

# THE SMOKY HILL AND REPUBLICAN UNION.

"WE JOIN OURSELVES TO NO PARTY THAT DOES NOT CARRY THE FLAG, AND KEEP STEP TO THE MUSIC OF THE UNION."

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## GRIZEL COCHRANE.

A TALE OF TWEEDMOUTH MOOR.

When the tyranny and bigotry of the  
last James drove his subjects to take up  
arms against him, one of the most formidable  
enemies to his dangerous usurpation  
was Sir John Cochrane, ancestor to the  
present Earl of Dundonald. He was one of  
the most prominent actors in Argyle's re-  
bellion, and for ages a settled gloom seemed  
to hang over the house of Campbell, envelop-  
ing in a common ruin all who united their  
fortunes in the cause of its chieftains. The  
same doom encompassed Sir John Coch-  
rane. He was surrounded by the King's  
troops—long, deadly, and desperate was his  
resistance, but, at length, overpowered by  
numbers, he was taken prisoner, tried and  
condemned to die upon the scaffold. He  
had but a few days to live, and the jailor  
waited but the arrival of his death warrant  
to lead him forth to execution. His family  
and his friends had visited him in person,  
and exchanged with him the last, the long,  
the heart yearning farewell. But there  
was one who came not with the rest to  
receive his blessing—one who was the  
pride of his eye, and of his house—even  
Grizel, the daughter of his love. Twilight  
was casting a deeper gloom over the gra-  
tings of his prison house; he was mourning  
for a last look at his favorite child, and his  
head was pressed against the cold, damp  
walls of his cell to cool the feverish pulsa-  
tions that shot through it like strings of  
fire, when the door of the apartment turned  
lightly on its unyielding hinges, and his  
keeper entered, followed by a young and  
beautiful lady. Her person was tall and  
commanding, her eyes dark and tearless;  
but their very brightness spoke of sorrow  
too deep to be wept away, and her raven  
tresses parted over an open brow, clear and  
pure as the polished marble. The unhappy  
captain raised his head as they entered—  
"My child! my own Grizel!" he ex-  
claimed, and she fell upon his bosom.

"My father! my father!" sobbed the  
miserable maiden, and dashed away the tear  
that accompanied the words.  
"Your interview must be short, very  
short," said the jailor, as he turned and left  
them for a few moments together.  
"God hold and comfort thee, my daugh-  
ter!" added the unhappy father, as he held  
her to his breast and printed a kiss upon  
her brow. "I had feared that I should  
die without bestowing my blessing on the  
head of my own child, and that stung me  
more than death; but thou art come! and  
the last blessing of thy wretched father—"  
"Nay, forbear!" she exclaimed; "not  
thy last blessing, not thy last!—my father  
shall not die!"

"Be calm! be calm, my child," returned  
he; "would to heaven that I could comfort  
thee, my own. But there is no hope—  
within three days thou and all the little  
ones will be fatherless," he would have  
said, but the word died on his tongue.  
"Three days," repeated she, raising her  
head from his breast, and eagerly pressing  
his hand, "my father shall live. Is not  
my grandfather the friend of Father Petre,  
the confessor, and the master of the King?  
From him he shall beg the life of his son,  
and my father shall not die."  
"Nay, nay, my Grizel," returned he,  
"be not deceived, there is no hope; already  
my doom is sealed; already the King has  
signed the order of my execution, and the  
messenger of death is now on the way."  
"Yet my father shall not, shall not die,"  
she repeated emphatically, and clasping her  
hands together.

"Heaven speed a daughter's purpose,"  
she exclaimed, and turning to her father  
said calmly, "We part now, but we shall  
soon meet again."  
"What would my daughter?" inquired  
he, eagerly, gazing anxiously on her face.  
"Ask not now, my father," she replied,  
"ask not now; but pray for me and bless  
me, but not with the last blessing."  
He again pressed her to his breast, and  
wept upon her neck. In a few moments  
the jailor entered, and they were torn from  
the arms of each other.

