

Family Circle.

RE-ENLISTED.

Oh, did you see him in the street, dressed up in army-blue, When drums and trumpets into town their storm of music threw...

You did n't mind him? Oh, you looked beyond him, then, perhaps, To see the mounted officers rigged out with trooper-caps...

She asked for men; and up he spoke, my handsome, hearty Sam— "I'll die for the dear old Union, if she'll take me as I am."

You would not pick him from the rest by straps or by stars, By eagles upon his coat-sleeve, or gold or silver bars...

That could n't be improved by all the badges in the world; A patriot, and good, strong man; are generals much more grand?

He's never shirked a battle yet, though frightful risks he's run, Since treason flooded Baltimore, the spring of 'sixty-one;

Through blood and storm he's held out firm, nor fretted once, my Sam, At swamps of Chickahominy, or fields of Antietam;

Though many a time, he's told us, when he saw them lying dead, The boys that came from Newburyport, and Lynn, and Marblehead,

It seemed to him the Commonweal had drained her life-blood dry. "But then," he said, "the more's the need the country has of me:

To live and fight the war all through, what glory it would be! The Rebel balls don't hit me, and, mother, if they should,

You'll know I've fallen in my place, where I have always stood." He's taken out his furlough, and short enough it seemed:

I often tell Mehitabel he'll think he only dreamed Of walking with her rights so bright you couldn't see a star.

And hearing the swift tide come in across the harbor-bar. The stars that shine above the stripes, they light him southward now;

The tide of war has swept him back; he's made a solemn vow To build himself no home-nest till his country's work is done:

God bless the vow, and speed the work, my patriot, my son! And yet it is a pretty place where his new house might be;

An orchard-rod that leads your eye straight out upon the sea:— The boy not work his father's farm? it seems almost a shame;

But any selfish plan for him he'd never let me name. He's re-enlisted for the war, for victory or for death;

A soldier's grave, perhaps,—the thought has half-way stopped my breath, And driven a cloud across the sun;—my boy, it will not be!

The war will soon be over; home again you'll come to me! He's re-enlisted; and I smiled to see him going;

There's nothing that becomes him half so well as army-blue. Only a private in the ranks; but sure I am, indeed,

If all the privates were like him, they'd scarcely captains need! And I and Massachusetts share the honor of his birth—

The grand old State! to me the best in all the people's earth. I cannot look on musket, but I have a son who can;

proud of their bright eyes, and cunning baby ways, and treasure up every smile and lip in their hearts; but, at the will of another, they may be sold far from their little ones; their home ties severed and their hearts well nigh broken.

Little Ridie, a feeble, wailing babe, with no mother to care for her, was truly an object of pity.

She had to be told that she no longer had a child named Rachel, on earth; that four years before, that daughter had been laid in the grave.

One day, when Ridie was almost seven years old, a parcel came to Mrs. — from her dress-maker.

I have seen many such persons, but never have I met one who, during a long and painful illness was so constantly gentle, so patient, so uncomplaining as this little colored girl, Ridie.

LITTLE RIDIE. A few weeks ago the dear Saviour took home to his eternal rest one of the loveliest little children I ever saw.

It was on a bright day in the last Indian summer, that a timid ring at the hall door was heard by Mrs. — and Ridie, who were busy, in some domestic operation in the dining room.

"I think, Miss," she said respectfully, "I think you have a little girl of mine here."

"Have I?" said Mrs. —. "How old is your little girl, and what is her name?"

"She must be about eleven years old," said the woman, "and her name is Maria; when I was sold to the west I left her with my old mistress at —, and she told me to come here and I would find her."

Mrs. — took her through the hall, into the dining room, and said: "Here is your little girl. Ridie, my dear, this is your mother."

Maria received her carresses passively, and seemed, at first, frightened at the violence of the mother's happiness.

"Do you know where Rachel is?" said the mother. "I cannot find my little Rachel."

She had to be told that she no longer had a child named Rachel, on earth; that four years before, that daughter had been laid in the grave.

Poor mother! She had come back to find one child; but she had left four in the west.

