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"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

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TOWANDA :
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Original Poetry.

(For the Reporter.)
UNDER THE LEAF.

A word of sympathy, how sweet,
Yet oft 'twill cause a tear;
The heart may bleed at every beat,
When sympathy is near.

Why not? a load of grief is there,
True cause of many a sigh—
A coil entwined round that heart to tear,
Which grief cannot untie.

The aching breast heaves but in vain,
To free it of its weight;
Earth's brightest pleasures seem but pain,
The sorrow is so great.

But now true sympathy is found—
A friend—true friend indeed;
That heart which was by sorrow bound,
How soon from pain is freed.

Though tear by tear may gush and fall,
While sympathy is given—
In truth, yet after all,
'Tis like a balm of Heaven.

And they who sympathy can give,
Long may they bless, long may they live.

Miscellaneous.

Our Old Grandmother.

I find the marks of my shortest steps beside those of my beloved mother, which were measured by my own, says Alexander Dumas, and so conjures up one of the sweetest images in the world. He was revisiting the home of his infancy; he was retracing the little paths around it in which he had once walked; and strange flowers could not efface, and rank grass could not conceal, and cruel ploughs could not obliterate, his "shortest footsteps," and his mother's beside them, measured by his own.

And who needs to be told whose footsteps were there that kept time with the feeble pattering of childhood's little feet? It was no mother behind whom Aesculapius walked "with equal steps" in Virgil's line, but a strong, stern man, who could have borne him and not been burdened; folded him in his arms from all danger and not been wearied; everything, indeed, he could have done for him, but just what he needed most—could not sympathize with him—he could not be a child again. Ah, a rare art is that—for indeed, it is an art, to set back the great old clock of time and be a boy once more! Man's imagination can easily see the child a man, but how hard it is for it to see the man a child; and he who had learned to glide back into that rosy time when he did not know that thorns were under roses, or that clouds would ever return after the rain; when he thought a fear could stain a cheek no more than a drop of rain a flower; when he fancied that life had no disguise, and hope no blight at all—has come as near as anybody can to discovering the northwest passage to Paradise.

And it is, perhaps, for this reason that it is so much easier for a mother to enter the kingdom of Heaven than it is for the rest of the world. She fancies she is leading the children, when, after all, the children are leading her, and they keep her indeed where the river is narrowest and the air is clearest; and the beckoning of the radiant hand is so plainly seen from the other side that it is no wonder she so often lets go her grasp upon the little finger she is holding and goes over to the neighbors, and the children follow like lambs to the fold, for we think it ought somewhere to be written: "Where the mother is, there will the children be also."

But it was not of the mother we began to think, but of the dear old-fashioned grandmother, whose thread of love "by hand" on life's little wheel was longer and stronger than they make it now, was wound around and about the children she saw playing in the children's arms, in a true love knot that nothing but the shears of Atropos could sever; for do we not recognize the lambs sometimes, when summer days are over and autumn winds are blowing, as they come bleating from the yellow fields, by the crimson thread we wound about their necks in April or May, and so undo the gate and let the wanderers in?

Blessed be the children who have an old-fashioned grandmother. As they hope for length of days let them love and honor her, for we can tell them they will never find another.

There is a large old kitchen somewhere in the past, and an old-fashioned fire-place there, with its smooth old jambs of stones—smooth with many knives that had been sharpened there—smooth with many little fingers that have clung there. There are aridness, too—these aridness, with rings in the top, where, in many temples of flame have been built, with spires and turrets of crimson. There is a broad worn hearth, worn by feet that have been torn and bleeding by the way, or been made "beautiful," and walked upon floors of tessellated gold. There are tongs in the corner, where we grasped a coal, and "blowing for a little life," lighted our first candle; there is a shovel, where-with were drawn forth the glowing embers in which we saw our first faces and dreamed our first dreams—the shovel with which we stirred the sleepy logs till the sparks rushed up the chimney as if a forge were in blast below, and wished we had so many lambs, so many marbles, or so many something that we coveted; and so it was we wished our first wishes.