On the evening of the second day after  
the interview we have mentioned, a way-  
farer man crossed the drawbridge at Ber-  
wick, from the north, and proceeding down  
Margate, sat down to repose upon a bench  
by the door of an hostelry on the south  
side of the street, nearly fronting where  
what was called the Mainsguard then stood.  
He did not enter the inn, for it was above  
his apparent condition, being that which  
Oliver Cromwell had made his headquarters  
a few years before, and where at some  
earlier period James the Sixth had taken up  
his residence when on his way to enter the  
sovereignty of England. The traveler wore  
a coarse jerkin, fastened round his body by  
a leather girdle, and over a small cloak  
composed of equally plain materials. He  
was evidently a young man, but his beaver  
was down so as almost to conceal his fea-  
tures. In one hand he carried a small  
bundle, and in the other a pilgrim's staff.  
Having called for a glass of wine, he took  
a crust of bread from his bundle, and after  
resting a few moments rose to depart. The  
shades of night were settling in, and it  
threatened to be a night of storms. The  
heavens were gathering black, the clouds  
rushing from the sea, sudden gusts of wind  
were moaning along the streets, accompa-  
nied by heavy drops of rain, and the face  
of the Tweed was troubled.

"Heaven help thee, if thou intendest to  
travel far such a night as this," said the  
sentinel at the English gate, as the traveler  
passed him and proceeded to cross the  
bridge.  
In a few minutes he was upon the border  
of the wild, desolate and dreary moor of  
Tweedmouth, which for miles presented a  
desert of whins, ferns, stunted heath, with  
here and there a dingle covered with thick  
brush wood. He slowly toiled over the  
deep hill, braving the storm that was now  
raging in its fury. The rain fell in torrents  
and the wind howled as a legion of famished  
wolves, hurling its doleful and angry echoes  
over the heath. Still the stranger pushed  
onward till he had proceeded two or three  
miles from Berwick, when, as if unable  
longer to brave the storm, he sought shelter  
amidst the crab and bramble bushes by the  
wayside. Nearly an hour had passed since  
he had sought this imperfect shelter, and  
the darkness of the night and the storm  
had increased together, when the sound of  
a horse's feet was heard hurriedly splashing  
along the road. Suddenly the horse was  
grasped by the bridle, the rider raised his  
head, and the traveler stood before him,  
holding a pistol to his breast.

"Dismount!" cried the stranger, sternly.  
The horseman, benumbed and stricken  
with fear, made an effort to reach his arms,  
but in a moment the hand of the robber,  
quitting the bridle, grasped the breast of  
the driver and dragged him to the ground.  
He fell heavily on his face, and for several  
minutes remained senseless. The stranger  
seized the leather bag, which contained  
the mail for the north, and flinging it on  
his shoulder, rushed across the heath.  
Early on the following morning the in-  
habitants of Berwick were seen hurrying  
in groups to the spot where the robbery  
had been committed, and were scattered in  
every direction around the moor, but no  
trace of the robber could be obtained.

Three days had passed, and Sir John  
Cochrane yet lived. The mail which con-  
tained his death warrant had been robbed;  
and before another order for his execution  
could be given, the intercession of his father  
the Earl of Dundonald, with the King's  
confessor, might be successful. Grizel  
now became almost his constant companion  
in person, and spoke to him words of com-  
fort. Nearly fourteen days had passed  
since the protracted hope in the bosom of  
the prisoner became more bitter than his  
first despair. The intercession of his father  
had been unsuccessful—and a second time  
the bigoted and would-be despotic monarch  
signed the warrant for his death, and a  
little more than another day the warrant  
would reach his prison.

"The will of Heaven be done," groaned  
the captive.  
"Amen!" returned Grizel, with wild  
vehemence; "but my father shall not die."  
Again the rider with the mail had reached  
the moor of Tweedmouth, and a second time  
he bore with him the doom of Cochrane.  
He spurred his horse to the utmost speed,  
he looked cautiously before and behind him  
and around him, and in his right hand he  
carried a pistol to defend him. The moon  
shed a ghastly light across the heath, ren-  
dering desolation visible, and giving a  
spiritual embodiment to every shrub. He  
was turning the angle of a struggling copse,  
when his horse reared at the report of a  
pistol, the fire of which seemed to dash into  
its very eyes. At the same moment his  
own pistol flashed, and the horse reared  
more violently, and he was driven from the  
saddle. In a moment the foot of the robber  
was upon his breast, who, bending over  
him, and brandishing a short dagger in his  
hands, said—"Give me thine arms, or die."  
The heart of the King's servant failed  
within him, and without venturing to reply  
he did as he was commanded.

"Now go thy way," cried the robber  
sternly, but leave me thy horse, and leave  
with me the mail, lest a worse thing come  
upon thee."  
The man therefore arose and proceeded  
towards Berwick, trembling; and the robber,  
mounting the horse which he left, rode  
rapidly across the heath.

