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Poetry.

TENDING THE HENS.

MATILDA, jest you mind them hens,
And shoo 'em out away from here;
They're scratching all the garden up;
Why, Tildy's gone, wa'al wa'al, that's queer.
She haint contrary, as a rule,
And gen'lly obeys my will;
But, though she heerd me, off she put—
Why, there's Lorenzo Pettingill!

He's met her, and she's stopped to talk—
Them hens will eat up everything—
He's wanting her to take a walk—
Wa'al, it's nice to walk in spring.
He's took her hand—come, that won't do—
She seems to stand uncommon still;
I'd better let them know I'm round—
Good evening, Mr. Pettingill!

He don't mind me—it ain't no use—
Ah, wa'al, my time has come and gone!
But, then, I'd really no idee
How Tildy was a gettin' on.
These gals grow up, and pretty soon
They lay us old ones on the shelf.
Lorenzo is a smart young man—
I guess I'll tend them hens myself.

MY WIFE AND I.

WE never fight, my wife and I,
As other couples do,
Our little matrimonial sky
Is of the brightest blue.
She never bea:ns me in my den
(My *Study*, I should say),
She vows I am the best of men,
But then—she has her way!

Some wives are never pleased unless
They wring from you a cheque,
Wherewith to buy some costly dress,
Or jewels for their neck.
My little witch ne'er ask from me
The value of a pin—
She is so good and true, you see,
But then—she keeps the tin!

"'Twas not!" "It was!" "It was!" "'Twas not!"
Thus ever scold and fight,
Full many a luckless pair, I wot,
From morning until night.
If e'er *we* have a word or two,
The skirmish soon is past,
These words are mild and very few,
But then—she has the last.

Miscellany.

ONE OF MY WHIMS.

BY ROSELLA RICE.

"Well, I guess I'll have to try my cure again," I said, wearily, as I sipped my half cup of coffee at breakfast, and leaned on the corner of the table with one elbow. "It's the best and surest cure for low spirits that I know of."

"What is that?" said Helen, looking up brightly.

"Why," said I, "when I become low-spirited and sad, and everything about home looks common and desolate, I just go abroad among my neighbors, and I am sure to come back ready to rejoice that mine is such a pleasant, cheery home, quiet, and clean, and beautiful.

The family all joined in laughing at one of my "whims," as they called it, but indeed it was no whim, and if any of you women readers, who have good homes, ever get to thinking that the wall-paper in your rooms is decidedly ugly, the pictures on your walls common, your books old and uninteresting, nothing good to eat, your beds too hard, or too soft, your clothes ill-fitting, your children cross and ill-bred, your servant sulky, your husband morose, I do beg of you to try my cure.

Everything had been going wrong with me for two or three weeks, and so that morning I was really obliged to try the cure. The girls combed my hair nicely, but I wouldn't let them divide it and put it up, coil around coil, that would appear stylish, and would not be half so comfortable as to wind it up loosely and softly, quite low down. Then if I took a notion, while resting on a log out in the woods, to throw off my bonnet, and shake my head freely, there would be no elaborate fixing to come down, little by little, a pin here, and a pin there. I don't understand why, but it has become a habit with me, if I am out in the woods, my first impulse is to let my hair down all in a heap, loosely and freely, until the first sitting is over.

Soon I concluded to go across the creek, where lives one of my old neighbors on whom I wanted to call, Katy Raymond. Katy used to work for me when she was a girl—she married the young carpenter who boarded with us at the time. Her first children were sickly little things, and her married life was not very pleasant. One of her little girls had an affection of the lower limbs and never walked a step, and just when she had regained her health and began to be playful and happy, she had the scarlet fever, and before she recovered from it she took a severe cold which settled in her eyes, and she lost the use of them.

A sweet, little, blind, fair-haired girl, who could not walk a step, was a great and loving charge for the poor, impatient young mother. The other three children were puny and fretful with their white faces.

Katy was very glad to see me. She was one of those women whose home and family were her world—her all in all. She was a remarkable cleanly housekeeper. The outside walls, beside her door and windows, were made useful in every sense of the word.

Beside the window, which was shaded by a morning glory vine, hung her big, iron frying-pan, spider, griddle, big baking pan, mop, scrubbing-broom, and all such kitchen paraphernalia that should have been out of sight, no matter how clean, or how honorable they were to the reputation of a good housekeeper.

"Come in, if you can get in for the dirt," was Katy's salutation, and I found her with her dress pinned up, her sleeves rolled up to the elbows, her hair lifted clear out of the way onto the top of her head, busy making bread. She always did make as much fuss when she mixed or moulded bread as an ordinary woman would, if she were going to Europe to stay all summer.

"How are you, Katy?" I said as I sat down in her cushioned rocking-chair.

"Oh, pretty well, but I'm head over ears in work. The baby was teething last week, and was so cross and fretful that I didn't get much done, and that makes so much more to do now," and she flew about so briskly that she made the dishes rattle in the cupboard. As soon as the bread was fixed she washed her hands and said: "Come into the parlor, my kitchen's not fit to sit down in, it's so dirty and dusty," and all the time Katy knew that there wasn't a speck of dirt in her sweet-smelling, tidy kitchen.

She led the way into the room she dignified by the name of parlor.

I should have called it a hospital, instead, for it had three beds in it, draped in snow-white counterpanes, and ruffled pillows; a trundle bed, and the baby's cradle, a big bureau, chest, stand, table, clock, and a set of chairs, including the two easy rocking chairs.

Some people must have parlors, though, because it is the custom. What a burlesque on that empty fashion was Katy's well arranged store-room. She sat down wearily, while a glance of her keen, sharp eye swept around the room and over the floor to see if all were well.

"Julie," she said, "I see a bit of white yarn ravelling, sticking on the carpet—pick it up and burn it, will you? Dear me!" said she, "it's nothing but dirt, dirt; I cannot keep everything nice with these young un's about all the time!"

"Well, you have none to spare out of your mother-love," said I, a little nettled at her useless fretting.

"No, not unless I'd give them to the rag man," she answered, apologetically. "Oh, I'll be so glad when school begins, and everything is quiet and clean once more. Don't come in here on the carpet, Marier!" she screamed out shrilly to a sad-eyed, yellow-faced child, who peeped in at the door with a bunch of flowers in her hand; "throw away that truck, and don't go tracking around where I mopped this morning—oh, dear!" and she lifted her eyebrows dolorously.

"See what Bessie wants, Marier." Bessie, the little blind, crippled child, wanted a piece, and Katy told Maria to split a cold biscuit and give her the top part, spread with some of the jam that was in the little, notched glass dish in the bottom of the cupboard.

