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"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, March 27, 1862.

Selected Poetry.

[From Harper's Weekly.]
ON THE SHORES OF TENNESSEE.

"Move my arm chair, faithful Pompey,
In the sunshine bright and strong,
For this world is fading Pompey—
Massa won't be with you long;
And I ain't no more the south wind
Bring one more the sound to me,
Of the waltzes softly breaking
On the shores of Tennessee."
"Mournful through the ripples murmur,
As they still the story tell,
How on vessels that the banner
That I've loved so long and well,
I shall listen to their music,
Dreaming that again I see
Stars and stripes on sleep and shallop
Sailing up the Tennessee."
"And, Pompey, while old Massa's waiting
For Death's last despatch to come,
What excited stately banner
Should come proudly sailing home,
You shall see it, slave no longer—
Voice and hand shall both be free
That shout and point to Union colors
On the waves of Tennessee."
"Massa's berry kind to Pompey;
But old Pompey's happy here,
Where he's tended corn and cotton,
For these many a long gone year,
Over yonder Missis' sleeping—
No one tends her grave like me;
Mebbe she would miss the flowers
She used to love in Tennessee."
"Pears like she was watching Massa—
If Pompey should beside him stay,
Mebbe she'd remember better
How for him she used to pray;
Telling him that way you'donder
White as snow his soul would be,
If he served the Lord of Heaven
While he lived in Tennessee."
Silently the tears were rolling
Down the poor old dusky face,
As he stepped behind his master,
In his long-accustomed place.
Then a silence fell around them,
As they gazed on rock and tree
Pictured in the placid waters
Of the rolling Tennessee.
Water, dreaming of the battle
When he fought by Marion's side,
When he led the haughty Tarleton
Snop his lordly crest of pride,
Now, remembering how his sleeper
Once he held upon his knee,
Ere she loved the gallant soldier,
Ralph Vevair, of Tennessee.
Still the south wind softly lingers
Mid the veteran's silver hair;
Still the bonman close beside him
Stands behind the old arm chair,
With his dark head hand uplifted,
Shedding eyes he tends to see
Where the woodland boldly jutting
Turns aside the Tennessee.
Thus he watches cloud-born shadows
Slide from tree to mountain crest,
Softly creeping, eye and ear
To the river's rustling breast.
Ha! above the foliage yonder
Something flutters wild and free!
"Massa! Massa! Hallelujah!
The flag's come back to Tennessee!"
"Pompey, hold me on your shoulder,
Help me stand on foot once more,
That I may salute the colors
As they pass my cabin door.
Here's the paper signed that frees you,
Give a freeman's shout with me—
"God AND US!" be our watchword
Evermore in Tennessee."
Then the trembling voice grew fainter,
And the limbs refused to stand
One prayer to Jesus—and the soldier
Glided to that better land.
When the flag went down the river
Man and master both were free,
While the ring dove's note was mingled
With the rippling Tennessee.

Miscellaneous.

Little Brown Face in the Fire; OR HOW A BACHELOR WAS WON.

My cousin, Arthur Langley, was a confirmed bachelor—at least, so he said, and so all of his acquaintances believed; but why he was so was a profound mystery. He was rich and handsome, of unexceptionable family, and entirely independent of control. Without being a scholar, he was well informed; without having labored in art, he was an ardent admirer of its works; and his address, though not strictly polished, was singularly fascinating. I often wondered that he remained so gentle and unaffected amid the unceasing homage which he received from his birth. As a child, nothing in or out of the house was too good for "Mrs. Arthur," and his negro nurse hid, and stole for him in a manner which threatened seriously to confuse his notions of right and wrong. As a boy at school and a youth at college, he won universal favor, and he had scarcely entered society when he became an acknowledged idol. Countless were the superb dresses, jewels and laces that were selected and worn with reference to his supposed preferences, and numberless were the books read upon his choice recommendation. Many a drawing and singing master was aided in his toilsome way by the recollection of this favorite head, and his random word helped more than one sad-eyed foreigner, French and Italian, to fill his classes with remunerative if not studious pupils. But I could not perceive that Arthur felt the slightest touch of the grand passion, and in time the girls grew tired of their worship, and looked about for less impracticable subjects for their charms.