Preparations were making for the execu-  
tion of Sir John Cochrane; the officers of  
the law waited only for the arrival of the  
mail with the second death-warrant, to lead  
him forth to the scaffold, and the tidings  
arrived that the mail had been robbed. For  
yet fourteen days the life of the prisoner

would be prolonged. He again fell  
on the ground, his daughter, and wept, and  
said, "The hand of Heaven is in this."  
"Said I not?" replied the maiden, and  
for the first time she wept aloud, "that my  
father should not die?"  
The fourteen days were not yet passed,  
when the prison door flew open, and the  
Earl of Dundonald rushed to the arms of  
his son. His intercession with the con-  
fessor had at length been successful; and  
after twice signing the warrant for the  
execution of Sir John, which had as often  
failed in reaching its destination, the King  
had sealed his pardon. He had hurried  
with his father from the prison to the house  
his family were clinging around him, shed-  
ding tears of joy—and they were marvel-  
ling with gratitude at the mysterious Provi-  
dence that had twice intercepted the mail,  
and saved his life, when a stranger craved  
an audience. Sir John desired him to be  
admitted, and the robber entered. He was  
habited as we have before described, in the  
coarse jerkin; but his bearing was above  
his condition. On entering, he slightly  
touched his beaver, but remained with it  
on.

"When you have perused these," taking  
two papers from his bosom, "cast them in  
the fire."  
Sir John glanced on them, started, and  
became pale; they were his death warrants.  
"My deliverer!" exclaimed he, "how  
shall I thank thee; how repay the saviour  
of my life? My father, my children, thank  
him for me."  
The old Earl grasped the hand of the  
stranger, the children embraced his knees,  
and he burst into tears.

"By what name," eagerly inquired Sir  
John, "shall I thank my deliverer?"  
The stranger wept aloud, and raised his  
beaver, the raven tresses of Grizel Coch-  
rane fell upon the coarse cloak.  
"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed the as-  
tonished and enraptured father; "my own  
child; my saviour; my own Grizel!"

## THE ORIGINAL ANTI-SLAVERY AGITATORS.

"There is not a man living who wishes  
more sincerely than I do to see a plan  
adopted for the abolition of slavery,"—  
Geo. Washington, April 12th 1786.

"The scheme, my dear Marquis, which  
you propose as a precedent to encourage the  
emancipation of the black people of this  
country from the state of bondage in which  
they are held, is a striking evidence of the  
benevolence of your heart."—Washington  
to Lafayette.

"It is the most earnest wish of America  
to see an entire stop put forever to the  
wicked, cruel and unnatural trade in slaves."  
—Meeting at Fairfax, Va., July 18th,  
1774, presided over by Washington.

"I tremble for my country when I re-  
flect that God is just. His justice cannot  
sleep forever."—Jefferson's Notes on Slavery  
in Virginia, 1782.

"The King of Great Britain has waged  
cruel war against human nature itself, vi-  
olating its most sacred rights of life and  
liberty in the persons of a distant people  
who never offended him; captivating them  
and carrying them into slavery in another  
hemisphere, or to incur miserable death in  
their transportation hither."—Jefferson's  
Original Draft of the Declaration of In-  
dependence.

"After the year 1800 of the Christian  
Era, there shall be neither slavery nor in-  
voluntary servitude in any of the States,"  
(all of the Territories then belonging to the  
United States.)—Jefferson's Ordinance of  
1787, unanimously approved by Congress  
and signed by Washington.

"We have seen the mere distinction of  
color made in the most enlightened period  
of time, a ground of the most oppressive  
dominion ever exercised by man."—James  
Madison.

## A BILL

For a grant of lands to the State of Kansas, in  
alternate sections, to aid in the construction of  
certain railroads and telegraphs in said State.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of  
Representatives of the United States of  
America in Congress assembled,  
That there be, and is hereby granted to  
the State of Kansas, for the purpose of  
aiding in the construction

First. Of a Railroad and Telegraph from  
the city of Leavenworth, by the way of the  
town of Lawrence, and via the Ohio City  
crossing of the Osage river, to the Southern  
line of the State, in the direction of Gal-  
veston Bay in Texas, with a branch from  
Lawrence by the Valley of the Wakarusa  
river, to the point on the Atchison, Topeka  
and Santa Fe Rail Road where said road  
intersects the Neosho river.