"And be careful, Marier, and don't scatter a crumb, and if you break that dish I'll take your head off in a trice, now see if I don't."

Maria was busy at the cupboard getting the piece, and Bessie was saying, "hurry, oh do hurry, I'm so hungry!"

Katy had laid the baby out on her lap, and was pulling his jaw down as determinedly as Sampson did the jaw of the lion, to show me the last new tooth. He didn't want to open his mouth, but he might as well have yielded gracefully, first as last, for she opened it any how; and, though he kicked, and floundered, and cut the air with his legs and arms, I told her that I saw it, and it looked like a tiny white pearl.

Just when she was telling me how her other three children cut their first teeth, one on a shell, and one on a silver half dollar, we heard the unfortunate little notched dish fall, and clink like the ringing of coin, and my heart leaped to my mouth, for I knew it was broken, and I knew what the result would be.

There was a scuffling of little feet flying, and of little heels in the air, and that very instant the boy baby with the pearl-of-a-tooth was thrust under his mother's arm, as Franklin carried his roll, the fat, creasy, pink legs sticking straight out, and mother and baby darted out like a streak of lightning, and before I could say a word, the offender was caught with a long out-reached arm and the blows fell thick and fast. One blow would tip her in one direction, and she would topple over like a frozen plant that had thawed and wilted down; then another blow would bend her over in another direction. She was doubled and twisted out of all shape trying to dodge the blows from the strong, horny hand that had grown as muscular as a blacksmith's.

"I'll learn you to be careful, you worthless, good-for-nothing little jade, you," screamed out the angry mother. "Oh, I'll be careful! I'll be careful!" cried the poor child, her hair all tossed up over her head until she looked like a wild beast.

I didn't know what to do; my eyes glewed and blazed, and I was too much excited to be fettered down to the use of any language in my vocabulary. I was abused, hurt, angry, and it was no time for words of remonstrance. I knew I should so far forget myself as to be unwomanly, and do more harm than good, so I rose and started home without a word of good-bye.

Katy heard the click of the gate latch, and looking round with a very ugly, purple-red face, stammered out: "Why, don't be in a hurry, Rosy!"

"I'll call again when you are more at leisure." She looked as though she would sink out of my sight gladly, and taking advantage of her discomfiture, a temptation which I could not resist, I said bitterly, but in as silky tones as I could assume, "I am glad that your valuable glass dish was so easily and cheaply mended, Katy."

I am afraid the ghastly smile that went with the congratulation was a horrible caricature, becoming the face of a demon perhaps. Oh, I have no patience with this class of inhuman mothers!

Right among the big, white-armed sycamores at the end of a wide green lane is a white house. It looks so home-like, with the lilacs pressing up against the windows, and the hop-vine, over the old gate, toppling over, and all a-tangle with pretty promises. The garden was a-flame with flowers, some low and pressing flatly upon the rich loam, some running up in gay, peaked spikes, and others looking like bright-winged butterflies that go gadding all over the palings.

Just below the kitchen, among the plum trees and willows, is a deep gash in the hill-side, green as emerald, in which is hidden the spring.

Here, with her married daughter, lives an old lady whom I ought to meet every time that I get the blues. It would make me ashamed of myself, and of every murmur that passes my lips. Oh, the birds were singing, and trilling, and warbling, and chatting in the bushes and trees, and all overhead and around seemed made up of odd bits of sweet melody!

My heart was made glad and strong, and I paused, with one foot on the cool door-stone, and drank in of the marvelous beauty. Indeed, I almost felt, for a minute, as if I were beautiful, handsome, but just then I heard a long-drawn "w-h-h—ah!" and I caught my breath and turned away from blue skies, and the song and hum and murmur of bird and bee and brook, and tip-toed softly into the open room and tapped at the half-closed door of old Aunty Canfield's bed-room.

"Oh, don't knock, just come right in—I know who you are; I saw you long ago coming down the lane, peeking at this and that and t'other as though everything in the world was new, and I was so 'fraid you'd pass by and not come in! But do tell me what you found in that bare old lane?" and the old lady spoke pretty sharply.

"Oh, I found a good many things that were new," said I; "why, I saw rails in that old fence that were so blotched and overlaid and covered with moss and lichens, that they looked too pretty to be allowed to waste away, all out doors alone, when there are ladies in the cities who would be so glad to have them to make nice things of.

"Then I saw great broad mats of white violets—just compact beds of them, beautiful, and in another place grew blue ones, and in another pale yellow. Why, that old lane is just a treasure, Auntie!"

"Oh, but ain't violets just common cock-fights, or Johnny-jump-ups?" said she. "I mind I used to have to whip my young 'uns when they were little; they would go out to the lane and gather their hats full, and then sit down on the floor and pretend they were playing cock-fight with them, hooking them together, and pulling them apart, and making them pull heads off, and it allers ended in their selves fighting, and I would have the whipping to do. Deary me! none o' your vi'lets for me, as you call 'em. And my opinion is that any woman wouldn't be very smart who would want a rail—an old mossy rail inside of her house in any shape whatever," and here she laughed until her old fat sides shook like jelly.

I didn't like to be laughed at, but I was glad that the whimsical old lady could raise a laugh, even if it was at my expense. Soon her daughter came in. Susie was glad to see me, and gladder to see her old mother so funny and noisy. Then the old lady told Susie what we were laughing at, but somehow Susie couldn't see anything to laugh about.

She said she had always wanted cone frames, and moss baskets, and such pretty things, but her way had been hedged up so that she had no time to devote to anything else than housework. Her father and mother and husband had always treated her wishes with contempt, and told her that one good roll of her nice, hard, yellow butter was worth more than all the fol-de-rols that silly women spent their time in making.

I said, "Well, Susie, we will select two of those mossiest rails out in the lane, and get the boys to help us make crosses of them, to put in our yards, to train some light, airy kind of a vine upon—I know of nothing prettier, or more ornamental for one's door-yards." Susie brightened up, and was very glad, and we soon made our plans, when and where we would make them, and have them stand, when her mother called out sharply, "Susie, if you do put such a thing in the yard I'll use it to hang your father's old yallerflannel shirts and drawers on; them old patched ones; see if I don't now! That would be fine work, indeed—why folks would think we were Catholics to see a cross in the yard—no, indeed, there'll be no cross stuck up out in this yard, that's so!"

The poor, old, ignorant mother grew very angry, and a purple spot burned in each cheek, and her eyes gleamed out viciously.

"Oh Aunty," I said, "it is right to mix in a little of the beauty and poetry of life with the common and bare and bleak."

