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"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

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TOWANDA:

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Selected Poetry.

SKEDADDLE.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through a southern village passed
A youth, who bore, not over nice,
A banner with the gay device,
Skedaddle!

His hair was red; his toes beneath
Peeped, like an acorn from its sheath,
While with a frightened voice he sung
A burden strange to Yankee tongue,
Skedaddle!

He saw no household fire, where he
Might warm his bod or hominy;
Beyond the Cordillera's shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Skedaddle!

"O, stay," a colored person said,
"An' on dis bosom res yer bed!"
The Octopus she winked her eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Skedaddle!

"Beware McCallan, Breell, and Banks,
Beware of Hallock's deadly ranks!"
This was the planter's last good night,
The chap replied, clear out of sight,
Skedaddle!

At break of day, as several boys
From Maine, New York and Illinois,
Were moving Southward, in the air
They heard these accents of despair,
Skedaddle!

A clap was found, and at his side
A bottle, showing how he died,
Still grasping in his hand a pipe,
That banner with the strange device,
Skedaddle!

There in the twilight, thick and gray,
Considerably played out lay;
And through the vapor, gray and thick,
A voice fell, like a rocket-stick,
Skedaddle!

Selected Tale.

A Seeress at Fault.

"Will you come out with me to-night?" said Dr. Clay. "There is a seeress come to Chasinglea, and I am going to have a look at her."

Dr. Clay was a college friend of mine, then about five-and-twenty. I was "on leave" from my professional avocations in London, and had gone down to spend a few days at Chasinglea, where he had recently begun to practice, hoping to forget, if possible the existence of the printer's devil. It was my second night there, and a wet one; I had settled myself down to a cigar and a book, which I was not going to review, and therefore could enjoy; for to summarize a bad book is bearable; and to review even a good book is a burden, and the better the book, not infrequently, the heavier the burden. From such unwelcome luxury I was lured to be roused even by Dr. Clay, though he was a delightful companion, as young physicians of first rate ability usually are. So I answered indignantly:

"Nonsense! You do not mean to say that you intend to get wet through and spend half a crown in order to see a set of conjuring tricks badly played. Stay here, and I will show you half a dozen, quite as good, with a pack of cards."

"I don't know," said Clay; "I always take interest in conjuring tricks till I know how they are done. Now, though I grant you that some of these clairvoyants, mesmerists, table-turners, and modern magicians of all kinds are the veriest quacks alive, and their jugglery as transparent as the liquefaction of St. Januarius's blood, I have seen things shown and done, my friend, which, if you can explain or reveal, you may make a reputation and a fortune. I have seen excision of the breast performed by a mesmerist, the patient remaining perfectly unconscious the while. Not only did she not scream or speak, but the face gave no sign of pain. I have known more than one case of life preserved by a mysterious warning given in a dream or waking to persons with no previous notion of impending danger, and I once was witness to a most extraordinary case of clairvoyant revelation, which made a lasting impression on my mind, from the perfect impossibility of any trick or collusion;—which, indeed, no one could have suspected who watched the dreamer's face. And the most extraordinary part of the matter is," he added, reflectively, "that the whole story was false from beginning to end."

"That," rejoined I, "appears to me the most natural and intelligible result. It will be the same to-night. Do stay quietly by the fire."

"No, I really must go," said my friend, obstinately. "I can not miss even a chance of getting at some fact which may help to confirm or destroy the embryonic theory I have formed on the subject of clairvoyance. So I am going to get wet, and spend five shillings, and you had better come too."

So I put down my book and went out, when the rain speedily deprived me of my cigar.—We got drenched, and the Seeress proved as very a quack as I in my impatience had predicted. Dr. Clay put two questions—one with his own knowledge, and one to be speedily ascertained, viz., "What is my friend's age?" and "What letters have come for me since I left home an hour ago?" Both were answered slightly, and both wrong. The Seeress added twelve years to my age, and informed Dr. Clay that two letters had come for him—both from ladies—whereat one or two of the little audience simpered, for Dr. Clay is a general favorite, but not exactly a "lady's man," still less a lady's doctor. He got up and walked out, and I with him.

