White Cloud Kansas Chief.

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Choice Poetry.

DIRGE FOR ONE WHO FELL IN BATTLE.

Room for a soldier! lay him in the clover;
He loved the fields, and they shall be his cover;
Make his mound with hers who called him once her lover:
Where the rain may rain upon it,
Where the sun may shine upon it,
Where the lamb hath lain upon it,
And the bee will dine upon it.

Bear him to no dismal tomb under city churches;
Take him to the fragrant fields, by the silver birches,
Where the whippoorwill shall mourn, where the oriole perches:
Make his mound with sunshine on it,
Where the bee will dine upon it,
Where the lamb hath lain upon it,
And the rain will rain upon it.

Busy as the busy bee, his rest should be the clover;
Gentle as the lamb was he, and the fern should be his cover;
Fern and rosemary shall grow my soldier's pillow over:
Where the rain may rain upon it,
Where the sun may shine upon it,
Where the lamb hath lain upon it,
And the bee will dine upon it.

Sunshine in his heart, the rain would come full often
Out of those tender eyes, which evermore did soften;
He never could look cold, till we saw him in his coffin.
Make his mound with sunshine on it,
Where the wind may sigh upon it,
Where the moon may stream upon it,
And Memory shall dream upon it.

Captain or Colonel"—whatever invocation
Suit our hymn the best, no matter for thy station—
Oh thy grave the rain shall fall from the eyes of a mighty nation!
Long as the sun doth shine upon it,
Shall grow the goodly pine upon it;
Long as the stars do gleam upon it,
Shall Memory come to dream upon it.

A SOLDIER TO-NIGHT IS OUR GUEST.

Fan, fan the gay hearth, and fling back the barr'd door;
Strew, strew the fresh rushes around on the floor;
And blithe let the welcome in every breast,
For a soldier—a soldier to-night is our guest.

All honor to him, who, when danger afar
Had fighted for ruin his ominous star,
Left pleasures and country and kindred behind,
And sped to the shock on the wings of the wind.

If you value the blessings that shine at our hearth—
The wife's smiling welcome, the infant's sweet mirth—
While they charm us at eve, let us think upon those
Who have bought with their blood our domestic repose.

Then, share with a soldier your hearth and your home,
And warm be your greeting whene'er he shall come;
Let Love light a welcome in every breast,
For a soldier—a soldier to-night is our guest.

Select Tale.

THE TENNESSEE BLACKSMITH.

A THRILLING STORY OF THE WAR.

Near the cross-roads, not far from the Cumberland Mountains, stood the village forge. The smith was a sturdy man of fifty. He was respected, wherever known, for his stern integrity. He served God, and did not fear man—and it might be safely added, nor the Devil either. His courage was proverbial in the neighborhood; and it was a common remark, when wishing to pay any person a high compliment, to say: "He is as brave as old Bradley." One night, towards the close of September, as he stood alone by the anvil, plying his labors, his countenance evinced a peculiar satisfaction, as he brought his hammer down with a gorgeous stroke on the heated iron. While blowing the bellows, he would occasionally pause and shake his head, as if communing with himself. He was evidently meditating upon something of a serious nature. It was during one of these pauses that the door was thrown open, and a pale, trembling figure staggered into the shop, and, sinking at the smith's feet, faintly ejaculated:

"In the name of Jesus, protect me!"

As Bradley stooped to raise the prostrate form, three men entered, the foremost one exclaiming:

"We've treed him at last! There he is—seize him!" and as he spoke, he pointed at the crouching figure.

The others advanced to obey the order, but Bradley suddenly arose, seized the sledge-hammer, and brandishing it about his head as if it were a sword, exclaimed:

"Back! Touch him not; or, by the grace of God, I'll brain ye!"

They hesitated, and stepped backward, not wishing to encounter the sturdy smith, for his countenance plainly told them that he meant what he said.

"Do you give shelter to an Abolitionist?" fiercely shouted the leader.

"I give shelter to a weak, defenceless man," replied the smith.

"He is an enemy!" vociferated the leader.

"Of the Devil," ejaculated Bradley.

"He is a spy! an Abolitionist hound!" exclaimed the leader, with increased vehemence; "and we must have him. So I tell you, Bradley, you had better not interfere. You know you are already suspected; and if you insist upon sheltering him, it will confirm it."

"*Sus-pect-ed!* Suspected of what!" exclaimed the smith, in a firm tone, riveting his gaze upon the speaker.

