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**D. B. SNOW, Editor.**

**Poetry.**  
**NEW ENGLAND CALL TO THANKSGIVING.**  
Come home to Thanksgiving! dear children, come home!  
From the North and South, from the West and East,  
Where'er you are resting, wherever you roam,  
Come back to this sacred New England feast.  
What though the wild winds of November doth roar,  
Ye're trumpet blast, lead o'er the country to war,  
And the cold rain of Autumn unceasingly pour,  
In the cloudiest, gloomiest month of the year,  
We heed not, nor fear it, with fires burning bright  
On the ample old hearths where ye sported of yore,  
Ye will know the glad faces revealed by their light,  
And fond hearts will welcome you 'e'en at the door.  
Your Father's here, and your Mother, whose love,  
Though homely and plain is more precious than gold,  
And your little sister, with eyes like a dove,  
And your brother so tall, and so sturdy, and bold,  
And when you shall miss from our circle a face,  
Which for many a year was like light to our view,  
Do not mourn for the aged! for oh! in that place,  
A glorified angel is waiting for you.  
Come home to Thanksgiving! Beh! oh! if you come,  
Bring back the warm hearts of your earlier youth,  
Let it shed its old light on the altar of home,  
Untainted in feeling—undimmed in its truth.  
Cast away from yourself all the dross of the world,  
And worship with us as you did when a child,  
In our solemn old church with your golden locks curled,  
And your roguish eyes glancing demurely and mild,  
Let us thank God together for home and for health,  
For the friends he hath left us and those that are gone,  
For his fatherly bounty in giving us wealth,  
Or his merciful justice when wealth is withdrawn,  
And oh, let us pray when life shall be o'er,  
And the last earthly rites unto us have been given,  
We may meet those we love on Eternity's shore,  
And keep a more joyful Thanksgiving in Heaven!

**Miscellaneous Selections.**  
**THE LITTLE REGIMENT.**  
A STORY OF 1776.  
During the struggle for Independence Gen. Green sent out Gen. Morgan with one thousand men to cut off the retreat of the Tories then infesting the western portion of South Carolina.  
Scarcely had Morgan with his little band taken up their march, ere Cornwallis dispatched the blood-thirsty Colonel Tarleton in hot pursuit. The indefatigable Morgan soon learned of this, and accordingly halted and prepared for battle.  
Amongst the malitia were seven persons, a father and six sons, whom General Morgan especially complimented. Those seven patriot soldiers were nicknamed by their comrades "The Little Regiment."  
John Hilyer, senior, some fifty five years of age, stood six feet five and a half inches, was of the proportions, and weighed over three hundred pounds; while the younger, John Hilyer, aged twenty-two, measured six feet and three inches, and weighed two hundred and thirty pounds. The five others varied in size and weight between these two.  
In addition to the gigantic proportions, the Hilyers were possessed of the most dauntless courage. Though often before engaged in skirmishes, this was the first time they were to take a part in a battle, and of course the rest of the army were anxious to know how they would behave.  
"John," said Gen. Morgan to the elder Hilyer, who with his sons was eating a hasty and frugal meal from off a fallen tree, "I suppose you and your brave boys would rather fight together than to be separated."

