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Selected Poetry.

THE UNION FLAG.

BY MARK H. HENRY, NEW-YORKER.
The Union flag waved high;
And 'neath its folds our fathers fought
To conquer or to die.

And year by year new stars blazed out—
From States to Freedom given—
Till thirty-four bright gems were seen
To wave beneath the heaven.

In holy cause at Sumter Hill,
Where Warren led the fray;
On Bataan Vista's blood-stained field,
Where Taylor won the day;

On the plain of New Orleans,
Where fell the leaders slain;
Chancellors and Mentors,
North-Pole and Liberty's Laner;

On every field, on every sea,
Respected by the world,
The emblem of true liberty,
We saw that flag unfurled.

Now, shame to tell, a faction few
By mad ambition driven,
Would blot those stars of liberty
Which rival those of heaven;

Would trail that old flag in the dust,
Nor raise an arm to save.
Just Heaven, may tramples North and South
All that the history saved!

THE BETROTHEN.

Oh, pale, pale face! oh, helpless hands!
Bestrewn by fruitless watching wrought,
Yet turning ever toward the land
Where war's red looks are thronged.

She sees no conquering flag unfurled,
She hears no victory's brazen roar,
But a dear face which was her world,
Perchance, she'll kiss no more.

Yesterday, they say, a field was won—
Her eyes took things of the fight;
But tell her of the dead above,
Whispering out to the night.

In mews tell her that his name
Was not upon the fatal list,
That not among the heaps of slain
Dumb are the lips she's kissed.

PHILOSOPHY.

For every evil under the sun
There is a remedy or sure device;
If there is one, try and find it;
If there's none, never mind it.

Selected Sketch.

MATRIMONIAL INFELICITIES.

BY AN IRRITABLE MAN.

After Midnight.

"Do you hear that child cough, my dear?" I asked the mother of my children, as I raised myself on one elbow in bed, and listened.

"No," she said, "awaking from her sleep, 'I do not.'"

"Then you must be deaf," I cried.

"The interesting woman lifted her head from the pillow, untied the strings of her bonnet de nuit, brushed back a lock of hair from her right ear, and listened attentively.

"There," I said, "as a harsh, discordant sound broke the silence, 'do you hear it now?'"

"I hear a singular noise," she replied, "but 'tis not a cough."

"Then I should like to know what it is," I exclaimed.

"I am sure I cannot tell," she replied; "but it is not a cough, that is very certain."

"I'm not certain, however," I said.

"Can't help it," she answered; "I am a mother, and am presumed to know the sound of a child's cough when I hear one."

"Well," I said, "I am a father, I suppose, and I don't see why I can't tell a cough when I hear it."

"My dear," and my wife grasped my arm nervously as she spoke, "it proceeds from some one trying to get into the house. The noise comes from a file."

"Hark!" she cried; "I hear somebody on the stairs."

We both sat up in bed, with our eyes fixed upon the door. Again we heard the hard harsh noise that first aroused me. There was no mistaking the sound this time, and my wife said:

"It is the little boy; he has come out too much to-day, and though I tried hard to do so, I couldn't keep him in."

The door opened at this moment and Katy entered.

"Oh, my dear, the little boy coughs so, and I don't know what to give him. I think he has the croup, ma'am."

lected the proper remedies, and opened the door to depart.

"Well," she asked, turning to me, "are you not going with me?"

"What good can I do?" I replied.

"I don't see why I should get up in the middle of the night, and go trotting around the house because you do. If I could be of any service, I would go, of course."

"Well, it would only look fatherly in you to do it," she answered. "Will you go?"

"My dear," I said, "if there be one thing I dislike more than another, it is to get up in the middle of the night. I'll go, if it be necessary, but don't you wait for me, for it will take me some time to dress, and the little fellow needs you there at once."

