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And all other articles appertaining to the
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VERY CHEAP FOR CASH

CUTTING AND MAKING done to
order. All work warranted to give sat-
isfaction and got up in the

LATEST STYLES!

Give me a call—I don't intend to be
UNDERSOLD.

17

WINCHESTER, INDIANA, FRIDAY, JANUARY 15, 1861.

Vol. 2, No. 28.

BEAR WITH ME.

BY MARIE ROSEAU.

Bear with me, though I'm often wrong,
And seem all folly, weakness, sin;
For still I sometimes vainly long,
Urged by a monitor within,
To live a nobler, better life;
To act at times only right;
To gird my spirit in its might,
And conquer in the holy strife.

Though I but seem a careless one,
Unsheeling of the better way,
Content an aimless race to run;
Or 'mid forbidden scenes to stray;
Still bear with me—a better thought
Is often with my folly fraught;
And oft in sadness I have wept
At solemn promises unkept.

Have mourned to find this wayward heart
So apt to wound—to err so prone—
Careless what pangs it may impart—
And then I wish I might atone
For all the pain I e'er have given;
For the words unkndly said;
For ties of love my faults have riven,
And saddened hearts my errors made.

Bear with me—and believe it now,
I would not shoud'nt ever know
One pang of grief, one thought of woe,
Or that one shadow cloud thy brow—
The wrong is done all heedlessly—
I would not force one sigh from thee.

Bear with me, and there still may be
A better lot in store for me,
I may not always thus be found
A wanderer on mistaken ground;
I yet may rouse me from the earth,
Fulfil the purpose of my birth;
Act out a heart that's full of love
To all below and all above;

A heart that ever strives to be
From sinful thoughts and actions free—
More worthy of itself and thee.

THIRD YEAR OF THE REBEL-
LIGN.

BOSTON, Dec. 31.

Well, so ends the third year of the rebellion, if we reckon, without precise reference to days, from the beginning. This puts one in mind of a not of one of our supreme court judges. On the day when we heard of the fall of Sumter before Gillmore's batteries, some told Judge H. of it, and added the remark that "this is the beginning of the end." "I think," said the Judge, "it is the end of the beginning." The actual beginning, I suppose, was the secession of South Carolina,—perhaps the resignation of the first U. S. officer who threw up his office in Charlesto, and this, I believe, was the day after the telegraph announced Lincoln's election. The rascals were prompt enough—no doubt of that. There does not seem to be much reason for despondency at the end of the first year of emancipation. If we are in no such state of exhaustion as we were six months ago, when Gettysburg and Vicksburg a w'as burst upon us, we have a good assurance of a victorious close of the war. A year ago it took a pretty sanguine man to prophesy with any great degree of confidence our success. Full half the people, probably, had their doubts about it. How is it now? Not one man in a hundred has any misgivings. This is in itself victory. There is a time in all enterprises, whether great and arduous like war and courtship, or little and unimportant like starting a newspaper or managing a caucus, when a sanguine man is able to say, "I've got 'em (or him, or her, or it)!" That time has now come to this people; they know that we have got 'em, to wit, the rebels, and Europe knows it too, and the rebels themselves are fast finding it out.

ARNOLD'S & BUTLER'S IWS, &c.
Cincinnati and Chicago Bills Im-
plicated.

MRS. NIELS HOBBY.

BY J. E. W.

"Come, Jane, hurry as fast as you can, and get the washing out. We must iron most of the clothes to-night, for these carpets have to come up to-morrow."

And the busy housekeeper hustled about in a style which made the children "stand around" and rejoice when the school bell rang. It was mid winter, but that was a small consideration with Mrs. Niel when it was decided that a carpet needed taking up. So, after a day of hurry, from morning till night, she went to rest, quite satisfied that the ironing was all out of the way, and they could go about the family room early in the morning. The family breakfasted in the kitchen, with every thing piled up around them, and the husband was glad to escape the din by going to his daily work. At night, the scrubbing and cleaning were about half completed, and the family spent a cheerful evening in the kitchen.

