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A Little Boys Thoughts.

I am a little boy about so many years old; don't know whether I'm a good little boy, but I'm afraid not, for I sometimes do wicked things, and once I cut sister's kitten's tail off with the choppin' knife, and told her a big dog came along and bit it off and swallowed it down before kitty could say Jack Robinson, and sister said she was sorry, and it must have been a very naughty dog, but my mother didn't believe me, and said she was afraid I had told a lie, and I'm afraid I had; so then she asked me if I knew where liars went to, and I said yes; that they went to New York, and wrote for Newspapers; she said no—they went to the bad place where was nothin' but a lake of fire and brimstun, and then she asked me if I would like to go there, and I said no! for I didn't think there'd be much skatin' or slidin' on that lake, and the boys couldn't snowball each other on shore, and she said it was more than that, just as though that wasn't bad enough, for I don't think they can play base ball nuther; then she asked me if I wouldn't like to be an angel, and have a harp, and I said no! I'd rather be a stage driver and have a big drum, for I couldn't play t'other thing. So I shouldn't like to be an angel, their wings must be in the way when they go swimmin', and play tag and leap frog; and, besides, it must be hard to fly when one aint used to it. But it would be jolly to be a stage driver, and have a long whip and touch up the leaders, say gelang there, what are ye doin' on? I should like that much better'n flyin'; and then mother said there was a dreadful stage of sin, and Brother Bob hollered, and said that he guessed I was on it, and then she whipped us and sent us to bed without any supper, but I didn't care about supper, for they hadn't nothin' but bread and butter for tea, and Bob and I got up, and he lifted me in at the pantry window, and we got a mince pie and a whole hat full of doughnuts, and they thought it was the cook that stole 'em, and sent her away the next day, and Bob said he didn't care, for she didn't make good pies, and the doughnuts wasn't fried enough; and sometimes I do swear, for I said by golly, the other day, and sister heard me and she told mother, and mother said I was a bad boy, and would bring her grey hairs to the grave, and she whipped me, but I don't think it did her gray hairs any good, and it hurt me, and when I got up stairs I said gol darn it, but I said it so she didn't hear me, and when she asked me if I didn't think I was very wicked, I said I was afraid I was, and I was sorry for it, and wouldn't do so no more; and then she said I was a good little boy and told me about George Washington who cut down the apple tree, and was caught at it, and said he did it with his little hatchet, just as though I hadn't heard all about it before, and didn't always think he was a big stupid for cuttin' wood when they had a hired man about the house, and dullin his little hatchet, and, besides, it would have been a good deal jollier to let the trees be so he could have stolen apples off in the fall. I don't care if he was the father of his country, he wasn't smart, and I'll bet you the boys in our school would cheat him out of his eye teeth swopping jack-knives, and I could lick him and not hardly try; and I don't think he was healthy either, for i never saw a good little boy that wasn't always sick, and had the mumps, and measles, and the scarlet fever, and wasn't a coughin' all the while, and hadn't to take castor-oil and tar-water, and couldn't eat cherries, and didn't have to have his head patted till all the hair was rubbed off by every-body that came to his mother's, and be asked how old he was, and who died to save sinners, and what he had been studin' at school, and how far he'd got, and lots of other conundrums, and have to say his catechism; no; I should not like to be a good little boy, I'd just as lief be an angel and be done with it. But I don't think I shall ever be a good little boy, and other people don't think so, too, for I wasn't never called a good little boy but once, and that was when Uncle John asked me where I stood in my class, and I told him it was next to the head, and he called me a good boy and asked who was in my class, and when I told him only me and another boy he shook his head and said he was afraid I never would be a good boy.

A Hunter Treed.

The Southern hunters tell wonderful stories of their adventures in the forest. We would not care to vouch for them all, nor, indeed, for all of any one of them; but it is proper to remember that what appears incredible to the man of civilization, seems to be quite probable, and even common-place, in the western wilds. Let us tell a single story, to illustrate some of their exagerations, which was related to a circle of Southern men in a Mississippi steamer, and did not seem to be doubted as an authentic incident by any one of them.

