CHESTERTOWN NEWSPAPER GOSSIP TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. XII. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1873. NO. 10.

General Lee at Appomattox.

A PERSONAL REMINISCENCE BY A CONFEDERATE ARTILLERY OFFICER.

[*From the Southern Magazine, Baltimore.*]

Colonel Freemantle, of the British army, who was with the Confederate forces in the Gettysburg campaign, was one of the first to give the world an idea of the magnanimity and unselfishness which so adorned the nobler qualities of heart and head by which the name of General Lee had within twelve months before become world-renowned. In an article in Blackwood's Magazine for September, 1863, he describes a scene of which the present writer was a witness, and which is here given in full, not only for its own intrinsic interest, but as a preface to another personal reminiscence of General Lee at the surrender of Appomattox Court house, illustrating in perhaps even a stronger light the same calm and high spirit, unruffled by any disaster, ever forgetful of self and ever mindful of others and of duty.

Colonel Fremantle, speaking of the charge of Pickett's division at Gettysburg, writes:

Soon afterwards I joined General Lee, who in the meantime came to the front on being informed of the extent of the disaster. If Longstreet's conduct was admirable, that of General Lee was perfectly sublime. He was engaged in rallying and in encouraging the broken troops, and was riding about a little in front of the wood quite alone, the whole of his staff being engaged in a similar manner further to the rear. His face, which is always placid and cheerful, did not show signs of the slightest disappointment, care, or annoyance, and he was addressing to every soldier he met a few words of encouragement, such as "All will come right in the end; we will talk it over afterwards, but in the meantime all good men must rally. We want all good and true men just now," &c. He spoke to all the wounded men that passed him, and the slightly wounded he exhorted "to bind up their hurts and take a musket" in this emergency. Very few failed to answer this appeal, and I saw many badly wounded men take off their hats and cheer him.

He said to me, "This has been a sad day for us, Colonel, a sad day; but we can't expect always to gain victories." He was also kind enough to advise me to get into some more sheltered position.

Notwithstanding the misfortune which had so suddenly befallen him, General Lee seemed to observe everything, however trivial. When a mounted officer began licking his horse for shying at the bursting of a shell, he called out, "Don't whip him, captain, don't whip him. I've got just such another foolish horse myself, and whipping does no good."

I happened to see a man lying flat on his face in a small ditch, and I remarked that I did not think he seemed dead. This drew General Lee's attention to the man, who commenced groaning dismally. Finding appeals to his patriotism of no avail, General Lee had him ignominiously set on his legs by some neighboring gunners.

I saw General Wilcox (an officer who wears a short round jacket and a battered straw hat) come up to him and explain, almost crying, the state of his brigade. General Lee immediately shook hands with him, and said cheerfully: "Never mind, General, all this has been my fault. It is I that have lost this fight, and you must help me out of it the best way you can."

In this manner I saw General Lee encourage and reanimate his somewhat dispirited troops, and magnanimously take upon his own shoulders the weight of the repulse. It was impossible to look at him or to listen to him without feeling the strongest admiration, and I never saw any man fail him except the man in the ditch.

