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## TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, December 11, 1862.

### Selected Poetry.

WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO KNOW.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

I know a girl with teeth of pearl,  
And shoulders white as snow;  
She lives—ah! well,  
I must not tell—  
Wouldn't you like to know?

Her sunny hair is wondrous fair,  
And wavy in its flow;  
Who made it less  
One little tress,  
Wouldn't you like to know?

Her eyes are blue (celestial hue!)  
And dazling in their glow;  
On whom they beam  
With melting gleam,  
Wouldn't you like to know?

Her lips are red and finely web,  
Like roses ere they blow;  
What lower lips  
Those dewy lips,  
Wouldn't you like to know?

Her fingers are like lilies,  
When lilies latest grow;  
Whose hand they press  
With fond caress,  
Wouldn't you like to know?

Her foot is small, and has a fall  
Like snowflakes on the snow;  
And where it goes,  
Beneath the toe,  
Wouldn't you like to know?

She has a name, the sweetest name  
That language can bestow;  
'T would break the spell  
If I should tell—  
Wouldn't you like to know?

### Miscellaneous.

#### The Mysterious Robberies.

A DETECTIVE'S STORY.

While sitting alone in my office one dull, dark, drizzly October afternoon, indulging in the luxury of a quiet smoke, the door opened in a timid, hesitating manner, and an old, wrinkled, gray-headed man, poorly and shabbily dressed, shuffled in, and throwing the glance of what was still a keen, restless, suspicious black eye over my person, said in a subdued and what sounded like a humble tone, that he called to see Mr. George Larkin.

"That is my name, sir," returned I; "pray step forward and take a seat."  
The old man seemed to hesitate a moment, eyed me sharply, glanced warily about the apartment, and then observed as he walked forward and sat down near me: "I hope we are alone, Mr. Larkin, for my business concerns only our two selves."

"We are quite alone, sir, as you see."  
"But sometimes, I am told," he continued, hesitatingly, "these kind of places—I beg your pardon! I mean no offense to you—sometimes, I say, I am told, these places are crowded for secret listeners."

"But I have assured you, sir," I replied rather coldly, "that we are alone here, and if you doubt my word, perhaps you had better carry your secret, whatever it is, away with you."

"Well, well," he rejoined, somewhat hastily, "never mind; I will take your word; I will trust you. And I have good authority for doing so, too," he added, partly so-berly and partly addressing me.

"You see, Mr. Larkin, as there is to be confidence between us, it is no more than fair to tell you that I have been to a magistrate, asking for a trusty and secret police agent, of superior cunning and intelligence, and that Mr. George Larkin was named as the individual on whom I could rely in every particular."

"I am much obliged to the magistrate, whoever he is, for his good opinion and recommendation," I answered with a slight bow. "And now, sir, if you are satisfied, I am prepared to hear your communication."

"Again the old man hesitated and eyed me keenly, and turned somewhat pale at the thought of what he was about to divulge; but at last, as if pressed by necessity, he seemed to put his scruples aside, and said: "Mr. Larkin, I am an old man, as you see, and perhaps a rather eccentric one, as you may discover. Old as I am, I am alone in the world, having neither wife nor child, only some distant relations who do not care for me," (here he glanced his keen eyes suspiciously around him, leaned forward and whispered in my ear) "I have gold—much gold—gold enough to—Well, no matter."

I looked at the old man as he paused, and I said, while debating in my own mind whether he was sane or monomaniac, "Well, sir, what has this gold to do with me?"

"Let me confess to you," he pursued, "since I have never told to mortal ear, that I love gold—adore gold—and that I am what the world, if it knew, would call a miser."

"Then you are to be pitied," said I. He fastened upon me a strange, startled, searching look, as if he doubted the sincerity of my words, the sentiment of which was beyond his comprehension, it being impossible for him to understand how a miser—a man having actual heaps of gold—could be in any degree a subject of pity.