Namor was busy with the cause of such marvelous indifference. The spiteful said he was scheming for money; the sentimental, that

death had cut off the object of his choice; and the romantic—owing, I fear, to sly hints dropped by himself—believed he had fallen in love with a portrait in the shop window of a picture dealer in Florence, and that he was seeking the original in sorrowful earnest. Nothing could well be further from the truth than these conjectures, for the simple fact was that he had never seen the most lovable side of womanhood. His mother died when he was very young, and his aunt, a wealthy and stylish widow, took charge of the household. She fancied herself a model of fidelity, and she did really live up to her own standard, which was not oppressively high. She counted the silver every Saturday, and dusted daily the rare and delicate decorations of the drawing rooms, attended scrupulously to the fitting of the children's clothing, and never failed to be present during their dancing seasons. When my uncle fell ill, she flung out of his room in tasteful morning dress, and when he died she attended him to his grave in becoming mourning.—Josephine Langley profited by her precept and example. She was strikingly beautiful, and she became elegant and accomplished.—After reigning in society one season, she married a millionaire, who would have sneered at the possibility of loving his own wife, and who married her simply because she would be an appropriate finish to his magnificent mansion. There Arthur saw a cold, glittering selfishness running through word and deed. He saw it in sily extravagance and reckless waste, in time and money withheld from the poor and suffering to be lavished in self-indulgence, in petty quarrels, harsh recriminations, and mean compliances. The spectacle disgusted him, and when, in the brilliant circle in which he moved, he found one lovely girl becoming more pleasing to him than another, he recalled some scene witnessed beneath the roof of his brother-in-law, and the tenderness faded from his dream, and his air castles vanished. So he tried to content himself with his bachelor establishment—a suite of noble rooms in a great lodging-house. His cook, Pierre, was fat, dexterous and thievish; and Adolph, his body-servant, helped I'll drink, his wine, and wore his shirts and waistcoats. I disliked Pierre, but Adolph was my abomination—there was so much self conceit under his demure and reverential manner, and such cool cunning under his pretended eagerness to serve. More than once I attempted to procure his dismissal, but Arthur said that the rascal amused him; that he took him for his skill, not his honesty, and that he should keep him as long as he could maintain undisputed possession of his hats, boots and gloves.

Affairs stood thus when Mr. Hamilton, a distant connection of the family, invited Arthur to spend a week with him in the country at "The Grove"—so he had named his estate. Owing to a mistake in the date of the invitation, Arthur arrived sooner than he was expected, and all the guest chambers were occupied, so that he was put in Jennie Hamilton's she having gone out for the night. He was conscious of a peculiar pleasure the moment he entered the apartment, although he could not perceive its cause. A cheerful wood fire blazed on the wide hearth, sending a ruddy light to the four corners, deepening the hue of the crimson curtains, and giving a mellow tint to the light colored paper, the toilette service, and the drapery of the bed. In front was a lady's sewing machine chair, and near it, on a rose-wood stand, was a brown work basket, its bag tied with scarlet ribbons, the long ends of which fell over the edge with a coquetish grace.—The cover was partially lifted, for Jennie had been called in haste to visit a poor old woman in the neighborhood, and had left behind her two or three slight marks of the hurry of her departure. The desire to examine it was irresistible, and I regret to confess it—Arthur peeped. How dainty and yet how convenient everything was within. The very genius of comfort sat in the glittering thimble, nestled in the housewife with its needles, its scissors of various sizes, its wax and tapes, and glanced from the spoons smoothly packed in the inland spool box. A new thought came into Arthur's mind, and the popularity of a true union between usefulness and taste presented itself to him for the first time. How wonderful the revelation appeared to him. In the eagerness of discovery his scruples vanished. First he drew out a neatly mended stocking. He handled it as if it had been some rare piece of jewelry, and turned it over and over again, marking every winding of the emmeshing and strengthening threads, which at the moment shone to his eyes with a luster like that of pearls. Then he hitched off one of his slippers, perceived that the great toe was just pushing through the yielding silk, and that the second was striving to keep it company. His other slipper followed the first, but the foot was in no better case, for the heel was visible through its gray covering. "I must buy a new pair of hose to-morrow," he said, with a half sigh. Turning again to the basket he took up a cambric handkerchief, hemmed with machine-like precision, but without the stiffness that machinery imparts to its work. Arthur placed his own beside it, observed the edge unevenly turned and coarsely basted, and indulged himself in another gentle sigh. Fiscal he lifted a vest, the size of which showed it to be Mr. Hamilton's, and which had renewed its youth under a judicious process of binding, new buttoning and button-holing. A third sigh was audible, and Arthur, after carefully replacing the articles, went to the study table. Upon one end of it were a quantity of artist's materials, and lying among them was a comic pen and ink sketch of a domestic incident, which told the story with a considerable spirit. Opposite was an open writing desk, evidently much used, and with unmistakable marks of travel on its polished sides. Arthur bent down and read on the plate. "Jennie Hamilton, from E. P." "Who was E. P.?" Was it a man? Possibly, although the appointments, so far as they were visible, were exquisite. Would a man have selected such an one? It was Parisian in make, and Jennie had many traveled acquaintances. Edward Farmingham had been to Europe three times. He was the very man to have made such a present. Yes, Ned did