"Mother was cross," that was self-evident; every body was catching cold, and with a general feeling of discomfort, they crept off to bed as early as possible, all but Jerome, the oldest boy, who strayed off into the street, and spent his evening among those who would gladly lead him body and soul to destruction. Mrs. Niel had "no time" to change her soiled working-dress before supper, and the untidy, flurried-looking figure which sat opposite him at the tea-table, made the husband moody and silent.

"I would rather live in dirt up to my knees," he inwardly exclaimed, "than have such a hubub every week or two."

If Mr. Phillips is fighting against Chase as presidential candidate, he is beating the air at random. The Ohio secretary is a great man intellectually, and I believe has convictions on the subject of slavery, which is more than can be said of any other prominent member of the cabinet, but he has no element of

popularity with the masses, and is nowise likely to be nominated for president. Aside from this attack on Mr. Chase, Mr. Phillips's speech on the amnesty will be very valuable and useful. His influence on this contest has been prodigious. This has been emphatically the people's war. From the day of the great uprising, after Sumter, everything has been done by the people. Lincoln, Seward and the rest, have been waiters, not upon Providence, but upon public opinion. Luckily they have not always reckoned the votes at the elections as public opinion; if they had, we should have had a revocation of the proclamation before January, 1863. But they have had sense enough to see that the voice of the wisest is the voice of the people, or soon will be. It is the pertinacious and indefatigable efforts with tongue and pen and money of the earnest men of the North, led on by the radical leaders, which has brought public opinion at last into the right channels. Among the foremost of these leaders has been Mr. Phillips. His splendid eloquence has brought hearers to him, and his sharp, incisive way, has compelled the newspapers to print what he says, and so, between hearers and readers, he has reached almost everybody. But he is not a "candid" man! Thank heaven for that! Times of peril and revolution are not times for candor.

Let the historian of the year 1864, tell the world what he thinks of the comparative merit of different men and different plans; but if anybody has got an opinion or a conviction now let him state it, and enforce it, and drive it home. Give me the urgent whip, rather than the "candid" breeching, for such times as these. If Mr. Phillips had been nothing better than a candid man, he might have edited a Washington administration organ, or been the Washington correspondent of a Boston newspaper, and offended nobody, not even the copperheads. It takes weekly deputations of uncandid and terribly one-sided abolitionists, from Boston and New York and Chicago and St. Louis, to keep the president and secretaries posted up to their duties and the demands of public opinion. They have enlightened the honest Ale, silenced the foolish Blair, driven the secretary of state from contradiction to contradiction until his only resource is to print a thousand pages more of correspondence, with the hope that he may overwhelm and drown out the world and posterity with words, words, words. And they must keep it going, and they will. So good luck to Wendell Phillips to-night.

—Springfield (Miss.) Republican.

MRS. NIELS HOBBY.

BY J. E. W.

"Come, Jane, hurry as fast as you can, and get the washing out. We must iron most of the clothes to-night, for these carpets have to come up to-morrow."

FORWARD MARCH until the rebellion is crushed. Then justice will be satisfied, and peace in all her loveliness again enchant the people. The prayers of the poor and down-trodden will be answered, and the captive set free. When that happy day arrives, with its doubtless will, there will be more hallooing sung on earth than angels ever heard. Oh, what a day of thanksgiving! and it is to be hoped that President Lincoln, will have the pleasure of publishing to the world the fact, and that he may not only the people of the United States to give thanks to God, but that he may say in the language of David, "O praise the Lord, all ye Nations, praise Him, all people. Let every thing that hath breath, praise the Lord. I want to live to see that Thanksgiving Day, for if ever the mountains shouted for joy, and the little hills danced, they will do so then.

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If the parlor had been warmed and lighted for the family, it would have been some mitigation; but no, that would have been an unheard-of thing. No one knows how much disorder the children might cause. So it went on, from one year's

is no life or energy about the people here, they drag their sluggish bodies around. There are no fine walkers here; they act all the time like our people feel in dog days.

The health of the regiment is