"If you want poetry you'll find it in the Psalms of David, but I guess you and Susie both ain't fur short of being heathens. Crosses, indeed! that's a likely story; that a woman of my age, the mother of eleven grown children, and a member of the Methody Church for goin' on forty year, would bemean herself by having a cross struck up in her yard. It would look more like if Susia'd make some pap, and go and feed the calves out in the lot fernent the barn. That's her work, and she ought to do it, too."

I saw the tears standing in Susie's eyes, though she looked down, and slid the wide hem of her apron back and forth through her fingers.

"Well," I said, "I'm sorry that I spoke a word to hurt your feelings, Auntie, and I wish now that I had not called in at all; but I heard you were not very well, so I came in."

"Oh, I'm not a bit well," she whined out, in a low, changed voice. "I tried to empty a feather tick the other day, and I was very poorly before I got done. I guess I must have breathed some of the feathers into my lungs, for I felt so smothered, and there was such a lump in my throat," and the old lady, a victim to the whim of the moment, sank back in her cushioned chair, and her jaw fell, and no one would have known that she was the woman of half an hour previous.

As I started home, I gave Susie, the poor captive, a good, hearty kiss in the doorway, and said, "I love you, poor Susie, my friend; you must be brave and of good cheer; your way will not always be in darkness; come and see me when you can, dear;" and I left her with her tearful face buried in her apron.

As I went up into the lane I stopped to admire the pretty things there, and I looked back and saw Susie walking down the path through the strong fennel, with a little pail full of feed for the two red calves that had poked their heads through between the bars. Poor, poor Susie!

I tried to carry one of the mossy rails home with me, but it proved to be too much for my strength. So I laid it aside for some more stalwart member of my family. I was not afraid of any opposition from that quarter—not a man of them but would be glad to humor me in any whim, if only for love's sweet sake.

The last call was on Becky Morrison. She suffered from an incurable disease, and with her aged parents depending upon her for support, she could not die as long as they needed her. The neighbors were very kind and assisted them, and they wanted for no comfort or luxury. They loved, and feared, and trusted God, and gave themselves up to no vain regrets or repinings. They believed that "He doeth all things well."

When I opened the great field gate, that led the way through the maple grove, my home on the green hill side was before me, a bright picture with its dark back ground of oak lands and orchards. "Oh, my beautiful gem!" I said with enthusiasm, as I paused and gathered in the whole scene.

In the evening, when we sat round the tea table, my family all about me, I could hardly eat for emotions of joy. Oh, it was so good to have a happy, cheerful, loving and beloved home! The contrast came up before me vividly.

Instead of a clattering, noisy, dusty, loom in my home, was a piano. Beside the cheery fireplace, was a stand on which lay grandpa's glasses on the well-read bible, with books and magazines and papers; and on the walls pictures in handsome frames. Unlike Katy Raymond's poor hen-pecked husband, who was afraid to step his cautious feet on his own floor, my kingly Charlie, in slippers, would sit and read aloud, sharing every good thing with me and the children. My boys and girls were studious little men and women, who might break every dish in the cupboard and not feel a blow from my loving hand. I was their mother and companion—not a tyrant who dealt with them coarsely and brutally. My daughters were permitted to indulge in all innocent amusements, that make youth so beautiful to look back upon.

After tea I went into the sitting-room, and I had thought I had never seen it look so homelike, cosy and inviting. I thought of all the homes I had seen that day—Katy's, on the bank of the creek; Auntie Canfield's bleak, bare bed-room, and how she scolded me, and how desolate she made it for poor, dear Susie; of the poor, invalid girl, and her old parents depending upon her for their support—and I felt truly thankful that my lines had fallen in pleasant places, and that none of these burdens lay upon me or mine. A sense of my own unworthiness filled my heart with shame, and I stole out and slipped up to Charlie, and put my face down beside his, and whispered: "Do you know, Charlie, that you have a very ungrateful, unkind wife, unworthy of such a home, and of such a husband? Do you know it, you poor, abused fellow?" Charlie's warm lips touched my cheek, and he made his voice very soft and low and musical, as he answered: "No, I don't know it, my little queen, and no word of yours can make me believe it."—*Wood's Household Magazine.*

Judge Matthews Explains.

WASHINGTON, May 16.

IT will be remembered that Judge Matthews, of Cincinnati, temporary Chairman of the Cincinnati Convention, charged that the slow poison of corruption pervaded the whole civil and political Administration of Mr Grant. A friend in one of the departments of this city, calling Judge Matthews' attention to this statement, received this reply, which is made public by the author's permission:

CINCINNATI, May 6.

MY DEAR SIR: Nothing connected with the recent disgraced and disgraceful Convention at this place has given me so much pain as your note calling my attention to the statement taken from a speech of mine, printed with the interpretation you evidently put upon it. Allow me, in the first place, to say that I was put forward as temporary Chairman of the Convention without an hour's notice, and consequently what I said was totally unpremeditated; and, in the next place, that the extract you make, and which, if I had intended it to be taken in the Liberal sense, would be justly a matter of regret that it had been uttered, does not represent the truth of my sentiments. On the contrary, I have no reason to believe, and never have believed, that personally the present Administration were guilty of corrupt conduct or motives, and I ought to have expressed myself so as to have avoided any such charge. What I was striving to say had reference to the general corruption of our public political life, pervading it in every department, whereby personal and party ends seemed to be substituted for the public good, and the latest and best illustration, of which I am free to say is now to be found in the action of the very Convention, in the presence of which this declaration was made. I am greatly chagrined at the whole matter, my own participation in it included, and have concluded, perhaps not sufficiently soon, that as a politician and President-maker I am not a success. I greatly regret that I have given offense to you and to many other personal friends whose integrity I may have seemed to question, but which I can assure you was the farthest from my thoughts. I hope you will be able to regard it as though it had never been said. Very respectfully, your friend,

STANLEY MATTHEWS.

—A gentleman in Illinois arrived home from a journey of some length, a few days ago, and found that he had lost his dog and a pair of old boots. After a long search he found the dog twenty miles away keeping watch and ward over his boots by the roadside.

An Auctioneer's Fun.