make it. That was as clear as daylight. Sly fox, that Ned! and Arthur was conscious of a faint feeling of dislike to his old friend.

A knock at the door aroused him, and a servant entered with an apology and went to the closet on an errand for her mistress. She did not wait to shut the door, but gave it a push, the current from which sent a cloud of delicate muslin into dangerous proximity to the mantel lamp. A new temptation beset Arthur. Doubtless he should have turned his head aside when he replaced the fleecy folds, but he did no such thing. He paused at the entrance to the closet, and feasted his eyes upon its contents. A dozen cambric skirts, white as snow, and without any other embellishment than a broad hem at the bottom, and a half-dozen prettily stitched white flannel ones, boldly confronted him. Across the end hung two black silk dresses, (he preferred a black silk to any other dress,) a Mazarin blue and a dark brown one. Opposite there hung a narrow thibet, and a gay cashmere morning robe, with buttons, and laces, and tasseled cords, contrasted with the soft fall of the summer apparel, to protect which was his ostensible business at the press. Beneath were boxes large and small but closely shut, and a narrow shelf covered with pretty slippers, jaunty gaiters, walking boots, snow shoes, rubbers—in short, with samples of all the accepted styles of protection for the foot in all seasons of weather. Not a speck of dust was seen, nothing was away, and regard was had, consciously or unconsciously, to the general effect in the harmonious arrangement of colors. Even the minutest details indicated through self respect. For years Arthur had enjoyed nothing more than that long gaze into Jennie's closet, half spoiled though it was by the ill breathing of the set.

His survey was not yet completed. He scanned the book case narrowly, and carefully noted the volumes which it contained. All were in plain covers except a few presentation copies, holiday gifts, and illustrated works.—There were many poets, English and American, with ink illustrations more or less finished up, placed between the leaves. There were translations also from the Greek and Roman authors, a few standard histories, choice criticisms, and studies in art, some of the best manuals of natural science, and many religious writings of different eras and various creeds.

Arthur nodded approval to each, rolled an easy chair to the hearth, and looked steadily into the glowing coals. Presently a little brown face appeared against the dazzling background. It was very plain, but it was crowned with smooth braids of shining hair, and the honest countenance was lighted by a pair of earnest truthful eyes, which could look through and abash falsehood wherever it might be met. A falling brow obscured it for a moment, then it grew brighter than ever, and silently lifting itself, brought to view the figure that belonged to it. It was not a stylish one, but it was round and trim, and it was arrayed in a well fitting robe of simple material, edged at the neck and wrists with collar and cuffs of glossy linen. The new comer bore a striking resemblance to Jennie Hamilton, and fitted about with an unembarrassed air which bespoke her ownership of the surroundings. Smiling upon Arthur in a manner which made his heart beat as it had never done before, she drew the sewing chair to his side, put the work basket on a cricket at her feet, and, picking up his handkerchief, rehearsed it, chatting the while upon such topics as naturally presented themselves. Never had the flight of white and jeweled fingers over the keys of a piano or the strings of a harp, bewitched Arthur like the movements of those small brown ones managing the needles with such dexterous grace; and never had he found small talk so agreeable as that light midnight gossip. He tried to bring his visitor into a prolonged stay, and brought out his choicest anecdotes one after another, until she, thinking one of them especially picturesque, dropped the kerchief, and seizing a pencil, illustrated it with a few rapid and graphic strokes. As she placed it within her desk a handful of letters fell out. The superscription was Ned Farmingham's. A pang of jealousy shot through Arthur's heart. He sprang to his feet, and lo! the vision had vanished, the fire, was out, and he was shaking with cold, and cramped with his uncomfortable posture in the deep arm chair.