The morning of the 9th of April, 1865, found the Confederate army in a position in which its inevitable fate was apparent to every man in it. The skirmishing which had begun in its front as its advance guard reached Appomattox Court-house the night before, had developed into a sharp fight, in which the continuous firing of the artillery and the steady increase of the musketry told to all that a heavy force had been thrown across our line of march, and that reinforcements to it were steadily arriving. The long trains of wagons and artillery were at first halted in the road, and then parked in the adjoining fields, allowing the rest of the column to close up and additional troops to pass to the front to reinforce the advanced guard and to form a reserve line of battle in their rear under cover of which they might retire when necessary. While these dispositions were taking place General Lee, who had dismounted and who at the time was standing near a fire on a hill about two miles from the Court-house, called the writer to him, and inviting him to a seat on a log near by, referred to the situation and asked, "What shall we do this morning?" Although this opportunity of expressing my views was unexpected the situation itself was not; for two days before, while near Farmville in a consultation with General Lee over his map, the fact of the enemy's having the shortest road to Appomattox Court-house had been noted and the probability of serious difficulty there anticipated, and in the meantime there had been ample opportunity for reflection on all the emergencies that might arise. Without replying directly to the question, however, I answered first that it was due to my command (of artillery) that I should tell him that they were in as good spirits, though short of ammunition and with poor teams, as they had ever been, and had begged if it came to a surrender to be allowed to expend first every round of ammunition on the enemy, and surrender only empty ammunition chests. To this General Lee replied that there were only remaining two divisions of infantry sufficiently well organized and strong to be fully relied upon (Fields's and Mahone's) and that they did not number 8,000 muskets together; and that that force was not sufficient to warrant him in undertaking a pitched battle. "Then," I answered, "General, there are but two alternatives: to surrender, or to order the army to abandon its trains and disperse in the woods and bushes, every man for himself, and each to make his best way with his arms either to the army of General Johnston in North Carolina, or home to the Governor of his State. We have all foreseen the probability of such an alternative for two days, and I am sure I speak the sentiments of many others besides my own in urging that rather than surrender the army you should allow us to disperse in the woods and go, every man for himself."

"What would you hope," he asked, "to accomplish by this?"

I answered, "If there is any hope at all for the Confederacy, or for the separate States to make terms with the United States, or for any foreign assistance, this course stands the chances, whatever they may be; while if this army surrenders this morning the Confederacy is dead from that moment, Grant will turn 150,000 fresh men against Johnston, and with the moral effect of our surrender he will go, and Dick Taylor and Kirby Smith will have to follow like a row of bricks; while if we all take to dispersing in the woods we inaugurate a new phase of the war, which [illegible] indefinitely prolonged, and would pursue in small detachments, particularly in efforts to catch the general officers, and raid and burn over large districts which they will otherwise never reach; and the result would be the inauguration of lawlessness and terror and of organized bands of robbers all over the South. Now, as Christian men, we have not the right to bring this state of affairs upon the country, whatever the sacrifice of personal pride involved. And as for myself, you young men might go bushwhacking, but I am too old; and even if it were right for me to disperse the army I should surrender myself to Gen. Grant, as the only proper course for one of my years and position. But I am glad to be able to tell you one thing for your comfort. General Grant will not demand an unconditional surrender, but offers us most liberal terms, the paroling of the whole army not to fight until exchanged.' He then went on to speak of the probable details of the terms of surrender, and to say that about ten A. M. he was to meet General Grant in the rear of the army and would then accept the terms proffered.

Sanguine as I had been when he commenced that he must acquiesce in my views, I had not one word to reply when he had finished. He spoke slowly and deliberately and with some feeling, and the completeness of the considerations he advanced, and which he dwelt on with more detail than I can now fully recall, speaking particularly of the women and children as the greatest sufferers in the state of anarchy which a dispersion of the army would bring about, and his reference to what would be his personal course if he did order such dispersion, all indicated that the question was not then presented to his mind for the first time.

A short time after this conversation General Lee rode to the rear of the army to meet General Grant and arrange the details of the surrender. He had started about a half hour when General Fitz Lee sent word to General Longstreet that he had broken through a portion of the enemy's line and that the whole army might make its way through. Gen. Longstreet on learning this directed Col. John C. Haskell, of the artillery, who was very finely mounted, to ride after General Lee at utmost speed, killing his horse if necessary, and recall him before he could reach General Grant. Colonel Haskell rode as directed, and a short distance in the rear of the army found Gen. Lee and some of his staff dismounted by the roadside. As he with difficulty checked his horse General Lee came up quickly, asking what was the matter, but without waiting for a reply said:—'Oh, I'm afraid you have killed your beautiful mare. What did you ride her so hard for?" On hearing Gen. Longstreet's message he asked some questions about the situation and sent word to General Longstreet to use his own discretion in making any movements; but he did not himself return, and in a short while another message was received that the success of the cavalry under General Fitz Lee was but temporary, and that there was no such gap in the enemy's line as had been supposed. Soon afterwards a message was brought from the enemy's picket that Gen. Grant had passed around to the front and would meet Gen. Lee at Appomattox Court-house, and Gen. Lee returned.