"Yes, General," said the patriot. "I think we would be of much more service to you and your noble cause, when united than when parted."  
"Well," rejoined Gen. Morgan, "we'll have some warm work in the morning, and I am going to give you and your brave lads the most dangerous position in the battle. To-morrow you shall bear the first standard into the fight, and I know that glorious banner of our country cannot be put in better hands."  
"Thank you, General, thank you for the compliment, and I and my lads will promise you this, that while we stand and fight, or kneel and fight, you'll see the Stars and Stripes floating."  
"Then as time is passing move up to the front," answered Morgan, gathering up his reins and slowly riding away; "and remember," he continued, as his steed pranced along impatient of the curb, "I shall keep my eyes on 'The Little Regiment,' Good night."  
"Good night, General," and thus they parted.  
The still hours of the night passed slowly, solemnly on. Presently the sun came fully above the horizon, and streamed his golden beams over the joy-hillocks, and along the hill the trumpet's shrill note sounded the enemy's advance, and the patriot band prepared for the onset.  
In front of—and a little apart from—the van of Morgan's force, were John Hilyer and his six giant sons, the father himself bearing aloft the flag, while the latter ranged themselves, three on each side of him, as a guard.  
"Well done, Little Regiment!" exclaimed the General, as he rode down the line to encourage his men to stand firm before the foe, who were at this time approaching them.  
On came Tarleton and his merciless butchers with that steady coolness and veteran determination which always have such a fatal effect upon malitia. Anxious,ly Morgan glanced upon his undisciplined force, which he noticed was already beginning to sway from side and back—and forth. But, even at this moment, he was unable to repress the thrill of joy which passed through him as he beheld the Hilyers, at a word from the father, coolly, and deliberately draw their long heavy swords.  
"Would to God that I had a hundred such Little Regiments," he said between his closed teeth, "I would—"  
This sentence was unfinished, for at this instant, at a signal, Tarleton's troops, clapping spurs to their steeds, charged with fearful fury.  
For moment or so the malitia tottered and struggled, and then—breaking fled in wild confusion, thus leaving the devoted Hilyers wholly unsupported. Morgan expected to see the latter swept to the earth and hidden down like reeds before the tempest, but even he did not know the Little Regiment. In a voice that was clearly heard above the din of battle the elder Hilyer, as he raised himself to his full height, shouted:  
"Close up! Our flag! Our flag forever!"  
Instantly he was encircled by his sons, the herculean exertions of whom actually kept the force at bay. Determined however to take the rebels' stand, Tarleton's men raged wildly about their intended victims. Man and horse sank to the earth, till at last their bodies formed a rampart behind which the Little Regiment, wounded and bleeding fought like lions. Seeing at last sabers were useless, a British dragoon drew a pistol, and leveled it at the younger Hilyer, he shot him through the heart.  
"Close up, lads, close up! Our flag! Our flag forever!" again thundered the father, and the fearful circle was once more serrated and unbroken.  
By this time Morgan had succeeded in bringing up his regulars, and heading them himself, he rushed to the rescue of the noble Hilyers. But alas, too late! A second of the Little Regiment fell—then a third—and a fourth—and a fifth.  
"Back to back, Ned. Our flag forever!" hoarsely commanded the elder Hilyer, as he saw the fifth son sink at his feet.  
For a while Morgan's fierce assault attracted Tarleton's men. Like tigers did the patriotic commander with his handful of men strive to cut their way to the environed heroes, and save them, but fate had ordered it otherwise, and the last son falling, the father was left alone in the midst of his relentless assailants.  
Still, however, the flag floated proudly above the doomed hero, and still that gallant sword swung below its folds, and still as frenzy took the place of reason, Hilyer shouldered in wild horse tones:  
"Close up, lads, close up! Our flag forever!"  
For a moment the giant patriot raised himself to his full height, whirled his sword and delivered his last vengeful stroke among his enemies, one of whom he clove nearly to the saddle. Such was the force of the blow that the blade snapped asunder, leaving only the hilt in the hero's hand, who, casting this from him, seized the starry banner that he had so long and bravely defended, and convulsively wrapping it around him, sunk beneath a shower of blows, exclaiming, with a dying voice:  
"Close up, lads, close up! Our flag forever!"  
Unable to tear the flag from about the fallen man, the British now turned their attention to General Morgan, who after a desperate resistance, was obliged to fly.  
In the course of pursuit, however, the enemy fell into irretrievable disorder, and ever on the alert, Morgan, taking advantage of this, rallied his broken force, and charged on the foe, routed them, thus winning the victory he had signally lost.  
His first thought after the defeat of the enemy, turned upon the brave but fatal Hilyers, about the eldest of whom was still wrapped the colors which had been committed to his care in the morning, now ridged and torn with bullets, and soaked with the blood of his champions.  
As Morgan gazed upon the silent forms at his feet, tears gathered in his eyes, and with the words, "Bury them side by side, and above all, don't remove the flag from about John," it is a hero's shroud, and a hero is in it. He was about to turn away, when one of his aids exclaimed:  
"He lives! he lives!"  
The group therefore continued around the dying man, who revived so far as to raise himself on his elbow, and exclaimed:  
"Close up, lads, close up! Our flag forever!"  
This was his last effort, and spasmodically drawing his spangled and blood-stained shroud closely around him, he sunk to the earth a corpse.

