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Is It Worth While?

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

Is it worth while that we justify a brother, Bearing his load on the rough road of life? Is it worth while that we jeer at each other— In blackness of heart that we war to the knife? God pity us all in our painful strife.

the Pacific. "Son of the Republic," said the same mysterious voice as before, "look and learn." At that moment I beheld a dark shadowy being like an angel standing, or rather, floating in mid-air between Europe and America. Dipping water out of the ocean in the hollow of each hand, he sprinkled some upon America, with his right hand, while with his left hand he cast some upon Europe. Immediately a dark cloud raised from each of these countries and joined in mid-ocean. For a while it remained stationary, and then moved slowly westward, until it enveloped America in its murky folds. Sharp flashes of lightning gleamed through it at intervals, and I heard the smothered groans and cries of the American people. A second time the angel dipped water from the ocean and sprinkled it out as before. The dark cloud was then drawn back to the ocean, in whose heaving waves it sank from view. A third, I heard the mysterious voice saying: "Son of the Republic, look and learn." I cast my eyes upon America and beheld villages and towns and cities springing up one after another, until the whole land from the Atlantic to the Pacific was dotted with them.

Canino Anecdotes.

The following is a touching incident in the life of a collie dog. Some time ago the late Mr. H— was possessed a collie shepherd dog, which was very clever at its duty until it had a litter, one of which was spared to it. After this all the poor animal's affections seemed to be centered in her puppy, for she refused or did most unwillingly the work she had to do, which so vexed her master that he cruelly drowned the puppy before the mother's eyes, ordering the bucket in which he left the body with a sack. He then went round the fields followed by the old dog, who from that moment resumed her former usefulness. On Mr. H—'s return, after having had his tea in the evening, he beheld himself of the bucket, and went to fetch it to empty its contents into a hole he had made in the manure heap. He found the bucket, covered as he had left, but on pouring out the contents there was nothing but water. He questioned his wife and her niece, but neither knew anything about it.

Washington's Dream.

LITTLE ROCK, IOWA, June 15, 1880.

I see a request for Washington's dream, and as one of my neighbors chanced to have it, I borrowed the paper containing it and take the liberty to send you a copy of the dream.

WASHINGTON'S VISION.

"The last time I ever saw Anthony Sherman was on the 4th of July, 1859, in Independence Square. He was then ninety-nine years old, and becoming very feeble; but, though so old, his dimming eyes refused as he gazed upon Independence Hall, which he had come to gaze upon once more before he was gathered home.

At this the dark shadowy angel placed a trumpet to his mouth and blew three distinct blasts, and taking water from the ocean he sprinkled it upon Europe, Asia, and Africa. Then my eyes beheld a fearful scene. From each of these countries arose thick black clouds that were soon joined into one. And throughout this mass there gleamed a dark red light, by which I saw the borders of armed men, who, moving with the cloud, marched by land and sailed by sea to America, which country was enveloped in the volume of the cloud. And I dimly saw these vast armies devastate the whole country and burn the villages, towns, and cities that I beheld springing up.

"When the voice had ceased the dark shadowy angel placed his trumpet once more to his mouth, and blew a big, powerful blast. Instantly a light, as if of a thousand suns, shone down from above, and pierced and broke into fragments the dark cloud which enveloped America. At the same moment I saw the angel upon whose head still shone the word "Union," and who bore our national flag in one hand and a sword in the other, descend from Heaven attended by legions of bright spirits.

"These immediately joined the inhabitants of America, who, I perceived, were well nigh overcome, but who, immediately taking courage again, closed up their ranks and renewed the battle. Again, and the fearful noise of the conflict, I heard the mysterious voice saying: "Son of the Republic, look and learn."

"As the voice ceased, the shadowy angel for the last time dipped water from the ocean and sprinkled it upon America. Instantly the dark cloud rolled back, together with the armies it had brought, leaving the inhabitants of the land victorious.