The peccary is a creature of the hog species, and is utterly fearless. It pays no regard to rifle balls unless they hit it, and never hesitates to attack any one and every one, whether man or beast, that comes across its path. A relentless war is waged against it by the southern hunters, as much for their own safety as from any love of the sport. It has won the reputation of being the only wild game the experienced hunter always runs from instead of stopping to fight.

A Texan said that once when he was shooting in a swamp he killed a couple of peccaries. (This creature roams in flocks numbering from ten to fifty.) In an instant the whole company turned upon him, and he at once ran to a tree and sprang into its branches. One, two, three hours passed, and yet no help came. He was separated from his friends and did not dare to stir from his position. Getting "oneasy both in body and mind, he moved a little to make his seat easier," and losing his balance, fell. Luckily, he said, he dropped his rifle, and caught hold of a lower branch of the tree and clung to it for his life, with his feet within a couple of yards of the site."

"This," he added, "was very okkard, and I could see the peccaries jumpin' up to catch hold of my feet. Fort'nately they couldn't reach, and I thought I was safe; but only see the cunnin' of them critters! Several of them lay down on their stomachs and others got on their backs, so as to form a platform, the head peccary got on it, and jumped up and seized me by the heel of the right boot. I kicked at him with my left foot, like a horse, and when we were strugglin', the other peccaries rolled from under him, and left him hangin' on to my heel by his tusks, while his friends were a grumblin' away like mad all 'round. They made a most dreadful nize; and my arms were gettin' tired; and I began to make up my mind that I'd have to fall and try what a rush would do among them, when crack went a rifle and down went the biggest peccary. It took me so by surprise that I dropped to the ground and saw that my friend had come up. But he was soon in as bad a fix as I had been myself.

The peccaries made a rush for him, and he was glad to do as I had done—drop his rifle and hist himself up a tree. I had made for my rifle and loaded it and fired; when the pesky things turned on me, and I had to drop it again and run up the tree double quick. Then my friend he come down, got his rifle, and blazed away at them agin; then they went at him full pelt; then I come down and fired agin; and we kept on, firing turn about until—you may believe me or not, as you please, stranger—we done this fifteen times, and killed the thirty peccaries between us."

This story, with occasional variations and additions, was told as a true story of a Texan hunter's life. Whether it is true the reader can determine for himself.

The following correspondence explains itself. In consideration for the modesty of some of the parties, we give only initials:

NEW YORK, Nov. 10.—General J—n M. C—e—Dear General: Forrest says I am "a liar, poltroon and scoundrel." What do you think about it? Truly, &c.,

JUDSON KILPATRICK.

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CHICAGO, Nov. 14.—General Kilpatrick—Sir: Yours received. I think so too. Yours, &c.,

J—N M. C—E, Maj. General.

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NEW YORK, Nov. 8.—General W. T. S—n—Dear Sir: Forrest has published me as "a liar, poltroon and scoundrel." What ought I to do about it? Very truly, yours, JUDSON KILPATRICK.

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CHEYENNE, Nov. 16.—General Kilpatrick—Sir: I think you ought to call out Forrest for having lied about you—that is, for having told only half the truth. Yours,

W. T. S—N, Lieut. General.

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NEW YORK, Nov. 8.—General U. S. G—t—Dear Sir: Forrest, of Memphis, has published a card, in which he says I am "a liar, poltroon and scoundrel." What do you think should be done with an unhung rebel who thus vilifies a loyal soldier?

I am, my dear General, your most obedient servant,

JUDSON KILPATRICK.