**THE ARTIST AND THE NEWSBOY.**  
If any of *The Independent* boys and girls have never heard of Henry Inman, the artist, I am very sure that their parents can tell them something of him. As a man, he was revered and beloved by many of the present generation, and as a painter, his name ranks among the greatest in our land. He has passed from our world into a better and brighter one, but his works are treasured in many a household, both in Europe and America.  
Among his more celebrated pictures, and one of which many of my readers have no doubt seen an engraving, is one called "The Newsboy." It represents a ruddy, ragged, but honest looking little fellow leaning against the side of the Astor House steps, with a bundle of newspapers under his arm.  
No one can look upon that bright, intelligent face with its glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes, without feeling that the picture is no fancy sketch, but a veritable portrait of some rare prince among the newsboys. And a portrait it really is.  
When Mr. Inman first conceived the idea of painting this picture, he strolled slowly along Broadway in the hope of seeing some fine specimen of the newsboy race that would do for a subject. Many passed him, or meeting his attentive eye, passed eagerly toward him through the crowd with their *News, Herald, and New Era*. Some were not among them. Some had a slight red hair looked vicious; some had straight red hair sticking out like bristles; some were badly formed, and some showed a deformed spirit within. One and all either offended his artistic eye or fell short of his idea of a genuine out-and-out newsboy.  
Almost in despair of finding what he sought, our artist was about turning into the Astor House on Broadway, when suddenly one of the motley group of boys collected near its steps attracted his attention. Here at last was his ideal in living, breathing form! In the stalwart, roguish, noble looking youngster before him—and now, indeed, rushing toward him with an eager "Mornin' paper, sir!" he felt sure that he beheld the original of his future picture.  
The little fellow was ragged and dirty enough, but what of that? Health and cheerfulness fully gleamed through the dirt (though I know Dr. Lewis will have me indicted for saying so); and the long, black, tangled hair, shining where it curled in spite of everything, straggling from beneath the tattered straw hat, made the ruddy face look all the handsomer. Then the man's coat that he wore, with its tails cut off, and its sleeves shortened by a great roll at the wrist, was a picture in itself; while the trowsers full of patches—to say nothing of the plates where patches ought to be—filled the artist's heart with delight.  
"Yes! he would paint him, ragged, dirt, and all. The grand boy nature would be there still. How fortunate!" thought the happy artist; "begrimed though he be, the fellow looks as if a king's heart were beating in his bosom."  
So Mr. Inman bought a paper of the boy, and asked him whether he would be willing to be his model; in other words, to stand for a picture. The boy looked astonished, but gave a ready assent. After a few moments talk it was agreed that, early on the following morning, Joe (for that was the young gentleman's name) should appear in the artist's studio to have his portrait taken.  
"You will certainly be there," said Mr. Inman, looking searchingly into the boy's face.  
"Sir," exclaimed Joe, growing very red, and straightening himself up to his full height.  
"You won't disappoint me?" reiterated the artist, at the same time handing the boy a silver quarter by way of a retaining fee.  
"Look here, mister," rejoined Joe fiercely, at the same time laying his papers on a hydrant so as to be ready for a fight if a should prove necessary, "none as yer fooin'—did I say I'd come? And I don't want none of yer money, neither, till I've earned it!"  
So saying, Master Joseph turned upon his heel, and catching up his papers, commenced shouting "Sun-erald-and-New-Era!" in sublime disregard of artists in general, and Mr. Inman in particular.  
Early on the following morning, while the artist was in his studio preparing for the day's work, he was startled by a "double-quick" on the bare stairway.  
In another instant, strangely in contrast with the daring ascent, a modest knock was heard at the door.  
"Come in!" shouted the artist, well-pleased at the punctuality of his sitter.  
The door creaked, and, looking up, what a sight presented itself to his astonished gaze! There stood his "sitter," indeed—but, alas, it was no longer the newsboy, no longer the Joe upon whom the artist's soul had been feasting in dreams the long night through. The boy had actually been washed; his pantaloons had been neatly brushed and mended, his coat exchanged for a neat-fitting Sunday jacket, his tattered straw hat abandoned for a trim gray cap, and the shining, matted curls were cropped off close to his head, leaving only a dingy stubble in their place.  
"You young rascal, you," gasped the disappointed artist, "what in mischief's name have you been doing to yourself?"  
"Doin', sir?" was the meek reply. "I haint bin doin' nothin'—yer didn't tell me to come afore nine o'clock—and I had yer sell all me mornin' papers, sir, afore I went home to slick up and dress."  
"To dress!" echoed Mr. Inman savagely, "and you told you, you little scoundrel, to rig yourself up in that style?"  
"Couldn't help it, sir," apologized Joe; "me shoes and jacket is new sir, or was a month ago—d'yer think on me a decent, but me breeches—and fur that matter, sir, I could have a new pair by next week, if you'd wait."