MANY of our readers—those among the elder—of Boston and vicinity, will remember Whitney's Auction Rooms, at No. 39 Washington street. It is all gone now. The old office overhead, where I first tried my hand at the "quill editorial" has passed away, and an imposing front of granite and iron has superseded the modest facade upon which I was so proud, in those long-gone days, to see my name stuck up in golden letters. And those who remember Whitney will not fail to remember "old Torrey," his auctioneer. Once upon a time Torrey was taken sick, and Whitney sent up to the Tremont Theater for Fullerton to come down and preside at the evening sale. This Fullerton was a wag of the first water. He had, aforetime, been a favorite salesman of the mart, but had of late been making himself useful among the knights of the buskin, and was one of Gilbert's best men for sudden make-shifts. At this time Fanny Kemble was at the Tremont, where she had been literally electrifying the people by her impersonation of *Julia* in "The Hunchback," and there was hardly a man or woman in the city, with the price of a ticket to spare, who had not seen her; and the ambitious boys of the street, and boys of maturer years, had repeated the celebrated lines of Julia's cry:

"Clifford, why don't you speak to me?
O! Clifford, is it you?" etc.,

until they had become as familiar as household words.

Fullerton had called for bids upon an old-fashioned eight-day clock, and had run it up to ten dollars, when it hung.

"Going—going—ten dollars. Do I hear no more? Ten dollars. All done at ten dollars?—Shall I hear fifty?—All done at ten?—Going—going—*gone!* What name?"

There was a pause. Again the auctioneer demanded—"What name?" upon which a timid voice upon his left answered—"Clifford."

"*O! Clifford, is it you?*" cried Fullerton, dropping his hammer, and clasping his hands, *a la* Fanny Kemble.

The joke was irresistible. All present—and the large room was crowded—recognized the imitation in a moment; and the audience, in token of their appreciation, followed up the burst of laughter by a round of vociferous applause.

"Clifford!" exclaimed the auctioneer, as soon as the merriment had somewhat subsided, "is it cash?—shall we call it cash?—O! Clifford"—drawing out his handkerchief in grand burlesque of the divine Fanny—"*is it—is it*—you?"

Clifford, the innocent purchaser, it seems, was a bashful, retiring old bachelor, entirely unacquainted with theatrical things, and having become really alarmed at the unaccountable merriment of the crowd, he was afraid to open his lips again, lest he should excite another burst of the strange humor.

"Is it cash, sir?" again asked the auctioneer.

All eyes were turned upon Clifford, who looked very much as did Jerry Blossom when he wanted to go home to his mother.

Fullerton would rather lose his customer than his joke, and with a last effort of his imitative powers, throwing himself into position, and literally reproducing the flash and the tone of the impetuous, fiery-eyed Fanny, he cried—

"Clifford! Why don't you speak to me!"

The assembly fairly screamed at this, and amid the uproarious, deafening burst poor Clifford made a precipitate bolt for the door, and escaped.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

NASBY.

[From the Toledo Blade.]

MR. NASBY AT HOME—THE CORNERS FINALLY BROUGHT TO THE SUPPORT OF GREELEY.

CONFEDRIT X ROADS.
(wich is in the State uv Kentucky,)
May 8th, 1872.

I hed a severe time uv it at the Corners, gittin our people to consent to takin the great and good Horris Greeley to their buzzums, and embracin uv him the same as tho he hed bin Breckinridge, Hoffman, or some sich man, wich they hed bin more familyer with. It took four days uv persistent swearin afore I cood convince em that I hed any idee uv supportin a man wich they hed heerd me denounce ez the vilest Ablishen despot on earth, a thousand times. Alas! they don't know the full elastissity uv the Democratic mind.

I called a meetin, and give em an account uv my stewardship at Cincinnati.

I commenst my remarks by sayin that I went to Cincinnati with a view uv nominatin that sterlin patriot, Judge Davis, who, tho in offis ez a Republikin, hezn't enuff Republikinism about him to hurt him, or that other sterlin patriot, Chas. Francis Adams, the son uv John Quincy Adams, but wich hezn't anything uv the Adams about him but the name. It wuz a gatherin uv the people, not an offis-holders convenshen; and that wuz what wuz the matter with us. Not one uv the delegates held a government posishen, and not one uv us hed any chance uv gittin one under Grant. "Grant be d—d," wuz the cry in chorus. "Give us anybody else." I confest, tho, I wuz somewhat disappointed. The Convenshen hed throwd off on Adams and Davis and nominated Greeley.

"Hang him!" shouted the people. "I kin lick any man in a minute who asks me to vote for him!" shouted Kernel McPelter.

I paid no attention to these compliments. "I hed no idee uv even supportin him, and wuz glad uv his nominashen only ez I bleeved he wood draw off enuff Republikin votes to enable us to elect a sound Constitooshnel Democrat—"

"That's wat we want—a sound Constitooshnel Democrat!" yelled Kernel McPelter, late uv the Confedrit servis.

"But I hev notist that the great majority uv the Demokratic papers—(I kin read, my brethren, and hev that advantage over yoo)—insist on adoptin him at our Convenshun, and ef so, he is our candidate."

"We'll see him—"

"Hold!" sed I, quickly; "No good Demokrat kin bolt a regler nominashen, and after all Horris is not the wust one we kin hev. Our motto wuz 'Principles, not men.' We carried it out to the letter. We adopted principles; and ez for men, we come ez near nuthin ez possible, under the circumstances. Troo, he is a high protective tariff man, wich don't soot Elder Pennibacker; but the Elder must remember that the versateel Horris is willin, ef we will support him, to treat that ishoo ez one to be settled by the people elsewhere. He wuz an oppressor uv the South, Kernel McPelter wood say. Troo, he wuz at times, and then, agin, at times he wuznt. I hev wacht the great and good Greeley very closely for many years. There ain't no question that I now remember uv (except slavery and the price of the New York *Weekly Triboon*), that he ain't been on both sides uv a dozen times. Like the intoxicated indivijuel who coodent git into bed coz the room wuz whirlin round, and who determined, finally, to lay still and wait till the bed came round to him, all that any question hez got to do is to stay still and Horris is certin to come round to it. He bleeved slavery wuz unconstitooshnel and yet wuz for payin the nigger owners for the niggers. He defended John Brown's raid, and opposed secession. Then immejitly thereafter he favored secession, then insisted on war agin us for secedin, then urged the Fedral hirelins on to Richmond; then tried to patch up a peace with us. He hez bin a Radical and a Conservative; a Fourierite and a believer in bran bread. He opposed Taylor and supported him; he supported Linkin and opposed him; in short, he hez bin on all sides uv all questions—one side to-day, and tother to-morrow, and very frequently both at the same time. In short, I don't know uv nothin that he hezn't bin, and can't imagine nothin that he ain't extremely likely to be. I read his record yesterday, and wuz wuss tore up in my mind than ez tho I hed bin on a drunk for a week. I never knowed more confusin or intoxicatin readin."