There is a chair—a low, rush-bottomed chair; there is a little wheel in the corner, a big wheel in the garret, a loom in the chamber. There are chests full of linen and yarn, and quilts of rare pattern, and samplers in frames. And everywhere and always the dear old wrinkled face of her whose firm, elastic step mocks the feeble saunter of her children's children—the old-fashioned grandmother of twenty years ago. She, the very Providence of the old homestead—she who loved us all, and

said she wished there were more of us to love, and took all the school in the Hollow for grandchildren beside. A great expansive heart was hers, beneath that woolen gown, or that more stately bombazine, or that sole hairloom of silken texture.

We can see her to day, those mild blue eyes, with more of beauty in them than time could touch or death do more than hide—those eyes that held both smiles and tears within the faintest call of every one of us, and soft reproach, that seemed no passion but regret. A white tress has escaped from beneath her snowy cap; she has just restored a wandering lamb to its mother; she lengthened the tether of a vine that was straying over the window, as she came in, and plucked a four-leaved clover for Ellen. She sits down by the little wheel—a tress is running through her fingers from the distaff's disreputable head, when a small voice "Grandma!" from the old red cradle, and "Grandma!" Tommy shouts from the top of the stairs. Gently she lets go the thread, for her patience is almost as beautiful as her charity, and she touches the little red bark in a moment, till the young voyager is in a dream again, and then directs Tommy's unavailing attempts to harness the cat. The tick of the clock runs faint and low, and she opens the mysterious door, and proceeds to wind it up. We are all on tip toe, and we beg in a breath to be lifted up one by one, and look in the hundredth time upon the tin cases of the weights, and the poor lonely pendulum, which goes to and fro by its little dim window, and never comes out in the world, and our petitions are all granted, and we are lifted up, and we all touch with a finger the wonderful weights, and the music of the little wheel is resumed.

Was Mary to be married, or Jane to be wrapped in a shroud? So meekly did she fold the white hands of the one upon her still bosom, that there seemed to be a prayer in them there; and so sweetly did she breathe the white rose in the hair of the other, that one would not have wondered had more roses budded for company.

How she stood between us and an apprehended storm; how the rudest of us softened beneath the gentle pressure of her faded and tremulous hand! From her capacious pocket that hand was ever withdrawn closed, only to be opened in our own, with the nuts she had gathered, the cherries she had plucked, the little egg she had found, the "turn over" she had baked, the triquet she had purchased for us as the product of her spinning, the blessing she had stored for us—the offspring of her heart.

What treasure of story fell from those old lips; of good fairs and evil, of the old time when she was a girl; and we wondered if ever—but then she couldn't be handsomer or dearer—but that she ever was "little." And then, when we begged her to sing! "Sing us one of the old songs you used to sing mother, grandma."

"Children, I can't sing," she always said; and mother used to lay her knitting softly down, and the kitten stopped playing with the yarn upon the floor, and clock ticked lower in the corner, and the fire died down to a glow, like an old heart that is neither chilled nor dead, and grandmother. To be sure! wouldn't do for the parlor and the concert room nowadays; but then it was the old kitchen and the old-fashioned grandmother, and the old ballad, in the dear old times, and we can hardly see to write for the memory of them, though it is a hand's breadth to the sunset.

Well, she sang. Her voice was feeble and wavering, like a fountain just ready to fall, but then how sweet-toned it was; and it became deeper and stronger; but it couldn't grow sweeter. What "joy of grief" it was to sit there around the fire, all of us, except Jane, that clasped a prayer to her bosom, and her thoughts we saw, when the hall-door opened a moment by the wind; but then we were not afraid, for wasn't it her old smile she wore?—to sit there around the fire, and weep over the woes of the "Babes in the Wood," who lay down side by side in the great solemn shadows; and how strangely glad we felt when the robin-rebreast covered them with leaves, and last of all when the angels took them out of the night into day everlasting.

We may think what we will of it now, but the song and the story heard around the kitchen fire have colored the thoughts and lives of most of us; have given us the germs of whatever memory blooms in our yesterday. Attribute whatever we may to the school and the schoolmaster, the rays which make that little day we call life, radiate from the God-swept circle of the hearthstone.