"Well!" I said.
"This is the third mere impostor I have seen in a year," remarked Dr. Clay; "but I

had rather see ten such than miss one opportunity of witnessing a case of real clairvoyance."

"Is there such a thing?" I demanded, skeptically; "for my credulity goes no further than a firm belief in a fiend with ink fingers, unwashed face, and incessant craving for 'copy.'"
"When you have heard my first experience on the subject," replied he, "I think you will ask that question in a somewhat different tone. Will you come round by my lodgings to see if there are any messages for me? and then we will smoke a pipe at your rooms, and you shall hear the history."

"There was no note for the Doctor, from an old farmer, queerly spelled and oddly expressed; but my friend did not think it worth while to go eight miles into the country that night to attend to an attack of gout, so we adjourned to my rooms, where, amidst exclamations of smoke, I heard the following tale:

It was (said the Doctor) about four years ago. I had just passed my first examination, and one or two answers of mine had been fortunate enough to attract the attention of old Vane, among whose other peculiarities is a strong penchant toward the investigation of mysteries. He took some notice of me, and I ventured to ask him questions about a clairvoyante who just then attracted considerable curiosity. She was a young and very pretty girl; the mesmerist who had discovered her power or disease, whichever it should be called, was a gentleman—which few of them are—a man of sense, honor, and considerable reputation as a naturalist. Vane answered me, and promised me an introduction to her. I asked him what his experience of her art had been—whether it was a reality or a sham, and whether it seemed capable of being applied to any practical use.

"It is no sham," he said. "The girl herself does not know that she possesses these powers. Arnold never all-ways clairvoyance to be named in her presence when she is awake.—He himself is above suspicion. As to any practical result, I am very doubtful. Hitherto, Ellen has never told us any thing previously unknown. She answers correctly regarding things certainly unknown to her, and places she has never seen; but she does not answer, except reluctantly and uncertainly, any questions concerning which no one else has any knowledge. She has told me the exact place of every article in my study, and even the contents of my table drawers, though she never entered my house—nor did Arnold—and we were six miles away from it at the time. But she broke down entirely in trying to tell us what was at that moment going on in the House of Commons, in the Times printing-office, and in Wind-or Park—all three easier to guess, and at least as easy to know, one would think. But you shall see her yourself."

A few days after this a friend of my brother, Cleveland by name, returned from a tour he had taken for the benefit of his health in Edward's company. We had not heard from Edward for some ten days or more, and it happened that I wished to write to him on business. As, hearing that Cleveland had returned unexpectedly, I sought him out, and inquired where my brother was. He started, and seemed uncomfortable, and then answered: "We did not agree very well; I was in a hurry, and he preferred to travel slowly; so he left me at the Aigleshorn, and I came home at once through France."

The answer and Cleveland's manner were a little peculiar. Why did Edward "leave him," rather than he Edward, seeing that it was he who wished to travel fast? And why did he seem agitated on seeing me? But I was not much surprised or disturbed. Probably Cleveland had behaved ill, and driven Edward to leave him in disgust, and was now ashamed of himself. For he had the reputation of being quarrelsome in the extreme, and was certainly shy, nervous, restless and uncomfortable to an extraordinary degree. Edward, then whom no more kindly and patient friend ever lived, had always taken his part; had affirmed that Cleveland was a man of genius, and thoroughly good at heart, and had chosen him, much to my surprise, as his companion, in the hope that travel, change of scene, and rest from anxiety and overstudy might bring him better health and spirits. Certainly the experiment had been a complete failure. Cleveland was pale, thin, sallow, and careworn; his habitual restlessness greater than ever; the unmistakable expression of nervous suffering on his face more marked than I had yet seen it. His eyes moved incessantly, never steady for an instant in their gaze, but never meeting mine. His left hand, constantly trembling, was occupied with a paper knife; his right fumbled continually at the handle of his table-drawer, which he did not open. I was touched by his evident illness, and turned from a subject which seemed painful to him. I talked about the college examinations; told him of my success; and finally of the clairvoyante, for whose leave of that evening I had received two cards of admission.