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WASHINGTON, Nov. 10.—General Kilpatrick—Sir: I don't know. Let us have peace. I have no policy on such matters. Have just had a present of a splendid bull slut. Truly,

U. S. G—T, General.

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NEW YORK, Nov. 10.—General B. F. B—r—My dear Sir: Forrest, the infamous butcher of Fort Pillow, has published me as "a liar, poltroon and scoundrel." What ought to be done? Very truly,

JUDSON KILPATRICK.

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MASSACHUSETTS, Nov. 13.—General Kilpatrick—Dear Sir: I think he ought to be impeached. If you cannot impeach his veracity in this matter, borrow his spoons and don't return them.

Your friend, B. F. B—R.

There are several more letters in our possession upon this subject. They are mostly to the point.—*Chicago Times.*

An exchange praises an egg which it says "was laid on our table by the Rev. Mr. Smith." Mr. Smith seems to be a layman as well as a minister.

The New York papers published an account of the murder of an infant, by a hired girl, near Corning, in that State. The fiend stamped upon the child and held it over a hot stove until it was terribly burned, and then smothered it.

Congressional.

Both Houses organized on Monday. In the House, on the 8th, bills were introduced, electing the President and Vice-President directly by the people; removing political disabilities; abolishing the funding privilege; to continue the freedmen's Bureau in certain States, etc., by Pomeroy. The President was requested to give information regarding the relations with the South American Republics and Brazil. A bill was introduced, extending the jurisdiction of the Court of Claims over Arkansas and Louisiana.

December 9.—In the House, a bill was introduced submitting the Virginia Constitution to the people of Virginia on the seventeenth of January.

The House passed the bill relieving Judge Moses. Contrary to universal custom, it tabled the message, instead of referring it to Committee of the Whole, and passed the bill directing the Virginia election on the fourth Thursday in May.

In the Senate, a bill relieving the political disabilities of Judge Moses, of South Carolina, passed. Sumner introduced a bill relative to Georgia. The title was read.

WASHINGTON, December 9.—The Senate refused, after a few paragraphs, to hear the President's Message read. Sumner's Georgia bill is as follows: After premising that the Legislature failed to comply with the Reconstruction Acts, by omitting to exact the required oath, and did things utterly unjustifiable and requiring the intervention of Congress, the bill declares the existing government provisional only, and in all respects subject to the paramount authority of Congress, to abolish, modify or control the same, until the Legislature complies with all the requirements of the Reconstruction Acts, and adopts the fourteenth amendment, and subject to the fundamental condition that no change be made infringing on the rights of suffrage of any class of citizens. The bill directs that the Governor elect shall call the Assembly at Atlanta on or before April next, excluding, unless relieved by Congress, all who cannot take the prescribed oath. The Governor is also empowered to suspend or remove from office State or municipal officers, and appoint others in their stead. Finally the President is ordered to place at the disposal of the Governor such portion of the army and navy as may be necessary to preserve life, property, peace and free expression of political opinion.

The Reconstruction Committee reported a bill relieving from political disabilities some twenty individuals, mostly Virginians, including Gen. Anderson, formerly proprietor of the Tredegar Iron Works.

A REMARKABLE ESCAPE.—A remarkable account is given in a late English paper of the escape of a convict from prison. The cell in which he was confined had an iron door, with a lock entirely on the outside. The only implements the prisoner had were a wooden spoon, some bits of wire and a needle and thread. Out of the spoon he had made a key; by means of the needle he passed a thread over and under the door; bits of wire were pushed through the inspection hole, and fastened to this long thread extending outside from top to bottom. The key was also pushed through, and being fastened to the thread, was brought opposite the keyhole by dexterous manipulation of the slender line, worked gently in, then turned by means of the wire and the door was opened. This is certainly one of the greatest exhibitions of skill and patience on record.

Moral Courage.

We received a communication recently prefaced by this slightly astounding question: 'Have you the moral courage to publish the following.'

We answer that we have the moral courage to publish anything whatever—if we choose to do it.

Moral courage is usually one of an editor's weaknesses.

He generally has so much moral courage that he is constantly getting into trouble.