**THE ARTIST AND THE NEWSBOY.**  
This was too much for the poor artist. He sprang from his chair—and would have flown into violent passion had he not burst into a fit of laughter.  
The boy looked puzzled for an instant, and then, after casting an almost fearful look upon the breeches, which he believed to be the sole cause of the artist's emotion, turned indignantly toward the door.  
"Stay!" said his companion, suddenly checking his mirth, "come back, my boy; we do not understand each other. I wanted to paint you as you looked yesterday, and now you have spoiled yourself for my picture by putting on your best clothes and cutting your hair. Do you understand?"  
"Hah! he!" grinned Joe, "that's the go, is it, sir? Well, I'm blowed if I ever d thought of gittin' my picture took in them air old clothes; but I'll step around an put 'em on agin' in a giffy, sir, if you say the word."  
"No, no, Joe, not to-day. The hair was what I wanted particularly. How long do you think it will be before you can raise another headful, my man?"  
"Not long, sir," replied Joe, cheerfully; "I've got a regular mop, sir, generally. It 'ud have been down to my heels afore this mornin' had'n't I cropped it off last Sunday school exhibition. She clipped it extra close this mornin', yer see, on account of havin' me picture took, heh! heh! But I'll be out in less nor a month, sir."  
Whether the artist concluded to wait for the hair or not I do not remember, as it is many years since he told me the incident. Certain it is, however, that Joe, though a man grown now, (and let us believe, an honest and good man,) is living an eternal youth in Inman's picture of the Newsboy.  
M. E. D.

**POLITICAL.**  
**THE COST OF A DEMOCRATIC PEACE.**  
THE NORTH TO PAY FOR BOTH SIDES.  
Read the prospect as broached by one of the most influential and best accredited of the Democratic organs:  
"The subjects in respect to which the parties to this war must come to an understanding in arranging the terms of peace are mainly these:  
1st. The right of Secession.  
2d. The protection of slavery.  
3d. The payment of the Southern war debt.  
"The third question, a provision for the Southern war debt, is one to which we have not bestowed sufficient reflection to have a very definite opinion, although it is obviously one of the things to be considered in this dissolution of the Confederacy. It is a matter which concerns the South more than it concerns us. If distributed and assumed by the several Rebel States, it will make the pressure of State taxation so heavy as to seriously impair their ability to pay their proportion of the Confederate scrip at its market value for United States bonds would not, by its tendency to produce good feeling, save an equivalent ease in maintaining troops in the South, is a question on which it is premature to hazard any opinion."  
—New York World, Aug. 22, 1863.

**WHAT THE REBELS WILL EXPECT.**  
"I am opposed to peace on any terms short of the submission of the Federals to such terms as we may dictate—which, in my opinion, should be Mason and Dixon's line as boundary, the exclusive navigation of the Mississippi below Cairo, full indemnification for all negroes stolen and property destroyed, the restoration of Fortress Monroe, Jefferson, Key West, and all other strongholds which may have fallen into their possession during the war. If they are unwilling to accede to these terms I propose an indefinite continuance of the war until the now existing fragments of the old Union break to pieces from more rottenness and want of cohesion; when we will step in as the only first class power on the Western Hemisphere and take possession of the pieces as subjugated and conquered provinces."  
—Richmond Sentinel, September 1863.

**WHAT IT WOULD AMOUNT TO.**  
On the 1st of January, 1863, the Rebel debt was \$556,105,062  
Mr. Meminger's estimate for expenditures to July 1st was \$356,929,229, but as, during that time, Confederate scrip fell to about twelve cents on the dollar, the expenditures may be safely reckoned to have increased to at least 600,000,000  
Supposing the Democratic peace effected by July 1st, 1864, we must add another year's expenditure, and as the scrip is now worth only about eight cents on the dollar, and rapidly declining, it must cost a sum represented by an issue of paper of about 1,500,000,000  
Southern war debt, July 1st, 1864.  
Or a trifle of two thousand five hundred millions of dollars to be added to our burdens.  
To this we may add, for damages done during the war: 500,000 escaped and liberated slaves at \$800, 400,000,000  
Property seized and confiscated, 200,000,000  
Property destroyed, 300,000,000  
\$3,456,105,062  
Or three thousand, five hundred millions of dollars, to "produce good feeling" among those who have been madly striving to destroy the country.