The next morning Jennie was missing, and all life seemed to have gone from the breakfast table. She was accustomed to preside, and her beaming good humor and nice tact imparted a singular zest to the meal, and dismissed the circle well pleased to the day's duties. Now, Mrs. Hamilton took her place, but she was inferior in health, and a servant poured the coffee so awkwardly that all the aroma seemed to exhale from it, filling the bowl, too full, and let a few drops fall into the saucer in a slovenly manner. Conversation flagged, and there was no one to suggest new subjects or to draw out the guests on the old Luckily, Jennie returned before the close of the breakfast hour and the atmosphere was speedily changed.—She had watched with the sick woman, but the crisis of the disease was passed, and, walking home in the clear, frosty air, she had gathered a few bright thorn leaves and some clusters of scarlet berries, which she put in her brown bag, and which set off—if anything could be said to do so—her Spanish complexion and happy countenance. Arthur silently compared her appearance with that of his sister after a grand party, and gained a still deeper insight into the connection between labor and beauty. Suddenly everybody wanted more coffee, which they would take from no hand but Jennie's. Fresh muffins were ordered, eggs and anecdotes went round and round, and the meal ended with bursts of hearty laughter.

A party had been arranged for the evening, one of those miscellaneous gatherings of old and young, which country people like to get together. It was to be composed of almost all the neighboring acquaintances of the several families then in the house—uncles, aunts and cousins, up from the city, to enjoy the present for the sake of the old times. "How will they get on with Jennie?" said Arthur to himself, "she must sleep this morning at

least." He had yet to learn that Jennie was never self-indulgent when the wishes or needs of another called her to activity. He had a hint of this when, in a game of romps with the children, he permitted himself to be led into the kitchen, where he found her deep in jellies and custards, cakes, and trifles of innumerable kinds, and when returning from the woods at the head of a merry train laden with evergreens, she planned the decorations of the rooms, as lavish of care and thought as if she had spent the previous night in bed, like the uproarious troops around her. She was absent from the tea table, but was ready for the earliest of the evening guests, dressed in one of those black silks with which Arthur had made acquaintance in her closet, and for ornament only a knot of gay ribbon, and her garland of thorn.

Arthur did his best to make himself agreeable to his young hostess, but she told him that he was at home and must take care of himself, or, if he would be very good, he might help her to amuse the children. The latter was certainly a novel suggestion, but Arthur was fast falling in love, and finding it impossible to keep away from his charmer, he established himself as her aid, ordinary and extraordinary. There was a whole room full of boys and girls and Jennie and Arthur soon found themselves busy enough. They danced with the little people until the elders wanted the large parlors and they played games of every kind, served them with refreshments, that no shy one should be overlooked, shawled, and bonneted, and halted them, and fairly saw them into the carriage, and out of the grounds.

By some unknown process one of the guest chambers had been vacated for Arthur, who moved unwillingly from his fascinating quarters. He grumbled about it to himself in a manner which the arrangement by no means justified. He said that he hated guest chambers—they always had an unlimited aspect; and then he smiled as he remembered that Mr. Hamilton's were seldom empty. He fancied it was chilly, but the thermometer stood at eighty. It was on the cold side of the house, but the curtain of crimson damask effectually shut out the north star and its circling constellations, and he smiled a second time at his folly. "The books that are wasted, he suggested, but moving uneasily in his chair he beaded a glass door closing a recess in the wall, and ranged behind it were most of his favorite authors, from Chaucer to Hawthorne. He reluctantly confessed that he needed only an atmosphere warmed and vitalized by Jennie's presence to make everything else delightful.