"Why, adhering to the North," was the reply.

"Adhering to the North," ejaculated Bradley, as he cast his defiant glances at the speaker. "I adhere to no North!" he continued; "I adhere to my country—my whole country—and will, so help me God! as long as I have breath," he added, as he brought the sledge-hammer to the ground with great force.

"You had better let us have him, Bradley, without further trouble. You are only risking your own neck by your interference."

"Not so long as I have life to defend him," was the answer. Then, pointing towards the door, he continued: "Leave my shop!" and as he spoke, he again raised the sledge-hammer.

They hesitated a moment, but the firm demeanor of the smith awed them into compliance with the order.

"You'll regret this morning, Bradley," said the leader, as he retreated.

"Go!" was the reply of the Smith, as he pointed toward the door.

Bradley followed them menacingly to the entrance of the shop, and watched them until they disappeared from sight down the road. When he turned to go back into the shop, he was met by the fugitive, who, grasping his hand, exclaimed:

"Oh! how shall I ever be able to thank you, Mr. Bradley?"

"This is no time for thanks, Mr. Peters, unless it is to the Lord; you must fly the country, and that at once!"

"But my wife and children?"

"Mattie and I will attend to them. But you must go to-night!"

"To-night!"

"Yes. In the morning, if not sooner, they will return with a large force, and carry you off, and probably hang you on the first tree. You must leave to-night."

"But how?"

"Mattie will conduct you to the rendezvous of our friends. There is a party made up, who intend to cross the mountains and join the Union force in Kentucky. They were to start to-night. They have provisions for the journey, and will gladly share with you."

"At this moment, a young girl entered the shop, and hurriedly said:

"Father, what is the trouble to-night?" her eye resting upon the fugitive, as she approached him, and, in a sympathizing tone, continued: "Ah! Mr. Peters, has your turn come so soon?"

This was Mattie. She was a fine, rosy girl, just past her eigliteenth birth-day, and the sole daughter of Bradley's home and heart. She was his all—his wife had been dead five years. He turned toward her, and in a mild but firm tone, said:

"Mattie, you must conduct Mr. Peters to the rendezvous immediately; then return, and we will call at the parsonage, to cheer his family. Quick! No time to be lost. The bloodhounds are upon the track. They have scented their prey, and will not rest until they have secured him. They may return much sooner than we expect. So haste, daughter, and God bless ye!"

This was not the first time that Mattie had been called upon to perform such an office. She had safely conducted several Union men, who had been hunted from their homes and sought shelter with her father, to the place designated, from whence they made their escape across the mountains into Kentucky. Turning to the fugitive, she said:

"Come, Mr. Peters, do not stand upon ceremony, but follow me."

She left the shop, and proceeded but a short distance up the road, and then turned off in a by-path, through a strip of woods, closely followed by the fugitive. A brisk walk of half an hour brought them to a small house that stood alone in a secluded spot. Here Mattie was received with a warm welcome by several men, some of whom were engaged in running bullets, while others were cleaning their rifles and fowling pieces. The lady of the house, a hale woman of forty, was busy stuffing the wallets of the men with biscuits. She greeted Mattie very kindly. The fugitive, who was known to two or three of the party, was received in a bluff, frank spirit of kindness by all, saying that they would make him Chaplain of the Tennessee regiment, when they got to Kentucky.

When Mattie was about to return home, two of the party prepared to accompany her; but she protested, warning them of the danger, as the enemy were doubtless abroad in search of the minister. But, notwithstanding, they insisted, and accompanied her until she reached the road, a short distance above her father's shop. Mattie hurried on, but was somewhat surprised, upon reaching the shop, to find it vacant. She hastened into the house, but her father was not there. As she returned to go to the shop, she thought she could hear the noise of hoofs clattering down the road. She listened, but the sound soon died away. Going into the shop, she blew the fire into blaze; then beheld that the things were in great confusion, and that spots of blood were upon the ground. She was now convinced that her father had been seized and carried off, but not without a desperate struggle on his part.

As Mattie stood gazing at the pools of blood, a wagon, containing two persons, drove up, one of whom, an athletic young man of five-and-twenty years, got out and entered the shop.

"Good evening, Mattie! Where is your father?" he said. Then observing the strange demeanor of the girl, he continued: "Why, Mattie, what ails you? what has happened?"