Meanwhile, as the Confederate line under Gen. Gordon was slowly falling back from Appomattox Court-house after as gallant a fight against overwhelming odds as it had ever made, capturing and bringing safely off with it an entire battery of the enemy's, General Custar commanding a division of Federal cavalry, rode forward with a flag of truce and, the firing having ceased on both sides, was conducted to General Longstreet as commanding temporarily in General Lee's absence. Custar demanded the surrender of the army to himself and General Sheridan, to which General Longstreet replied that General Lee was in communication with General Grant upon that subject, and that the issue would be determined between them. Custar replied that he and Sheridan were independent of Grant, and unless the surrender was made to them they would "pitch in" at once. Longstreet's answer was a peremptory order to return at once to his own lines and "try it if he liked."—Custar was accordingly escorted back, but fire was not reopened, and both lines remained halted, the Confederate about a half mile east of the Court-house.

General Lee returning from the rear shortly afterwards, halted in a small field adjoining Sweeny's house, a little in rear of his skirmish line, and awaited a message from Gen. Grant, seated on some rails under an apple-tree. This apple-tree was not only entirely cut up for mementoes within two days afterwards, but its very roots were cut up and carried away under the false impression that the surrender took place under it. About noon a Federal staff officer rode up and announced that Gen. Grant was at the Court-house, and General Lee with one of his staff accompanied him back. As he left the apple-tree General Longstreet's last words to him were: "Unless he offers you liberal terms, General, let us fight it out."

[redacted]

I still remember most vividly the emotion with which I made this appeal, increasing as I went on until my heart was in it, and it seemed to me at the moment one which no soldier could resist and against which no consideration whatever could be urged, and when I closed, after urging my suggestions at greater length than it is necessary to repeat, looking him in the face and speaking with more boldness than I usually found in his presence, I had not a doubt that he must adopt some such course as I had urged.

He heard me entirely through, however, very calmly, and then asked, "How many men do you estimate would escape if I were to order the army to disperse?"

I replied, "I suppose two-thirds of us could get away, for the enemy could not disperse to follow us through the woods."

He said: "We have here only about 16,000 men with arms, and not all of those who could get away would join General Johnston, but most of them would try and make their way to their homes and families, and their numbers would be too small to be of any material service either to General Johnston or to the Governors of the States. I recognize fully that the surrender of this army is the end of the Confederacy, but no course we can take can prevent or even delay that result. I have never believed that we would receive foreign assistance, or get our liberty otherwise than by our own arms. The end is now upon us, and it only remains to decide how we shall close the struggle. But in deciding this question we are to approach it not only as soldiers, but as Christian men deciding our matters which involve a great deal else besides their own feelings. If I should order this army to disperse, the men with their arms, but without organization or control, and without provisions or money, would soon be wandering through every State in the Confederacy, some seeking to get to their homes and some with no homes to go to. Many would be compelled to rob and plunder so they must to save themselves from starvation, and the enemy's cavalry