Then she sings an old lullaby she sang to mother—her mother sang to her; but she does not sing it through, and falters ere 'tis done. She rests her head upon her hands, and it is silent in the old kitchen. Something glitters down between her fingers and the fire-light, and it looks like rain in the soft sunshine. The old grandmother is thinking when she first heard the song, and of the voice that sang it; when a light haired and light-hearted girl she hung around that mother's chair, nor saw the shadows of the years that were to come. O! the days that are no more! What spell can we weave to bring them back again? What words can we unsay, what deeds undo, to set back, just this once, the ancient clock of time?

So all our little hands were forever clinging to her garments, and staying here as if from dying, for long ago she had done living for herself, and lived alone in us. But the old kitchen wants a presence to-day, and the rush-bottomed chair is tenantless.

How she used to welcome us when we were grown, and came back once more to the homestead.

We thought we were men and women, but were children there. The old-fashioned grandmother was blind in the eyes, but she saw with her heart, as she always did. We threw our long shadows through the open door, and she felt them as they fell over her form, and she looked dimly up and saw tall shapes in the doorway, and she says, "Edward I know, and Lucy's voice I can hear, but whose is that other. It must be Jane's"—for she has almost

forgotten the folded hands. "Oh, no, not Jane, for she—let me see—she is waiting for me isn't she?" and the old grandmother wondered and wept.

"It is another daughter, grandmother, that Edward has brought," says some one, "for your blessing."

"Has she blue eyes, my son? Put her hand in mine, for she is my latest born, the child of my old age. Shall I sing you a song, children?" Her hand is in her pocket as of old; she is idly fumbling for a toy, a welcome gift to the children that have come again.

One of us, men as we thought we were, is weeping; she hears the half-suppressed sob; she says, as she extends her feeble hand, "Here, my poor child, rest upon grandmother's shoulder; she will protect you from all harm. Come, children, sit around the fire again. Shall I sing you a song or tell you a story? Stir the fire, for it is cold; the nights are growing colder."

The clock in the corner struck nine, the bedtime of those old days. The song of life was indeed sung, the story told, it was bedtime at last. Good night to thee, grandmother. The old-fashioned grandmother was no more, and we miss her forever. But we will set to a tablet in the midst of the memory, in the midst of the heart, and write on it only this,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY

of the

OLD FASHIONED GRANDMOTHER.

GOD BLESS HER FOREVER.

Here are some facts about tobacco, which those who use it will read and forget: Rees' Cyclopaedia says a drop or two of the oil, placed on the tongue of a cat, produces convulsions and death in the space of a minute.

A college of physicians has said that not less than twenty thousand in our land, annually die by the use of this poison.

Dr. Shaw names some eighty diseases, and says they may be attributed to tobacco.

Gov. Sullivan says: "My brother, General Sullivan, used snuff, and his snuff lodged him prematurely in the grave."

Bocarme, of Belgium, was murdered in two minutes and a half by a little nicotine, or alkali of tobacco.

Dr. Twitchell believed that sudden deaths and tobacco, among men, were usually found together, and he sustained this opinion by an array of facts altogether conclusive.

Three young men formed a smoking club, they all died within two years of the time they formed it. The doctor was asked what they died of. He said they were smoked to death.

A youth of sixteen fell dead with a cigar in his mouth, in a dream sleep. What caused his death? The coroner's inquest said: "It was mysterious act of God." The minister at the funeral consoled the friends by saying much the same thing. Physicians said it was "heart disease." A sensible woman, knowing the boy's habits, said, "Tobacco killed him." It debarred the action of the heart; it ceased to beat, and the victim fell!

AN INCIDENT.—A released prisoner, who gives his experiences in Seccasia to the *Rock-ester Express*, relates this anecdote:

Of the six or seven cars which started for Manassas, there were but two remaining when we reached the rebel Capitol (Richmond). We arrived there about 9 o'clock in the evening. After the cars had halted, I heard a loud voice at my window, which was partly raised. It was quite dark, and I could not distinguish the speaker, who was an Irish woman.

