

ted, and would not be com- day of vengeance would but I did not expect it to way of war between the I began to fear some the great gang of chained out from Virginia, and that n come when the cup of ill be full.

great and influential fam- ined, and many of them gars. I was a few days by garden looking down on the change of a few months e. I looked over on the f Mrs. Powell. I remember usband, a very smart man, the most popular young ry, and also her beautiful honso was the resort of wealthy people, but now o Confederate Army, her ital, her beautiful garden r orchards destroyed and

house of Mrs Lee, whose, lsworth was killed, one of s married, and the house yety and mirth; now the uins, furniture broken, and things she gathered here o, too is the place of Colonel ooper, his barns burnt for o consumed to the ground; place of General Lee, one rdinia, now used by troops, nd meadows were thrown o- is the high ways."

ful sights my soul was mo- 'O Lord! why has this rginia? And it appeared I ever heard human speech. mo and said, 'O man! know- d most highly favored of ro, because God was good, orately wicked and afflicted g?' And the voice said, u I heard, 'Knowest thou, where human beings were the market, and where ev- ds of them were sent forth they dreaded more than wner came, 'Virginia.' A- id, 'Knowest thou the land- list of the greatest blessings, he deepest misery, where rashed in tears, and most anguish; and where the distress, inflicted by man on oing up into the cars of voice said, 'Virginia.' A- id, 'God is just.'

ho old patriarch, stretching lowering them as if he was ds of a great weight, "I laid And as often as I have have been silenced by that

ome and Keep it. me with every young man are for himself a permanent its greater stability, it should had, and up to a certain of it the better, if paid for. ld be as comfortable and at- as the means of making it. as that the heart can grow to,

BERGEANT HUMMISTON'S FAMILY.

The following account of a visit to the fam- ily of the dead soldier of Gettysburg, whose remains were identified by the embroy of his children found in his hand, will be read with great interest:

(Correspondence of the Phila. Eve. Bulletin.)

NEW YORK, Jan. 7, 1864.

Having had the opportunity of being at Portville, in western New York, on the occa- sion of the visit just made to that place by Dr. J. Francis Bourne, of Philadelphia, the writer believes the incidents of the visit will be read with satisfaction by the public generally, and will therefore attempt a brief sketch of them; although a very full account is understood to be forthcoming from Port- ville, and may appear in Philadelphia papers.

The visit was made by Dr. Bourne for the double purpose of learning how the family of Sergeant Hummiston may be best assisted, and of returning to the widow the precious relic which was a dying consolation to her beloved husband, and which she has longed again to see and possess. Four leading citi- zens of the town of Portville awaited the Doctor's arrival at Olean, on the Erie Rail- road, six miles distant from the former place. He was conducted to Portville, and became the guest of the respected pastor of the Pres- byterian Church there. An hour afterward took place the Doctor's visit to the bereaved family. A gentleman, who has been one of their truest friends in all their sore trial, went in advance to apprise the widow that the stranger friend was coming. Her pastor, and another minister of the gospel, accom- panied the Doctor. The interview with the little household could not be other than very affecting. There was no scene—no acting; but unobtrusive as was the feeling of the occasion, it was deep and tender. After a quiet and affectionate greeting of the wid- ow and the little ones, and when all had be- come seated, it was soon that the orphans were sitting precisely as represented in their picture. Frederick in his high chair in the centre of the group, Alice—the red-ate little Alice, on his left, and Frank on the right. The mother sat beside her fatherless children, wonderfully successful in her effort to be composed. Kind and cheerful conversation for some minutes led the way for Dr. Bourne to produce the relic, and gently place it in the widow's trembling hands.

The Dr. suggested the propriety of offer- ing thanks to God for his good providence in bringing to pass such a result of their pro- longed efforts and anxiety of mind; and the clergymen promptly acquiesced. The Rev. Mr. Ogden remarked that the hand of Di- vine Providence was so clearly seen in the events which had led to the present occa- sion, that a most devout acknowledgement of the goodness of God was an impulse and a duty; and the Rev. Mr. Vincent followed in offering so eloquent and beautiful prayer of thankfulness and praise to the God of the widow, and the Father of the fatherless.