It would be a difficult task to convey to one who was not present an idea of the feeling of the Confederate army during the few hours which so suddenly, and so unexpectedly to it, terminated its existence, and with it all hopes of the Confederacy. Having been sharply engaged that very morning, and its movements arrested by the flag of truce while one portion of it was actually fighting and nearly all the rest, infantry and artillery, had just been formed in line of battle in sight and range of the enemy, and with guns unlimbered, it was impossible to realize fully that the war, with all its hopes, its ambitions, and its hardships, was thus ended. There were comparatively very little conversation, and men stood in groups looking over the scene; but the groups were unusually silent. It was not at first generally known that a surrender was inevitable, but there was a remarkable preacquiescence in whatever General Lee should determine, and the warmest expressions of confidence in his judgment. Ranks and discipline were maintained as usual, and there is little doubt that had General Lee decided to fight that afternoon the troops would not have disappointed him. About four o'clock P. M. he returned from the Court-house, and after informing the principal officers of the terms of the surrender started to ride back to his camp.

The universal desire to express to him the unabated love and confidence of the army had led to the formation of the gunners of a few battalions of artillery along the roadside, with orders to take off their hats in silence as he rode by.—When he approached, however, the men could not be restrained, but burst into the wildest cheering, which the adjacent infantry lines took up, and breaking ranks, they all crowded around him cheering at the tops of their voices.—Gen. Lee stopped his horse, and after gaining silence, made the only speech to his men that he ever made. He was very brief, and gave no excuses or apologies for his surrender, but said he had done all in his power for his men, and urged them to go as quickly and quietly to their homes as possible, to resume peaceful avocations, and to be as good citizens as they had been soldiers; and this advice marked the course which he himself pursued so faithfully to the end. E. P. A.

HEADACHES.

"Casuality, large." We may not believe in phrenology, but there is a certain convenience in its ways of defining character, and distinguishing traits. A good doctor needs several special virtues, but there is nothing he more decidedly needs than "Causality." You are ill; what is the matter? What is the cause? Remove the cause if you can and let your patient get well.

I called to see my friend, the doctor, one day, and found him half laughing and half vexed. A man had come in, in a great hurry. "Doctor, I am troubled with headaches—what shall I do?"

He began to question him, but the man answered, "Oh, I have no time now I have a business appointment. Just give me something and let me go.

"My friend, do you expect your watchmaker to tell you why your watch has stopped, without looking into it? I must look into you and see the cause."

"Well, then another time—I can't stop now," and he and his headache went off together.

And the doctor was laughing and growling. Why can't men have common sense about themselves? There is no more delicate piece of machinery than our bodies and how men tamper with them and ill-treat them?

And yet you will see cases like this. "Oh! I have some pills my doctor gave me for headaches, and they have done me a world of good. Try one." And the foolish one took a pill (half the medicines are poisons) and was made ill by it. It was precisely what was not needed.

There are various causes for headaches. Find them out. There is the hungry headache; for it takes food. The nervous headache; seek the cause, and quiet the nerves. The pain of exhastion—the remedy, quiet and rest. The pain of a severe cold, especially patient. The headache of over-fullness—stop eating and get rid of the load.

There is a saleratus or soda headache. The cause is easily stopped. We at the West are ruined by saleratus.

There is a tea headache. Watch and see if it always follows the tea, and change the kind or give it up. Certain kinds of tea have headache in them. Sometimes a headache follows the eating of ice cream. It is bad, it shows depressions in the stomach, and the head sympathizes. There is no more unphilosophical thing than to eat ice cream after other food, as after dinner. It is intensely cold, and just when the stomach is warm and needs all its force for digestion, it is cooled down and overtaxed by this cold mass. A sharp pain is a warning voice, which it is ever wise to heed. Indeed, pain is always the crying out of the nerves when they are suffering; it is little to lull the pain, we must remove the cause.

There is headache from bad air. The remedy for this is fresh air and plenty of it. After being in a railway car or a crowded room one feels it. It is poison in blood, oppressing the brain. A good brisk walk and plenty of air will purify the blood and freshen the whole system.

Ministers are very apt to suffer much from this exhaustion. Up above the congregation, they get the heat and bad air which rises, though they may escape the carbonic acid gas, which settled in the pews. After the day's work the temptation is to drop into sleep and sleep it off. The wiser course is a good brisk walk and time enough to get pure air into the circulation.