"Whisht, whisht!" said she, "are ye hungry?"

I replied that I was not, but that some of the boys probably were.

"Wait till I go to the house," she continued; and a moment afterward I heard her again at the window. She handed me a loaf of bread, some meat and about a dozen baker's cakes, saying, "that was all I had in the house, but I had a shillin' and I bought the cakes wid it; and if I had more you should have it and welcome! Take it, and God bless ye!"

I thanked her, and said, "you are very kind to enemies."

"Whisht," said she, "and ain't I from New-York meself?"

This was the first "Union demonstration" that I witnessed in Old Virginia. I thanked God for the consolation which the reflection afforded me, as for the third night I lay sleeplessly in the cars, my clothing still saturated and my body thoroughly chilled from the effects of the deluge at Manassas. I could have desired no sweeter morsel than the good woman's homely loaf; and proud of the loyal giver, I rejoiced that "I was from New York myself!"

THE HEALTHY MAN.—Of all the know nothings in the world, commend us to the man who has never known a day's illness. He is a moral dunce, one who has lost the greatest lessons in life, who has skipped the finest lecture in that great school of human nature—the sick chamber. Let him be versed in metaphysics, a doctor of divinity, yet he is one of those gentlemen whose education has been neglected. For all this college acquirements, how inferior in knowledge to a mortal who has but a quarter's or a half year's age, how infinitely below the fellow creature who has been soundly taught his tie douloureux, thoroughly grounded in the rheumatics, and deeply red in scarlet fever. And yet what is more common than to hear a big hulking, florid fellow, bragging of an ignorance, that he shares in common with the pig and bullock, the generality of whom die, probably, without ever having experienced a day's indisposition.—*Hood.*

"Henriette," said a landlord to his new girl, "when there's bad news from Washington, or any bad news, particularly private afflictions, always let the boarders know it before dinner. It may seem strange, Henriette, but such little things make a great difference in eating in the course of a year."

1776—The Altar of Liberty.

Dick sprang and had the table out in a trice with an abundant clatter, and put up the leaves with quite an air. His mother, with the silent and gliding motion characteristic of her, quietly took out the table cloth and spread it, and began to set the cups and saucers in order and to put on the plates and knives, while Aunt Hitty bustled the tea.

"I'll be glad when the war is over for one reason," she said. "I'm pretty much tired of drinking sage tea."

"Well, Aunt Hitty, who you scolded that peddler last week that brought the real tea?"

"To be sure I did. Suppose I'd take any of his old tea bought of the British. Flung every tea-cup in his face first."

"Well, mother, what Dick, I never exactly understood what it was about the tea and why the Boston folks threw it overboard."

"Because there was an unlawful tax laid upon it that the Government had no right to lay. It wasn't much in itself, but it was a part of a whole system of oppressive measures designed to take away our rights and make us slaves of a foreign power."

"Slaves," said Dick, straightening himself proudly. "Father a slave?"

"But they would not be slaves. They saw clearly where it would all end, and they would not begin to submit to it in ever so little," said the mother.

"And I wouldn't either if I was they," said Dick.

"Besides," said his mother, drawing him towards her, "it wasn't for themselves alone they did it. This is a great country, and it will be greater and greater, and its very importance that it should have free and equal laws, because it will by and become so great. This country, if it is a free one, will be a light of the world—a city set on a hill that cannot be hid, and all the oppressed and distressed from other countries shall come here and enjoy their rights and freedom. This, dear boy, is why your father and uncle have gone to fight, thought God knows what they suffer, and the large blue eyes of the mother were full of tears yet a strong, bright beam of exultation shone through those tears.

"Well, well, Roxey, you can always talk, everybody knows," said Aunt Hitty, who had not been the least attentive listener of this little harangue, "but you see the tea is getting cold, and yonder I see the sleigh is at the door and John has come, so let us set up the chairs for supper."