Before terminating the interview, Dr Bourne presented to the three orphans a num- ber of little books which George H. Stuart, Esq., and others of Philadelphia had sent them, delighting the children greatly. He also—apart from the little company—placed in the hand of their mother what he impres-

Terrible Suffering.

The Western papers continue to be filled with appalling accounts of the severe storm that ushered in the New year. We could fill our paper to its utmost capacity with cases where people have been frozen to death in different sections.

A WHOLE FAMILY FROZEN TO DEATH.

The Detroit Tribune says that the driver of the stage coach coming from Crown Point to Lake, via Centreville, found that the dwel- ling of a man named Krutzer had been burn- ed to the ground, it is supposed the night previously, but none of the family were to be seen. About a mile farther on, howev- er, he was horrified to find the father and two boys frozen to death. The boys were in the father's arms, and it is supposed that he had fallen with them after having been so far affected with the frost as not to be able to proceed. The three corpses were placed in the stage, but before it had proceeded more than a quarter of a mile on its destination, the body of the oldest girl was found in a snow drift, with a shawl wrapped closely around it, where it had doubtless been deposit- ed by its weary mother, while yet alive, in the hope that some chance traveller might rescue it from an impending fate. This corpse, too was placed in the coach, and again it started on its way, only to find, after travelling a short distance, the lifeless re- mains of the mother, with the two youngest children. The body of the mother was stan- ding erect in a snow drift, with the children in her arms, the youngest one being at the breast. The seven lifeless bodies were con- veyed to Centreville by the driver of the stage, at which place they were decently in- terred by the inhabitants. This is certainly the most appalling disaster that it has ever been our duty to record, and the bare rec- ital of the facts could not fail to bring a shud- der even to a heart of stone. A whole fam- ily ushered into the presence of their Creator, and none to tell the tale of suffering.

At Perstone Ill., on the 1st inst., a little boy on his way from school was frozen to death. Two brakemen on the Old Creek Railroad were frozen to death near Pittsburg. A poor woman and two children were frozen to death at Chicago. Wm. Bartlett nephew of the Hon. J. R. Bartlett of St. Louis, a youth of eighteen, who went on a hunt- ing excursion, was frozen to death, in bear- ing of the residence of a gentleman whom he had been visiting. At Oshkosh, Wis. and Rockford, Ill., several persons were frozen to death, and business was suspended. At Dubuque, Iowa, all railroad travel was stop- ped from Wednesday until Sunday. At Mil- waukee people were picked up on the street crippled for life. At Springfield Ill., sol- diers were frozen to death at Camp Yates. A stage driver was frozen to death on his box. At Fort Wayne, Ind., two men were frozen to death. At Madison, Wis., the roads were all blocked on Wednesday and Thursday, with snow four feet and fifteen feet deep, with the thermometer, on Friday, at thirty- four below, and on Saturday at thirty-nine below zero. Lt. Alexandria and four men of the 52d Ind., regiment were frozen to death on New Year's night near Fort Pillow.

Matched by a Woman.

In the somewhat famous case of Menden's will, which was tried some years ago, Mr. Webster, appeared as counsel for the appellant Mrs. Greenough, wife of Rev. William Greenough, late of West- ton, a tall straight, queely-looking man with a keen black eye—a woman of self possession and decision of char- acter. Mrs. Greenough, at a glance, had the sagacious foreseen that her testimony, if it carried any weight of importance, would have weight with the jury. He therefore, if possible, to back her up, and she answered the first question he put to her:

"I believe," Webster roared, "you don't want to hear what you believe, to hear what you know." Mrs. Greenough replied, "That what I was about to say," and went on with her testimony.

And, notwithstanding his repetition to disconcert her, she pursued the course of her way, until Webster became fearful of the result, arose, appeared great agitation, and drawing out his snuff box, thrust his thumb and fore- finger to the very bottom, and carrying it up to the pinch to both nostrils drew it up with a gasp. Webster—"Mrs. Greenough, was Bogden a neat woman?"

Mrs. Greenough—"I cannot give you full information as to that, sir; she is a very dirty trick."

Webster—"What's that ma'am?"

Mrs. Greenough—"She took snuff." The roar of the court was such that she rose nor spoke again till after Mrs. Greenough had vacated her chair for another witness.

A Rich Story.