Second. Of a Railroad from the city of  
Atchison via Topeka, the capital of said  
State, to the Western line of the State, in  
the direction of Fort Union and Santa Fe,  
New Mexico, with a branch from where this  
last named road crosses the Neosho, down  
the said Neosho Valley to the point where  
the first named road enters the said Neosho  
Valley: every alternate section of land,  
designated by odd numbers, for ten sections  
in width on each side of said road and each  
of its branches. But in case it shall appear  
that the United States have, when the lines  
or routes of said road and branches are  
definitely fixed, sold any section or any part  
thereof, granted as aforesaid, or that the  
right of pre-emption or homestead settle-  
ment has attached to the same, or that the  
same has been reserved by the United  
States for any purpose whatever, then it  
shall be the duty of the Secretary of the  
Interior to cause to be selected, for the pur-  
pose aforesaid, from the public lands of the  
United States nearest to tiers of sections  
above specified, so much land in alternate  
sections, or parts of sections, designated by  
odd numbers, as shall be equal to such  
lands as the United States have sold, re-  
served, or otherwise appropriated, or to  
which the right of pre-emption or home-  
stead settlements have attached as aforesaid;

which lands, thus indicated by odd numbers  
and selected by direction of the Secretary  
of the Interior as aforesaid, shall be held  
by the State of Kansas for the use and  
purpose aforesaid: Provided, That the land  
to be so selected shall, in no case, be located  
farther than twenty miles from the lines of  
said road and branches: Provided, further,  
That the lands hereby granted for and on  
account of said road and branches severally,  
shall be exclusively applied in the construc-  
tion of the same, and for no other purpose  
whatever, and shall be disposed of only as  
the work progresses through the same, as in  
this act hereinafter provided: Provided,  
also, That no part of the land granted by  
this act shall be applied to aid in the con-  
struction of any railroad, or part thereof,  
for the construction of which any previous  
grant of lands or bonds may have been  
made by Congress. And provided further,  
That any and all lands heretofore reserved  
to the United States by any act of Congress  
or in other manner by competent authority,  
for the purpose of aiding in any object of  
internal improvement, or for any other  
purpose whatsoever, be and the same are  
hereby reserved to the United States from  
the operations of this act, except so far as  
it may be found necessary to locate the  
routes of said roads and branches through  
such reserved lands; in which case the  
right of way only shall be granted, subject  
to the approval of the President of the  
United States.

Sec. 2. And be it further enacted, That  
the sections and parts of sections of land  
which, by said grant, shall remain to the  
United States, within ten miles on each  
side of said road and branches, shall not be  
sold for less than double the minimum  
price of the public lands when sold; nor  
shall any of said lands become subject to  
sale at private entry until the same shall  
have been first offered at public sale to the  
highest bidder, at or above the increased  
minimum price as aforesaid: Provided,  
That actual and bona fide settlers, under  
the provisions of the pre-emption and home-  
stead laws of the United States, may, after  
due proof of settlement, improvement, cul-  
tivation, and occupation, as now provided  
by law, purchase the same, at the increased  
minimum price aforesaid. And provided,  
also, That settlers on any of said reserved  
sections, under the provisions of the home-  
stead law, who improve, occupy, and cul-  
tivate the same for a period of five years,  
and comply with the several conditions and  
requirements of said act, shall be entitled  
to patents not exceeding eighty acres each,  
anything in this act to the contrary not-  
withstanding.

Sec. 3. And be it further enacted, That  
the said lands hereby granted to said State  
shall be subject to the disposal of the Leg-  
islature thereof, for the purpose aforesaid,  
and no other; and the said railroad and  
branches shall be and remain public high-  
ways, for the use of the Government of the  
United States, free from all toll or other  
charge for the transportation of any prop-  
erty or troops of the United States.

Sec. 4. And be it further enacted, That  
the lands hereby granted to said State shall  
be disposed of by said State only in manner  
following, that is to say: when the Gov-  
ernor of said State shall certify to the Sec-  
retary of the Interior that any twenty  
consecutive miles of either of said roads or