I laid down, deciding to remain where I was, rather than go where I should be in the way. Ten minutes passed, during which time the little boy coughed occasionally, but each time it was looser and more natural. Then satisfied that he was improving under his mother's treatment, I resolved to go to sleep. Scarcely were my eyes closed, when Katy tapped at the door.

"Come in," I cried.

"The mistress would like to have you come to the nursery to see the little boy."

"How is he?" I asked. "Is he awake or asleep?"

"Oh, he is just sleeping nicely, and he looks so purty, the mistress thought you'd like to see him."

"Not to-night, Katy. Tell your mistress that, I'll see him in the morning."

Then I turned over and closed my eyes again; I had gone a little distance into the land of Nod, when my wife touched me on the shoulder.

"You a humane, affectionate father, are you?" she said, regarding me with a severe look.

"I don't know anything to the contrary," I replied. "Do you?"

"Yes, I do," she answered. "And I must say I think your conduct to-night was atrocious. Not only did you let me go alone to the nursery, but when I sent for you to come and see the little boy, who, for aught you knew, was dying, you refused. You men are just as cruel and hard-hearted as you can be. We women must get up in the night and attend to the children if they are sick, while you sleep as soundly as if there was no cares in the world."

"But, my dear," I replied, "I was very weary and wanted to sleep."

"So did I," she replied; "but no, I didn't sleep a wink. If I hadn't, I don't know where the poor little boy would have been by this time. It isn't owing to you that he is now alive."

"Well, I should just like to know," I said, maliciously, "to whom is it owing, if not to me?"

"Well, I will tell you," said my wife; "it is to me and—"

"Who," I asked, raising myself on my elbow, and regarding her closely, as she passed a moment, before uttering the final name.

"Katy, to be sure," she continued; "mercen't we obliged, I should like to know, to soak the little fellow's feet, and rub sweet oil upon his chest, and put flannels dipped into hot vinegar and pepper around his throat, and coax him to take medicine?"

"Oh!" I exclaimed, as I sunk down among the pillows, "I thought—"

"Never mind what you thought," my wife interposed. "The truth is, you only think of your ease and comfort, and never care whether I enjoy myself or not."

"My dear," I said, you must excuse me, but I wish to go to sleep. I will hear the remainder of what you have to say in the morning; because, if there be one thing I dislike more than another, it is to listen to a certain lecture at night."

"For a married man of your experience," she said, "it seems to me you are really gentleman. Now, it appears to me, that if I wished to lecture you—which, thank fortune, I do not—that the present time would be the most appropriate, and also the least liable to interruptions. You cannot say, though, that I have ever condescended to lecture. I trust I have more respect for my husband than to utter a word to him which would have the effect of lowering him in my own estimation. I do think, however, that you sometimes deserve a reprimand, although you do not get it."

"Will you oblige me, my love," I said tenderly, "by going to sleep?"

"Certainly," she answered.

There was a silence for three minutes and a half. I sunk into a doze. My wife startled me by exclaiming:

"I do think you treat me too badly. I am not allowed to express an opinion of my own; and when I try to speak, you endeavor to stop me by telling me to go to sleep. It was not so once. I have seen the time when you were only too glad to listen to what I had to say; and would willingly sit up all night, to hear me talk, if I would only let you. I don't understand why you men change so after marriage. I am certain I have not altered in the least. What I was, in disposition and feelings, when a girl, I am now; but no one would recognize you for the amiable, smooth-spoken young man of—how many years ago were we married?"

"I am sure I don't know, and what is more, I don't care," I replied. "Now will you be quiet, and let me go to sleep, or not?"

"Oh, yes, go to sleep, if you want to," she answered; and another brief silence ensued, broken by my wife sobbingly exclaiming:

"Only nine years next June, since we were married, and to hear you say now that you don't know nor care when it took place, is perfectly horrible, and something I never expected to hear from your lips."

"Well, now that you have heard it," I exclaimed, "I trust you will be able to go to sleep, for I tell you positively that if there be one thing I dislike more than another, it is to hear you talk after midnight."