"Let me go with you," he said, sharply and suddenly.
"With pleasure," said I. "O only we have little time to lose; I must be there by seven; it is now twenty minutes after six, and you have your toilet to make."

For, though dressed with faultless neatness when he appeared out of doors, Cleveland always spent his days in his room in a curious undress; his naked feet thrust into a pair of woollen slippers, his arms and throat bare, his short curled hair covered with a Turkish fez, and his upper garment consisting of a sort of sack of red flannel, falling to the knees, and with two holes cut in it for the free play of his muscular arms. It certainly seemed as if some time would be needed to transform this strange figure into a London dandy. But it was done in five minutes. He turned the key in the table-drawer, laid down the paper knife, pressed into his bedroom, and returned in an incredibly short time in plain black evening dress, his small hands nervously drawing on a pair of white kid gloves. I, who never wear a "tail-coat" if I can help it, was almost ashamed of my own attire. We started, however, arm in arm, he walking at a pace with which I could scarcely keep up. The seeress

had not begun when we arrived, and the room into which we were ushered was a dark one.
"Bring a light, please," said Cleveland, abruptly, giving half a crown to the servant.—And he remained in the entrance hall till the light was brought, and we entered the room together. "I hate darkness," he observed, impatiently. "I always think of death."

Other visitors arrived; we were admitted to the operating-room, where we sat in a semicircle, some twelve or fifteen, surrounding the couch on which the patient sat, already in a deep mesmeric sleep. Mr. Arnold stood behind her. She looked exceeding beautiful, I must say, and what you would call extremely fragile. I felt sure, as I saw her, that she was doomed; and I was inclined to accuse the mesmerist of her murder. He did not think, of course, that he was injuring her; I did, and I think so still. A few passes, and she was roused into that undefined and uncomprehended state of the nervous system which is peculiar to the subjects of mesmerism, and which I can never describe nor explain. Mr. Arnold gave permission to us each in turn to put a question to her. Several were asked; I only remember the three last. After all the others had been answered to the satisfaction of the querists, Vane inquired:

"What is there on the table in my study to-day?"
The girl paused a moment—said:
"I have been there before—Oh!" with a shudder of disgust; "it is a hand—a woman's hand—oh, horrible, horrible!"

Vane whispered across Cleveland, who sat between us:
"She never was there; but she described it all perfectly last time I saw her. To-day I brought a specimen, preserved in spirits, of a frightful disease of the hand. She would not, if she saw it, know it for a woman's!"

Cleveland's turn was next. He was very pale, and his agitated right hand was clasped on his heart. The glove had fallen to the ground, and he was absentedly crushing it with the restless motion of his foot.

"How shall I die?" was his question, in a deep, tremulous, husky tone that made us all start with sudden horror.

Its effect on the Seeress was still more marked. She sprang into a sitting position, and trembled from head to foot, seeming unable to speak. The question was repeated.
"—I don't—know," she slowly replied; then suddenly, "Oh, no, no no!" the last word rising to a shriek.

Cleveland's face was ghastly beyond description or conception. There was a pause; Mr. Arnold exerted himself to calm the girl, and presently called on me for a final question.

"What has become of my brother?"
A moment's hesitating silence—a strange look of surprise, information, horror unutterable, succeeding one another on her pale, delicate face; and then a fearful, unearthly scream which froze the very blood in our veins. I never knew before what "spiritual terror" meant. Assuredly I would rather met any bodily danger than hear that scream and see that face again. Even Arnold was appalled, or I think he would have interposed between the answer come in words; at first low, tremulous, uncertain; the clear, rapid, agitated, while the girl's whole frame quivered with terrible excitement.