"Yes," he resumed at length, "I never

saw any human being that I liked as well as myself; but gold, silver money, the coin of the realm, of all realms, I like better."  
"Well," returned I, now fully convinced that the old man was not in his right mind, "I do not say what this has to do with me."  
"Ay, ay, I am coming to that, Mr. Larkin; I am coming to that. You see, being alone in the world, and loving nothing but my gold—years ago—a great many years ago, you see—I bought an old, tumble-down house on the outskirts. Heavens! what a price I had to pay for it, too! two hundred pounds, sir—for that house and a bit of land, and all in hard gold, too! ah, me!—Well, as I was saying, I bought the house, and then went to work myself, and with my own hands, that I might not pay out any more money and have anybody know my secret, I constructed a safe—a fire-proof safe—and then had an iron door made for it, with a lock that no one could open without the key and secret of him who had locked it. This done, I sold all the property which I had inherited, converted it into gold, put the gold in leather bags (another expensive luxury?), and secretly deposited them in my safe. Since then I have dressed like a beggar, and lived alone with my gold, the sight of which has given me hours of rapture, and the jingle of which has filled my ears with a delight that I cannot express. Well, sir, well, sir," continued the old man, fairly trembling at the thought, "I now come to the painful business which has brought me here! Ah, me! ah, me! I wonder if it has not driven me mad! For years, Mr. Larkin, for years, sir, I lived alone with my gold, and kept my secret and nobody found me out; but of late, sir, (Heaven be merciful!) I have been robbed—robbed, sir, of my gold, of my gold, Mr. Larkin."

"Then I suppose you are now a poor man?" said I. "How was your house broken into? Give me the most minute particulars—for it is often by the merest trifles that our detectives are able to get the clue that leads to the greatest results."

"Ah! there it is, sir—there is the mystery!" groaned the old man. "You are mistaken, Mr. Larkin, in supposing that I am literally a poor man, or that my house has been broken into at all, so far as I can discover. No, sir—no! The money has been taken—several times—a bag at a time—and yet nothing has been disturbed. My doors and windows, which I have always bolted as well as locked, I have never found unbolted or unlocked, which has been the case if any one had come in that way. And then my safe is always found just as I leave it, and the key fastened to my body by an iron chain. The first bag of gold I missed, (oh heaven, be merciful!) was about two months ago, and I could not believe it was gone till I had counted the remaining bags over and over, perhaps fifty times."

"Then I tried to believe I had taken it myself, mislaid it, and I spent two days in searching the whole house—every nook and cranny—every likely and unlikely place—Well, sir, a week went along, and another bag was missing. Horrible mystery! Since then I have lost three more—the last one last night—and human nature can endure it no more. Oh, sir, find out the thief, and restore me my missing gold, and I will—will—will worship you, sir."

I smiled at the idea of getting a miser's worship in return for my trouble of detecting a mysterious thief, and restoring the owner a large amount of gold; and I said facetiously: "Unquestionably what you offer is very valuable in your own estimation; but neither a miser's blessing nor curse will pass current for rent, food or clothing. No, Mr. —"

"Brandish—Stephen Brandish."  
"No sir; Mr. Brandish, if I undertake this business of detecting this secret thief, and get back your money, or any portion of it, I must be paid in gold—gold, sir, gold—for I, too, like gold, though for what it will buy, and not to worship."

For a long time we could not agree upon terms; but at last having got the matter settled to my satisfaction, I entered with great zest into the penetration and unravelment of what was really a very wonderful mystery. That night after dark I made my appearance at the miser's house; and being admitted, and the door secured, I began my inspection of the premises. I went up to the roof, and down to the cellar, searching minutely all the walls, doors and ceilings, for some possible place where a thief might enter or secrete himself. The house was an old, crazy structure, sure enough; but I found nothing to give a clue to the mystery. The doors and windows were all bolted on the inside, and the bolts, I assured myself by a close examination, were all sound and in good order. In the cellar was a well from which the old man drew what water he used, and I satisfied myself there was nothing suspicious about that. Then I went round the walls and tried every stone of any size, to see if it might be removed; but all were fast and solid. At last I came to the money safe, which was curiously built in the ground with the iron door upwards, like a trap door, which was effectually concealed by scattered dirt over it.

"I must see the inside of this," said I.

"Oh, sir!" returned the old miser, trembling at the thought of exposing his riches, "you will not take advantage of an old man! You will not betray me! You will promise this, you will swear it!"

"I might have got offended at this question of my honesty from another; but I took into consideration the peculiarities of the afflicted miser, and readily promised all he required, even going so far as to take an oath of secrecy. At last, after much hesitation and demurring, he ventured to expose the interior of the safe to my gaze."