"Then, once more, I beheld villages, towns, and cities springing up where they had been before, while the bright angel, planting the aure standard he had brought in the midst of them, cried in a loud voice: "While the stars remain and the heavens send down dew upon the earth, so long shall the Republic last." And taking from his brow his crown, on which blazoned the word "Union," he placed it upon the standard, while the people, kneeling down, said "Amen."

"The scene instantly began to fade and dissolve, and I at last saw nothing but the rising, curling vapor I had at first beheld. This also disappearing, I found myself once more gazing on my mysterious visitor, who, in the same voice I heard before, said: "Son of the Republic, what ye have seen is thus interpreted: Three perils will come upon the Republic. The most fearful is second, passing which the whole world united would be unable to prevail against her. Let every child of the Republic learn to live for his God, his land, and the Union."

"With these words the vision vanished, and I started from my seat and felt that I had seen a vision which had been shown me the birth, progress, and destiny of the United States. In union she will have her strength, in dissension her destruction."

"Such, my friends," concluded the venerable narrator, "were the words I heard from Washington's own lips, and America will do well to profit by them."

WESLEY BRADSHAW.

"I let us go into the Hall," he said. "I want to tell you an incident of Washington's life—one which no one alive knows of except myself, and if you live you will before long see it verified. Mark the prediction, you will see verified. * * * From the opening of the Revolution we experienced all phases of fortune—now good and now ill, one time victorious and another conquered. The darkest period we had, I think, was when Washington, after several reverses, retreated to Valley Forge, where he resolved to pass the winter of '77. As I have often seen the tears coursing down our dear old commander's careworn cheeks as he would be conversing with a confidential officer about the condition of his poor soldiers. You have doubtless heard the story of Washington going to the thicket to pray. Well, it was not only true, but he used often to pray in secret for aid and comfort from God, the interposition of whose Divine Providence brought us safely through those dark days of tribulation.

"One day, I remember it well, the chilly winds whistled through the leafless trees, though the sky was cloudless and the sun shone brightly; he remained in his quarters nearly all the afternoon alone. When he came out I noticed his face was a shade paler than usual, and there seemed to be something on his mind of more than ordinary importance. Returning just after dusk, he dispatched an orderly to the quarters of the officer I mention, who was presently in attendance. After a preliminary conversation, which lasted about half an hour, Washington, gazing upon his companion with that strange look of dignity which he alone could command, said to the latter: "I do not know whether it is owing to the anxiety of my mind, or what, but this afternoon as I was sitting at this very table engaged in preparing a dispatch, something in the apartment seemed to disturb me. Looking up, I beheld standing opposite to me a singularly beautiful female. So astonished was I, for I had given strict orders not to be disturbed, that it was some moments before I found language to inquire the cause of her presence. A second, a third, and even a fourth time did I repeat my question, but received no answer from my mysterious visitor except a slight raising of the eyes. By this time I felt strange sensations spreading through me. I was unable to rise, but the fixed gaze of the being before me rendered vision impossible. I essayed once more to address her, but my tongue had become powerless. Even though itself suddenly became paralyzed. A new influence, mysterious, potent, irresistible, took possession of me. All I could do was to gaze steadily, vacantly, at my unknown visitor. Gradually the surround seemed as though gradually becoming filled with sensations and grew luminous. Everything about me seemed to rarify, the mysterious visitor herself becoming more airy, and yet even more distinct to my sight than before. I now began to feel as one dying, or rather to experience the sensations which I have some times imagined accompany dissolution. I did not think, I did not reason, I did not move—all were alike impossible. I was only conscious of gazing fixedly, vacantly, at my companion.