The young girl's heart was too full for her tongue to give utterance, and throwing herself upon the shoulder of the young man, she sobbingly exclaimed:

"*They* have carried him off!" Don't you see the blood?"

"Have they dared to lay hands upon your father? The infernal wretches!"

Mattie recovered herself sufficiently to narrate the events of the evening. When she had finished, he exclaimed:

"Oh, that I should have lived to see the day that old Tennessee was to be thus disgraced! Here, Joe!

At this, the other person in the wagon alighted, and entered the shop. He was a stalwart negro.

"Joe," continued the young man, "you would like your freedom?"

"Well, Massa John, I wouldn't like bery much to leabe you; but den I'se like to be a free man."

"Joe, the white race have maintained their liberty by their valor. Are you willing to fight for yours? Ay, fight to the death?"

"I'se fight for yous any time, Massa John."

"I believe you, Joe. But I have desperate work on hand to-night, and I do not want you to engage in it, without a prospect of reward. If I succeed, I will make you a free man. It is a matter of life and death—will you go?"

"I will, Massa."

"Then kneel down, and swear before the ever-living God, that if you falter or shrink the danger, you may hereafter be consigned to everlasting fire!"

"I swear, Massa," said the negro, kneeling. "An' I hope that Gor Almighty may strike me dead, if I don't go wid you through fire and water, and ebery ting!"

"I am satisfied, Joe," said his master; then turning to the young girl, who had been a mute spectator of this singular scene, he continued: "Now, Mattie, you get in the wagon, and I'll drive down to the parsonage, and you remain there with Mrs. Peters and the children, until I bring you some intelligence of your father."

While the sturdy old blacksmith was awaiting the return of his daughter, the party that he had repulsed, returned with increased numbers, and demanded the minister. A fierce quarrel ensued, which resulted in their seizing the smith and carrying him off. They conveyed him to a tavern, half a mile distant from the shop, and there he was arraigned before what was termed a vigilance committee.

The committee met in a long room, on the ground floor, dimly lighted by a lamp, which stood upon a small table in front of the chairman. In about half an hour after Bradley's arrival, he was placed before the chairman for examination. The old man's arms were pinioned, but nevertheless he cast a defiant look upon those around him.

"Bradley, this is a grave charge against you. What have you to say?" said the chairman.

"What authority have you to ask?" demanded the smith, fiercely eyeing his interrogator.

"The authority of the people of Tennessee," was the reply.

"I deny it."

"Your denials amount to nothing. You are accused of harboring an Abolitionist, and the penalty of that act, you know, is death.

"I say that it is a lie, and that he who utters such charges against me is a scoundrel."

"Simpson," said the chairman to the leader of the band that had captured Bradley, and who now appeared with a large bandage about his head, to bind up a wound which was the result of a blow from the fist of Bradley; "Simpson," continued the chairman, "what have you to say?"

The leader then stated that he had tracked the preacher to the blacksmith's shop, and that Bradley had resisted his arrest, and that upon their return he could not be found, and that the prisoner refused to give any information concerning him.

"Do you hear that, Mr. Bradley?" said the chairman.

"I do. What of it?" was the reply.

"Is it true?"

"Yes."

"Where is the preacher?"

"That is none of your business!"

"Mr. Bradley, this tribunal is not to be insulted with impunity. I again demand to know where Mr. Peters is. Will you tell?"

"No."

"Mr. Bradley, it is well known that you are not only a member, but an exhorter in Mr. Peters' church, and, therefore, some little excuse is to be made for you. He is from the North, and has long been suspected, and is now accused, of being an Abolitionist and a dangerous man. You do not deny sheltering him, and refusing to give him up. If you persist in this, you must take the consequences. I ask you, for the last time, if you will inform us of his whereabouts?"

And again, I answer, no."

"Mr. Bradley, there is also another serious charge against you, and your conduct in this instance fully confirms it. You are accused of giving comfort to the enemies of your country. What have you to say to that?"

"I say it is false, and that he who makes it is a villain."

"I accuse him of being a traitor, aiding the cause of the Union," said Simpson.

"If my adherence to the Union merits for me the name of traitor, then I am proud of it. I have been for the Union, am still for the Union, and will be for the Union as long as life lasts."

At these words, the chairman clutched a pistol that lay upon a table before him, and the bright blade of Simpson's bowie-knife glittered near Bradley's breast; but before he could make the fatal plunge, a swift-winged messenger of death laid him dead at the feet of his intended victim, while, at the same instant, another plunged into the heart of the chairman, and he fell forward over the table, extinguishing the light, and leaving all in darkness. Confusion reigned. The inmates of the room were panic-stricken.