"It contained twenty-five heavy bags of gold, with a large amount of silver thrown

loosely; but the bottom, sides and all parts of it save the iron door, were composed of thick granite, perfectly cemented, and had never been disturbed since being put together.

My inspection of the house was now completed, but without gaining the slightest clue to the mystery of the robberies. I could discover no place where any one could have entered, and there was certainly no one concealed in the house. I questioned the miser as to who had visited him; but he positively declared that, myself excepted, I was the only one he had permitted to cross his threshold, since taking up his solitary abode there. I was at a stand, I knew not what to suggest. Had but one bag been missing, or had he only been robbed once, the matter would have seemed susceptible of some rational solution, but to be robbed five several times at irregular intervals, and the thief to be so forbearing as to take only a comparatively small portion at each time, and then without leave or trace save the loss, of his having been there—this it was that puzzled and perplexed me exceedingly. I finally went away, at a late hour, promising to give the matter my serious consideration, and the old man agreeing to communicate with me immediately on the occurrence of anything new.

In a few days the miser was robbed again, and in spite of all that I could do he continued to be robbed, at longer or shorter periods, for several months, until, in fact, only ten bags of gold remained. By this time he was wasted almost to a skeleton through grief at his loss, and I had become so nervous and superstitious that I looked to see a ghost every time I visited the dwelling. What could it mean? I had spent days and nights in the house—had arranged matters so that I could come and go as I pleased, at all hours, secretly and openly—and yet, though I had used this freedom, and had been an almost constant spy upon the premises, I had failed to detect the slightest clue to the thief. Surely it could not be the work of human hands! and the thought of the supernatural made my blood run cold.

One night I retired to bed, terribly perplexed with this mystery; and after rolling and tossing about for a long time, I fell asleep, and dreamed I was in the miser's house, on the watch, and that I saw him get up, go to his safe, unlock it, take out a bag of gold, drop it in the well, relock his safe, and return to his bed.

"That is it!" I cried, leaping out upon the floor, "I have it now! The wretched man is a sleep-walker, and had all along been robbing himself! Why have I not thought of this before?"

I dressed in haste, and set off, night though it was, to ascertain the truth of my new conjecture. I reached the gloomy house, went in, and found the miser was not in bed. I hurried down stairs, and by the light of my lantern, beheld him stretched out upon the ground near the well, with a bag of gold in his hand. I spoke to him, but he did not answer. I touched him, but he did not stir. I stooped down, took hold of his wrist, felt of his pulse, and started up in horror.

He was dead! He had died in the act of robbing himself!

The mystery was solved, my dream had revealed the truth, and the missing bags of gold were all found at the bottom of the well. The whole was taken possession of by the authorities, and I received my just due for services rendered.

HINDOO IDEA OF HUMBOLDT.—A Sillesian resident at Calcutta favors the papers of his native Breslau with a biography of Humboldt in the Hindoo dialect. The concluding lines of the biography furnish an idea of the style:

"He was planted in the garden of Chita, who tended him with special care in return for the love he bestowed upon her children (the plants). She would fain have preserved him as long as possible for her garden; but as he grew older he increased in fragrance until his odor finally rose to the throne of Brahma, and the great God called him to his own celestial groves. Then Humboldt went up, but the seed of his fruits was spread over the fields of God that it might produce new pupils to propagate his doctrine, which is a doctrine derived from the revealed book of nature. How beautiful must be nature. How beautiful must be nature in a country that could have produced such a man! O, thou blessed Germany!"

ARTEMAS WARD ON THE INDIANS.—The red man of the forest was formerly a very respectable person. Justice to the noble orgie warrants me in saying that originally he was a majestic customer.

At the time Chris. arrove on those shores, (I allude to Chris. Columbus) the savages were virtuous and happy. They were innocent of secession, ruin, draw poker, and sinfulness generally. They had no Congress, faro banks, delirium tremens or Associated Press. Their habits were consequently good. Late suppers, dyspepsia, gas companies, thieves, ward politicians, and other metropolitan refinements were unknown among them. No savage in good standing would take postage stamps—you could've have bought a coon skin with a barrel of 'em.

A Blacksmith was lately summoned to a country court as a dispute between two of his workmen.