Having uttered this, I drew the bed-clothes closer about me, shut my eyes firmly, and went to sleep—almost.

"Husband! somebody, who was by me."

"Well, wife, what is it?" I inquired.

"I didn't mean anything I said to you to-night," she continued.

"Nor I," I added, "everything I said to you. Good night."

"Are you sleepy?" she inquired.

"Yes, good night," I replied.

"Good night," she answered.—*Home Journal.*

Miscellaneous.

Flag Presentation.

Our readers will remember that the colors of St. Louis presented a flag to the 10th Kansas regiment. Gen. Rosecrans made the presentation speech for the ladies, and Lieut. Col. Burris responded in behalf of the regiment. Gen. Ewing, who was present, was called out, and made some eloquent and patriotic remarks, which, as they are of historic interest, we give below. He said:

"As a citizen of Kansas, no less than as commander of the 10th regiment, I am proud of the honor done it by this presentation. The gift is a tribute to its worth and splendid service, bestowed by the sufferers, chiefly of the ladies of St. Louis, and like flowers thrown at the feet of the successful actor on the stage by fair and unsexed hands, it is all the more gratifying for being unsought. It is, however, an honor most appropriately to be conferred on this regiment, by the people of St. Louis, rather than on any other regiment for which votes were cast. You all recollect that two years ago, when McClellan's broken and shattered army had been forced back to its galleys upon the James river, and McDowell's splendid legions had been swept from the plains of Manassas as chaff from the threshing floor. When disaster to disaster the national arms had shaken even the firmest faith in the triumph of our cause, the Army of the Frontier, at Newtonia, Fort Wayne, Prairie Grove, Cape Mill and Van Buren, cheered the fainting heart of the nation by a swift succession of victories, which fell on it like sunlight through a rift in the lowering sky."

"That campaign was the last struggle for the possession of St. Louis and Missouri, and through it the 10th Kansas bore a conspicuous part. On the 6th of December, 1862, when Hindman with full 20,000 men, marched past General Blunt and encountered Herron at Prairie Grove, the Kansas division left. Case Hill and followed him, marching twenty miles to the battle-field, almost constantly on the double quick. By 3 o'clock that day, five out of six of Herron's infantry regiments had been routed; and Hindman, with his overwhelming numbers was about to envelop and destroy Herron's most gallant but exhausted army, when the Kansas division swept on the field, engaged Hindman's left, drove him back, and turned the imminent disaster into a glorious and fruitful victory. Of the few regiments of the Kansas Division engaged, the 10th was one, and it lost on the field more than a fourth of its men. Had any one of these four Kansas regiments failed to strain every nerve to reach the field, or to fight desperately on it, the Army of the Frontier, the only efficient defense of St. Louis against the greatest rebel armies ever marshalled north of Red river, would have been lost. And Parsons, Stein, McDonald, Magruder and other rebel leaders, quondam citizens of St. Louis, would have feasted at the holiday boards of their friends here and given over their enemies to pillage by their bitterest soldiery. Thus the loyal people of St. Louis owe in great part their rescue from spoliation to this regiment of Kansas troops—and the loyal ladies of the city by thus handsomely complimenting this regiment, to which they owe so much, have done as great honor to themselves as to it."

"The people of Kansas will hear of this gift with pride and satisfaction as a merited compliment to a regiment than which it claims some more orderly in camp, more faithful on post, or more daring in battle. And, especially, as marking the near approach of that anxiously expected day when the spirit of liberty, for which Kansas fought border Missouri in 1856, shall fill the hearts of the people of both States alike."

WHERE DOES EDUCATION COMMENCE?
—Education does not commence with the alphabet. It begins with a mother's look; with a father's nod of approbation, or his sigh of reproof; with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand, or a brother's noble act of forbearance; with handfuls of flowers in green and daisy meadows; with birds' nests admired, but not touched; with humming bees and glass bee-hives; with pleasant walks in shady lanes; and with thoughts directed, in sweet and kindly tones and words, to nature, to beauty, to acts of benevolence, to deeds of virtue, and to the Source of all good—to God himself.