The man who is compelled to take a long walk after preaching, or a long drive, and will keep his mouth shut, does not know how thankful he should be for the circumstances which so compel him. Those who have but a short distance to go, would do well to take a roundabout way home. In the good time coming, we shall know how not to poison our people with bad air on Sunday, and until then it is weary waiting.

But we are talking of headache. There is the sick headache—it seems to come from an over-burdened system which stops and relieves itself. They say that no care of diet or regimen will prevent them, but I should like to see it fully tried. Extra care about the period of their recurrence, and strict regularity in all good habits.

There is a pain which they call neuralgia, which simply means pain—*i. e.* a pain which is a pain. The cause is to seek. There is no specific, so they say.

There is a headache which comes from unequal circulation, such as editors, and ministers, and lawyers have, who must write steadily, or think they must, and where the blood tends to the brain and leaves the hands and feet cold. Of course, exercise or even a whiff of gymnastics will help this, but if the need be urgent, a great help will be to keep the feet warm. A foot warmer, soapstone, hot brick or stone, while the head is kept cool, will tend to equalize the circulation and keep the head clear. And the work will be better and more healthy, as well as more easily done.

There are two classes of headaches which comes from the use of tobacco in men, and from tight dressing in women, which bear about an equal proportion and so keep the balence true, else either one sex or the other would be in the ascendant.

The cause is plain enough. The remedy is plain enough, but both are equally hopeless. "They are joined to their idols, let them alone," and their idols will fall upon them and grind them to powder. Such men and women remind us of the Italian beggars who maim themselves and then ask for charity. They sin ignorantly under the depressing influence of a religion of superstition. Will God be as merciful to these.—*Advance.*

A DUEL THIRTY YEARS AGO.—A California paper reprints the story of the duel thirty years ago, between John Hampden Pleasants, editor of the Richmond "Whig," and Thomas Ritchie, Jr. editor of the Richmond "Enquirer." The challenge from Pleasants to Richie was one of the most extraordinary ever sent: I will be on the Manchester side of the James river, near the factory, between the river and canal, to morrow morning at 5 o'clock, armed with rifle, pistol and sword. We will advance and fire on each till one or the other falls." This was the substance of Mr. Pleasant's challenge. Mr. Ritchie objected to it for various reasons, among which were: Because it gives the challenging party the choice of time, place and weapons, a right invariably accorded by the 'code' to the challenged; because its terms are savage, sanguinary and revolting to the tastes of civilized society. Notwithstanding the objections I will be at the place named, armed in the manner described, and will defend myself from any attack made on me. When the duel came off Pleasants was mortally wounded, but returned Ritchie's fire and continued to advance on him, and, when within striking distance, drew his sword, giving Ritchie a severe cut on the lip, which was all the wound the latter received. Pleasants lingered only a few days, and Ritchie ended his life by remorseful dissipation.

A TRUE LADY.—I was once walking a short distance behind a very handsomely dressed young girl, and as I looked at her beautiful clothes, wondered if she took half as much pains with her heart as she did with her body. A poor old man was coming up the walk with a loaded wheelbarrow, and just before he reached us, he made two attempts to go into the yard of a house, but the gate was heavy, and would swing back before he could get in.

"Wait," said the young girl, hurrying forward, I'll hold the gate open.

And she held the gate till he passed in, and received his thanks with a pleasant smile, and she passed on.

"She deserves to have beautiful clothes," I thought, "for a beautiful spirit dwells within her breast."

Here is a good business-like epitaph: "Here lies Jane Smith, wife of Thomas Smith, marble-cutter. This Monument was erected by her husband as a tribute to her memory and a specimen of his work. Monument of the same style, $250."

WHAT IS TROUBLE?