"I see—a mountain of snow, a precipice on one side, a narrow road winding along the edge. Down, down—at the bottom of the precipice, in a dry bed of a stream—there is a body covered with blood—oh, horrible! I can not bear to look. It has been thrown there—thrown down from the road. Wait a moment and I will tell you how. There are two men—they come out of a house, and they are walking to the snow-mountain, along the road close to the edge of the precipice. One of them turns—he will not go on—he will go back. The other laughs at him; he speaks—I do not hear what they say—he speaks kindly to him. But the pale man is angry; he strikes his friend—oh, God! he has flung him over the precipice; he has murdered him!"

I was horror-struck; I could not rouse myself to think or speak. The girl's look and tone carried conviction, as strong as if the scene she described in these broken sentences had been actually passing before her eyes.—Vane's voice it was I heard next:

"What is the murderer like?"
"He is tall, strong, pale—" She sprang suddenly from her seat. "HE IS HERE!" she screamed, and laying her hand on Cleveland's shoulder, she exclaimed, with a shriek which rang through the room, "THAT ART THE MAN!"

I need not attempt to portray the scene that followed. Indeed, I could scarcely see or hear. I only knew that Cleveland had sprung from his seat, dashed aside the arms that were stretched out to seize him, and was gone. The girl had fallen back upon her couch in violent convulsions; and the mesmerist, himself trembling in every limb, was trying to awaken her from the unnatural sleep which had been visited with so fearful a vision.

Vane got me out of the room, I do not recollect how; and when I became fully conscious of what was passing we were on our way to Cleveland's lodging. Arrived there, Vane inquired if he was in, and was answered, "Yes, Sir; he is just gone up stairs. We were quite frightened about him, he looked so ill." We ran up to the sitting room, which was on the first floor. The table-drawer was open; in it my eyes caught sight of some papers tied in a bundle and directed in Cleveland's bold but irregular hand to me. Besides these was the silver-mounted ivory butt of a small pistol. Cleveland's hat and gloves lay on the table; the owner was not there. My hand was on the latch of the bedroom door, and I had just become aware that it was locked, when the report of a pistol rang in my ear. I felt as if it had been fired close to my head. In another moment Vane sprang at the door, burst it open with his weight, and we entered the bedroom.

Cleveland lay on the bed, his white shirt-front soaked with blood. The still smoking pistol—follow to that in the drawer—had fallen from his right hand, which hung by his

side. Vane tore open his dress, and we saw a small hole, just above the heart, in the scorched vest and shirt, from which the blood had sprung over the clothes. Life was already extinct, of course.

The papers directed to me were produced at the inquest. They contained an account, incoherent but circumstantial, of the murder of my unhappy brother, committed, said the writer, in a moment of passion, utterly unpremeditated, and bitterly repented. The paper closed with some strange and incomprehensible passages, expressive of gratitude and affection for the murdered man. Vane's evidence induced the jury to return a verdict of insanity, and Cleveland remains received Christian burial.

It was not till the third night after his death that I was able to sleep. Then my slumber was deep and profound; and it was with difficulty that my landlady roused me at nine the next morning to receive "a large foreign letter, which she thought might—might be of consequence." I jumped out of the bed mechanically, and received it at the door.

Good heavens! it was Edward's handwriting—bare, too, a post-mark only five days old. It must have been posted after his death by some one who had taken possession of his papers. I tore it open. More astonishing still, it bore date the same day which it was posted. A passage in which Cleveland's name occurred at once attracted my eye. It was as follows:

My melancholy companion the *cougnee* has left me. I was forced to let him go; for he quarrelled with me, and would have struck me, on a precipitous path, with a sheer descent of a hundred feet on one side and an equally steep ascent on the other, where one false step would have cost one or both of our lives. He had been moody and restless all morning, and finally we reached the most dangerous part of the road—stopped, refused to go any further, and declared that he most immediately return to England. I was surprised, and when I noticed the expression of his eyes, a little alarmed. I tried, however, to laugh him out of his sudden fancy, but had no success; he grew angry, and when I persisted, struck at me with his alpenstock. I warned the blow; and he instantly turned and ran down the hill as if his ferocious purpose was to run.