The Judge, after hearing the testimony, asked him why he did not advise them to settle, as the cost had already amounted to three times the disputed sum. He replied:

"I told the fools to settle; for I said the clerks would take their coats, the lawyers their shirts, and if they got into your honor's court you'd skin 'em.

## A Bachelor's Diary.

Looking in the dictionary, I find there woman, a noun, barbarously derived, obscurely defined, and bolstered up by a number of poetical quotations of which lovely woman heads the list. The dictionary is evidently puzzled; and well it may be; wiser ones than the dictionary have muddled their brains on the subject. Men don't dare come out boldly and say, "Woman an improper noun, meaning the root of all mischief," because they are sure to have a slip of it at home. Even I, old bachelor as I am, am outwardly excessively civil to the pretty little serpents, remembering that my landlady, my laundress, and my mother all belong to the objectionable class, but I make a private note of my opinions, and intend to run it over every morning before going down to breakfast, feeling that I am at present in a situation where, as human and especially bachelor nature is weak, I might be tempted to fall away from my principles.

How on earth it happened that I accepted Fred Sinclair's invitation, I don't know. He is a married man, and has one of the prettiest places on the Hudson. I might have known that the house would be full of visitors in June and July; but at least I could hardly be expected to guess that the majority of these visitors would be women—not matrons, with pinched noses and careful mouths; but cooey old grandmothers, or even old maids, but young w. men, young and shamelessly pretty; five of them, as I am a bachelor, and hope to remain so, and only two of my persuasion to keep me in countenance, George and Hal Gubjier. They say they like it; I wish I did.

Now, I am going to make a confession. I dislike these lovely temptations on principle and in the lump; individually, I can't help admiring them, for my life. We have here Lou and Vivia Baracole, Bello Bayadere, Del Organdie, and Lute Pina. I am continually watching them, and I believe the tormentors know it and put out a little arched foot, or let a sleeve fall back from a rounded arm purposely to aggravate me. They will group themselves together in the prettiest manner; they will put their blonde and brunette heads together, and confound me with the glories of night and morning side by side. Some one is perpetually blushing or putting, or letting long eyelashes fall over eyes black, blue, or grey; or showing me a little round chin, or a pink-tipped ear, keeping me thereby in a constant flutter and tremor of admiration. I think I might write a treatise on the circulation of the blood, if watching its pulse, and surge, and recede, flushing from the pale pink of a shell to the bloom of a peach, in fair young cheeks, could qualify me; or on mantua-making, such an expert am I becoming in their muslim mysteries; their little collars, their filmy handkerchiefs, their bows and sashes, their belts and clasps, their thousand and one man-traps that they have the effrontery to spring on us under our very noses.—Fancy a man possessed of a muslin devil; haunted by ankles and Balmoral boots, cunning little trimmed pockets and Zouave shirts! What miserable frivolity and waste of time. But the last, the worst, the most unendurable of all these irritants, is Del Organdie.

Her characteristics I admire in the abstract, but consider them as, combined in her, reprehensible and pernicious in the highest degree. She has brown hair of the sort that flames out here and there with a deep golden tinge, fine, and soft and long; beautiful hair in itself, but what right has she to encroach on my time with it? It has a basilisk fascination for me. I watch, perchance, where it comes in little ripples on the white shore of her forehead, I wonder within myself at the brow, and the possibility of the smooth rolls brushed away "a la l'imperatrice," then she will never settle on any particular mode of arranging what woman call in their detestable jargon, their "back hair." One day it is twisted around in soft coils; the next, in wide shining braids, and once it tumbled down; (designedly I know) all ab at her shoulders and down her slender waist.—Never tell me that it was an accident; she knew that those golden brown waves would not let me sleep that night; and she put in her comb loosely, in malice prepense. She should have been indicted and fined, she would have had I had anything to do with the law tinkering. Women ought to be obliged to have their hair cropped, or else be condemned to solitary confinement. These beautiful, shining, waving tresses, are nothing on earth but bachelor traps; but I hold men deserve all they suffer, since the power is in our own hands, and we take no measures for self-defence.