branches is completed in a good, substantial  
and workmanlike manner, as a first class  
railroad, and the said Secretary shall be  
satisfied that said State has complied in  
good faith with this requirement, the said  
State may cause to be sold all the lands  
granted as aforesaid, situated opposite to  
said within a limit of ten miles of the line  
of said section of roads thus completed, ex-  
tending along the whole length of said com-  
pleted section of twenty miles of road, and  
no further. And when the Governor of  
said State shall certify to the Secretary of  
the Interior, and the Secretary shall be sat-  
isfied that another section of said road or  
branches, twenty consecutive miles in ex-  
tent, connecting with the preceding section,  
is completed as aforesaid, the said State  
may cause to be sold all the lands granted  
and situated opposite to and within the  
limit of ten miles of the line of said com-  
pleted section of road, and extending the  
length of said section, and so, from time to  
time, until said roads and branches are  
completed. And when the Governor of  
said State shall so certify, and the Secretary  
of the Interior shall be satisfied, that the  
whole of said roads and branches and tele-  
graph are completed in a good, substantial  
and workmanlike manner, as first-class  
railroads and telegraph, the State may cause  
to be sold all the remaining lands granted  
and selected for the purposes indicated in  
this act, situated within the limits of twenty  
miles from the line thereof throughout the  
entire length of said roads and branches:  
Provided, That if any part of said roads  
and branches is not completed within ten  
years from the passage of this act, no fur-  
ther sale shall be made, and the lands  
unsold shall revert to the United States.

Sec. 5. And be it further enacted, That  
the United States mail shall be transported  
over said roads and branches, under the  
direction of the Post Office Department, at  
such price as Congress may by law direct;  
Provided, That until such price is fixed by  
law, the Postmaster General may have the  
power to determine the same.

Sec. 6. And be it further enacted, That  
the Secretary of the Interior shall have the  
power to determine the same.

## GREETING TO SPRING.

Henry Ward Beecher thus salutes the  
Spring, in the New York Independent:  
March is come! It is not much, to be  
sure. The ground is unlocked. Frost is  
within and without. The sky is cold; the  
clouds are scowling and full of gray, as if  
snow was hidden within the mist. But  
March is come, and we are glad. It is the  
first month of spring, and Winter is over.  
It may come back to glean; but the harvest  
of Winter is past and ended. The power  
of warmth will wax every day, and cold  
will wane. Already blue birds are sing-  
ing south of us. When they come, be sure  
that the maple trees are ready to yield their  
liquid treasure. Birds know what birds  
mean. Singing in the branches will soon  
draw out the leaves. Grass is already alert.  
Wistful cattle smell the new herbage, and  
browse along the warm and sheltered fences  
for a taste of fresh growth.

In a few weeks the plow will awake—  
the fields will be alive with labor, the pas-  
tures green with herbage, and all nature  
will rejoice again! Will all things rejoice?  
How is it oh, my soul, with thee? Is it  
Spring with thee? Are winter storms  
passed? Are death and hardships all ended?  
Are the roots sprouting? New hope, new  
labor, new life! Is it about to be a period  
of reviving life and joy? Or shall the  
heavens change, and warm, and distill with  
fruitful influence, but thou remain joyless  
and barren?

Oh! Thou that dost bring forth the  
warm days, and cause the earth to spring  
up with new fruitfulness, filling her veins  
with life, visit it also with reviving Spring-  
time thine own garden, and cause Thy  
church and Thy people to burst forth as  
the forest into leaves, and as the field into  
blossoms! May new joys sing in our  
hearts, as birds, ere long, shall sing, flying  
far from the South, and fill the heavens  
with joy over Thy church revived, greater  
than the joy of the earth, when the Spring  
gives back to her all that the Winter de-  
stroyed.

"Arrah, me darlint," cried Jamie  
O'Fallagen to his loquacious sweetheart,  
who had given him no opportunity of even  
answering her remarks during a two hours'  
ride behind his little bay nags in his oyster  
waggon—"are ye after knowin' why yer  
cheeks are like my two ponies there?"  
"Sure and its because they're red, is it?"  
said Bridget.

"Faith and a better reason than that,  
mavourneen. Because there is one uv  
them on each side uv a waggin' (wagon)  
tongue."

A correspondent with Gen. Grant's  
army writes: "Negroes are coming to the  
portion of the army at Lake Providence in  
great numbers. Not less than a thousand  
have made their appearance, all telling fearful  
stories of the brutality of their masters.  
Four hundred came into our lines in a sin-  
gle half day, and the influx has not yet  
ceased. The proportion of able-bodied men  
among them is much larger than usual, and  
we have but few decrepit Africans in the  
entire lot. The negroes display a willing-  
ness to perform all that is required of them.

That man only is truly brave who  
fears nothing so much as committing a  
mean action, and undauntedly fulfils his  
duty, whatever be the dangers which im-  
pede his way.