If an editor can cure himself of moral courage he may congratulate himself.

Horace Greeley never cured himself of it—he had even more than the average to begin with, perhaps—and so he is always calling some one a blockhead or a falsifier. He can't suppress his moral courage—it is one too many for him, and always has been.

Moral courage is an epidemic among editors.

Every young editor has his first attack just as he had the measles and whooping-cough when he was a boy—but he never gets it entirely out of his system. It breaks out every now and then—even when he gets as old as the editors of the *Post* have been for many years.

An editor has moral courage if he hasn't got anything else.

Our greatest difficulty is to find one that hasn't got too much.

Whenever we get a young one, he always has it badly.

He is anxious to attack everything within his reach, and unless we watch him he does it.

Moral courage is an editorial nuisance.

We've got more than we have any use for ourselves.

It's lying all around our office.

We have plenty to spare if anybody wants any.

As to our correspondent's question, we have simply to say that we should publish his article—if we choose to.

We don't choose to.

We, ourselves, have learned to suppress our moral courage—except when we see some good reason for letting it out.

The article in question would hardly induce any one to punch the editorial head—and for any advantage short of this it isn't worth while to get our m. c. under weigh.—*New York Evening Mail.*

The Destruction of Fort Lafayette.

NEW YORK, December 3.

A thrill of joy passed over liberty-looking New York yesterday when it became known that Fort Lafayette was no more. The American Bastile is destroyed! Perish with it all the horrible recollections of those black days of despotism, when in the name of liberty, and in the madness of the the hour crimes were committed that history, it is hoped, will forgivingly overlook when the true story of our civil war is to be written. There it stands to-day, at the entrance of the model Republic's greatest harbor, a black mass of ruin and desolation, utterly useless and too ugly to look at. There may its ruins remain, never to be rebuilt for purposes such as have disgraced the great national fortress during the past eight years. The cinders from the smouldering ruins are hailed with delight, not only by those of our citizens who, in a time of terror, were unjustly incarcerated in that fort, but also by the thousands to whom the very existence of the fort became an eye-sore ever since it had been turned into a despotic bastile by men charged with protecting the liberties of a free people.

Circumstances so willed it while the fire was raging, that not a single human hand was once occupied in checking the progress of the devouring flames. Those who had been left in charge of the fort, as well as the workingmen employed in repairing the roof, ran for their lives, fearing the instant explosion of the powder magazine, and left the horrid building to its well-merited fate. And a clean work was made of it. Not only all the lumber piled in the fort which first caught fire, but every thing except part of the mere outward walls has been consumed. Even the shells and shot exploded in the air one after another, while the lurid flames beautifully lit up the great harbor. Not a thing is left that can serve any purpose whatever, if there still exists in the minds of some, a desire to re-enact the scenes of the past, which God forbid! The Government loses a valuable fortress, but its very destruction may be a forerunner of better things to come. The families that resided at Fort Hamilton have not all returned yet to their abodes, the fears of explosion not having entirely yet vanished. Fortunately no lives have been lost by the constant explosion of shells, which continued during the entire night, and which made the passage down harbor rather perilous at one time. — *Correspondent Charleston Courier.*

A TOUGH STORY.—There is a place in Maine so rocky that when the natives plant corn they look for crevices in the rocks, and shoot the grains in with a musket; they can't raise ducks there no how, for the stones are so thick that the ducks can't get their bills between them to pick out the grass-hoppers, and the only way the sheep can get at the sprigs of grass is by grinding their noses on a grindstone. But this ain't a circumstance to a place in Maryland—there the land is so poor that it takes two kildeers to cry "kildeer," and on a clear day you can see the grasshoppers climb up a mullin stalk, and look with tears over a fifty acre field; and the bumble-bees have to go down on their knees to get at the grass; all the musquitoes died of starvation, and the turkey buzzards were obliged to emigrate. But there is a county in Virginia which can beat that—there the land is so sterile when the wind is northwest they have to tie the children to keep 'em from being blown away—there it takes six frogs to raise one croak, and when the dogs bark they have to lean against the fences—the horses are so thin that it takes twelve of them to make a shadow, and when they kill a beef they have to hold him up to knock him down!