The chairs were soon set up, when John, the eldest son, a lad of about fifteen, entered with a letter. There was one general exclamation and stretching out of hands towards it. John threw it into his mother's lap; the tea-table was forgotten and the tea-kettle sang unnoticed by the fire as all hands crowded about the mother's chair to hear the news. It was from Captain Ward, then in the American Army at Valley Forge.

Mrs. Ward ran it over hastily and then read it aloud. A few words we may extract:

"There is still much suffering. I have given away every pair of stockings you sent me, reserving to myself only one; for I will not be one whit better than the poorest soldier who fights for his country. Poor fellows! it makes my heartache sometimes to go round among them and see them with worn clothes and torn shoes and often bleeding feet, and yet cheerful and hopeful and every one willing to do his best. Often the spirit of discouragement comes over them, particularly at night, when weary, cold and hungry, they turn in their comfortable huts on the snowy ground. Then sometimes there is a thought of home and warm fires, and some speak of giving up. But next morning out comes Washington's general orders—little short note, but it's wonderful the good it does—and they all resolve to hold on come what may. There are commissioners going all through the country to pick up supplies. If they come to you I need not tell you what to do. I know all that will be in your hearts."

"There, children, see what your father suffers and what it costs these poor soldiers to gain our liberty," said the mother.

Ephraim Scranton told me that the commissioners had come as far as the Three Miles Tavern, and he rather expected they'd be along here to night," said John, as he was helping round the baked beans to the silent company at the tea-table.

"To night? Do tell now!" said Aunt Hitty. "Then it's time we were awake and stirring. Let's see what can be got."

"I'll send my new overcoat for one," said John. "That old one isn't cut up yet, is it, Aunt Hitty?"

"No," said Aunt Hitty; "I was laying it out to cut over next Wednesday when Desire Smith could be here to do the tailoring."

"There's the south room," said Aunt Hitty, musing; "that bed has the two old Aunt Ward blankets on it and the great blue quilt and two comforters. Then mother's and my room, two pair—four comforters—two quilts—the best chamber has got—"

"Oh, Aunt Hitty, send all that's in the best chamber! If any company comes we can make it up from off our beds," said John. "I can send a blanket or two from off my bed, I know; can't but just turn over in it, there is so many clothes on now."

"Aunt Hitty, take a blanket off from our bed," said Grace and Dick at once.

"Well, well, we'll see," said Aunt Hitty bustling up.

Up rose grandmamma with great earnestness now, and going to the next room, opened a large cedar wood chest, returned bearing in her arms two large, snow white blankets, which she deposited first on the table just as Aunt Hitty was whisking off the table cloth.

"Mortal! Mother, what are you going to do?" said Aunt Hitty.

"There," she said, "I spun them—every thread of 'em, when my name was Mary Evans. Those were my wedding blankets—made of real nice wool, and worked with roses in all the corners. I've got them to give, and the old lady stroked and smoothed the blankets and patted the down with great pride and tenderness."

It was evident she was giving something that lay very near her heart, but she never faltered.

"La! Mother, there's no need of that," said Aunt Hitty. "Use them on your bed, and send the blankets off from that; they are just as good for soldiers."

"No, I shan't," said the old lady, waxing warm; "tisn't a bit too good for 'em. I'll send the very best I've got before they shall suffer. Send 'em the best!" and the old lady gestured oratorically.

They were interrupted by a rap at the door and two men entered and announced themselves as being commissioned by Congress to search out supplies for the army. The plot thickens—Aunt Hitty flew in every direction—through entry passage, meal-room, milk-room, down cellar, up chamber—her cap border on with patriotic zeal—and followed by John, Dick, and Grace, who eagerly bore to the kitchen the supplies she turned out, while Mrs. Ward busied herself in quietly sorting and arranging in the best traveling order the various contributions that were precipitately launched on the kitchen floor.

Aunt Hitty soon appeared in the kitchen with an armful of stockings, which kneeling on the floor, she began counting and laying out.

"There," said she, laying down a large bundle on some blankets, "that leaves just two pair a piece all around."

"La," said John, "what's the use of saving two pair for me? I can do with one pair as well as father."

"Sure enough," said his mother; "Besides I can knit you a pair in a day."