Little Maria had been taught about her immortal soul, and about her Saviour from her infancy, and had always seemed remarkably conscientious, and careful to do nothing that she knew was wrong.

"Oh! Missy, I'm soon going to die, and if I die as I am now I'll be lost. I'm a great sinner, and I can't find my Saviour."

Mrs. — talked and prayed with her, and afterwards the Superintendent of the Sabbath School of which she had formerly been a member came to see and converse with her.

In a little grave in Mount Laurel Cemetery, Maria's body reposes until the last day.

On the evening of the 18th of March she fell asleep in Jesus. In a little grave in Mount Laurel Cemetery, Maria's body reposes until the last day.

LETTERS

From a Lady visiting Philadelphia, during the Winter of 1863, to her young friend in the Country.

DEAR EDITH,—I thank you for so prompt a reply to my letter. I hope you will always be as punctual.

He then added: My first remark is, that in what I shall say, you will remember I speak of the majority (exceptions I do not meet constantly and know well.

Have you taken a walk now and then, Miss E., in the street most frequented by the gay and fashionable in this city?

"I wish," said Belinda, half crying, "I wish I had seen that before I went shopping. I wish the money had gone to some poor, wasted patriot, or his poorer family.

"Oh, how I long for that blessed moment, when this poor, unworthy creature, the last and least of all my Master's servants, shall be called to put off this load of sin and corruption, and to mingle with that harmonious host above, doing homage with them in the blessed presence of my glorious Lord!"

in a furtive way to study the features. Imagine then a man whose countenance impressed one at first sight with the conviction, this is a gentleman; fixed in manner, with a shade of sternness; choice in language and a most courteous listener; such was my mental comment after a short conversation.

"If I express my opinion candidly, you will think me severe, but I cannot disguise my true sentiments."

"Certainly not," was my answer, "I hope you will be frank in your reply, as I really wish to form a correct judgment on this matter, and being a stranger, you can speak freely on the subject."

"Are you studying the characters around you Miss Evans? If so, you will have abundant material and I doubt not will meet with some problems in city life, not easily solved."

"Miss Evans, have you indeed imagined that the young ladies of this pleasure loving city are in the habit of pursuing a systematic course of mental culture after they have left school?"

"Of course I do," was her reply;—"and—why, I don't know—it's rather sharp, to be sure—but then—I declare—I don't know as I ever thought of it in that light before.

"It is reasonable and right," I said, "and after this I shall blush for any American woman who appears in the street in her foreign bedizement and finery."

"Oh! madam—I cannot help it—my brother died of starvation in Richmond." I can't tell how that simple speech affected me.

"Our good soldiers!" I cried, "our good, precious, noble sons, brothers, and husbands, dying of horrible wounds, of fevers, of starvation—and we spending our hundreds on spring fashions, each one striving to outdo her neighbor.

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But I have written a long letter and find it impossible to give our conversation, except in part, as my eyes refuse to aid me.

Yours with love, RESPONSE TO THE APPEAL TO LOYAL WOMEN.

We published, last week, an extract from the Boston Transcript, on Female Extravagance in War Times.

I thank you a thousand times for that stirring appeal to the "Loyal women of the land," in your paper of the 24th March.

"See, Aunt," cried she, "I didn't show you this yesterday—isn't it a lovely shade?" and she held up a Gros de something, very rich and handsome, of course.

"American!" said I, taking hold of the texture. "American!" cried my niece, with a voice and gesture expressive of extreme contempt—"no indeed—it's imported—why, aunt, that cost me forty dollars, just the material."

"Oh! ay—it did," said I: "well I've been reading something about that very dress."

"Certainly," I said, "and I'll read it to you; so down I sat—turning my back to the Gros de something—and with all the emphasis and spirit I could command, I read the article in the Transcript.

"There!" I exclaimed, when I had finished, "what do you think of that? I suppose you call yourself a loyal woman."

"Of course I do," was her reply;—"and—why, I don't know—it's rather sharp, to be sure—but then—I declare—I don't know as I ever thought of it in that light before.

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