how it is to be accomplished. Nowwithstanding the caution and indirect manner in which this point is introduced, it is not to be overlooked. A settled conclusion in the minds of the Democratic leaders. It has long been under discussion by them, and the article in the *World* is evidently put forward as a feeler, to ascertain the public to the idea. Elevate the Democracy to power, allow them to bring back "the Union as it was," with 22 rebel votes in the Senate, and 61 in the House, willing in concert with their Democratic friends, the whole of this plundering arrangement may be anticipated.  
**WHO ARE TO BENEFIT BY IT.**  
The suggestion of the *World* that the scrip is to be taken "at its market value," is the shallowest of devices to trap the unwary. The paper, so worthless now, would rapidly rise with the first prospect of such an accommodation, and by the time the affair was consummated, its "market value" would be the same as that of the United States bond and green-backs, which would depreciate correspondingly. When the time of settlement came, it would no longer be found in the hands of the original holders, but mostly concentrated in the possession of those in the secret North and South, who would reap a profit such as the world has never seen from any other transaction. The "financial operations" of loyal sink to absolute insignificance in comparison.  
**WHO ARE TO LOSE BY IT.**  
Farmers who grumble at an increased tax of three per cent.; mechanics who find that even high wages are reduced practically by corresponding high prices; how will you relish a permanent addition of three thousand five hundred millions to our indebtedness, requiring to meet its rate of taxation fully triple what you now pay, and keeping our currency permanently at a discount below gold far greater than you have yet seen? Will it be any consolation to you to reflect that this fearful pile of debt was incurred by purchasing of Rebels the peace which you are so well able to conquer? And will your humiliation be soothed by thinking that you are thus holding out a premium for fresh insurrections, by guaranteeing the expenses of all who may see fit to excite the flames of civil war?

**LETTER FROM GOV. PARKER.**  
STATE OF NEW JERSEY, EX. DEPT.,  
TREASURY, Nov. 13, 1863.  
HON. ROBERT HAMILTON, NEWTON, N. J.  
Sir—I have received a petition, signed by you and several other gentlemen of the County of Sussex, requesting me to immediately convene the Legislature of the State, to take into consideration the propriety of enacting laws to raise bounties, &c., to meet the existing calls for volunteers. Coming from a source so intelligent and respectable, I have given the petition considerable attention, and now write you briefly, the reason, which influence me to decline consenting to the Legislature.  
The time limited for volunteering is near at hand, and it will require every hour for work, to obtain the men before the appointed day. To convene the Legislature, and have measures communicated, even if the action were harmonious, would require some two weeks, during which time nothing would be done by Township and County authorities. Several of the Counties have already voted, and are now engaged in raising the men. The method of raising bounties indicated by my proclamation is the one which has been adopted since the commencement of the war, and which is about being again put in operation in various parts of the State. A change of plan at this late hour would very much delay action.  
There is no difficulty in the way of County Prochloers acting in the premises. Wherever the bounty has been raised and paid for volunteers, on the former call, the men have been obtained. The deficiency is in those Counties where no bounty has been given. There is not the slightest doubt that the Legislature will legalize the action of the County authorities. It was done last session by a unanimous vote, and it will be done again. There are enough members from Counties already interested, to carry bills through both branches of the Legislature.  
I am satisfied that the people would feel more interest, and work more efficiently, if the money for bounties be raised in the various counties than if raised by the State at large. The money would be forthcoming in either case, but if the State raised it the County authorities would not be likely to take as much interest in obtaining volunteers as if the raising and paying of the money were in their hands. The plan adopted by the counties which have recently voted to raise bounties, will relieve the people very much from the burden of taxation. Bonds are to be issued, and \$5,000 or \$10,000 paid annually. In this way, if enemy be used in other county and township expenses, the tax for the bounties will scarcely be felt. The State already pays a large bounty, amounting in the case of married men, who have served three years, to \$216, and this is accumulating a State debt very rapidly.  
My desire is to raise the men in the quickest way possible, and if the day for draft was distant I would not be unwilling to try the experiment of legislative action—but now after many of the counties have commenced action upon a different supposition, I deem it unwise to do anything which would delay them. If the prominent men of both parties in each county will take hold of the work in earnest, the money will be forthcoming, and the men raised in a very short time; and if they do not take hold and work, the men will not be obtained whether the money came from State or County. As a general thing it is not best to call extra sessions of the Legislature unless absolutely necessary, and I think I have shown that the necessity does not exist. I have received no petition since the new call of the President except yours, and notwithstanding the views I have very hastily and without arrangement expressed in this communication, if I had evidence that people wanted an extra session, I would not hesitate to call one. I intend to visit each county where nothing has been done, and do what I can to engage immediate action.  
I hope that patriotic old Sussex will not be behind her sister counties in filling up the ranks of our armies.  
Very respectfully,  
JOEL PARKER