"Presently I heard a voice saying, "Son of the Republic, look and learn," while at the same time my visitor extended her arm outwardly. I now beheld a heavy white vapor at some distance rising upon folds. The vapor gradually dissipated, and I looked upon a strange scene. Before me lay spread out in one vast plain all the countries of the world—Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. I saw rolling and towering between Europe and America the billows of the Atlantic, and between Asia and America lay

the next morning Mrs. H— was struck with the piteous expression of the poor animal's face, and she said to her, "Scottie, tell me where you have hidden your puppy." The dog immediately ran off a distance of quite a hundred yards to the kitchen garden, jumped the fence and went to the farther end of the garden to a spot situated between two rows of beans. There, where the earth had been apparently recently moved, she sat, and he it were woe, he went back again into the house, and without mentioning what had occurred, said to her niece: "Ask Scottie what she has done with her puppy."

The question was put, and again the poor creature went through the same performance. These circumstances were mentioned to Mr. H—, who, pooh-poohed the idea of there being anything out of the common; but to satisfy his wife he went to the spot and dug down a distance of three feet, and there, sure enough, had the faithful, fond mother carried and buried her little one.

Some dogs, in their love and affection for their masters, have at times equalled human beings in their constancy, and even surpassed them in the marvellous intelligence with which they foresee and avert approaching danger. The following example related to us by a lady may prove interesting.

"Two girls, daughters of an English country doctor, were once out for a walk together. It was an autumn afternoon, sunny and pleasant. They were accompanied by their little dog named Jack, who was a clever little terrier, and more than once had proved his claim to be considered, as indeed he was, their protector while out walking. Their father often said he felt quite happy when Jack was with them, he was so sure no harm could come to them."

"The two girls pursued their walk merrily. The fine afternoon tempted them to go farther than they ought, however, and by the time they turned back had found, and they were afraid they would be late to tea. One of them proposed to take a short cut through a wood with which they were well acquainted, having often gathered blackberries in it on a summer afternoon. The other agreed, and so they arrived at the edge of the wood and prepared to enter it."

"All the same I am rather afraid," said Dora, the younger of the two; "there have been several robberies in the neighborhood, and I saw some very odd-looking men pass our door to-day besides, I am wearing a very new watch which papa gave me on my birthday."

"Oh, nonsense!" her sister replied. "It is nearly six o'clock now, and we shall be late. But what's the matter with Jack?"

Just as she had said this Jack advanced toward them, and planting himself in the middle of their path, sat down and whined.

"That is odd," said Dora. "I never remember him doing that before."

The other girl derided her fears and attempted to pass the dog, but he caught her dress in his teeth and held her so firmly that she hardly dared to set herself free. One more effort she made, but Jack was resolute; so at last, seeing how determined he was to prevent their further progress, she gave up trying.

"Well, well, you stupid little brute," she said, angrily. "I suppose we must go all that long way round."

by the two sisters abandoned the idea of taking the short cut through the wood, and went home by the safe highroad. When they arrived home grateful, how unutterably thankful did they feel to their little protector, whose intelligence had been so far superior to theirs, and had saved them despite themselves. A man had been found in the wood shortly after they had left it, murdered and robbed it was conjectured by the traces which had passed through the village in the morning. Thus Jack had preserved his mistress from meeting perhaps a similar fate. Their gratitude, it is needless to add, was profound toward their little dog, their devoted protector, who, no one is glad to meet, lived to a good old age.

A GENTLEMAN had five daughters, the first of whom married a man by the name of Poo, the second a Mr. Little, the third a Mr. Short, the fourth a Mr. Brown, the fifth a Mr. Hogg. At the wedding of the latter, her sisters, with their husbands, were there, and the gentleman said to the guests: "I have taken pains to educate my daughters, that they may act well their part in life and to honor my family. I had then all my pains, care and expectations have turned out nothing but a Poo, Little, Short, Brown, Hogg."

TEACHER, to a by-no-means promising young scholar—"Three from six, how many?" Pupil—"Dun no."

TEACHER, to a young boy, suppose you had six apples, and the pupil's face brightened—"and I said to you, 'give me three, how many would you have left?'" Pupil—"Six."

TEACHER—"No, no, you forget that I had told you to give me three." Pupil—"This great decision—'Bas, I wouldn't give 'em to you.'"