"But," sed Deckin Pogram, "are we Dimocrats to be compelled to vote for sich a bundle uv contradickshens?"

"My aged friend," I replied blandly, "wood yoo like to receive from me the triflin sum of one hundred and eighty dollars, wich I owe yoo? Wood Bascom? Wood—" From every indivijuel in that awjence there came up like the roar uv a torrent: "Yes!"

On the question of my payin my debts the Corners is singlerly yoonanimous.

"My brethren, the way to my liquidatin is Post-Orfis, and Post-Orfis only. Ef I wuz in my old place now okkepied by that disgustin nigger, Lubbock, yoo wood hev at least a chance for yoor money. Ef the great and good Greeley is elected that nigger goes out, *and I go in.* Pollock goes out uv the Collector's Offis, and in goes Issaker Gavitt or Kernel Mc Pelter. Watkins, the nigger Assessor, woodent be allowed to hold his place a minit, and that saint, Deekin Pogram, or that other saint, Elder Pennebacker wood be immejitly installed, and—"

(Hear! hear!" from Issaker Gavitt, Elder Pennebacker, McPelter and Pogram—Kernel McPelter earnestly lickin a man who indulged in lafter.)

"In short, my brethren we want the offisis. We hev been eating grass, like Nebuchadnezzar, sence 1860 (with the exception of Johnson's blessed yeers), and Pharoh's lean kine aint nothin to us. We hunger and thirst for em. Uv course I'd ruther git my place back agin thro Breckinridge, but ruther than not hev it I'd take it from Wendell Phillips hisself. Ef Greeley is nessary to gittin them I go Greeley. He may shift ez fast ez he pleases, I kin follow him. Put that Post-Orifis in front uv me, and ef he kin shift faster than I kin, I hev over-estimated my powers in that line. And we shel git the offisis under him. He will insist upon qualificashens strenuously, but he hez his own standard. He beleeves that them who admire Horris Greely are ex-offisho, fit for any place under any government, and them who don't aint wuth a d—n for anything. I am talented at admirin sich men, I am."

Pogram, Pennibacker, McPelter and Issaker Gavitt wuz entirely convinced, but there wuz still murmurin among the others.

"You idiots," said I sternly, "is Grant a Republikin?"

"He is!—he is!"

"Hev yoo, ez Democrats anything to expect from him?"

"We hevn't!" they replied.

"Do you know the pekoolyarities uv the great and good Horris? We know wat he is to day, we know wat he wuz yesterday, and sich uv yoo ez kin read plain print and write without runnin yoor tongues out kin assertane wat he wuz before that. Wat he haz been yoo know, but wat he will be only the Almity, who knows all things, kin tell, and no one but hisself supposes he is uv suffishnt account to be made the subject of prophecy. We are very certin uv a Republikin ef Grant is elected—we may hev a Republikin or a Demokrat ef Greeley succeeds. Its an even chance where he lites, with the per cent. in our favor, for uv course the Republikins will make fun uv him, wich is the only thing he never forgives. Ez an uncertainty is better for us than a certainty, 'rah for Greeley!"

They wuz convinst and immejitly a Greeley Club was organized. In Cincinnati I hed embarkt in a speculation. I hed twenty dollars left from the money I hed borrowed uv Judge Davis' committee, and I invested 'em in fifty white hats of an ancient pattern, expectin to sell em to the Greeley Club, wich I intended to organize, at say $1.50 each. After the club was organized, I stated to 'em that the yooniform must be the style uv dress uv our beloved chief; a white hat and the left pantaloons leg on the top uv the boot leg, and that I hed sekoored white hats enuff to supply the club. Here a difficulty okkurred. In the entire party there wuzn't a pair uv pantaloons which wasn't worn off at least three inches above where a boot-top wood be, and it bein warm weather the aujence wuz all barefooted. However they took the hats readily, and I stashened myself at a table to receive the cash for 'em. A profit ov fifty-five dollars wusn't so bad. Alas! how human hopes are blighted! Bascum sed he'd take them hats, collect the money for em and *credit me on account!* and he did it. I didn't get a dollar uv it!

I swallowed it ez best I mite, for it ain't no good to make a row about it. No one in the Corners kin oppose Bascom, for he hez all the likker there iz. But we hed a jollificashen over the organizashen. It wuz a cheerin site to see fifty men all in Greeley white hats drinkin the health uv the great Horris in Bascom's new whisky! It wuz a cheerin site to see the zeal wich the admirers uv the white-coated philanthropist, all in white hats, went for sich niggers ez they found in the streets that nite! I don't dispair uv seein niggers flogged under them white hats.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
(wich wuz Postmaster.)

THE OLD MEN'S GRANT MEETING.

BY JOHN H. HAYES.

WELL, wife, we've had a meetin' at the school-house on the hill.
And I was chosen Chairman to keep the old men still,
But I found I couldn't do it; each man down his cane would plant,
And shout with all the voice he had, "I'm goin' in for Grant!"

We talked about the past four years, what great things had been done;
How the nation's debt had melted like the snow before the sun;
We said, to keep it meltin', do a better thing we can't,
Than to stick and hang together, and all go in for Grant.

We all looked through our spectacles upon the naked facts,
Then drew the veil of charity o'er giant Sumner's acts.
We said, "We like you, Sumner, but go your way we can't"—
Then made the school-house echo with a rousing shout for Grant.

We didn't have much charity for Trumbull or for Schurz;
They stand around the party gate a pair of snarling curs;
Their speeches cannot harm us, nor make Grant toe their mark,
He's an old Galena tanner, and knows how to handle BARK.

We talked about Grant's smokin'—we thought it no great sin;
To vote that out of office we might vote a worse one in;
And, seein' we were smokers, 'twouldn't do for us to rant,
So we lit our pipes together, and smoked the health of Grant.

In the days of the rebellion none of us could go to fight,
But we read from morn till evening how he battled for the right;
He has been the nation's servant in the days of peace and war,
And treason melts before him like the smoke from his cigar.

After I'd adjourned the meetin' I gave each the friendly grip;
We, every one, determined to stand by the war-tried ship;
We will not topple over, we will not even slant,
But put our canes down firm and strong, and stand up straight for Grant.

The Connecticut Senatorial Contest Purely a Personal One.