I waited till he was out of sight, and then retraced my steps, hoping to find him at the hotel. But he had been too rapid in his movements; had paid the bill and was gone an hour before I arrived, nor could I follow him, for no vehicle or horse was left in the place. If he gets safe back to England, my dear fellow, pray look after him; for—though you must keep it to yourself, or only hint it to Dr. Vane—I am fully convinced that Cleveland is, or soon will be, insane.

Insane! here was the solution of the terrible mystery. Edward was safe and well; and the whole story of the murder of which all who heard it had been the dupes, and of which the deluded author was the wretched victim.—The vision of the *clairvoyante*, coinciding as it did with the story previously written out by the self-imagined murderer, was a mere reflection of his delusion, which hastened his fall before Edward's return could dispel the horrible fancy. The event gave such a shock to Arnold that he never ventured to practice the art again.

"And has it not had the same effect on you?" I inquired. "I should have thought it would have caused you to shrink from all such mysteries and numeraries for the future."
"—Far from it," returned Clay, seriously.—"It seemed to throw a certain light on a difficult and obscure part of physical science;—for I need hardly say that I regard the phenomena of mesmerism and *clairvoyance* as purely physical, however abnormal; and I intend to follow out the clue, at least till I have learned whether or not all these phenomena may be traced to one cause, which we know to be operative in mesmerism—the influence of one human mind upon another, as metaphysicians would say; or, more properly speaking, of the brain of one human being on the nervous system of another artificially excited and peculiarly susceptible. If it be true, as I suspect, that no *clairvoyante* ever has told us or ever can tell us any thing that has not already passed through the mind of some living and present mortal—that they all are mere receptive mirrors of other minds—such evidence as I shall collect will go far to establish the truth, and to set men's minds at rest about the mystery; perhaps to teach them that, while on the stage of life, we are to be indulged with no real glimpses behind the curtain.—You have had your pipe go out; mine is smoking to an end; good night."

I did not sleep well that night, I confess.

My Contribution.

I had actually subscribed five hundred dollars! Not in all the history of my givings was there a parallel to this. Five hundred dollars! I looked at the filled up check, after cutting it free from its blank companions, with fond, reluctant eyes ere passing it to other hands; yet was I not the grudging giver this little hesitation implied. My heart was in the cause of national honor and national safety; and in sacrificing something for my country I was but discharging a patriotic duty. This was my contribution to a fund our citizens were raising for hospital and sanitary needs. If double the sum had been required of me, double would have been given.

"So much for my country!" I said in my thought, with a feeling of self-approbation. I felt that I was a better and truer man for the act.
"If every one would do as well according to circumstances." There came a slight chill to my enthusiasm, consequent on the thought that I was doing so much more, according to my ability, than other people. I had seen the subscription paper. It bore the record of no larger contribution than mine. Two citizens only had put down their names for five hundred dollars.

"To have given equally," I said within myself. "Mr. Harland should have made his contribution a thousand dollars instead of five hundred; and Grant should at least have come up to my figures—dollar for dollar, he is quite as well off as I am. Then, as for Tompkins, I can't see how he had the courage to write down only fifty, in the face of half a dozen poorer men who gave each their hundred.—But we have a test of patriotism in this, and a clue where to place men. Love of country is a fine thing to talk about, but when sacrifice is asked, how rarely do we find word and deed in harmony."

It is the most natural thing in the world to let speech betray our thoughts. As I moved about among friends and acquaintances, a word dropped here and a sentence there revealed the secret of my self-approbation; and I do not think that nearly all of them understood what was going on in my mind—how I considered my contribution to the war fund, taking means into account, as the largest made by any man in the town.

