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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, December 26, 1861.

Selected Poetry.

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.
With Notes, Suppositions, Emendations, and Variations,
by JAMES A. NAFES, Esq., sometimes called JACK A. NAFES.

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wondrous short,
I cannot hold you long.

In Washington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a goodly race he ran
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad—
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends,
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad and bit the man.

Around from all the neighboring streets
The wondering neighbors ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad
To every Christian eye,
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light
That showed the rogues they lied—
The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

*This man is our dear old Uncle Sam, a good old fellow in the main.
†Variation—“Would always work and pay.”
‡Variation—“With cotton under clothes.”
§It is not known what dog is meant here; many think that President Buchanan is without doubt alluded to, but they forgot the claus of Floyd. The question at this late day will have to be left in doubt. Had the author said and how do dogs exist—curs of low degree—however, would include all sections.
¶The dog crept up and sneakingly bit Uncle Sam deep.
**Evidently a misprint. It should be “States; but we do not like to take liberties with the writing of others, and leave the line without alteration.
††Vide several different London Times, and other kind friends in council.

Selected Tale.

GREBLE'S AVENGER.

A STORY OF GREAT BETHEL.

BY M. A. DENISON.

CHAPTER I.

"There is only one man in the American army that I care about shooting, and to kill him I would risk my life."
This speech made bitterly strong by accent and a suppressed voice; was uttered by a young man who sat in military dress at the breakfast table of a southern planter. Pale and sallow, with strongly marked features and black eyes, he presented a fair contrast to the fair-skinned, sunny haired wife he had won from the North. Though a young man, Lieutenant Marks was addicted to many vices, gambling and love of strong drink being not the least among them.

"And pray who may that be, Lieutenant?" asked his host, a slender, swarthy man.

"You don't know him, uncle, have never in all probability heard me mention his name. It is Greble of the army. He was at West Point with me, and if ever I hated a man it was him. He offered me a deadly insult once, and would neither fight nor apologize. I told him then I would have satisfaction sooner or later, and now it is my time."

"Wouldn't fight, eh? coward, then, was he?"

"O, of course—explained it all away on the score of religious principle. Religious fiddlers! he was just going to be married, and didn't want his precious life cut short."

"Ye that's the way with those Yankees," said the uncle with an oath. "The most street set of liars, slanderers, ruffians, cowards and bunglers that ever existed. I hate the very names of the pale canting sneaks. O, it would do me good to see a hundred out of every city hang up, another hundred shot and quartered, and the rest put where they ought to have been long ago, under the whip. I detest the whole race—I beg your pardon Mrs. Marks—I had entirely forgotten your Northern proclivities."

"My wife has forgotten them herself," said the Lieutenant in a harsh, quick voice, casting an awful glance towards her, in which was a threat. "She always, I believe, professed with the South. She is a Northern woman with Southern principles, or she would never have become my wife."

There was a faint look of scorn on the features, a slight curl of the lip that would have betrayed much to a close observer of both face and unhappiness in the countenance of the wife. She did manage to say with some confusion of spirit in her voice—"If I were ever so loyal to the North, I should not dare to express my sentiments with any kind of freedom. You don't allow liberty of speech here."

A terrible frown darkened the Lieutenant's face for a moment as he cast a glance towards his wife, which she avoided.

"O, yes, we allow liberty of speech on the right side," said their host, laughing. "But pray tell me where this Greble is, and who?"

"He is at present in command of a battery at Fortress Monroe," said Lieutenant Marks, excitedly. "They are rapidly increasing their forces there."

"Is he a New Yorker?"

"No, a Philadelphian. He is a fellow thought much of by his superior officers, and a favorite of the ladies," he added with a sneer. "To crown all he is mighty moral."

"So he is in Fortress Monroe. I hear that one Gen. Butler, a Yankee lawyer, ha, ha! is deputed to take that post. I fancy him a lean, long slabsided fellow with a hooked nose and a nasal accent, I expect I should split my sides with laughing to see one of their regiments."

"Perhaps you will have that opportunity," said Kate Marks demurely. The fire smouldered in her eyes and a red spot touched either cheek, but her voice was calm, her lips were smiling.

"Perhaps; who knows! By Jove! I'd give two of my best negroes to see a field covered with Northern troops.—To tell the truth there is nothing martial about them; those I have seen. Who could expect it when they come from the lapstone and the forge."

"I beg to remind you that you may not have seen all our northern soldiers," said Kate Marks, as quietly as before.

