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ALTOONA, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1861.

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Select Poetry.

SATURDAY NIGHT. A DOMESTIC REVERIE. Saturday night! Alone I sit In studious mood before the fire—

THE PERJURED GOLDSMITH. CHAPTER I. A modest and exceedingly pretty young girl, plainly attired, entered one of the goldsmith's stores on—street,

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"This is no pawnbroker's shop, girl, and if it was, that thing is not worth two dollars!"

"It is of inestimable value to me, Sir; indeed it is the only valuable thing I have," she said earnestly, and her cheeks slightly flushed at the rudeness of his reply.

"But Sir," replied the girl unconscious of being overheard, "I must have seven dollars to-day, and I have no other way of getting it, I was in hopes, Sir, that you might let me have the sum on it. I will certainly come back and take it up again."

"I tell you," answered he angrily, "I keep no pawnbroker's shop, go to the Jews."

"They won't give me but two dollars, and I want seven."

"And so you think to get it out of me, do you?"

The young girl was about to speak again, but as if not knowing what further argument to urge, hesitated, and was turning slowly away, when she checked herself, and thus again addressed him:

"Sir," she said, in a thrilling tone of earnest entreaty, "my mother is lying dangerously ill, and our rent is due at 12 o'clock to-day, and the person we saw for help has disappointed us in our pay, I have no other resource than this. Oh, Sir, will you take this clasp only for a few days, and I will then repay you?"

"Ah! what a star of diamonds within it?" he exclaimed, as in working about with a point of steel he discovered the cavity.

"Twelve large diamonds of the purest water! This is indeed valuable.—Let me see—they are worth at least \$500. What a fool to ask so little? No, no, she could not know its worth either, for she would not have let it go for so small a sum, or else asked for nearer its value. I suppose she was ignorant of the cavity, which I detected by accident. She has stolen it, and never will return for it."

"Ah, ah," Abraham Broochard, thou hast made a good evening's work of it," he said exultingly to himself.

Then looking around among his shop to see if he was observed, he carefully, yet with a cheerful look, locked the clasp in his private drawer, and taking out the key placed it in his pocket.

He had hardly done so, when Col. McHenry re-entered, and without speaking or even looking at him, cast his eyes upon the show-case for the clasp; which he recollected, after going out, the young girl had laid down, but did not take up again, so he returned back to it.

Abraham Broochard was very busily engaged in replacing the watches in their doctin coverings and preserved silence and ignorance. At length Col. McHenry spoke:

"That young person laid her clasp on this case, Sir, which I neglected to take up. It is a pity it should be lost, she valued it so highly."

"The clasp, O, I have not seen it. Sir. She took it up again?"

The goldsmith was then called up to be sworn, as to his knowledge of the facts.

He approached the stand where the magistrate held the Bible, and laid his hand upon it with a perceptible tremor of his whole body: but love of money was stronger than the fear of the law, and he took the oath. It appeared as if he would sink through the floor when he took it, but the moment he was done he recovered his audacity.

At this moment an officer, who, at the suggestion of Col. McHenry, had been privately despatched by the justice, with a search warrant to the shop of the goldsmith, now entered, and placed something in the magistrate's hand, after whispering to him.

"Did you ever see this gold ornament before?" asked the magistrate, holding up the gold clasp before the young lady's eyes.

"Oh, it's my clasp!" she cried, springing forward.

"Yes—it is the same," answered the Colonel.

"And did you ever see it before?" demanded the justice sternly, holding it in the direction of the goldsmith, who had seen it at the first, and was appalled with fear and consternation.

Instead of replying, he uttered a wild hysterical laugh, and fell at length in convulsions on the floor. He was, a few weeks afterward, taken from his prison and tried for perjury; but his reason forsook him, and instead of the prison, he is now raving in a mad house.

SECESSION BARBARITIES.

Two or three weeks ago a couple of men from an Illinois regiment in Missouri, started out to pass a few hours in a scouting and hunting expedition. As they did not return, a squad of soldiers was sent out the next day in search of them.

After going a few miles, the soldiers met a person who informed them that, at a place which he named, he had seen two men like those they described fired on by a dozen secessionists, who were prowling through that region. They went to the place and found one, and only one, of their lost comrades. His legs and arm had been cut off and laid across each other upon his body; his head severed from his trunk, was set upright upon his chest; and the figure 19, the number of his regiment, were marked with his own blood upon his arms.

Over the mutilated body of the victim, the soldiers knelt and swore an awful oath to take no prisoners. The secessionists are giving to this war a most appalling character. As a contemporary justly remarks, the transforming power of the terrible evil which has broken out like some terrible pestilence among the people of the United States, converting individuals supposed to be civilized into barbarians, seems to have no likeness in history; the cruelties it has suddenly engendered can find no parallel except in that Sepoy rebellion which made the Christian world shudder as its details became known.

A DANGEROUS PLACE TO LIVE.—The Union men who live in the region of Fall's Church and Bailey's Cross Roads are now returning to get a view of their old possessions. Nearly all the buildings are destroyed, the most of them burned down by lawless troops of the federal army.

A Connecticut gentleman who owns a farm-house and small estate near Fall's Church, rented it the last spring to a loyal Virginian. He went over a day or two since to look at his tenants. The family has remained in the dwelling through all the troubles of the picket skirmishing, and scarce a day has passed for a month that they have not witnessed anguinary scenes from their windows. The building lay between the pickets, neither party venturing to turn it. On one occasion a federal soldier venturing down to the well for some water, and was shot down by a rebel bullet while drinking. There the body remained for a day or two. The house itself has been pierced with bullets, but none of the courageous family were harmed.

GETTING A WEDDING COAT.—Among the anecdotes related by Dr. Bushnell in his sermon at Litchfield, illustrative of the Age of Hezron, was this:—One of the aged divines of that county, still living, was married during the Revolution, but under singular difficulties. There was an obstacle to the wedding which seemed insurmountable. He had no wedding coat, nor was wool to be had to make one, and it was in the dead of winter. Yet all parties were ready, and he was anxious to be married without delay. At last the mother of the intended bride discovered the difficulty, and promptly had some of her sheep shorn and sewed up in blankets to keep them warm, while of the wool she spun and wove a coat for her intended son-in-law.

POWDER AND BALLS.—Let ancient or modern history be produced they will not find a more heroic display than the reply of Yankee Stonington to the British commanders. The people were piling the balls which the enemy had wasted, when the foe applied to them: "We want balls; will you sell them?" "Yankee Stonington replied: "We want powder; send us powder, and we'll return your balls."

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