Del (I mean Miss Organdie, I have a bad habit of calling her Del to myself, which must be corrected,) has another objectionable feature: her eyes. They are grey, of the sort that darken almost into black or melt into blue. There is often a look in them of a clear shining such as you see in the western sky after a gentle rain; she has another look that I have seen in a child's eyes just waked from a sweet sleep, the sweet and solemn mystery of an innocent soul that has just passed through the gates of a world, barred against our heavier tread.

She has a third; a winking sparkle, and merry malice that I like best. Then I can defy her, and tell her all the spiteful things I think about her.

Dark lashes shade these reprehensible eyes; long and sweeping out on the white cheek in a way that, doubtless she thinks pretty; black brows arch above them, making her wide forehead all the whiter; no doubt she considered herself a beauty.

The hair small hands white with taper fingers, the nails round and rosy like little

bits of pink shell. I wish she would wear gloves, or keep them out of sight, for I am so annoyed by them that I feel a constant temptation to cover them with my own.—Bachelor traps of the most dangerous kind are they? They are sure to be busy with a crotchet-needle, or brought out in relief on the dark cover of a book, or folded like nestling doves in her lap; a nuisance and a snare I consider them; she has a little foot besides, arched and high, and she wears delicate little boots, and heeled slippers, half buried in rosettes. Worse than all, she lifts her dress when walking in the garden, or promenades the piazza in a gale, or clambers up and down places intended only for goats, and show them—

There she is now. I can see her from my window, going up and down the piazza under that jaunty little hat with its long feather, humming to herself, and clicking her boot heels to mark the time. Restless thing; she is like a bird or bee on the wing; she has gone into the garden. Why, on earth, can't she walk? She goes with a run and whirl of her sweeping dress treading lightly, as if she went on springs. She has picked a rose, two of them; wasteful creature! See, she is considering where to put them, in her hair, on her bosom, or in her belt. The belt carries the day; there are the roses against her heart. What utter frivolity and vanity! and how pernicious in its effects! I promised to read up in law while I was here, but Chitty knows best how many of his pages I have turned since I have been here. How could I?—Study demands calm and serenity of mind. I am continually annoyed. There she goes; she has taken the path to the river! I am going to smoke a cigar, and tranquilize my nerves. This room is intolerable.

Really this is a most uncharitable world. Vivia Baracole and Lute Pina. But stop; let me think how it all was.

I went to smoke in the ground, of course, I don't consider it polite to smoke in the rooms, or on the piazza, where there are ladies. Thinking and smoking, I strolled along; not noticing the road I took I found myself on the shore. She sat there—I couldn't do less than speak, after nearly stepping on her. She made room for me on the bench—seemed to expect me to take a seat beside her; but she was in no hurry to talk. She was looking out over the water, with the solemn child look that I have mentioned. I could smoke my cigar and look at the flickering of her lashes, the ebb of faint color in her cheek, the rise and fall of the lace on her white neck, the unconscious movements of her little grasping fingers, holding idly two or three roses.—When she did speak, she proposed to walk to some miserable waterfall, that can't flow along like a decent, well conducted brook, but comes plunging down a hill, tearing out a bed for itself, and leaving just the narrow ledge for a path. I couldn't in common politeness refuse to go, and of course I offered to help her up the ledge.—Her hand rested in mine; and such a little warm, white and rosy clinging thing it was. When we reached the top she was out of breath, and we sat down; the pines that shade it made it a cool, temple-like place; the water did look pretty, foaming over the rocks; but still that didn't quite pay for the way in which I enjoyed it. I like Neptune well enough, but I am not fanatical about her; we sat on a little very damp earth, and a great deal of stone; there was a toad—to which I have an aversion—hopping about in a way suggestive of landing in my lap; I took two worms off my arm, and a spider from Miss Organdie's shoulder; as for the conversation, here it is:

"Ah! I am so tired."  
"Yes. The walk is steep."  
"I believe I have cut my slipper"—half showing the nonsensical little thing that she calls by that name.

"You should have worn your Balmoral boots. Young girls are always so imprudent. We should die from one half as much exposure."  
"Oh! but I didn't think of coming here!"  
Pause—Del looking off at nothing in particular; I, at—but that is nobody's business, and I don't believe in so many details. Another conversation ripple.

"How peaceful it is!"  
"Yes."  
That was all; but the ten minutes spent there are the most delicious of my life.—Then we went home. Vivia Baracole and Lute Pina were on the piazza and saw us come. Del sank down on a seat with a sigh.