## NEW ENGLAND LEFT OUT.

The Chicago Tribune, in an able article  
upon the secession talk of "leaving New  
England out in the cold," when the Union  
is reconstructed, shows what would be "left  
out," if such a reconstruction the slavery  
savers desire were possible, as follows:  
"It is, we say, too late to quarrel about  
the character of the Puritan, because, were  
history dumb, there stand the six States of  
New England, everlasting monuments for  
the perpetuation of the memory of the  
great qualities of the men who built on a  
Puritan basis. And in spite of the old  
story by which the pioneers of the May-  
flower have been assailed—in spite of that  
kind of criticism which, in sneering at long  
prayers, forgets the godliness of the men  
who made them, and that, in estimating  
characters, takes account of the blemishes  
only, and converts the peculiarities of an  
era into the special virtues of the individuals  
who flourished therein—in spite of despot-  
ic reaction against what New England has  
taught and lived, the fact remains, and is  
now confessed by all the world,—  
That, nowhere does God's sun shine upon  
any political community, containing an  
equal number of people, among whom lib-  
erty is so secure;

Among whom law and justice are so  
impartially administered;

Among whom property is so well guarded;

Among whom education is so universally  
diffused;

Among whom there is such care for the  
growth and development of the religious  
sentiment;

Among whom there are so few poor;

Among whom there is such untiring,  
comprehensive and healthy philanthropy;

Among whom there is such an amount of  
wealth so equally distributed;

Among whom there is such promise of  
physical progress;

Among whom the ownership of land in  
fee simple is so universal;

Among whom labor is so much respected,  
and so well rewarded;

Among whom progress, in all that puri-  
fies and ennobles mankind, is so replied;

Among whom women are so honored, or  
so virtuous;

Among whom government bears so easily  
and is so cheaply administered;

Among whom happiness in the State, in  
the family and in the individual is so firmly  
founded on an indestructible basis.

## AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

In one of our beautiful suburban ceme-  
teries was employed, up to a week ago,  
a venerable man. For a number of years  
past he has prepared the last resting places  
for those called from among us. Though  
poor he raised four gallant boys, giving to  
each of them a moderate education and  
good trade. The two eldest went five years  
ago to New Orleans, where prosperity at-  
tended their industry.

The two younger brothers remained with  
their father. George and Frederick were  
their names. The latter is but seventeen  
years of age. When the war broke out,  
both left their employments and enlisted.  
The elder brother had constantly written  
home, and frequent presents accompanied  
their letters. At the battle of Fredericks-  
burg, in the very front of the line, at the  
church upon the rifle pits at the back of  
town, were the boys Frederick and George.  
A sortie was made by the rebel riflemen  
upon the retreating Federals, and among  
those who dropped were the two boys, the  
youngest sons of the old gravedigger. A  
minute ball had pierced the bodies of each.

The rebel soldiers, whose weapons did  
the deed, were clad in rags of linsey. They  
ran with alacrity to secure the clothing, the  
canteens, and perhaps the money of the  
men whom they had laid low.

The foremost one reached the body of his  
dead enemy, turned it over—for the face  
was downward—and to his horror beheld  
the corpse of his youngest brother, his  
woolen shirt stained with a stream of blood  
that oozed from a bullet hole above the  
heart. Our informant, a chaplain of the  
army, could tell us nothing of the rebel  
brother. But this one made his way into  
the Union lines, and is now in the hospital  
at Alexandria a hopeless maniac. We learn  
that in their childhood this youngling of  
the flock has been the especial charge of  
the eldest brother. When he left for New  
Orleans it was in the expectation of enter-  
ing business to which he could bring up  
the boy. Unless the remaining rebel  
brother survive, the family are now extinct.  
The father died of a broken heart, and was  
buried last Sunday. This is a simple state-  
ment of facts. It is doubtless one of ten  
thousand never to be written. Before  
infinite Parity, who is to answer for them?

## A SPLENDID TIME TO DIE.

The editor of the Opelousas (La.) Banner, in com-  
menting on the new military law of Louisi-  
ana, which compels nearly the whole male  
population to go into the army, is very  
severe Louisiana legislation. He says:  
"In times like these it is difficult to tell  
whether it is the greatest misfortune to be  
rich or to be poor—to be an old man or to  
be young—or to be a man or a woman—an  
American or a Turk. If a man were right  
sure of heaven, this would be a splendid  
time to die!"

It is a paradox that loose habits  
generally stick tighter to a fellow than any  
other kind.

Don't read this life but once.