The period appointed for Arthur's visit passed but too quickly, and his return home was anything but pleasurable. He found Adolph no longer amusing, and Pierre's dishonesty unendurable. His beautiful apartment looked cheerless. He wanted the basket and swing chair more than ever. He bore it a while, and then wrote to Mr. Hamilton that he was lonely and blue, and longed to get back to the cheerful country home.

"Poor fellow," said Mr. Hamilton, "it is shocking dull, this living in chambers. I tried it myself once, and came near hanging myself. And it is very cheerful here, as Arthur says.—He may come, mayn't he, mother, and stay as long as he likes?"

Mrs. Hamilton, who never differed from her spouse in hospitable intentions, answered "Yes," and the return mail carried an intimation to Arthur that he was welcome to a plate and bed at "The Grove" at any and all times.

There was something vastly suspicious in the manner of Arthur's setting out for his second visit. A hamper of excellent wine just received from a friend in Europe, preceded him because it happened to be of a kind that Mr. Hamilton had commended. Bruno, the great dog, accompanied him, because Jennie liked dogs; and among his luggage was a trunk with choice engravings and objects of art, while a fine saddle horse followed him, ostensibly because he could not be trusted at the stables, but really intended as a present to Jennie, should it appear probable that she would accept the gift.

I heard pretty regular from Arthur during the winter, his letters being dated from "The Grove," as frequently as from his chambers,—but I could only infer from their general tone, that affairs were progressing happily. One morning, however, in the following spring upon entering a jeweler's shop, I perceived one of the proprietors in close attendance upon a young man, who was standing with an open jewel case before him, and giving minute directions for the resetting of some magnificent pearls. "Arthur!" I exclaimed, and in a minute Arthur was whispering, "Congratulate me, coz—I have won her!"

And so Jennie Hamilton, without beauty, or style, or fortune, or my admired coz; and from that day to this he has uttered fervent thanksgiving that the lovable home side of womanhood was revealed to him before he had become too old to accept the deep and lasting happiness which it never fails to yield.