A company of Southern ladies were one day assembled in a lady's parlor, when the conversation chanced to turn on the subject of earthly affliction. Each had her story of peculiar trial and bereavement to relate, except one pale, sad looking woman, whose lustreless eye and dejected air showed that she was a prey to the deepest melancholy. Suddenly arousing herself, she said in a hollow voice: "Not one of you know what trouble is."

"Will you please, Mrs. Grey," said the kind voice of a lady who well knew her story, "tell the ladies what you call trouble?"

"I will, if you desire it," she replied, "for I have seen it. My parents possessed a competence, and my girlhood was surrounded by all the comforts of life. I seldom knew an ungratified wish, and was always gay and light-hearted. I married at nineteen, one I loved more than all the world besides. Our home was retired, but the sunlight never fell on a lovelier one, or a happier household.—Years rolled on peacefully. Five children sat around our table, and a little curly head still nestled in my bosom. One night, about sundown, one of those black storms came on, which are so common to our Southern climate. For many hours the rain poured down incessantly. Morning dawned, but still the elements raged. The whole Savannah seemed afloat. The little stream, near our dwelling house became a raging element. Before we were aware of it, our house was surrounded by water. I managed with my babe to reach a little elevated spot, on which a few wide spreading trees were standing, whose dense foliage afforded some protection, while my husband and sons strove to save what they could of our property. At last a fearful surge swept away my husband, and he never rose again. Ladies—no one ever loved a husband more, but that was not trouble.

"Presently my sons saw their danger, and the struggle for life became the only consideration. They were as brave, loving boys as ever blessed a mother's heart and I watched their efforts to escape, with such agony as only mothers can feel. They were so far off I could not speak to them, but I could see them closing nearer and nearer to each other as their little island grew smaller and smaller.

"The sullen river raged around the huge trees; dead branches, upturned trunks, wrecks of houses, drowning cattle, masses of rubbish all went floating past us. My boys waved their hands to me, then pointed upward. I knew it was a farewell signal, and you, mothers, can imagine my anguish. I saw them all perish, and yet—that was not trouble.

"I hugged my babe close to my heart, and when the water rose to my feet, I climbed into the low branches of the tree and so kept retiring before it, till an All-powerful hand staid the waves, that they should come no further. I was saved.—All my worldly possessions swept away; all my earthly hopes blighted—yet that was not trouble.

"My baby was all I had left on earth. I labored night and day to support him and myself, and sought to train him in the right way; but as he grew older, evil companions won him away from home. He ceased to care for his mother's counsels; he would sneer at her entreaties and agonizing prayers. He left my humble roof that he might be unrestrained in the pursuit of evil, and at last, when heated by wine one night he took the life of a fellow-being, and ended his own upon the scaffold. My heavenly Father had filled my cup of sorrow before; now it ran over. This was trouble, ladies, such as I hope His mercy will save you from ever experiencing."

There was not a dry eye among her listeners, and the warmest sympathy was expressed for the bereaved mother, whose sad history had taught them a useful lesson.—*Baltimorean.*

A POSTOFFICE ROMANCE AND MYSTERY.—The Manchester (N. H.) Union says: Regularly every two weeks for the last six years a letter has been received at the postoffice, addressed to "Dr. ——, Manchester, N. H.," written evidently by the same hand. The calligraphy is good, and is evidently that of a lady. The name is entered on the list time after time, and no one has ever claimed one of them. After lying at the office the time specified by law the letters are sent, one after the other, to the dead letter office at Washington. So it goes on year after year. On one occasion one of the letters was returned from the dead letter office because it contained some trifle of lace which the department was desirous should be returned to the writer. The letter gave no clue as to who or what the writer was, and was simply signed "Emeline." This name was entered on the list, but no one ever claimed the letter or the bits of lace. Another strange feature of the case is that the "oldest inhabitant has never heard of any man whose name the letters bear, and so the whole matter remains a mystery year after year.

"Weight for the wagon," sang the fat lady.