"Kate, take care!" exclaimed her husband, the latent ferocity of his nature bursting out. "By the heavens above us, if a member of my family has one spark of sympathy for the North I'll find a way to quench it."

"Don't be harsh or Mrs. Marks. It's a confounded shame she should be northern by birth. The southern regime just suit her bearing and beauty. She would make a fine court lady now."

CHAPTER II.

"Kate, you must be careful how you talk here," said Lieutenant Marks, entering his wife's sitting room a few hours afterward.—Kate sat on a low seat, most exquisitely attired. A white lace dress over an under robe of pale blue. The hair confirmed now by a silver net, took on a few gleams of the sun, and glittered whenever she moved it. A soft flush touched her cheeks, and she seemed into it upon the volume she was reading, the young wife looked up slowly from her book.

"Will you repeat what you said?" she remarked coolly.

"I tell you, you must be careful how you talk in this house," he exclaimed more excitedly than before.

"O, certainly," she replied in a calm unmoved tone.

"Perdition take you apathy," he exclaimed.

"What in—(and he used a terrible oath) are you reading all this time?"

"I am reading the Bible now," she replied.

"Hell and furies! I don't want you to read the Bible!"

"Not want me read the Bible?" she asked, glancing up in no unfeigned surprise.

"No, not as you read it—a devilish abolition lumbag. I know you Kate Marks—With all your hypocrisy, you can't fool me—You'd take our children and go North tomorrow, among those infernal Yankees you left, if you could get away."

"Do you think so?"

"Do I think so? Sit there now and engage me with your cold, cursed Northern temperament—do I think so? I know so. But let me tell you if worse comes to worse, I'd whip my wife into submission as soon as I would my niggers."

"You are a brave man Lieutenant Marks," No language can describe the cool irony of her words. The man to whom they were uttered grew still darker with suppressed passion.

"And a soldier!" she added, with marked emphasis.

He strode toward her, clenching his hands till they were purple. She sprang from her seat, for one moment changing into flame she almost shrieked:

"And a traitor! now touch me if you dare."

He fell back awed by her manner, but furious with the hot rage tugging at his bosom.

"Fool that I was!" he muttered, "to think to crush out the inborn baseness of the Yankees. Take care Kate—there are other ways, and I'll subdue that proud spirit of yours if I lose my soul for it."

He turned to leave the room, but at that moment a childish voice was heard along the passage. The tone was sweet as music, but the cry kindled the fire in the heart of the secessionist to a fiercer heat.

"Hoorah—oh the stars and stripes!"

"Who taught that to the child?" he shouted with a fierce glance.

The mother looked troubled, almost frightened, as again resounded through the hall the clear tones.

"Hoorah for the stars and stripes!"

Another moment and a glorious vision appeared. A boy of some five summers exceedingly beautiful, his light curls vailing the rounded throat and dimpled shoulders, and in his hand a small American flag, which he waved with the exultant shout, "Hoorah for the stripes and stars," almost in his father's face.

"Give me that, sir!" exclaimed the Lieutenant.

The boy put on his metal by the quick, indignant voice, laughing roughly, but held the flag behind him.

"I tell you to give me that cursed flag?" cried the man, his face more and more stern, his eyes more glowing.

"No, no, Willie want it," replied the child.

"It's Willie's flag. Hoorah for the stripes and stars!" and he sprang to his mother's side.

"Don't you dare to say that again," said the Lieutenant.

"Yes I will," cried the child defiantly.

"O, Willie, say no—it is naughty, Willie," pleaded his mother. The boy looked up half subdued by her tearful eyes, but he at the same time caught sight of a small lash which his father produced. Immediately he straightened himself up, the Southern blood grew hot in his little veins.

"So, you will, will you?" exclaimed the Lieutenant, catching at the flag and reading it in a thousand pieces, "you will, will you?"

"Yes I will!" cried the boy unshrinkingly.

"O, husband, don't whip him!"

"I'll beat every drop of Yankee blood out

of his veins, cried the savage, his brain heated by the potatoes he had swallowed since morning. "Now, sir—are you sorry for what you said?"

"Say yes, Willie," whispered the trembling woman.

"No! was the fiercer response.

Down came the whip on the bare arms of the boy. His lips grew white, but his eyes were tearless.

"Say you hate that; say you are sorry you touched it."

"No, no—I won't."

Twice, thrice the lash descended.

"Stop, husband; the child don't know what he says. Stop and let me reason with him."

"Let you reason with him!—From you he got his infernal Yankee stubbornness."