USE THE MINUTES.—It is asked, says Channing, how can the laboring man find time for self-culture? I answer that an earnest purpose finds time, or makes time. It seizes on spare moments, and turns fragments to golden account. A man who follows his calling with industry and spirit, and uses his earnings economically, will always have some portion of the day at command. And it is astonishing how fruitful of improvement a short season becomes, when eagerly seized and faithfully used. It has often been observed that those who have the most time at their disposal, profit by it the least. A single hour in the day, steadily given to the study of some interesting subject, brings unexpected accumulations of knowledge.

Prayer is ever profitable; at night it is our covering; in the morning it is our armor. Prayer should be the key of the day, and the lock of the night. Prayer sanctifies all our actions. He is lifted in God's service and protection, who makes it his first work to be enrolled by prayer under the standard of the Almighty. He carries an assistant angel with him for his help, who begs his benediction from above; and without it he is lame and unarmed.—*Fetters.*

The first of all virtues is innocence; the second is modesty; and neither departs without being quickly followed by the other.

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Saturday Night.

We have read nothing happier or more beautifully expressed, for a long time, than the following. There is poetry and true genial feeling in it:

Saturday night! How the heart of the weary man rejoices, as with his week's wages in his pocket, he hies him home to gather his little ones around him, and to draw consolation from his hearthstone for the many hard hours he has toiled to win his pittance. Saturday night! How the poor woman sighs for every relief as she realizes that again God has sent her time for rest; and though her rewards have been small, yet she is content to live on, for even her heart builds in the future, a home for her children.

How the care-worn man of business relaxes his brow, and closing his shop, saunters deliberately around to gather up a little gossip ere he goes quickly home to take a little rest. How softly the young man pronounces the word, for a bright-eyed maiden is in waiting, and this Saturday night shall be a blessed time for him. There will be low words spoken by the garden gate, and there will be a pressure of hands, perhaps a pressure of lips—blessed Saturday night. To all Heaven has given a little heaven which works in the heart to stir up the gentle emotions and Saturday night, alone seems the meet and fitting time for dreaming gentle dreams. Blessed Saturday night, and we can but pray that through life we may bear with us the remembrance of its many holy hours, now gone into the far Past; memories which every Saturday evens but recalls like a benediction pronounced by one loved and gone.

RELIGIOUS PRATTLE.—It is only bigotry that can make the mistake of supposing that the making a child learned in some of the technical terms of a belief is making it religious. In science this is clearly enough seen. A child may talk about gravitation, cohesion, caloric, oxygen, and so on, and yet have but little comprehension of the great teachings which those words convey to the mind of a wise man; so, likewise, he may prattle of atonement, justification, and so on, yet be altogether ignorant of what the words mean. It is but trifling with terms, which to the believer are awful and august, and solve for him some of the deepest mysteries of our nature.—*Longford's Religion and Education.*

ENGLISH GIRLS.—The English girl spends more than one-half of her waking hours in physical amusements, which tend to develop and invigorate and ripen the bodily powers. She rides, walks, drives, rows upon the water, runs, dances, plays, sings, jumps the rope, throws the ball, hurls the quoit, draws the bow, keeps up the shuttlecock—and all this without having it pressed forever upon her mind that she is thereby wasting her time. She does this every day until it becomes a habit which she will follow up through life. Her frame, as a natural consequence, is large, her muscular system is better conditioned, her strength more enduring, and the whole tone of her mind healthier.