For me, five hundred dollars was a large sum to give away. Tens, twenties, and an occasional fifty, under the pressure of public calls for church or charitable needs, had passed out through the carefully loosened purse-strings, that drew back again with increasing tightness on the diminished gold; but giving after this liberal and exhausting style was altogether a new experience. I felt something poorer on account thereof, and began to meditate economies. When I paid a thousand dollars for a pair of horses no impression like this was perceived; not even when one of them got injured by a fall, and I parted with him for one hundred and fifty dollars. Here was a dead loss of three hundred and fifty dollars; but in face of it nothing so like a sense of poverty touched me as in face of my contribution to the hospital and sanitary fund. I did not feel poorer for the three hundred dollars expended in preparing and stocking my fish-pond, though the money paid therefor was a sunk investment, every dollar; nor for the six or seven hundred paid for summer houses, garden statuary, and fancy work about my grounds and dwelling. All this, being for my own gratification, I could afford. The expense was calculated, and taken as a thing of course. But this five hundred dollar gift to my country in her time of pressing need, freely as it was bestowed, left with me a sense of exhaustion, as though weakened by an effort greater than my strength.

No wonder, such being the case, that I talked rather more than was seemly of what I had done. We have in our town an excellent but plain spoken man, who, his life being one of the strictest integrity, does not stand in fear of anybody's opinion. He is not a rough or obtrusive man, but as I have said, plain spoken, free from guile and flattery. You can hardly converse with him for ten minutes without knowing yourself a little better than when you began the conversation. His name is Preston.

"We have done our part," I said to him, as we stood together in the street one day. We had been speaking of the war, and the necessity of supporting the Government to the full extent of its needs. I referred, in saying "our part," to the various contributions in men and money which the people in our particular locality had made, and especially to the late subscription, which footed up three thousand dollars. Three thousand dollars, of which I had given a sixth part. I could not fail in this remembrance.

"Yes, and nobly," he answered with a glow of enthusiasm not often seen blooming on his quiet face. "Our people have done nobly, not keeping back their most precious things."

"Three thousand dollars is a liberal sum," I said.

"Yes," his voice dropped a little.

"And of this sum two men gave a third part." It pressed for utterance, and I was weak enough to let it forth.

Mr. Preston did not answer. "And you were one of them." No; but said he in a voice that fell low and lower, until it expressed a sentiment of reverence, "There is one in our midst who has given more than these two men a hundred fold. But the name is not down on any subscription paper."

More precious than silver or gold! Yes, there are things more precious than silver or gold; and I understood Mr. Preston to refer to human life and human love. Shame touched me, and I stood silent and rebuked.

"Come," he said; "walk with me into the next street, only a little way. It is well for us to comprehend these questions of sacrifice and patriotism in all their bearings. The danger with us all is that we magnify our own burdens and our own loyalty, and in doing so fail to award the honor that is due to others."

I did not answer, but in silence went with Mr. Preston into the next street. It was one in which the poor dwelt. Small houses, a few neat, and with tasteful shrubbery about the doors, but most of them miserably neglected and forlorn, stood on each side for a distance of three or four squares. My visits to this part of the town were of rare occurrence. It was not pleasant to gaze upon, and so avoided.—All looked poor and mean now as my eyes ranged along the street, and I questioned with myself as to whether I was going, and to what end.

"The widow who cast in all her living gave more than those who, of their abundance, poured gold and silver into the treasury." My companion broke the silence with these words as we passed at the door of a small one-story and a half cottage around which everything was clean and in order, but plain and poor. His knock was not loud, but low and respectful.—I did not answer his remark, but stood beside him in a vague expectancy. A child of ten years opened the door, and looked up into our faces curiously. I saw that she recognized Mr. Preston, but no smile lit up her young face.

"How is your mother to-day?" was asked.
"Not very well. Won't you walk in?"
"No, thank you, my dear. I only stopped to inquire about your mother. Is she able to sit up?"
"Yes, Sir. She sat up most all day yesterday, and sewed a part of the time. And she's up again to-day. Won't you come in? Maybe she'd like to see you."

"He is in the army?"
"He is dead!"
"What? Dead!"
"Killed in battle!"
I stood still. "In battle?"
"Yes. Three weeks ago the news came. He rests with the slain at Fort Donelson."
"Who and what was he?" I asked, rallying myself, for I felt an overpowering sense of weakness.