"And sixteen small children?"
Says he, "there was only fifteen when last heard from."
"Soldier," says I, "were you to die before to-morrow, what would be your last request?"
Here I shed two tears.
"It would be," says he, "that some kind friend would take the job of walloping my offspring a year on contract, and finding my beloved wife in subjects to jaw about."
"Soldier," says I, "I'm your friend and brother. Let me occupy a seat by your side."
And he didn't let me do it.
While I was skirishing around in the rear of another wagon I met Raymond of the Times, and found he was hunting for the Great Quadrilateral. He said he would go into the thicket of the fight and write an account of it on the knapsack of a dead rebel, if it wasn't for the fact that if he should happen to get mortally wounded, the Herald would swear that he was shot while running after his hat. Just at this minute something bust, and I found myself going up at the rate two steeples and a shot-tower a second. I met a Fire Zouave on the way down, and says he:
"Towhead, if you see any of our boys up where you are going to, just tell them to hurry down, for their goin' to be a muss, and Nine's fellers 'll take that 'ere four gun hy-drant from the secessers in less time than you can reel two yards of hose."
As I was very tired, I did not go all the way up, but turned back at the first cloud, and returned hastily to the scene of strife; I happened to light on a very fat secesser, who was doing a little running for exercise. Down he went with me on top of him. He was dreadfully scared; but says he to me, "I've seen you before, by the Gods?" I winked at him and commenced to sharpen my sword on a stone.
"Tell me," said he, "had you a female mother?"
"I had," said I.
"And a masculine father?"
"He wore breeches."
"Then you are my long lost grandfather!" exclaimed the secesser, endeavoring to embrace me.
"It won't do," says I; "I've been to the Bowery Theatre myself," and with that I took off his neck tie and wiped my nose with it. This action was so repugnant, that he immediately died on my hands—and there I left him.
With the remembrance of the many heroic souls who have sacrificed themselves for their country that day I have not the heart, my boy, to continue the subject. I was routed at about five o'clock in the afternoon, and fell back on Washington, where I am now receiving my rations. I don't take the oath with my spirit since then; and a skeleton with nothing on but a barelock is all that is left of your correspondent. The Mackerel Brigade, of which I have the honor of being a member, was about the worst demoralized of all the brigades; they covered themselves with glory and perspiration at the skirmish at Bull Run. In the first place they never had much morals, and when it came to be demoralized it hadn't any; so that every since that disaster the peasantry in the neighborhood of the camp have been in constant mourning for departed pullets; and one venerable rustic complains that the Mackerel pickets milk all his cows every night, and come to borrow his churn in the morning. When one of the colonels heard the venerable rustic make this accusation, he said to him:
"Would you like to be revenged on those who milk your animals?"
The venerable rustic took a chew of tobacco and said he—"I wouldn't like anything better."
The Colonel looked at him sadly for a moment, and then remarked; "Aged stranger you are already revenged. The men who milk your animals are from New York, where they had been accustomed to drink milk composed principally of Croton water. Upon drinking the pure article furnished by your gentle beastnesses, they were all taken violently sick, and are now lying at the point of illness, expecting every moment to be their first."
The venerable rustic was so effected by this intelligence that he immediately went home in tears.
By invitation of a well-known powder monkey, I visited the Navy Yard yesterday, and witnessed the trial of some newly invented rifled cannon. The trial was of short duration, and the jury brought in a verdict of "innocent of any intent to kill."
The first gun tried was similar to those used in the Revolution, except that it had a large touch-hole, and the carriage was painted green instead of blue. This novel and ingenious weapon was pointed at a target about sixty yards distant. It didn't hit it, and as nobody saw any ball, there was much perplexity expressed. A midshipman did say that he thought the ball must have run out of the touch hole when they loaded up, for which he was instantly expelled from the service. After a long search, without finding the ball, there was some thought of summoning the Naval Retiring Board to decide on the matter, when somebody happened to look into the mouth of the cannon and discovered that the ball had not went out at all. The inventor said that this would happen sometimes, especially if you didn't put a brick over the touch-hole when you fired the gun. The Government was so well pleased with this explanation, that it ordered forty of the guns on the spot, at two hundred thousand dollars apiece. The guns to be furnished as soon as the war is over.

"I tell you that I shall commit suicide if you don't have me, Susan."
"Well Charley, as soon as you have given me that evidence of your affections, I will believe you love me."
He immediately hung himself upon her neck, and said:
"There now! is that not an act of Sny-side?"
She wilted.

Army Correspondence.

Letter from Beaufort.

BEAUFORT, S. C., March 6, 1862.

DEAR FATHER, MOTHER AND BROTHERS:—I sent myself to answer your most welcome letter, which came to hand last night. In enjoying myself first rate. This is a pleasant place where we are encamped, near the city of Beaufort. Here you can see the roses in full bloom in mid-winter. I would have to go to a few steps to see corn growing, from one to two inches high.
The trees wear their green foliage all winter. Is not this a pleasant place? I think last night was the coldest night we have had, since I have been here—I have not seen a flake of snow this winter, nor any signs of any in the local State of South Carolina, where the Old 50th Pennsylvania is about now, and there is not Seceah enough in the Southern States to drive her out, when we have Capt. Telford to head Company G. We know when he is at the head that we are ready for anything, and we be to the man that lays a rifle level for his head. He is around every time. He says "Come, boys, not 'go boys," and this is the right way—his boys will follow him anywhere. The Captain is enjoying himself finely.
We have got another first Lieutenant; his name is WARREN, from Montrose, Susquehanna county. Our Captain is thought a great deal of by the adjoining Companies. They would just as soon fight for him as for their own Captain, and a little sooner, they say.—
Give my respects to all.
R. ARNOLD.

FROM E. B. POWELL.

BEAUFORT, S. C., March 1, 1862.