The following we clip from an exchange is old but good and will bear reading. Do any of you know old Bill Low moved from Springfield to some point in Wisconsin. Bill is tough, smart as a whip, a briber but then, like all us fellas, loves to see the bottom of the tumble times. Well, once there was a revival in town. Bill was there and to full of his kind of spirit to hold his own. He sat still, but he sat still, the sermon was ended, and the crowd came down from his proclamation and said:

"Now, I want all who love the Lord to come forward and be prayed for!"

No one moved. "In a minute, brethren and sinners. I want you to love the Lord, or who wish to love the Lord, come forward on the bench!"

No one moved. Then he looked down and spoke out rather quick—

"If there is a man in this house who loves the Lord, I want him to come forward—if he has no friends we will just then old Bill arose, hitched his trousers, and in a peculiar half-whisper said—

"Hold on there! I'm I'm I'm I'm the Lord or any other man who has more friends than he 'pears to have in this section!"

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"Then," said the old patriarch, stretching out his arms, and lowering them as if he was relieving his hands of a great weight, "I laid my burden down. And as often as I have mourned since, I have been silenced by that voice, 'God is just!'"

Got a Home and Keep it.

A leading object with every young man should be to secure for himself a permanent home. And for its greater stability, it should consist partly in land, and up to a certain limit, the more of it the better, if paid for. The house should be as comfortable and attractive as one has the means of making it. It should be one that the heart can grow to, and will cling around more and more firmly with every passing year. Its owner should desire and propose to keep possession of it as long as he lives, and his children should grow up feeling that there is one place fixed and stable for them amid all changes.

Americans are altogether too roving in their habits. We build houses cheaply, and pull them down without regret. Or we sell out and move away half-dozen times in a life time, in the vain hope of bettering our condition. How much better to choose a home-stead early in life, and then lay plans with reference to abiding there.—Even though our grains be less than are promised elsewhere, a certainty should seldom be given up for an uncertainty. "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

Only those who have experienced it, know how firmly a family become attached to their long-loved homestead. No children love home so well as those who have known only one. As the young become of marriageable age, they should go out, one by one, from the old homestead, feeling it to be the model after which their own should be established, and knowing that this will remain unchanged as long as the parents live, a place to which they can return, and where they will be ever welcome. A pleasing writer confirms our doctrine thus: "There is a great gain in being settled down. It is two-fold. Each year accumulates about the farmer the material by which labor is lessened. The rough channels of labor become worn and smooth. A change involves a great loss, and rarely is there a corresponding gain. Time is lost, labor expended, money paid out, the wear and tear of removal is no small item; and above all, the breaking up of old associations is often disastrous in the extreme—Parents and children become unsettled in their habits, if not in their morals."

Let the man who has a homestead keep it; let him that has none, get one and labor to render it a treasured remembrance to the absent, and a constant joy to those who abide in it." To all of which every intelligent, thoughtful persons must give a hearty approval.

A good joke was perpetrated by a rebel prisoner captured at Chickamauga. The rebel was looking at one of our guns, and remarked that he didn't think that the Yanks would use them big guns much longer.—"Why not?" inquired the Fed. "Because, said he, the Confederacy is getting so narrow that you'll fire clear over it and hit men on the other side."

The true system of woman's rights is to let her to do about as she pleases.

Mr. Ogden remarked that the hand of Divine Providence was so clearly seen in the events which had led to the present occasion, that a most devout acknowledgement of the goodness of God was an impulse and a duty; and the Rev. Mr. Vincent followed in offering an eloquent and beautiful prayer of thankfulness and praise to the God of the widow, and the Father of the fatherless.

Before terminating the interview, Dr. Bourns presented to the three orphans a number of little books which George H. Stuart, Esq., and others of Philadelphia had sent them, delighting the children greatly. He also—apart from the little company—placed in the hand of their mother what he impressed upon her mind to be no-charity,—but an expression of a felt obligation from many warm hearts that sympathized with her in her sorrow. Words failed her to give utterance to her sense of the Christian sympathy shown her, and by friends so far distant from her.

A public welcome to Portville was extended to Dr. Bourns on the next day, the 3d inst., in a general union meeting which was held in the Presbyterian Church. As a report of this meeting is likely to appear in the papers, no further reference to it need be made in this hasty sketch.