"A sober, industrious mechanic; a good husband and a good father. I saw his wife on the day after the march with the regiment that went from here six months ago. The parting had tried her severely; but she was brave with it all, and full of a noble heroism. He is strong and courageous, and will do his duty," she said to me; "and the country must have such men. I could not cling to him weakly and in tears, as some wives did to their husbands, and hold him back when his heart and conscience bade him go. He is in God's hands. Men die at home of sickness as well as in battle. I trust in God." Her eyes were full of tears as she spoke, and her voice betrayed the fear and suffering that were in her heart. Ah, Sir, neither you nor I will ever fully comprehend all that humble wife endured in parting from a good husband, on whose strong arm she had leaned for many years—in parting with him thus."

"We walked again, silent for some moments. How mean and poor seemed my half-exorted gift—I say half-exorted, because there was really more of the spirit of doing to be seen of men than genuine patriotism in the act—the priceless contribution of this poor woman! I had signed a cheque for five hundred dollars, that was all. No consciousness of the draft of that cheque followed. I did not feel my comforts diminishing; I did not relinquish a single pleasure; there was nothing sacrificed except love of money. But she gave her husband! She, poor, dependent on his life for the support of herself and her children, had said, when his country called, Go! And the sacrifice had been complete."

"The how must have been terrible," I said.
"Poor woman! This is indeed sorrow."

"She staggered and fell," was replied.—"For a while the struggle between life and death was almost evenly balanced. Then the slow reaction came, and the poor crushed heart began to gather up its rent fibres, and to string its quivering nerves for new efforts and new duties. The strong arm on which she had leaned for so many years was broken, and she must stand beneath alone. How she faltered and staggered with uncertain steps at first! For hours she would sit and weep. But slowly strength came, and now, you remember the child's words, 'She sat up' last all day yesterday, and sewed part of the time." A heavy burden has been laid upon her, and she must walk henceforth with stooping shoulders and weary feet. Her own hands must earn the food with which her children are to be fed, and the garments with which they are to be clothed. Her toil and her care are more than twice doubled; and with them are the widow's loneliness and the widow's sorrow. What are my war-burdens, what are yours to this? Ah, Sir, there is no room for complaint or boasting. It is hardest with those who are least thought of, and who get least of public sympathy."

"We must do something for this woman," said I. "Her case touches me deeply."

"Your possession and mine would lose more than half their value were such calamity as the dismemberment of our country to fall,"—was answered. "Our enemies are men in arms, and we must oppose man with man in fierce battle. While they fight and die we are at home, and in their blood and suffering we find safety. Is their honor, is there justice, is there humanity in forgetting this service, and leaving the widows and orphans of our dead soldiers to bear unaided their burdens of want and sorrow? I think not. Yes, assuredly we must do something for this woman. She has given her all, and if she have no share henceforth in our abundance, then are we not guilty in the sight of heaven?"

How small seemed all the contributions I had made, and of which I was so self-gratulant! My cheeks were hot with shame. Not since have I referred to that last subscription in any conversation, nor has a word about the coming burden of taxes escaped my lips. I would blush at complaint now. Burdens! They who seem to have the largest share feel their pressure lightest. On the poor, the humble, the too often despised and neglected the heaviest of our troubles will fall. Let us see to it that we sin not in forgetfulness of what we owe to them.—That we do not let widows and orphans cast in all their livings as the price of our safety.

"My gracious," said I, "if some fairy would give me wings wouldn't I go round among the planets, though; I'd go to Mars and Venus, and Jupiter, and all the rest of them."

"And Satan," said Mrs. Partington, striking in, "and I'm afraid you will go there whether you have wings or not."

The whistled and turned the subject to an orange the old lady had.

What is the difference between October and November? With October the leaves fall; with November the fall leaves.

All persons know when they are knaves, few when they are fools.

We pity the family that sits down to a bout three times a day.

A girl once applied to a clergyman to be married. The clergyman asked her what property her husband possessed. The answer was "nothing."

"And are you better off?" he asked.—The reply was in the negative.

"Then why, in the name of sense, do you marry?"
"Your reverence," said the girl, "I have a blanket, and Jack has a blanket; by putting them together we both shall be gainers."
The clergyman had no more to say.