In the midst of the consternation, a firm hand rested upon Bradley's shoulder; his bonds were severed, and he hurried out of the open window. He was again a free man, but was hastened forward into the woods at the back of the tavern, and through them to a road a quarter of a mile distant, then into a wagon, and driven rapidly off. In half an hour, the smith made one of the party at the rendezvous that was to start at midnight across the mountains.

"John," said the smith, as he grasped the hand of his rescuer, while his eyes glistened, and a tear coursed down his furrowed cheek, "I should like to see Mattie, before I go."

"You shall," was the reply.

In another hour, the blacksmith clasped his daughter to his bosom.

It was an effecting scene—there in that lone house in the wilderness, surrounded by men who had been driven from their homes for their attachment to the principles for which the patriot fathers fought and bled—the sturdy old smith, a type of the heroes of other days, pressing his daughter to his breast, while the tears coursed down his furrowed cheeks. He felt that perhaps it was to be his last embrace; for his resolute heart had resolved to sacrifice his all upon the altar of his country, and he could no longer watch over the safety of his only child. Was she to be left to the mercy of the parricidal wretches who were attempting to destroy the country that had given them birth, nursed their infancy, and opened a wide field for them to display the abilities with which nature had endowed them?

"Mr. Bradley," said his rescuer, after a short pause, "as you leave the State, it will be necessary, in these troublous times, for Mattie to have a protector, and I have thought our marriage had better take place to-night."

"Well, John," he said, as he relinquished his embrace, and gazed with a fond look at her who was dear to him, "I shall not object, if Mattie is willing."

"Oh! we arranged that as we came along," replied the young man.

Mattie blushed, but said nothing.

In a short time, the hunted-down minister was called upon to perform a marriage service in that lone house. It was an impressive scene. Yet no diamonds glittered upon the neck of the bride; no pearls looped up her tresses; but a pure love glowed within her heart, as she gave utterance to a vow which was registered in Heaven.

Bradley, soon after the ceremony, bade his daughter and her husband an affectionate farewell, and set out with his friends to join others who had been driven from their homes, and were now rallying under the old flag, to fight for Union, and, as they said, "Redeem old Tennessee!"

Miscellaneous.

THEY ARE COMING FROM THE WARS.

BY EUGENE H. MUNDY.

They are coming from the wars,
They are bringing home their scars,
They are bringing back the old flag, too, in glory;
They have battled long and well,
And let after ages tell
How they won the proudest name in song or story!
They have broken up their camps;
They are laughing o'er their tramps;
They are joking with the girls—who flock around them;
They have left the scanty fare,
They have left the fetid air, [them.
They have dashed to earth the prison-walls that bound

And they're coming from the wars,
They are bringing home their scars,
They are bringing back the old flag, too, in glory;
They have battled long and well,
And let after ages tell
How they won the proudest name in song or story!

We are eager with our thanks,
We are pressing on their ranks,
We are grasping hands that held the States unbroken;
Yet we sadly think of those
Who are sleeping with their foes,
And our trembling tongues give welcome sadly spoken.
But the long delay is past,
They have brought us peace at last,
And how proudly through our veins the blood is bounding,
As we bless our honored dead,
While the steady martial tread
Of returning vet'rans in our ears is sounding!

Yes, they're coming from the wars,
They are bringing home their scars,
They are bringing back the old flag, too, in glory;
They have battled long and well,
And let after ages tell
How they won the proudest name in song or story!

General Sherman on the Negro Question.

The following report is given of Gen. Sherman's remarks upon the question of negro suffrage, in one of his recent speeches in this city:

"Adverting to the negroes, who had been made free, he said that the Government would require to institute some system of labor, in order that the lands of the South might be cultivated. [Applause.] He wented those who had been in the South, to bear testimony to the condition of these freed negroes. His own personal opinion was, that they were not fitted for the exercise of the franchise. [Loud cheers.] He wanted them to get a fair price for their labor—to own and cultivate the lands; but he did not think they were fitted to take part in the legislation of the country." [Renewed cheering.]

