

The State Journal.

VOL. 5. NO. 31

JEFFERSON CITY, MO., FRIDAY, JULY 27, 1877.

NO. 31

WEEKLY STATE JOURNAL,
Published Every Friday
BY
N. C. BURCH.

Terms of Subscription:
Single copies, per year..... \$1.50
Clubs of ten per year..... 1.25
Clubs of twenty, per year..... 1.00
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RECORDS, MARRIAGES

TOM'S VICTORY.

That Ned Lane, said Tom Bixby doubling up his fists, and stamping his feet, 'is a mean spiteful, wicked boy. I hate him. I wish he was dead, I do!'

Then Tom broke down and fairly burst into tears. His mother who had heard his angry words, came out to the garden to see what had caused them. She, too, was indignant at what she saw. There was Tom's pet doggie, Fawn stretched out stiff and cold on the grass. Around his neck a string was tied, from which dangled a card. On it these words were written in a scraggly, blotched hand:

'He'll never chase my chickens no more—Ned Lane.'

'O, mother!' cried Tom. 'Look at poor, poor Fawn; see what cruel Ned has done. O, how I hate him! I'll be revenged!'

Fawn had been a favorite of the Bixby family, and in spite of the fact that he would pursue chickens, and tear the dresses of passing ladies, or catch and hide away stockings and handkerchiefs when they were laid upon the grass to bleach, Mrs. Bixby had borne with him.

She had hoped that his youthful faults would be cured in time. She knew that Ned Lane had been made very angry because of the loss of two rare toads, which Fawn had shaken and torn to pieces, and she felt that Fawn had been a great annoyance to the neighbors—a great transgressor. But what to do with Ned was the question, for Tom's heart was almost broken.

'Tom,' she said, 'you say you hate Ned. Do you wish what I heard you say just now, to be really revenged?'

'Yes, mother I want to see him suffer; I wish all his chickens were gone.'

'Ned has done a cruel deed, and I do not wonder that you are very deeply grieved; but, my son, he that slates his brother is a murderer.'

'He is not my brother.'

'In one sense he is; yet I am sure you do not mean that you would really like to see him dead and cold like your dog. If you think of the meaning of your words, I am sure you wish no such ill. I think there is a way by which you can make him very sorry for this, and yet keep your own self-respect.'

The gentle tones won their way to Tom's heart. He set down by his mother, and she passed her soft hand over his hot brow, and soothed him tenderly. Then she gave him her plan for being quits, as he called it, with Ned, and forgetting the victory.

The next day, when Ned Lane met Tom Bixby on his way to school, he was rather mortified to hear nothing about Fawn.

He was prepared to defend himself if attacked. But Tom passed in silence. He tried to say 'Hallo, Ned!' but failed in the attempt. All the morning however, when the boys were in their classes together, Tom looked and acted as usual, and at recess he engaged heartily in games with the other boys.

When Ned, feeling more and more uncomfortable, went home to dinner, a surprise awaited him. A superb pair of Brahma-pot-bellied toads had arrived, with a string and card attached:

'For those my poor Fawn chased—Tom Bixby.'

I cannot say truly that the two from this time, became fast friends; but this I know, that Ned Lane was thoroughly ashamed of his mean and unworthy action and ne'er after was guilty of the like cruelty, while Tom felt, even at Fawn's grave, forgiveness is sweeter than revenge.—Select.

THE SPEECH OF SECRETARY EVARTS.

PROTECTION AND FREE TRADES.

THE TRIALS FOR HERESY.

We look back, in these days, upon the blunders of our fathers with pity; but as we turn the pages of colonial history, we find a touch of manliness about the old trials for heresy, which our degenerate forefathers do not seem to possess. When Mr. Pyncheon of the Massachusetts Colony wrote a book in which he attempted to prove that Christ suffered not for those miserable sinners of God's wrath, commonly called hell tormentors, the authorities deposed him from the magistracy, and publicly burned his book in Boston Market; and then they had the decency to appoint Mr. Norton of Ipswich, under very handsome pay, considering the times, 'to write an answer to the book.' Mr. Pyncheon's heresy has become modern orthodoxy, and now, if any minister dares to assert that Christ suffered genuine hell torments, down goes his house!

The whole matter is pitiful, because it is so childish. How does this case look, for another instance? Robert Brack, less than a hundred and fifty years ago, said: 'What will become of the heathen who never heard of the gospel? I do not pretend to say; but, I cannot but indulge a hope that God, in his boundless benevolence, will find out a way whereby those heathen who not up to the light they may have may be saved.'

That utterance was considered such a branch of orthodoxy, that he was arrested by an officer with a drawn sword, to be carried from Massachusetts to Connecticut for trial, and refused bail on the ground that the offense with which he was charged was high treason not only against the King of England, but the King of Heaven! And the poor ass who made this utterance, and compels us to laugh at him, was tremendously earnest—as much in earnest, as say the bodies that have placed their lives in the hands of brutes.

SECRETARY EVARTS.

SECRETARY EVARTS.