THE BEST LEGACY.—The most precious legacy a parent can give to a child, that throughout all its after life it should, in connection with everything that is wise and true, and just, and pure, and spiritual, call to mind father and mother. It is a blessed privilege for parents to write their names on the child's conceptions of wisdom, and truth, and justice, and purity, and spirituality, so that all through life, when the child thinks of these things, he shall instantly associate with them father and mother.—*H. W. Becker.*

Much as we need energetic remedies against contagious diseases, we need them against contagious vices more; and quarantine laws in favor of moral health are the most necessary of all sanitary regulations.—*Horace Mann.*

The more consciousness in our words and thoughts, and the less in our impulses and general actions, the better and more beautiful the state of both head and heart.

Anecdote of a Fat Man.

'Bridget,' said a lady in the city of Gotham one morning, as she was reconnoitering in her kitchen, 'what a quantity of soap grease you have got here. We can get plenty of soap for it, and we must exchange it for some. Watch for the fat man, and when he comes along, tell him I want to speak to him.'

'Yes, ma'am,' said Bridget, the maid.

All that morning, Bridget, between each whisk of her dish-cloth, kept a bright look out of the kitchen window, and no moving creature escaped her watchful gaze. At last her industry seemed about to be rewarded, for down the street came a large, portly gentleman flourishing a cane, and looking the very picture of good humor. 'Sure, there's the fat man now,' thought Bridget—and when he was in front of the house, out she flew and informed him that her mistress wished to speak to him.

'Speak to me, my good girl!' replied the old gentleman.

'Yes, sir, wants to speak to you, and says you'd be good enough to walk in, sir.'

This request, so direct, was not to be refused; so in a state of some wonderment, up the steps went the gentleman, and up the stairs went Bridget, and knocking at the mistress's door, put her head in and exclaimed, 'Fat gentleman in the parlor, mum.'

So saying, she instantly withdrew to the lower regions.

In the parlor, thought the lady. What can it mean? Bridget must have blundered—but down to the parlor she went, and up rose our fat friend, with his blandest smile and most graceful bow.

Your servant informed me, madam, that you would like to speak to me—at your service, madam.

The mortified mistress saw the state of the case immediately, and a smile wreathed itself about her mouth in spite of herself as she said, 'Will you pardon the terrible blunder of a raw Irish girl, my dear sir? I told her to call in the fat man to take away the soap grease, when she saw him, and she has made a mistake, you see.'

The jolly fat gentleman leaned back in his chair, and never comes from any of your lean gentry.

'No apologies needed, madam,' said he. 'It is decidedly the best joke of the season. Hal! hal! hal! so she took me for the soap grease man, did she? It will keep me laughing for a month. Such a good joke!' And all up the street, and round the corner was heard the merry hal! hal! of the old gentleman, as he brought down his cane, every now and then, and exclaimed, 'such a joke!'

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The more consciousness in our words and thoughts, and the less in our impulses and general actions, the better and more beautiful the state of both head and heart.

Certain aromatic plants, not food in themselves, but used to flavor and make other food more agreeable, are called sweet herbs. These are more or less used in every family, and it is much cheaper to raise than to buy them, and they may be had thus of better quality than as usually found in the shops.—Sage and thyme are perennial, but they will give a moderate crop the first year from the seed. Sage may be transplanted to a foot apart each way, and thyme to half that distance. After the first year the stock can be increased by dividing the plants, or by cuttings.—Summer Savory, Sweet Major, and Sweet Basil, are the most generally cultivated annual herbs. The seeds are all very small and should be sown shallow, in very fine soil, and watered if the weather is dry. The plants may be thinned out to three inches, or be transplanted to that distance apart. All these aromatic plants are cultivated for their leaves and should be cut just as they come into flower. Sage and thyme do not generally blossom the first year. These should be cut before frost. They should be all gathered on a dry day and tied in small bunches, or spread to dry in the shade in an airy room. Afterward strip from the stems and keep in close boxes or cans. Parsley, though not belonging to the sweet herb, should not be forgotten, as it is always in the kitchen as a flavoring ingredient for soups, stews and sauces, and as a garnishing or ornament to dishes of meat or fish. The double curled is the handsomest variety, and though not as strong as the plain is generally preferred. The seed is several weeks in germinating; it should be sown in April, in light, rich soil, in drills a foot apart, and thinned out to six inches. A portion may be sown in the summer for keeping over winter, which may be done by a covering of litter, or cedar boughs. Plants may be taken up and set in a box or tub of earth, in a light cellar, where they will grow and afford a supply for winter use; or the leaves may be gathered and carefully dried.—*American Agriculturist.*

"Sweet Herbs."