The spirit of slavery institutes what it calls "systems of labor" or "patriarchal institutions" in "order that lands may be cultivated." The genius of freedom leaves every man free to cultivate the lands according to his own system, in order that men may be developed. The former subordinates the tiller to the soil. The latter holds the cultivation of the soil to be only a means of educating the men. Gen. Sherman calls on the Government to institute—(fatal word! for two hundred years "institution" has meant "slavery")—"some system of labor." We have now no system of labor instituted by Government, except for paupers and convicts. So far as the negroes may belong to either of these classes they will need "systems of labor," but no self-supporting negro need be torn from his occupation to be made subservient to any "system of labor."—General Sherman's personal opinion is that the freed negroes are not fitted for the exercise of the franchise. This is largely true, but if fitness is to be the test, how few of the whites can vote? Did Gen. Sherman ever meet a white Southern man who was not a rebel? Hundreds and thousands of them cannot read and write. Their intense ignorance was a principal cause of their rebellion.—Whipping them has not changed the bounds of their knowledge, except upon the single point that they have been thrashed. As to all else, they are ignorant as ever, and rebels besides. Are intensely ignorant rebels, just returned from fighting against their country, and who cannot read or write, better voters in Gen. Sherman's opinion than educated, loyal negroes like Robert Small or the negro who piloted Gen. Burnside's fleet to the victory of Roanoke, or the negro who piloted McClellan to his new base on the James, or to any of the black troops who have bravely fought on the right side of the war? Has he ever met a Southern white man who was not false or a Southern black man who was not true to the Union? If the Unionism be combined, though under a dark skin, with the rudiments of education, so that the negro who has fought for his country can also read its Constitution, would General Sherman deny the ballot box to such, and give it to rebels reeking with the blood of his own troops, and who could neither read nor write? As regards taking part in the legislation of this country, no negro can do this until he is elected to the Legislature. To be elected he must not only be preferred to his white competitor by a great many black votes, but by a great many white ones. If he gets a majority of both it only proves that he is the fittest representative of such a constituency. If we at the North can tolerate Ben. Woods and Vallandighams representing white treason, the constituencies who may elect them at the South will hardly suffer from the Fred. Douglasses or Robert Smalls whom they may send to represent black loyalty. The intelligent sentiment of the North is substantially united in favor of granting the suffrage to all at the South, whether white or black, who have fought for the Union, or can read and write, are loyal and are self-supporting. If it be said that this really admits no blacks to vote, we answer, very well, then it can do no harm. Why not unite with us in supporting it?

But apart from these views, there is an authoritative declaration extant to which Gen. Sherman anticipated this question a year ago, when he wrote in one of his published letters:

"If you admit the negro to this struggle for any purpose, he has a right to stay in for all, and when the fight is over, the hand that drops the musket cannot be denied the ballot!"

Gen. Sherman having thus claimed in advance the ballot for the negro soldier, his present change of position cannot but excite surprise in the minds of all interested in the question or the man.—*Chicago Tribune.*

President Johnson and the Figure Seven.

WASHINGTON, April 21st, 1865.

There is something remarkable in the frequent recurrence of the figure (7) *seven*, in connection with the history of President Johnson, and I have taken the trouble to note this circumstance, which may be of interest to the public. His name, *Johnson*, it will be perceived, has seven letters in it; he commenced to learn a trade at fourteen years of age, which is twice seven. He served seven years at his trade; finished his trade at twenty-one years of age, which is three times seven. He was elected alderman of the town of Greenville, Tenn., in 1828, making a multiple of four times seven. He was elected to the Legislature of Tennessee in 1835, which is a multiple of five times seven; and was then aged twenty seven. He was elected to Congress in 1843, aged thirty-five, which is five times seven. He was elected to the United States Senate in 1857, aged fiorty-nine, which is seven times seven. He was appointed the Military Governor of Tennessee on the seventh of March, 1862, and was nominated for the Vice-Presidency in 1864, aged fifty-six, which is eight times seven. To say the least, this is a somewhat remarkable occurrence of a single figure in one man's public life. He will no doubt be successful in bringing back the original seven Secession States, and make the Union seven times as strong as ever it was before the rebellion. May God's blessing rest upon him, and may he live to be aged seventy times seven!

And perhaps he will assist in pouring out the seven phials of wrath on th heads of traitors.

DIRGE FOR THE FALLEN.