All reports concerning the Senatorial election in Connecticut agree in the statement that the contest between Mr. Ferry and Mr. Hawley was one purely personal. Thus the New Haven *Palladium*, of Monday, in an article warmly urging the claims of Mr. Ferry, says: "No one has the right to express any doubt as to the party fidelity of either" Mr. Ferry or Mr. Hawley, and asks if "Mr. Ferry's Republicanism is not as unquestioned as Mr. Hawley's." The correspondent of the New York *World* writes to the same effect, saying:

"The fight now, so far as the Republicans are concerned, is entirely on personal grounds. It is not claimed by the friends of either that their candidate is a better Republican than the other, but it is claimed by the Democrats that Ferry is a safer, a more patriotic, and a more representative man than Hawley. As I understand the feelings of the Democrats, this and this only is the ground upon which they will not vote for him."

The New York *Herald* correspondent, after speaking of a rumor that was afloat, and that had been authoritatively denied, to the effect that General Hawley had given in his adhesion to the Greeley movement, says:

"Since writing my letter this morning, I have had an interview with a prominent Ferry Republican, who is evidently alarmed that the impression has gone forth that Mr. Ferry is not in full sympathy with the Administration. He assures me that the friends of Ferry in the Republican party stand committed to no policy other than that of the old Republican party; that while there is not so much enthusiasm as formerly for Grant in this State the general sentiment in the Republican party is to adhere to the fortunes and policy of the Philadelphia Convention and its nominee, no matter who he may be, or at least to remain in full sympathy with the general policy of the Republican party until party lines are more closely mapped out. He reports that this is alike the feeling of those Republicans who support Ferry and those who support Hawley, and that the question turns alone upon the popularity and merits of the two men."

We have been at the pains to collate this testimony, because certain journals that are supporting the Greeley nomination have been industriously circulating the story that the election of Ferry was a proof of the waning fortunes of the Republican party in Connecticut. That there is no word of truth in this statement, is plainly shown by the extracts we have quoted. As the New Haven *Palladium* remarked: "The election of a Senator in May has nothing to do with the election of a President in November."—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

Detraction of President Grant.

The Liberal press keeps up a constant hue-and-cry about "personal government." General Grant is called "the military President," the "Dictator," and every opprobrious epithet is heaped upon him that could be uttered against a man who had betrayed his country and his party. One would suppose, to read the shameless newspapers that support the Liberal cause, that President Grant had abolished Congress; that he had over-ridden the Supreme Court; that he ruled the country without the assistance or advice of a Cabinet, and that he made and executed laws regardless of the will of the people. Of course all this loose talk is the merest balderdash of dishonest politicians, and more dishonest newspapers. Of course they know when they utter and write it that they are grossly misrepresenting the President; and if they had ordinary good sense they would be conscious that such wild misrepresentations are an insult to their readers. That there is nothing in the history of the present Administration to indicate that its head has ever been a military man, is as well known to its detractors as it is to the people generally; and the endless harping upon this one string is the best evidence in the world of the utter poverty of the political stock-in-trade of the Liberals.

When Congress placed in the hands of the President power to declare martial law in the Southern States he waited long before enforcing it, and then only did it in insignificant portions of two States. The moral force alone of the Ku-Klux law proved exceedingly beneficent in quelling disorders, and no just critic of President Grant can fail to admit that his conduct in its enforcement was characterized by extreme moderation; was in fact the act of a cautious and wise civil ruler, determined to keep within the bonds of that true conservatism which should control the civil authority in a Republican form of government. The slanderers of President Grant cannot point to a single veto by him of any important measure during his administration. They cannot point to a single instance of his exercise of the executive authority in contravention of his pledge made in his inaugural message that he would have "no policy to enforce against the will of the people." They cannot point to a single instance where one of his appointees has been proved guilty of malfeasance or misfeasance in office that he has not promptly discharged him from the employ of the Government. They cannot point to a single law of Congress that he has not faithfully executed, whether it corresponded to his personal views or otherwise. The charge that President Grant has made the Government a personal one is as unfounded as the others. The charge that he has appointed relatives and friends to office is trivial, and the conclusive answer to it is, that in every instance where such appointees have proved unfaithful or inefficient they have been promptly removed. The grand charge which is repeated every day in almost all the Liberal journals, that the negotiations for the annexation of San Domingo constituted an usurpation of power is not sustained by the facts; and the remanding of the whole question to Congress, without making a single effort to influence the action of that body, was a striking evidence of his fidelity to his original pledge, that he would have "no policy to enforce against the will of the people."

A careful review of the history of President Grant's Administration leaves the Liberals no ground to stand upon. They are reduced to pure personalities, and the disgraceful feature of their opposition consists in the fact that what they falsely charge against the present Administration is precisely what they want to accomplish for themselves.

The good men who went to Cincinnati, actuated by honest and praiseworthy motives, are gradually but surely gliding away from the movement, and there is at present scarcely anything left of it but bad politicians, who are endeavoring to trade with the Democracy for the indorsement of Baltimore. Whether the trade succeeds or fails is equally unimportant. If it succeeds, Mr. Greeley will have nothing but Democratic support. If it fails, he will be driven from the canvass in disgrace.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Amusing Scene on a Street Car.

THE passengers on one of the Riker's street cars laughed some yesterday morning at a scene between the conductor and a well-dressed young man from Georgetown. As the car was passing down the avenue, the young man at the time standing on the platform taking it easy, with one foot on a trunk, he was approached by the conductor and his fare demanded. He quietly passed over his five cents.

Conductor.—I demand twenty-five cents for that trunk.

Young Man (hesitatingly).—Twenty-five cents? Well, I think, I will not pay it.

Conductor.—Then I shall put the trunk off.

Young Man.—You had better not, or you may be sorry for it.

Conductor pulls strap, stops car, dumps trunk on the avenue, starts car, and after going some two squares, approaches the young man, who was still as calm as a summer morning, and in an angry mood says: "Now I have put your trunk off, what are you going to do about it?"

Young Man (coolly).—Well I don't propose to do anything about it; it's no concern of mine; it wasn't my trunk.

Conductor (fiercely).—Then why didn't you tell me so?

Young Man.—Because you did not ask me, and I told you you'd be sorry for it.

Conductor (furious).—Then go inside the car.

Young Man.—Oh no! you're good enough company for me out here.

At this juncture a portly German emerges from the car, and angrily says, "Here, you feller, where is mine drunk?"

Young Man.—My friend, I think that is your trunk down on the avenue there.

German.—Who puts him off? I have the monish to pay him. I will see aboot dot.

The car was stopped, and shortly afterwards the conductor was seen to come sweating up with the trunk on his back—a part of the performance he did not enjoy half as well as did the passengers. —*Washington Star.*

—A deacon who keeps a grocery store in a neighboring town, having instructed his clerk, when out of a desired article, to call the attention of the customer to the next nearest thing, was not a little astonished when his pastor called and inquired for new molasses to hear the clerk say, "We have no new molasses, but we have got some nice new rum."