He seized the child firmly by the arm, and brutally pushing his wife aside, he dragged him after him. Kate following, was cut short by the sudden shutting of a door and a bolt drawn on the other side.

"O, my child," cried the suffering woman, "he will kill him—he knows no mercy, my Willie—my darling. Oh! am I not sufficiently punished, my Father?"

Suddenly came the piercing shrieks of the child and sound of blows.

CHAPTER III.

Flying from the room Kate sought egress by another door, but that also the brave soldier had not forgotten to lock, and throwing herself upon her knees the agonized mother wept in wild, ungovernable sorrow. Not long after the Lieutenant returned.

"I've whipped the devil out of him," he said brutally; "now you can go and see him. And mind, none of your infernal nonsense by kissing and coaxing, and encouraging his damned insubordination. I'd have shot a man in my ranks that would have said half that boy has!"

He was silenced by the look she gave him.—Those glaring eyes and set teeth told what she might expect in defence of her child. Flying through the now open door, she ran up stairs almost with the swiftness of wings, and entered the room where the Lieutenant had conquered his boy. With a great but tearless sob she flew to the couch upon which he lay extended his little cheeks so rosy before, now quite colorless, his eyes swollen and circled with deep hues of purple. He faintly sighed and smiled, while she, bending above him, clasped him wildly in her arms, crying, "Oh, Lord, how long?"

"Mamma—papa—beat me—as he beat black Bill!" and the little lips quivered, the big tears rolled down his cheeks, while sob after sob, so continuous that they seemed ready to burst his little heart came up from his bosom.

"My precious one, your tender body—oh! I'm darling, why didn't you mind papa, then he wouldn't have beat you."

"I did say it—he can't stop me," exclaimed the child, his weak voice growing stronger— "I would say it, if he killed me," he cried, stopping his sobs and tears. Such language from a child astonished his mother.

"Won't you tell mother who gave you the flag, darling?"

"Yes I'll tell you. I found it up in the garret, & old Ben told me to hurrah for the stars and stripes. But pa would have killed him, wouldn't he?"

"My brave, heroic boy!" cried his mother, lifting him again to her bosom. After some moments of soothing, poor Willie sank into a troubled slumber. Kate sat watching him at the window near by, when the sound of horses feet were suddenly heard breaking the silence. In another moment a mounted trooper appeared and was hailed from one of the windows below.

"Work on hand," cried the trooper excitedly. "We are ordered down to the Junction immediately."

"I'll be there," was the ready response, and soon one of the servants appeared leading two horses. The Lieutenant and his uncle mounted.

"There'll be hot work, I expect," said the trooper.

"I hope so," responded Lieutenant Marks, who was half maddened by his strong potatoes. "I hope we shall wipe out every bloody Union man. War to the knife, that's my cry; and they were off."

An hour passed by, and a slave came into the room where Kate still watched by her boy to inform her that supper was ready.

"Ben," said Kate to the slave, "why didn't Martha come?"

"Oh, Missus, I come cause I wished for to beg pardon of young massa Willie."

"It was as you say very unfortunate," said Kate, "and you may thank Willie for not telling you of it. I am not sure but Mr. Marks would have shot you if he had found you out."

The slave kissed his little master and retired.

CHAPTER IV.

"Ha, ha! yes, I settled him, and I'll settle more before long."

"Hang 'em up, I say, or shoot 'em down—no quarters to the dogs. I'd kill a dying man if I thought him a traitor to the South."

"So would I, and glory in it, too. Did you hear what they did with Steele?"

"No—what was it?"

"Cut off his ears, and hang him up with his knees bent double, in sight of water. Every time he groaned with thirst they would at him to know if he would support the secessionists, but he was pluck to the end. Too bad he couldn't have been on our side; we want such men."

"And there was Goodrich—born in the North somewhere, Vermont, I believe, he had the foolhardiness to declare himself a Union man and the stubbornness to stick to it. We hunted him up one night last week, and where do you think we found him? Why snugly tucked up like a child put to bed without his supper in broad daylight. The way we routed him, how-

ever wasn't slow. He didn't care for himself, however, only the women folks. His wife and two daughters pleaded for him. Well, we asked him if he would be true to the South?"

"What! and a traitor to my country?" says he. "Shall I, wife? Shall I, daughters?" and the blubbling fools said, "no."

"I hope you shot them all."

"Oh, no; we let the women alone, but told him he must make tracks within ten hours so he left. But our boys got uneasy before they neared the wharf, and nothing must do but they must hang him, so hang him they did."