Under the Winter snows,
Shielded from harm;
Past all the pain that knows
Battle's alarm;
Safe from all mortal foes,
Free from all earthly woes,
Sleeping in sweet repose,
Death's holy charm;

Under the Summer sod,
Still shall they sleep;
Called to Thy peace, O, God!
Tranquil and deep.
Nought may disturb their rest,
Mansioned among the blest;
Them shall the Shepherd's breast
Tenderly keep.

Theirs is no troubled night,
Vexed with its grief;
Watch they no morning's light,
Wait no relief;
Not to their slumbers come
Voices of fife or drum;
Hushed and forever dumb,
War's tumult brief.

Pillow their weary heads
Here where they fell;
Make them their warrior-beds
Where they fought so well;
Under the Southern sun,
Here was their brave work done,
Here their good fight was won—
Here weave their spell.

What matter where they lie,
Nameless, unknown?
Better beneath His eye,
Than beneath stone
Carved with an empty name,
Speaking a craven's shame,
Voicing a coward's blame,
When life has flown.

Give them Thy heavenly peace,
God of our trust!
Now may their troubles cease,
And from their dust
Soar their souls unto Thee,
Clad in Thy purity;
Make them, O, Father, free,
Thou who art just!

Mr. Nasby Has a Vision.

SAINT'S REST, (whitch iz in the stait of Noo Gersy, May 31, '65.

Dreems wuz common in the old Scriptooralloural times, and wuz considered ez profetikle. I hed a dreem larst nite, whitch may or not mene suthin. Ef it may, Lord help the undersined, iz my prayer continoolly.

I dreemed I wuz ded—that, asisted by a tyfus fever and 2 dokters, I hed busted the bonds of mortality, end hed sored to the unknone hereafter. Up I went to the gates of the tuther world, wher I wuz confronted by Peter.

"Wher yoo frum?" sez he.

"Noo Gersey," sez I.

"Wuz yoo a good cittyzen?" sez he.

"I wuz a Dimocrat who never skracht a ticket," sez I.

"Hev yoo votid that ticket for the larst 4 yeers, and kin rede?" sez he.

"I hev and kin," sez I.

"Then your place is below," sez he. "Git." Which I did.

I met his Majesty Satan the I. at the door, and he welcomed me corjelly. I was disappinted in his persnel appeerance. He wuz a middle-ajed man, gentlemanly in style, resemblin Geffson Davis very much, only hevin a more intellectoosl cast of countenanse.

"Welkum," sez he. "I hev been spectin you sum time. Welkum, welkum!"

"Hev yoo many of the Democrisy with yoo?" sez I.

"Not menny of the ginooine kopperheads," sez he.

"Uv coarse yoo heven't," sez I; "we averuge as good ez"—

"That's not it," sez he, gazing onto me with a expreshun uv intense fondnis, "that's not jist it. All but about 10 or 12 from each County git out by pleadin ignorance and idiocy, and sich. But its all rite. I make it up by hevin a heavier force 2 spare 2 stir up the few leeders. You can rede print, can't yoo?" he asked, ankshusly.

"I kin?" sez I.

"All rite," says he; "Gefferson Davis will be along in a few months, tho ef he don't show more man than he did when he was caught, he'll make poor amoosement."

"He's a disgrace to his secks—he ort to hev bin a woman," sez I.

"Troo," retorts he, "but ez Shakspeer sez, 'there's a divinity that shapes our ends.' Then Alec Stephens!"

"Will you git him? He wuz originally opposed to seceshin."

"That's my best holt. Davis was allnz a secesh. Bengamin wuz, becoz he thot it would pay—on them I've hed a morgige ever sense they arrived at the yeers of akountability. Stephens knode seceshin wuz wrong—he can't plead ignerance nor nothin, fer he warned his people agin it, and then wuz bot up in2 doing it hisself for the poor privilig uv playin 2d fiddle to Geff Davis, who drawd a miserable bow hisself. I've ded wood on him."

"Tell me, gentle sir," sez I, "how about Fernandy Wood, Vallandygum, et al., ez the lawyers say.

"In doo time they're mine," sez he. "They can't save themselves by repentance, even. They are now past forty, and if they'd commense, in ded earnest, tryin to do ez much good ez they hev bad, and lived till they wuz as old ez Methooseler, they couldn't make a commence toward balancin the books. By the way, speakin ov Methooseler, I hed to wate pasheently for customers in them days, when men lived 900 years.