CARE OF HORSES LEGS.—Few men who handle horses give proper attention to the feet and legs. Especially is this the case on farms. Much time is spent of a morning in rubbing, brushing, and smoothing the hair on the sides and hips but at no time are the feet examined and properly cared for. Now, be it known, that the feet of a horse require more care than the body. They need ten times as much, for in one respect they are almost the entire horse. All the grooming that can be done won't avail anything if the horse is forced to stand where his feet will be filthy. In this case the feet will become disordered, and then the legs will get badly out of fix; and with bad feet and bad legs, there is not much else of the horse fit for anything. Stable prisons generally are terribly severe on the feet and legs of horses; and unless these buildings can afford a dry room, where a horse can walk around, lie down, or roll over, they are not half so healthy and comfortable to the horse as pasture, and should be avoided by all hostlers in the country.

A SINGULAR CASE.—On the 15th day of August, 1860, the dwelling-house of George Worcester, in the town of Harvard, was burned, and a man named Clark Fairbanks, who resided in the town, and had had some difficulty with Mr. Worcester, was suspected so strongly of having set the fire that he was arrested, tried and convicted of arson, being sentenced, October 21st, 1861, to imprisonment, for life in the State prison. He was pardoned April 29th, 1871, on condition that if again convicted of any crime his first sentence should hold good against him. In May last, while in liquor, he quarrelled with a man in Fitchburg, was prosecuted, convicted for assault and battery, and sentenced for one month in the House of Correction. At the expiration of the thirty days Warden Chamberlain called for him, and unless again pardoned he will have to serve a life sentence.—*Boston Post.*

ADORN THE FARM.—While the farmer has his mind, in the main, on making improvements on his farm which are of practical use, which return profit in cash, it will not be wise to forego those which pay in the gratification they afford to the finer instincts of our nature. The farm should be made beautiful as well as fertile; it should have trees for ornament and shade as well as for growing fruit or timber. Grounds around the dwelling, walks leading to and from it, a garden adjoining, are needed to a complete farmer's house, and they should be so laid out, constructed and kept, that they shall minister to the innate love of the beautiful and picturesque, as well as meet the practical uses for which they are designed.

Another clever gentleman has been deceived by hydrants. While homeward bound, working long longitudes, rejoicing under the influence of about 1000 drops of the oil of joy, he ran against a hydrant. He happened to mistake the hydrant for a small colored boy. "Skuse me, sonnie," said he, patting the hydrant paternally; "didn't run yer down because yer was black. Grow up (hic) and be a useful man. Imitate (hic) my example."—And here he laid a quarter on its nozzle, and went on with a lighter heart and the satisfaction that he had made one poor soul happy.

If a man's whole life-object is to make dollars, he will be running against those who are making dollars. If his whole object is to get applause, he will run against those who are seeking applause. But if he rises higher than that, he will not be interrupted in his flight heavenward. Why does that flock of birds, floating up against the blue sky so high that you can hardly see them, not change its course for spire or tower? They are above all obstructions. So we would not have so often to change our Christian course if we lived in a higher atmosphere, nearer Christ, nearer the throne of God.

☞ Learn a lesson from an Indian:—At a council of Santee Indian chiefs, about a dozen being present, for the purpose of inducing Superintendent Janney to withdraw his resignation, one of the chiefs, a noble but savage-looking Indian, said, after all the rest had spoken: "Father, I have something to say to you. Jesus Christ came into the world to do a great work. Some killed him, and some did not. He stayed until his work was finished. If you will stay, God will help you."

SOME THINGS YOU WILL NOT BE SORRY FOR.—For hearing before judging.
For thinking before speaking.
For holding an angry tongue.
For stopping the ear to a tattler.
For being kind to the distressed.
For giving alms to the poor.
For being patient to all.
For asking pardon for wrongs.
For speaking evil of no man.

Spots on the sun—Freckles on your boy's face.

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