"And I can do with one pair," said Dick. "Yours will be too small, young master, I guess," said one of the commissioners.

"No," said Dick, "I have got a pretty good foot of my own, and Aunt Hitty will always knit my stockings an inch too long, 'cause she says I grow so. See here—these will do," and the boy shook his head triumphantly.

"And mine, too," said Grace, nothing doubting, having been busy all the time in pulling off her little stockings.

"Here," she said to the man who was packing the things into a wide mouthed sack, "here's mine!" and her large blue eyes looked earnestly through her tears.

Aunt Hitty flew at her.

"Good gracious! The child's crazy. Don't think the men could wear your stockings—take 'em right away!"

Grace looked around with an air of utter desolation and began to cry.

"I want to give something," said she. "I'd rather go barefooted on the snow all day than not send them anything."

"Give me thy stocking, my child," said the old soldier. "There I'll tak 'em and show 'em to the soldiers and tell 'em what the little girl said that sent them. And it will do them as much good as if they could wear them. They have got little girls at home, too."

Grace fell on her mother's bosom completely happy, and Aunt Hitty only muttered: "Everybody does spite that child, and no wonder neither!"

Soon the old sleigh drove off from the brown house, tightly packed and heavily loaded. And Grace and Dick were creeping up to their little beds.

"There's been something put upon the Altar of Liberty to-night, hasn't there, Dick?"

"Yes, indeed," said Dick; and, looking up to his mother, he said, "But, mother, what did you give?"

"I?" said the mother, musingly.

"Yes, you, mother: what did you give to the country?"

"All that I have dears," she said, laying her hands gently on their heads—"my husband and children."

RUSSIAN DISCIPLINE.—Having found a German friend in the head physician of the military hospital at Riga, I accompanied him one morning on his visit thither. On the way he told me how difficult it was to elicit from the men the real seat of their complaints, as every ailment in the upper part of the body, whether in the head, back, or stomach, they call pain in the heart; and those in the lower part of the body, pain in the leg.

Having arrived at the hospital, all the patients that were able to do so, arranged themselves in a row, dumb and stiff, as if on military parade. "How do you feel to-day, old man?" asked the doctor of the first. "My heart pains," was the expected timid reply. "Tongue out," said the doctor, and out it was. Turning to the next, the same question, same answer, and same tongue operation. More than thirty in a row underwent the same medical inquiries and process.

I was about leaving, when my friend told me to look around. To my utter astonishment I saw the whole lot still standing in military attitude, with their tongues, wide out. We looked on for a while, when the doctor loudly gave the word, "tongues in," and all the articulating organs vanished in an instant.

My risible faculties were so excited by the ludicrous scene that it was some moments after we were in the open street, ere I could, rather reproachfully, ask my friends how he could play such a trick on the poor fellows. "You must not judge," said he, "by exceptions. I merely wanted to show you to what extent the blind spirit of discipline prevails among the Russian troops. Nor are the fellows," added he, "the worse for the joke; on the contrary, they believe that the cure is greatly promoted by keeping the tongue out in the presence of the doctor the longer the better."—*Once a Week.*

What is the association between a ladder and a father? You get up on one—the other brings you up.

A general of high command says that the provisions wasted by the army of the Potomac would sustain a French army of equal number.

The Insane Soldier.

A SAD STORY.

The following touching revelation is extracted from a private letter of Lieutenant Colonel Joseph R. Hawley, 7th Connecticut, dated Tybee Island, December 20th:

Poor Dolph! Do you know the Dolphs that live near you? Well, their son, who belongs to Co D, got news that his wife, two children and sister has all died of diphtheria. How he cried. Poor fellow! We comforted him all we could. I spoke pleasantly to him when we met and hoped he was getting along well. I believe he heard the other day that his mother was sick, too. Somebody came to the supper table last night and called for the doctor to see a crazy man, and soon after a man said that Dolph wanted to see me. I went to his tent. There was a half-a-dozen of his comrades there. One dim candle, stuck in a bottle, showed me the rifles stacked around the camp pole, the cartridge boxes, bayonets and knapsacks. The ground was covered with the splendid long moss they had pulled from the live oaks. Dolph sat squat upon the ground, his face and hands very dirty, his fingers constantly picking something, his body moving, his head turning wildly from one side to another, his eyes dreadfully swelled with weeping.

