hamilton had his life insured for $500,000—probably the largest sum ever thus placed on the existence of a single individual.

Prentice, in speaking of the capture of Jeff. Davis' library, says: "If it taught him to be what he is, it must have been a villainous collection of books."