The Pacific Railroad, we are told, will be completed by next July, thus placing the Atlantic seaboard within six day's communication with the Pacific. One of the first great results achieved by this great enterprise will be to divert the European travel to and from China, Japan and India across the American continent. The time now occupied by the Eastern route is about sixty days, and it will be reduced by the completion of the new road to thirty-five days. It will be a long time before the march of improvement in Asia and the East will be able to overcome this advantage. In the meantime, the United States is destined to reap a rich harvest, incident to the new route. A vast increase in the ocean marine of the Atlantic and Pacific ports will be among the first of its results, and a prosperous impetus will be speedily given to all the large cities lying on the direct line of communication. A more thorough intermingling of the American with the European population will not be among the least important changes it will bring about—and one that is destined to have a great influence upon our social as well as political relations. The full measure of the advantages to accrue to the country by the completion of the Pacific Railroad can hardly be properly appreciated until actually experienced.—*Charleston News.*

A Georgia Negro's Experience.

One William Smith, a Conservative negro residing somewhere in Middle Georgia, concluded, a short time ago, to travel North and tell the people the truth with regard to his race in the South. A part of his experience in Washington is given in a letter to the Macon *Telegraph*, from which we quote:

When I got to Washington I was tired out and wanted a dram. So I went into a bar-room, as I would do in Macon, and asked for one. The barkeeper looked at me, raised his eyes, and said, says he, "No niggers are allowed to drink at this bar." Says I, "I axes your pardon—I am a stranger a traveling about, and I wants a drink mightily, and would you please tell me how I can get one?" Says he, "Thar's a perliceman at the door, and if you give him the money he will buy one for you."

Then I went to the door and pulled of my hat and stated what I wanted. Says he, "give me fifty cents," which I did. Then says he, "you stand here." Then he went in and soon brought out a little whiskey in a tumbler, and I drank it in the street. Then I stopped a while to see if there was any change coming, and he says, says he, "what is you waiting for?" Says I, "a little change if you please." Says he, "change hell; we don't wait on niggers for nothing up here.

Then I next encountered a gentleman in a high place, holding an office of both trust and honor under the United States Government, and I assure you he talked very plain. Says he. "We Northern people have no use for negroes. We are willing you should be free, and have freed you, but as for equality notions, they are all stuff and nonsense. Do you reckon you could set at my table? No, you could not come inside my gate. You negroes must learn to keep your place. The South is the best place for you to live in. If you come North you will starve, for we have no place for you here."

RESUMPTION OF SPECIE PAYMENTS—There is a powerful combination now forming in this city, headed be Jay Cooke, for the purpose of securing an early resumption of specie payments. The combination is said to embrace a large number of the ablest men in the Republican ranks, who repudiate the proposition of Senator Sherman to prepare for resumption two years hence. They express the determination to have specie payments at a much earlier day, and the purpose is to press for an immediate resumption. A leading politician here, who professes to be in the combination, says that the scheme is fully endorsed by General Grant, who will throw the whole weight of his influence in its favor, and who will take an active part in its success.—Washington Letter in Baltimore Gazette.

A well-known wealthy Parisian has had himself painted, by an eminent artist, "as he was," "as he is," and "as he will be." As he was, represents him, at the age of twenty-five, a poor devil in ragged garments, with his toes peeping through holes in his shoes, sinking, half-famished, by the side of a wall. "As he is" figures him fat and jolly as an alderman, well-dressed, with gold chains decking his waistcoat, and diamond rings blazing on his fingers. And in "as he will be," he is made a rotting, hideous corpse. Not the least single feature of such a singular freak, is the fact that he has the paintings hung in his drawing-room.