**ONE OF THE SOLDIERS TALKS OF HIS OWN COUPY OF THE POLITICS OF A FAMILY DOWN IN Dixie.**  
Our regiment, he says, was in Northern Mississippi, and halting near a "free" plantation the boys were nesting for some chicken quaker, when the lady of the house happened to the Colonel for protection, as she was a good Union woman, and they all went up for the Government. "Just when one of the children went out, and she, that horrid Yankee, said, 'Lays (a big rooster), and is going to wing his neck.' There was no further doubt about the loyalty of that household."  
"The Democrats state that the war will be prolonged until the end of Mr. Lincoln's Administration. Had they held office at the beginning of the war, it would have been ended by the prolongation of Jeff. Davis's Administration."  
**Odds and Ends.**  
"A STOPPER." A renowned clergyman of Lincolnshire lately preached a long sermon from the text, "Thou shalt weigh in the balance and find wanting." After the congregation had listened about an hour some began to get weary and went out, others soon followed, greatly to the annoyance of the minister. Another person started, whereupon the parson stopped and said, "That's right, gentlemen, as far as you are weighed, pass out."  
"He continued his sermon at some length after that, but no one disturbed him by leaving."  
"Here's your Daily Times, all about the battle!" cried a newsboy the other day, sending his wares. An individual with shoulder straps, hearing the young announcement, purchased a copy, and, glancing at the headings of the dispatches, remarked to the dealer in afternoon literature, "Where is all about the battle?" "I can't see it." "No," said the boy, "and you never will see it, as long as you hang around this city."  
"In the bull fighting days, a blacksmith who was rearing a bull pup, placed his old father to get a full view and to take the bull. The canine bit the old man by the nose. The son, disregarding the paternal roars, exclaimed—'Hold him (growler) boy hold him! he's father, hear it! it will be the making of the pup!'"  
"A young lady recently entered a railway carriage in Paris, where there were three or four gentlemen, one of whom was fighting a cigar. Observing her, with the characteristic politeness of a Frenchman, he asked her if smoking would inconvenience her. She replied, "I do not know, sir, no gentleman has smoked in my presence."  
"Here is an English epitaph, worded for as genuine" by John B. Gould:—"Sacred to the memory of Miss Martha Grimm; she was so very pure within, she burst the outward shell of sin, and hatched herself a Cherubim."  
"When an old farmer buried wife, a friend asked the disconsolate who had expended so much on her funeral?" "Oh, sir," replied he, "she would have done as much for me, with pleasure."  
"The following is the copy of a letter received by a village schoolmaster:—"Sir, as you are a man of education, I intend to tutor my son in your school."  
"Tom Thumb retires upon a quarter of a million. It is sometimes easy to make a fortune by littleness than by greatness."  
"Gentlemen," said a farmer writing to the chairman of an Agricultural Society, "put me down on your list of outsiders for a call."  
"It is an old proverb that 'Money will be boys.' What a pity that 'Money' true that men will be men."  
"If a man is murdered by his own hired men, should the coroner find a verdict of killed by his own hand?"

**GOOD GROUND FOR EXAMINATION.**  
The *Ohio State Journal* tells the story of the exempting physician in that city.  
"Doctor, if the foot, what's the matter, I have another all sufficient reason for it, that you cannot refuse the examination."  
"What is it?"  
"Why the fact is, doctor, I have not got good sense. I am all right, solemnly replied the applicant."  
"Ah!" said the doctor, "what good have you of that? What evidence have you brought?"  
"Proof conclusive," said the applicant.  
"Why, sir, I never saw a man with a belly as thin as yours, how long have you had the proof?"

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TREASURY, Nov. 13, 1863.  
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NEW YORK LINES. ARRANGEMENT FOR 1863. THE CAMDEN AND AMBOY AND PHILADELPHIA AND TRENTON RAILROAD COMPANY'S LINES.

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