FRIEND GOODRICH:—Beaufort, the place where we are now stationed, is the Seratoga of the South; in location and situation, second to none on the coast of the continent, although at present in a dilapidated condition, from its desertion by its inhabitants and the recklessness of the blacks and the troops. The regularity of the streets, and the taste displayed in arranging the gardens and parks, render it beautiful. It is situated on the banks of, and bounded on the south and east by the Beaufort river. It is the most healthy place in the range of the coast, being the summer resort of the wealthy inhabitants of Charleston and Savannah. The buildings are of an ancient architecture, and finished in an expensive style, and are built upon foundations of shells and cement from four to six feet above the ground, and around each a large yard, beautifully arranged with roses of every kind and hue, and flowers of the rarest kind, in perpetual bloom. The shipping of the feathered songsters, as they skip from branch to branch through the numerous orange groves, and surrounding dense forests, enliven the scenes, and though in the depths of winter, it is continual spring, and to one unused to southern climate "December is as pleasant as May."

The evils of slavery are as apparent here, perhaps, as any part of the south. There is nothing like improvements—the farming interests are about one century behind the age; the plowing is done with the broad or cotton hoe; never has a team been used to turn up the sod, neither has the soil (which is all sand four inches beneath the surface), ever been brought to the enlivening rays of the sun.— Nothing like manufactories, machinery, or general improvements of the age, and so long as slavery exists, this state of things must continue, for the ingenuity of the whites is continually taxed to keep their human chattles in ignorance and under the lash.

The land in the forests here has all been under cultivation once, and when worn out left to grow up to brush wood and pitch pine.

The monotony of the scenes are occasionally broken by funeral dirges. To day, a pall has been thrown over our neighboring townsmen, Corporal CHARLES R. OWENS, a member of Company K. If you never attended a funeral in the army, had you been here to-day, and witnessed the scenes, a solemn impression would have been thrown over you, that would have been as lasting as life. Watch the slow solemn tread of the procession, consisting of Cos. G. and K., as they followed the rude pine coffin—with but a single mourner—only one to weep in the land of rebellion and birthplace of treason. The loss of a brother is too deeply felt to be described; sympathy seemed to flow from heart to heart, and left an impress that cannot be effaced. Slowly and solemnly we laid him down—a warrior taking his rest, alone in a desolate spot, far from kindred and friends, and softly in the requiem sounded by the passing breeze. I can write no eulogy on his character; those who were acquainted with him can speak sought but good.

While strolling through the church-yard a few days since, I found inscriptions which speak both for longevity and antiquity. The following is a sample:

"At the request of Alexander Shaw, this tomb was erected to perpetuate the memory of Captain ANTHONY SHAW, a native of Scotland, who departed this life on the 21st day of September, 1785, A. D. 136 Years."

Another—
Beneath this stone lie interred the remains of Rev. WILLIAM E. GRAY, Minister of the Episcopal Church in the town of Beaufort, who departed this life on the 4th of Oct., 1860, A. D. 113 Years.

Also, one dated 1755, and one 1733.

The condition of the troops is the very best, and the health of the brigade is good; discipline is enforced, officers respected, all labor and drill performed willingly, and an anxious desire for a speedy termination of the war.

E. B. POWELL.

CONSOLING A WIDOW.—A clergyman consoling a widow on the death of her husband, remarked that she could not find her husband.
"I don't know about that," remarked the sobbing fair one, "but I'll try."

303. Treat your family kindly, but put your horses and cattle right to the rack.

Humors of the Campaign.

The highly intelligent and voracious correspondent of the N. Y. Mercury, sends from the seat of war the following graphic account of some matter which have escaped the notice of less vigilant camp followers who write for the press:

Editors T. T.:—We have met the enemy at last, my boy; but I don't see that he is ours. We went after him with flying banners, and when we came back they were flying still! Honor to the brave who fell on that bloody field! and may we kill enough secessionists to give each of them a monument of skulls!

I was present at the great battle, my boy, and appointed myself a special guard of one of the baggage wagons in the extreme rear. The driver saw me coming and says he:
"You can't cut behind this here vehicle, my fine little boy."
I looked at him for a moment, after the manner of the late great actor, Mr. Kirby, and says I:
"Soldier, hast thou a wife?"
Says he: "I reckon."