THE big drum for the Boston Jubilee is twelve feet in diameter and five feet through. It is being made at Farmington Falls, Me.

—Does a cow become real estate when she is turned into a field?

Youths' Department.

MYSELF, OR SOMEBODY ELSE.

BY BELL CAMPBELL.

"If this be I—
As I hope it be,
I have a little dog at home,
And he knows me."

Children—were any of you ever perplexed to know whether you were your own self, or you were somebody else, and somebody else were you? I don't believe, at all events, that you ever had such a strange experience of that kind as I had when I was about your age.

One day when I was quite a little girl, I was sent in disgrace to my room, for an exhibition of ill-temper, with the injunction: "Don't come down again till you can come as our own sunny-faced daughter."

I must have liked solitude then, for I did not try to put on a sunny face. I sat on the window seat, kicking the woodwork underneath, regardless of the deep dents my heels were making in the white paint, while passion was as busily disfiguring my face. I sat there a long while, thinking all sorts of hard things of my parents, till I fancied I was the most abused child that ever breathed. Having come to this foolish conclusion, I threw myself upon my bed, resolving that I would never go down till some one came for me.

Presently I heard my mother's voice calling: "Dinner is ready for our little daughter."

I had not had my usual lunch, and so hunger was stronger than my foolish obstinacy. I determined, however, to wear a grieved expression; as though I felt myself shamefully ill-treated.

I walked rather sullenly into the dining-room, when what was my astonishment to see my father generously heaping the plate of another little girl, who certainly looked wonderfully like me, only I think she must have been a great deal prettier.

She seemed perfectly at home, and I noticed that she said "Yes, sir," and "No, ma'am,"—"If you please, sir," and "I thank you," without forgetting once. I though she behaved very sweetly and my parents smiled affectionately upon her.

Hearing the door close, the three directed their full gaze upon me. Mother turned to me rather coldly, saying:

"What do you want, little girl? Do you know it is impolite to enter a stranger's house without first knocking?"

"Why, mamma!" I cried, in an agony of apprehension; "Don't you know your own little Carrie?"

The little Carrie at the table laughed merrily, and said:

"Papa—mamma! This little girl has got into the wrong house!"

"No, I haven't" I almost screamed. "O mamma! Can't you see that I am your own little daughter? Papa, see! Don't I look like mamma? Auntie said she should know me anywhere for mamma's daughter."

"Don't insult us, horrid child"! said my father in anger; but mamma bade me stand in a chair and look into the mirror with her. I shrank back in horror at the scowling, pouting face whose sullen eyes looked into mine, beside my sweet-faced mother's.

"I thought I was your little girl, mamma," said I sorrowfully. "Whose am I?"

"I cannot tell," she replied. "Little girl, I am sorry for you, but I am more sorry for the mother of such an ill-tempered child as your face shows you to be." Then she added quickly:

"Do go, child, at once! Do you see you are giving that scowl of yours to our own little girl?"

I glanced toward the other Carrie and saw her sunny face was clouded, and she did not look at all sweet. Presently she began to kick the rounds of the chair (an old habit of mine when I felt cross.)

"Leave the house!" cried papa, thoroughly roused; and I rushed from the room in terror as he followed me to the door.

Having gained the open road, I ran and ran, till out of breath I threw myself under the old elm whose drooping branches almost touched the water in a glassy little cove. A long way from home it was, but a familiar spot to me.

"O what shall I do?" I sobbed. "How can I make my parents know that I am their child?"

All that long afternoon I thought over my many faults, and the numberless times I had made those dear faces sad by my ill-temper, and thought if my parents would only take me back, I would try—oh so hard—to please them.

Just as the setting sun was looking into the little cove to kiss it good night, I resolved to try once more. As I smoothed back my tumbled hair, I glanced into the bright water, and how glad I was to recognize the sunny, little face I saw at the dinner-table at home. It was mine now. I sprang up with a glad shout.

"They will know me now!" I kept repeating, as I hastened homeward with flying steps.

Remembering my mother's reproof when I had last appeared, I gave a timid little knock upon the sitting-room door. Mamma opened it and said:

"Glad to see you, little girl, you look so smiling and happy. Come in."

"Oh doesn't she know me now?" I almost sobbed; but I resolved to keep the smiling face that had looked at me out of the brook.

My mother gave a troubled glance toward the west window; and following her eye, my own rested upon the most sulky, disagreeable looking child that I had ever seen. She sat in my own little camp-chair, sewing up a seam over-and-over stitch. She twitched and broke her thread and then she muttered the crossest words about my dear mother. How I hated that ugly child; but I remembered to have seen her before, somewhere. After watching her in silence a few minutes I said in a timid, wistful tone:

"Mamma, aren't you glad to see your own little girl again?"

"I am not your mother, dear; I wish I were. I am the mother of that child yonder." She cast such a look of sorrow toward the wayward girl, that I expected to see her throw her arms around her mother's neck in penitence, but she only grumbled:

"Every time I want to play you are sure to take out one of those horrid pillow-cases. I believe you make me sew just to plague me! Then you keep praising other girls on purpose to make me feel jealous!"

"Let me sew it for you, I can sew nicely!" said I eagerly.

"No, my dear; besides your mother will be waiting supper for you. I do not wish to see your sunny face clouded. Have you any errand?"—seeing that I hesitated.

"If papa were only here, he would know me," I thought.

I eagerly sprang forward as I saw his face in the doorway. His glance of cool inquiry was more than I could bear.

"Oh papa—mamma! If you don't take me back and love me as you used to, I shall die! I am your own little daughter!"

"So you are our own darling. You have slept off all your naughtiness, I guess; and papa misses his little girl." So mamma lifted me off the bed and smoothed my hair so tenderly that I wept again for very joy.

"O mamma! it was all a dream! There hasn't been any other little girl here, has there?"

Sitting in papa's lap after tea, I told my dream. My parents exchanged meaning glances, but assured me no other child could ever take my place in their affections.

As I grew older I took in more fully the meaning of my dream, and the recollection of the dark, scowling face that looked into the mirror, in striking contrast with the sweet content of my mother's—the vain search for forfeited love, checked many an outburst of temper.

Little boys and girls—keep those smooth foreheads, sunny eyes and smiling lips, and there will be no danger that your parents will ever doubt your identity or even wish to substitute another child for their own darling.—*Riverside Echo.*

"Honor Bright."

"Will you, now, truly?"