"Good! and his family think he has escaped?"

"Oh, yes—not dead some one may have told them by this time—but, curse his stubborn temper, it was his own fault, a word would have saved him."

"Hang 'em and shoot 'em say I—I would not trust a Yankee on his oath."

So said Lieutenant Marks. It was at the table of his uncle that the jolly crew were seated, furnishing their horrible incidents of the reign of terror now invading our fair country. There were six officers beside the host, and they seemed to have concluded the business for which they had assembled, by the appearance of the board which was being laid for a dinner of no ordinary style. At length the repast was ready and they sat down.

"Here's to the confusion of old Lincoln the beggar, and may he have the honor of dying by the hand of a concealed Southern!" This was received with shouts of "bravo!" and responded to by a renegade Northerner, who, to win a pair of yellow shoulder knots had betrayed his country. Another was given: "Here's to the base-born shoemakers of the old country; we measure their chivalry by their soles!"

"There's your aid, Colonel, galloping like a mad man!"

"News! news! and they awaited his coming in silence. A slender built young man, some twenty years of age, came into the room, and handed a paper to his superior officer.

"All right" was the reply. "Boys, one parting glass and then for business. Our battery is completed, our artillery mounted, our presence is required. Now let's drink confusion to the enemy—may their greatest be a retreat hip, hip, and a tumultuous huzza filled the room."

Information has been received, we learn from a spy, that the enemy, which means old Yankee Butler and his runaway, half starved volunteers, are aware of our vicinity, and we are spoiling for a fight. Before morning I promise you Big Bethel, and the long-legged Northerners shall see such a victory on our side as they never witnessed before. Come on!"

"May the fiends give me my wish," murmured Lieutenant Marks. I'd sell myself to Satan to have one clear shot at Greble, if he is in this engagement."

Meantime, in the darkness of the night the soldiers sent from the Fortress were marching wearily along their only rest that of waiting for the surf boats; and for thirteen long miles, foot-sore and weary, they pushed their toilsome way, animated by the hope of a speedy encounter with the enemy that had so long evaded them. Advancing in order upon Little Bethel, they were suddenly thrown into great confusion by a volley of musketry in the rear.

"The enemy are upon us—they are cutting off our reserve!" exclaimed the Colonel. The order was given like lightning for a counter-march—and the men wearied as they were with their long tramp, turned and ran in double quick time for the distance of three miles.—Here they were met by an aid:

"Good God!" exclaimed Whittemore, who heard the words, "our troops have been firing into each other! Ascertain if many have been killed."

"The matter occupied but a short space of time," was the reply; "it is hoped that the loss is not great."

Orders were now given for an immediate advance upon Great Bethel—and again the foot-sore troops accomplished their march making in all twenty-four miles, then to find an enemy located in a strong position and able to pour in a raking fire. Lieutenant Greble had meantime given some parting words to a friend, an officer near whom he stood.

"Where is the commanding officer?" he asked, seeing the confusion that at the first terrible fire prevailed. "Why were not scouts sent ahead? We shall be shot down like dogs—However—if I die, may my country profit by my death. Farewell beloved,—he murmured under his breath, as a thought reverted to the young wife he had left at home—and now for victory or death." For two hours the brave man worked at his guns. Here and there the officers passed him, crying out "for God's sake, retreat, Greble, your position is just the one for a sure shot!"

"It is not my time to retreat," he replied.

"At last," cried Lieutenant Butler, "take the same care of yourself that others do—your life is as valuable as theirs; dodge the balls as they do."

"I never dodge!" shouted the glorious soldier, "when I hear the notes of the bugle sounding a retreat, I shall retreat, and not before."

CHAPTER V.

"We are picking them off bravely," remarked one of the rebels, whose glass was leveled in the direction of Col. Duryea's regiment; and as he spoke, he drew down his glass and refreshed himself with brandy from a pocket flask.

"How do we get on?" enquired Lieutenant Marks, whose blackened face and hands proved that he had not been idle in the fight.

"I think they will retreat," returned the other, "they can't bear so much blood shed on one side much longer. They have been in a panic two or three times, and they seem very busy there bearing off their dead and wounded. By heaven! how we did hem them down.—This will be a brilliant victory, Marks."

"Not to me," muttered the Lieutenant, revengefully, "unless I meet the enemy and slay him."

"There's an officer just stepped upon a log

of wood," shouted a rebel drummer boy.—"Lend me your gun."

"There's a brave lad," said the first speaker. "A promotion if you bring him down."