"Hallo, Dolph, how are you?" And he peered up toward my face. "Colonel Hawley," said somebody. "Yes," said he, "that is Colonel Hawley," and he took my hand with a tight grip. "Colonel Hawley, look at my baby, my poor, sick baby." He had a little pile of moss, and on it lay his cartridge box, carefully covered, all but one edge, with his blanket. That was his baby! And he turned the blanket down as tenderly as if the cartridge box was a delicate little baby. He spoke brokenly and at intervals, and with a quick and mournful voice—"poor baby—very sick. Give baby some water," and he leaned on one elbow and affectionately held a leaf up to the cartridge box, as if baby would drink. He seemed to consider himself in his own home, and the family sick but living, but then he would say: "Won't let me go home—no—no—no—(waiting a few seconds) no—no—won't let me go home!" his hands constantly fidgeting over something. Then he considered them all dead and he by their graves.

"Sister," and he laid his hand down on one side. "Baby," hands down again to mark each grave; "baby—wife—mother. Oh, yes mother is dead—won't let me go home. I kept his hand ten minutes and sat down by him, and put my hand on his shoulder, and tried to compel him to listen. I told him his babies were happy and his mother not dead,—(is she?) and if he would be a good boy and sleep, and get well, he should go home. "Mother's here and she says she didn't get the money." You didn't send it to her. "O, yes, I did Dolph; here's the receipt of the Express company—She's got it now, You told me to send it to your wife right there at Col F———, you know. She has got it before this time." "Well—poor baby,"—and he put "trees" over their graves, etc. I had to work some time to get him to take some medicine—an opiate—but it had little effect.

"I've built six forts," said he, "and mounted six cannon. I'm going to take that fort down to-morrow—that one over there—Pulaski, I mean." Four men were going to watch with him—(the tears came into all our eyes, sometimes, I think, and I told them to move out the rifles and bayonets. He caught them at it, and shouted, "Let my rifles alone?—Give me my rifle?" And I let him take it, seeing it was not loaded, and he went furiously to work cleaning it. Finally he passed it to me to "inspect" it, and I slipped it away. I think it the most affecting case of insanity I ever saw. I couldn't make him believe that we should send him home, but we shall. I don't know whether to have you tell his folks or not. The men take as good care of him as they can. He has slept but an hour out of twenty-four, and is as ceaselessly active as a canary bird hopping about in his cage. He sent for me, again to-day, but he could not confine his attention to anything. "Poor baby," is his principle remark, and he still tends his cartridge box. "A soldier's life is always gay," the song says. A sad story, isn't it?—Call again on Dolph's mother. Tell her he will be well treated. We hope this insanity is caused partly by fever, and if we can get him quietly sick with that, perhaps he will come all right. If not, I'll see he goes straight to the Insane Retreat, at Hartford, and with him money enough to keep him awhile.

It was his comrades and friends who contributed the thirty-two dollars he sent to his mother to pay the funeral expenses of his whole family.

A GOOD WIFE.—A good wife is Heaven's last, best gift to man; an angel of mercy; a minister of graces innumerable; his gem of jewels; her voice, his sweetest music; her smiles, his brightest day; her kiss, the guardian of innocence; her arms, the pale of his safety, the balm of his health, the balsam of his life; her industry, his surest wealth; her economy, his safest steward; her lips, his faithful censor; her bosom, the softest pillow of his cares; and her prayers, the ablest advocates of Heaven's blessing on his head.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

An old bachelor is a traveler upon life's railroad who has entirely failed to make the proper connections.

Modesty promotes worth, but conceals it, just as leaves aid the growth of fruit, and hide it from view.

Imitation is the homage that dulness pays to genius. Such homage is paid constantly at the throne of the great.

Crimes sometimes shock us too much; vices almost always too little.

He who breaks his last loaf with you, but never his faith, is a true friend.