"Yes, *honor bright.*"

That was all I heard of the talk, as I looked down at the eager faces that passed my window, and it set me to thinking. I have no idea what kind of a compact the boys were making, but whatever it was they evidently thought it was made specially sure and sacred by those two words, "*Honor bright.*" You all think so, I believe, you boys and girls; there is an unwritten code of honor among you, which makes it quite right and proper to break certain kinds of promises, if it suits your convenience, but very disgraceful to break others—the *honor bright* kind. May be you get it from your elders, or, what is more likely, your elders learned it when they were boys and girls, and carried the bad principles with them, out of small transactions into great ones, until there is no telling the mischief it has done.

That is a good motto—honor bright—and I wish you would all adopt it, not for special things, but for every word and action of your whole lives. If you make a promise, in great things or small, fulfill it carefully, sacredly, *honor bright*, no matter how much it costs you, provided you have not pledged yourself to a wrong. If you have, there can be no honor about it, except in frankly saying, "I made a bad promise; I am ashamed of it; I cannot keep it," and do not let any foolish notion about honor make you stick to the wrong.

You don't want to do this thing? No; but you said you would. Now stick to it, *honor bright.*

You didn't promise to do it? No; but you know it is expected of you. Do it, *honor bright.*

Nobody expects it of you? Well, but *you* know you ought to do it, and do you remember the Great Captain who expects every man to do his duty? Do it, *honor bright.*—*Little Corporal.*

Mr. Greeley Accepts.

CINCINNATUS.

Mr. Greeley's letter, in response to the official notice of his nomination by the Cincinnati Convention, is as follows:

NEW YORK, 20th May, 1872.

GENTLEMEN: I have chosen not to acknowledge your letter of the 3d instant, until I could learn how the work of your Convention was received in all parts of our great country, and judge whether that work was approved and ratified by the masses of our fellow citizens. Their response has from day to day reached me through telegrams, letters, and comments of journalists independent of official patronage and indifferent to the smiles or frowns of power. The number and character of these unconstrained, unpurchased, unsolicited utterances satisfy me that the movement which found expression at Cincinnati has received the stamp of public approval, and been hailed by a majority of our countrymen as the harbinger of a better day for the Republic. I do not misinterpret this approval as especially complimentary to myself, nor even to the chivalrous and justly-esteemed gentleman with whose name I thank your Convention for associating mine. I receive and welcome it as a spontaneous and deserved tribute to that admirable platform of principles, wherein your Convention so tersely, so lucidly, so forcibly set forth the convictions which impelled and the purposes which guided its course—a platform which, casting behind it the wreck and rubbish of worn-out contentions and bygone feuds, embodies in fit and few words the needs and aspirations of to-day. Though thousands stand ready to condemn your every act, hardly a syllable of criticism or cavil has been aimed at your platform, of which the substance may be fairly epitomized as follows:

1. All political rights and franchises, which have been acquired through our late bloody convulsion, must and shall be guaranteed, maintained, enjoyed and respected evermore.

2. All political rights and franchises which have been lost through that convulsion, should, and must, be promptly restored and re-established, so that there shall be henceforth no proscribed class and no disfranchised caste within the limits of our Union, whose long estranged people shall reunite and fraternize upon the broad basis of universal amnesty and impartial suffrage.

3. That, subject to our solemn constitutional obligation to maintain the equal rights of all citizens, our policy should aim at local self government and not centralization; that the civil authority should be supreme over the military; that the writ of *habeas corpus* should be zealously upheld as the safeguard of personal freedom; that the individual citizen should enjoy the largest liberty consistent with public order, and that there shall be no Federal subversion of internal polity of the several States and municipalities, but that each shall be left free to enforce rights, and promote the well-being of its inhabitants by such means as the judgment of its own people shall prescribe.

4. There shall be a real, and not merely a simulated reform, in the civil service of the Republic, to which end it is indispensable that the chief dispenser of its vast official patronage shall be shielded from the main temptation to use his power selfishly, by a rule inexorably forbidding and precluding his re-election.

5. That the raising of revenue, whether by tariff or otherwise, shall be recognized and treated as the people's immediate business, to be shaped and directed by them through their representatives in Congress, whose action thereon the President must neither overrule by his veto attempt to dictate, nor presume to punish by bestowing office only on those who agree with him, or withdrawing it from those who do not.

6. That the public lands must be sacredly reserved for occupation and acquisition by cultivators, and not recklessly squandered on the projectors of railroads for which our people have no present need, and the premature construction of which is annually plunging us into deeper and deeper abysses of foreign indebtedness.

7. That the achievement of these grand purposes of universal beneficence, is expected and sought at the hands of all who approve them, irrespective of past affiliations.

8. That the public faith must be maintained and the National credit preserved.

9. That the patriotic devotedness and inestimable services of our fellow-citizens, who, as soldiers or sailors, upheld the flag and maintained the unity of the Republic, shall ever be gratefully remembered and honorably requited.

These propositions, so ably and forcibly presented in the platform of your Convention, have already fixed the attention and commanded the assent of a large majority of our countrymen who joyfully adopt them, as I do, as the basis of a true, beneficent National reconstruction; of a new departure from jealousies, strifes, and hates, which have no longer adequate motive, or even plausible pretext, into an atmosphere of peace, fraternity and mutual good will. In vain do the drill-sergeants of decaying organizations flourish menacingly the truncheons, and angrily insist that the files shall be closed and straightened. In vain do the whippers-in of parties, once vital, because rooted in the vital needs of the hour, protest against straying and bolting, denounce men nowise their inferiors as traitors and renegades, and threaten them with infamy and ruin. I am confident that the American people have already made your cause their own, fully resolved that their brave hearts and strong arms shall bear it on to triumph. In this faith, and with the distinct understanding that, if elected, I shall be the President not of a party, but of the whole people, I accept your nomination, in the confident trust that the masses of our countrymen, North and South, are eager to clasp hands across the bloody chasm which has too long divided them, forgetting that they have been enemies in the joyful consciousness that they are, and must henceforth remain, brethren. Yours gratefully,

HORACE GREELEY.

—This is a Rochester, N. Y., receipt for making soup: Take a pail of water and wash it clean. Then boil it till it is brown on both sides. Pour in one bean. When the bean begins to worry, prepare to simmer. If soup won't simmer it's too rich. Pour in more water. Dry the water with a towel before you put it in. The dryer the water the sooner it browns. Simmer the soup until the bean bursts laughing. Then add some water and serve hot at 25 cents a bowl.

—"Mother, I should not be surprised if our Susan gets choked some day." "Why, my son?" "Because her beau twisted his arms around her neck the other night, and if she had not kissed him to let her go, he would have strangled her."