"Done," cried the boy, a gleam of savage joy brightened his eye—and as our brave Winthrop fell, a shout arose in the rebel camp.

"That's a cool fellow," said one of the officers. "He'll silence all our guns, if we don't drive him off. Marks, come here and sight this man—the one there, working that cannon—you are the best marksman here."

"Let me see the fellow," responded Lieut. Marks, lifting his glass. "Ah, ha!" he yelled, with a cry of savage exultation, "why didn't you tell me of this thing? quick, before he has time to lumber up his gun—it looks as if he was about it, no time to be lost—I'll sight him as if the devil was at my elbow."

The fatal ball sped on—another cry from Lieut. Marks that sounded like a yell, and so perfectly infernal in its character that the officers crowded in a body to see what had been done.

"Only a field officer," said a captain.

"He silenced all our guns but one, at any rate," remarked another. "By George! what an aim; Marks ought to have a silver medal. Ha! they are retreating, they retreat."

"Keep up your fire, men," shouted Marks, as with demonic glee, he sprang from point to point. "Give them hell—I on all sides—that's it."

"But they are bearing off their dead."

"Fire, fire! as if they were rotten sheep—no matter for their dead; I've had my revenge—that's the way, boys. Such a glorious feast as we'll have on top of this! We'll eat with an appetite."

And then was consummated the unexpunged atrocities of an attack upon helpless, wounded soldiers, their surgeons and their scrawling brothers in arms. Shall not this be remembered in the days when our national accounts are settled?

"They are all gone," said Lieut. Marks, reconnoitering. "Boys, meet me as many as can at Yorktown, and a feast shall crown our victory. I'm going to see how matters look. If they had left Greble," he muttered to himself—"but—ah!—this was the hand that ended his life. I have made good my threat."

Slowly in the distance the wagon conveying the bleeding soldiers to the fortress, while Lieut. Marks, preceding the rest, hastily marked the bodies that lay exposed. Turning over an officer whom he supposed to be dead, there followed a tremor of life—the dull eyes opened—the breath began to labor. Suddenly, as if endowed with superhuman strength, the wounded man sprang to his feet—and his dying glance fell on the distinguished marks of the rebel officer he drew his revolver with a motion like lightning. Three balls penetrated the traitor's base heart. Greble was avenged, and Satan had claimed his own.

He was borne off by his sorrowing companions, while the body of him whose last act had been that of retribution, was exposed to insult and degraded by a heartless burial. Mrs. Marks heard of her husband's death without a sigh. Disposing of her property, she and her boy came to the North, where she now awaits with his new stockings, he didn't know the line very well. "Steady, there!" growled the sergeant, "keep your place and don't be traveling around like a Boston Post Office.—We were soon put upon double-quick. After a few minutes, Billy gave a groan. "What is it, Billy," said I. "It's all up with them," said he. "I didn't know what he meant, but his face showed something very bad had happened. When we broke ranks, Billy hurried to the tent, and when I got there, there he stood, the very picture of despair with his shoes off, and his heels shining through his stockings like two crockery door knobs.—"Then new stockings of yours is breech-loading, ain't they, Billy?" said an unfeeling volunteer. "Better get your name on both ends, so you can keep them together," said another.—"Shoddy stockings, Brooks Bros," said a third. Billy was silent; I saw his heart was breaking, and I said nothing. We held a council on them, and Billy, not feeling-hearted enough for the task, gave them to Cradle, with directions to sew up the small holes. I came into the tent soon after, and he was drawing a portrait with a piece of charcoal on a board.

"That's a good portrait of Fremont," said I, "he looks just like that; that's the way he parts his hair, in the middle." "That isn't a portrait of Fremont," said Billy, "it's a map of the United States; that line in the middle you thought was the part in his hair is the Mississippi river."

"Oh!" said I. I saw him again before supper; he came to me, looking worse than ever, the stockings in his hand. "Jimmy," said he, "you know I gave them to Cradle and told him to sew up the small holes, and what do you think he's done? He's gone and sewed up the heads." "It's a hard case, Jimmy," said I, "in such a case tears are almost justifiable."

Humorous Letter from the Army.

The Boston Post has the following good natured, Mark Tapley species of letters from one of its correspondents:

CAMP GUNPOWDER, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, Nov. 1861.—Dear Messrs. Editors:—Billy Briggs and I still remain in the army. The other morning I was standing by him in our tent. "Hand me them scabbards, Jimmy," said he. "Scabbards!" said I, looking round. "Yes, boots, I mean." Billy arranged himself in his scabbards, a dilapidated pair of fashionable boots, and stood up in a very erect and dignified manner. "Those boots of mine I don't think were any relation to that beef we had for dinner to-day Jimmy," said he. "No," said I. "If they were only as tough as that beef, and vice versa, it would have been better."