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A correspondent of the New York Spirit of the Times, writing from Broad Mountain, Pa., relates the following singular occurrence:—While running a survey line, some eight miles from here, my attention was attracted by the vociferous barking of a red squirrel; and on looking for him, I saw the individual himself on a hemlock tree, about twenty feet above the ground, jumping about, barking, and flitting his tail. On the same limb, about six feet from him, sat a swamp or spotted thrush, looking decidedly scared and bewildered, for whom, it appears, all these particular attentions were designed. Well, matters stood thus for some minutes, the squirrel getting bolder, and the bird appearing more and more confused; when, bunnily, having barked himself hoarse, thought it was time to make a grab, which he did accordingly, and nailed his bird in file style. The struggle of the latter, however, threw them both off the limb to the ground, where the squirrel laid him foul, and killed him in a short time. He then hauled the body to a log, and, after due examination, was beginning deliberately to pull out the feathers in mouthfuls, when one of the chain-men knocked the carnivorous little animal over with a stone. He was not killed, however, but only stunned, and has since recovered; and we have him caged, and hung up in the office as a curiosity. He is very savage, and it was but yesterday that he came off first best in a fight with a young rat-terrier, belonging to one of the party. I now wish that we had left him alone, to have seen whether he would have eaten the bird, though I have no doubt such was his intention.

To cite the examples of history, in order to animate us to virtue or to arm us with fortitude, is to call up the illustrious dead to inspire and to improve the living.

Many professing Christians are like railroad station houses, and the wicked are whirled indifferently by them, and go on their way forgetting them; whereas they should be like switches, taking sinners off one track, and putting them on another.

Cato observed, he would much rather that posterity should inquire why no statues were erected to him, than why they were.

Tom Moore compared love to a potato, "because it shoots from the eyes." "Or rather," exclaimed Byron, "because it becomes all the less by paring."

The proverb which says the first step toward greatness is to be honest, does not state the case strongly enough.—Honesty is not simply the first step toward greatness; it is greatness itself.

Why are potatoes and wheat like the idols of old? Because they have ears and bear not; eyes have they and see not.

For the Little Folks.

HANGING A SECESSIONIST.

'She's a secessionist, a secessionist! let's hang her!' shouted one of the boys.

'Oh! yes, that'll be fun,' was the quick response.

'Who's got a rope?'

'Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! we're going to hang a secessionist!'

As these words fell upon my ear, I stepped to the window, and there was a crowd of little boys and girls under the tree, shouting and screaming at a great rate. One had in his arms, a little yellow dog; the mother of two little puppies that one of the girls had in her apron.

Away dashed Bill to the cistern, for the rope that drew up the water, and in double quick time the old cord was tied around the body of Meno, and thrown over a limb of the tree, and up went Meno, into the air, but not relishing the sport, she slipped herself out, and let them all have a tumble backward, and away she went round the corner.

'Catch her! catch her, boys! hang the secessionist!' was shouted by a half-dozen boys, off they flew in chase. Poor Meno was soon caught, and again the rope was tied around her body, tighter and more cruelly than before, and this time with a noose, that tightened as the dog struggled. Up, up, with her paws, clawing the air, and yelping in pain, went the playmate of these cruel boys.—Hard was the struggle, and at last her head won the balance of power, and came down, while the tightened rope suspended her by her hind legs. The pitiable cries of the poor mother dog, only made rare sport for the boys, and they drew her higher and higher.