As was stated in the letter from the Rev. Mr. Ogden, lately published in the *Bulletin*, Sergeant Hummiston lost his family very dependent, utterly helpless beyond the widow's needle and public benevolence.—The good people of the vicinity have hitherto aided the family liberally, with other families of soldiers; but the widow was still occupying the very humble dwelling in which her husband was compelled to leave her when he went away to die in defence of his country. It is a little house in the country, in a new-cleared spot, dreary and desolate, half a mile or more from any other dwelling. But Dr. B., effected an arrangement by which the family will soon be removed to the town, and be comfortable, near school-house and church, until ample means are provided for their future maintenance. E. N. H.

Dr. Bourns, referred to above, was formerly of the vicinity of Waynesboro'.

WOMEN STRONGER THAN OXEN—It is related of a certain New England divine who flourished not many years ago, and whose matrimonial relations are supposed not to have been of the most agreeable kind, that one Sabbath morning, while reading to his congregation the parable of the supper, in Luke XV, in which occurs this passage—

"And another said, I have bought five yoke of oxen, and I go to prove them; I pray thee let me cease, and another said, I have married a wife, and therefore can not come"—he suddenly paused at the end of his verse, drew off his spectacles, and looking round on his hearers, said, with emphasis: "The fact is, my brethren, one woman can draw a man further from the kingdom of heaven than five yoke of oxen!"

Somebody who knows, says that when two of these women, approaching you on a narrow walk, fall behind each other to enable you to pass, you may be sure they are ladies of uncommon politeness and consideration. The usual contrivance for women is to charge along full abreast, sweeping everybody into the mud.

Dubuque, Iowa, all railroad travel was stopped from Wednesday until Sunday. At Milwaukee people were picked up on the street crippled for life. At Springfield Ill., soldiers were frozen to death at Camp Yates. A stage driver was frozen to death on his box. At Fort Wayne, Ind., two men were frozen to death. At Madison, Wis., the roads were all blocked on Wednesday and Thursday, with snow fourteen and fifteen feet deep, with the thermomoter, on Friday, at thirty-four below, and on Saturday at thirty-nine below zero. Lt. Alexandria and four men of the 62d Ind., regiment were frozen to death on New Year's night near Fort Pillow.

The Set of the Tido.

On the 2d day of December *The Newburyport Herald*, a paper which has persistently opposed all those measures and purposes usually denominated "Radical," and favored the most scrupulous "Conservatives," gave utterance to the following language:

"Three years ago to-day John Brown died—executed for treason by order of Henry A. Wise, who since then, has himself been one of the chief of traitors. Then the great majority of the country declared his execution just; now that same majority urges the war for the accomplishment of the same end that he had in view. What a change has come over us in three years! The Slavery was rampant in Washington, and now emancipation is the word on the same spot where the Goddess of Liberty is represented as bending over to unshackle a negro. Then Wendell Phillips dared not to go to Charlestown to defend John Brown, but Vallandigham was there to question him. Now Wendell Phillips would be welcomed in that town, and Vallandigham, an exile from the country, if caught there, would be in the same cell that John Brown occupied, and possibly hanged from the same tree. Who says John Brown's soul is not marching on!"

The United States is a great solar system, and the Constitution is the sun around which that system revolves. Far down into the intricate depths that luminary flashes its light. It is surrounded by States which are words in themselves, but the light of whose glory is reflected from the central sun upon whose existence theirs depends. The United States feels confident that there is nothing in the future or in the past to shame or dismay. In her treatment of the nations of the earth she is influenced by neither fear nor favor, and she sanctions her Executive in every public act of his momentous life. *The United States is a great machine; a wonderful piece of mechanism. The work it turns out is human freedom. Some people say that it is grown rusty, and needs oiling. Its truth is that there is a sorrow loose down South. But it will soon be put to rights, and we shall go on smoother than ever.*

CONNING—The greatest of all conning is to appear blind to the snares laid for us; even being wiser so easily deceived as when they are endeavoring to deceive others.

REMEMBER—Never listen to an infamous story handed you by a person who is known to be an enemy to the person who is, defendant.

One hour lost in the morning, is two hours regained from the end of it.

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