"There's Corry, Colorado Jewett, and Alec Long," continued he, "I've hed my eye on. Jewett and Corry I'll lose—there's a place outside uv my jooridiciohen for sich. They ain't responsible, you see. The devils that wuz cast out uv the man and tuk refuge in the swine, left the swine when they was drowndid, and hev inhabited menny men sinse. Two uv them air in Corry and one in Jewett, to-day. Long hez, every now and then, a glimrin uv sense; he shows, occasshenally, surface indicasshens uv intelleck, not quite enuff to make a lunatick uv him, and too much for a idiot. I may git him, and may not But yoo will hev plenty uv compny. The stand your party took druv thousands of men in2 cussednis, who knode better, and who, ef left alone, would hev dodged me. I hev an eye on sum who denounst Vallandygum, and yet, when the screws wuz brot down on2 em, (and by the way, jist such as yoo turned em sed 'screws,' and he pokt me jockelerly in the ribs,) actilly presided at Vallandygum meetins, and voted fer him. Then, after he wuz defeetid, they swore they didn't vote fer him at all, addin a dirty lie to the original sin, which is given the devil (ez yoo stile me,) his due, with compound interest.

"But excoose me—I'll show you 2 your spartmence. This way, my deer sir."

"I objected to goin, and looked anxshusly around for a escape. Observin this, a change cum o'er the polite gentleman afore me. His eyes glistened, a sulfrus streem ishood from his mouth, his feet parted in2 hoofs, his fingers elongated in2 claws, I observed a tale peepin down under his cote; in short, he wuz transformed in2 the identicle devil I hed seen on sevral occashens, when labrin under attax of delirium tremens, sooperindoost by drinkin a barl or so 2 much elecshun whiske, doorin hotly contested campanes. He recht one claw for me, when I awoke. 2 say I wuz rejoist at findin myself still on prayin ground is week—twas goy unspeakable. I can't interprit the dreem.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
Lait Pastur uv the Church uv the Noo Dispensashen.

The Life of Lincoln Written by Himself.

GEORGETOWN, D. C., April 27th.

As every thing connected with the history of our martyr President is of intense interest, I send you a brief record which illustrates his singular modesty as a man. When, in 1858, I commenced my labors on the work known as the "Dictionary of Congress," I forwarded to every ex-Member of Congress whose residence I could ascertain a circular, asking each person for information as to the date and place of his birth, the character of his education, his profession or occupation, and a list of any public positions he may have filled. Those simple facts were all I wanted, and looking over the thousands of replies that have been sent to me since, it is truly remarkable that men of the greatest ability have invariably told a direct and brief story, thereby preserving their innate modesty, and writing nothing to compromise their dignity. The reply that I received from Mr. Lincoln was singularly brief, and yet comprehensive, and you may well imagine is now highly valued by me, with other friendly letters by the same hand, as a memento of one who possessed all the "degrees of sovereign honor," as elucidated by Lord Bacon; and who, like Regulus and the two Decii, sacrificed his life for the good of his country. The record in question is as follows:

"Born February 12th, 1809, in Hardin County, Kentucky.

"Education defective.

"Profession, a lawyer.

"Have been a Capt. of volunteers in the Black Hawk war.

"Postmaster at a very small office.

"Four times a member of the Illinois Legislature.

"And was a member of the Lower House of Congress.

"Yours, &c.

A. LINCOLN."

Such is the story of his life down to 1858. What a wonderful contrast does it present to his subsequent career!

Yours, very respectfully,

CHARLES LANHAM.

—*N. Y. Herald.*

Shall the negro live by the sweat of the white man's face?—*Democrat.*

No, sir-ee, he is going to live on corn dodgers and *ham;* and as he won't have any master to feed him whether he works or not, it will be "root hog, or die," with him. We guess he will prefer the former.—*Louisville Journal.*

On the site of Sodom and Gomorrah, English enterprise has established a factory for the extracting of bromides from the waters. They will attempt to strike oil, and we will soon have in the market "choice lots of scrip in Lot's wife—running forty barrels a day."

Washington is known as the father of his country. Jeff. Davis, we suppose, will henceforth be known as the mother of the Confederacy.—*Chicago Times.*

And the editor of the Times as one of its wet nurses.—*Chicago Journal.*

An old negress at Fortress Monroe, when she heard of the assassination of President Lincoln, found consolation in ejaculating between her sobs, "Bress de Lord, they can't kill God; they can't assassinate him!"

The treason of Benedict Arnold was discovered in Maj. Andre's boots. The great treason man of our day, was discovered by his boots.