"I say, Cradle," he called out, "where are you?" Cradle was our contraband, a genuine darkey, with a foot of extraordinary length and extra heels to match, giving him a queer look about these extremities. "What do you call him Cradle for, Billy?" said I; "that's a queer name." "What would you call him, Jimmy? if he ain't a cradle, what is he put on rockers for?" Cradle appeared with a pair of perforated stockings. "It's no use," said Billy, looking at them. "Them stockings will do to put on a soar throat, but they won't do for feet. It's a humiliating thing for a man like me to be without stockings; a man may be bald-headed and it's genteel, but to be bare-footed is ruination. The sleeves is good, too," he added, thoughtfully, "but the feet are gone. There is something about the heels of stockings and the elbows of stove-pipes in this world that is all wrong, Jimmy."

A supply of stockings had come that day and were just being given; a pair of very large ones fell to Billy's lot. Billy held them up before him. "Jimmy," said he, "those are pretty bags to give a little fellow like me. Them stockings was knit for the President or a young gorilla, certain; and he was about to bestow them upon Cradle, when a soldier in the opposite predicament made an exchange. "Them stockings made me think of the Louisiana volunteer I scared so the other day," said Billy. "How's that?" said I. "He was among our prisoners and saw a big pair of red leggins with feet, hanging up before a tent. He never said a word till he saw the leggins, and then he asked me what they were for." "Them!" said I, "them is General Banke's stockings!" He looked scared. "He's a big man is Gen. Banke," said I, but then he ought to be, the way he lives." "How?" said he. "Why," said I, "his regular diet is bricks buttered with mortar." The next day Billy got a present of a pair of stockings from a lady; a nice soft pair, with his initials in red silk upon them. He was very happy. "Jimmy," said he, "just look at them," and he smoothed them down with his hand; "marked with my initials, too, 'B' for my Christian and 'W' for my heathen name. How kind! They came just in the right time, too; I've got such a sore heel; for it's a fact, Jimmy, that if there is anything in life worse than unrequited love, it's a sore heel." Orders came to "fall in." Billy was so overjoyed with his new stockings, he didn't know the line very well. "Steady, there!" growled the sergeant, "keep your place and don't be traveling around like a Boston Post Office.—We were soon put upon double-quick. After a few minutes, Billy gave a groan. "What is it, Billy," said I. "It's all up with them," said he. "I didn't know what he meant, but his face showed something very bad had happened. When we broke ranks, Billy hurried to the tent, and when I got there, there he stood, the very picture of despair with his shoes off, and his heels shining through his stockings like two crockery door knobs.—"Then new stockings of yours is breech-loading, ain't they, Billy?" said an unfeeling volunteer. "Better get your name on both ends, so you can keep them together," said another.—"Shoddy stockings, Brooks Bros," said a third. Billy was silent; I saw his heart was breaking, and I said nothing. We held a council on them, and Billy, not feeling-hearted enough for the task, gave them to Cradle, with directions to sew up the small holes. I came into the tent soon after, and he was drawing a portrait with a piece of charcoal on a board.

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THINGS THAT I HAVE SEEN.—I have seen a farmer build a house so large and fine that the sheriff turned him out of doors.

I have seen young men sell a good farm, turn merchant, break, and die in the insane hospital.

I have seen a farmer travel about so much that there was nothing at home worth looking after.

I have seen a rich man's son begin where his father left off—wealthy; and end where his father began—penurious.

I have seen a worthy farmer's son idle away years of the prime of his life in dissipation, and end his career in the poor house.

I have seen the disobedience of a son bring down the gray hairs of his father in sorrow to the grave.

The blush of true modesty is like the soul of a rose in the heart of a lily.

We reason a good deal when we eat, more from necessity than knowledge.

Men of headless charity make more beggars than usurers do.

A mule passed through San Jose, California, recently, with a foal by her side, which from unquestionable evidence is the actual, legitimate, bona fide progeny of said mule. One or two instances of this kind are on record, but they are very rare. Henry Clay, we believe, owned a mule that brought forth a colt. Another case occurred in Texas some years ago.

Never fancy a woman's esteem for your character equal to her admiration of your whiskers—if you happen to have nice hair.

The fables of the weak palliate the vices of the wicked.