"Have you been far?" asked Lute, sympathizingly.

"Only to the fall."  
The girls exchanged looks.

"Why, you have been gone two hours?"  
"Two?" (in large capitals.) "Why were only there ten minutes. Were we not, Mr. Wayne?"

"Tha. was all by my watch."  
For bliss and fresh watches have the power, in twenty minutes to lose half an hour."

said Vivia, half under her breath, to Pina, as if talking of something that had no possible connection with us.

Del grew crimson. As for me, I am determined to leave this place immediately. Bliss and myself mentioned in the same connection is a little too much. It was a conspiracy done to annoy me. Del can blush on all occasions. I will go—no, I won't. Run away from a parcel of women, inferior, frivolous beings, whose very existence hangs on a ribbon; not I, I will assert my independence. There goes Del across the hall; she has gone into the library. I know the sound of the door. Well, I shall go there, too. It has been my custom to read there at this hour of the day, always. I was here three days before Del came, and the thing became a habit. I won't give it up for any crinoline that ever filled up a whole sofa, and overflowed in two chairs besides.

Trapped! caught! undone! walked in

with my eyes wide open, and nibbled the bait, staring at the spring that was to shut down on me, while I did it.

Del was in the library—more than that, she brushed away a tear or two from her long lashes, as I sat down. I sat close by her; for it looks as if people had quarreled when they station themselves at the antipodes of the room.

I asked what was the matter; because I had an instinctive idea that it was something about—us—me.

"Nothing," was the answer. And then a blush rose in her cheek, crimsoned, deepened, flamed out quickly. She put up her hands instinctively to cover her face, and recollecting herself, put them down again. I took one of the hands (it seemed quite natural to do so,) and said something—I don't remember what—it was probably too foolish to repeat.

The pretty head dropped, in answer, down to my shoulder, where it rest d.

Poor little darling! Vivia and Lute had been teasing her pitilessly. Then I had never spoken a word of love to her; and what could I think of what had been said on the piazza? and these afflicting considerations make the soft eyes brim over, and the fair cheek flush and burn under my questioning gaze.

Poor child! how could I have called her a bachelor trap.

### Extract of a Letter from Yorktown.

YORKTOWN, VA., Wednesday eve. }  
Nov. 26, 1862. }

\* \* \* We have just returned from an expedition to Matthews County, Va. We left Yorktown last Saturday night about nine o'clock. Landed at William's Landing, Sunday 10 o'clock, A. M. This was very unexpected to the inhabitants of that place, it being the first time Union troops ever landed in their neighborhood. The (the Rebels) had but a small force of cavalry there, not enough to dare venture out and take a brush with us. Our force consisted of about 450 men, besides a gun boat that we went on. The object of this trip was to destroy a number of salt works, that were being carried on for the use of the Rebel army. We destroyed several hundred bushels of salt, demolished their works, and broke up their kettles; took all those engaged in the business, brought them before the Captain of the gun boat, made them take the oath of allegiance, and then let them go. By this time I expect they are at it again. Co. E and Co. K of the 52d Regiment were ordered to the house of a Mr. Smith. The family were taken by surprise, not knowing that Union troops were about, and did not see us until we were close upon them. This Mr. Smith, by the way, was a very rich man, having about a hundred bushels of salt in his cellar, which was soon destroyed, besides a great quantity of whisky, that was to be sent to Richmond the next day. We brought the old gentleman away with us. Such a fuss as his family made, I never heard in my life. He was a widower with a large family of girls. Meeting our Captain (G. P. Davis) at the door, he was soon told what was wanted of him; he at once refused to go with us. Myself, with another of our Company, was ordered to accompany him for his coat and hat. Such a howling as the girls made. One says, "What are you going to do with Pa?" I told her we would not hurt him. She says, "Oh! you Devils, what have we done?" Two of the girls had beaux; they flew out the back door and hid. A squad of skirmishers were sent out and brought them in. They, too, had to part with the girls. It was a very touching scene. I never want to witness the like again.

Their damage was estimated at about thirty thousand dollars. We burned three small vessels that we could not bring away with us. We were gone two days and nights.

JOHN C. MAY,  
Co. E, 52d Reg't., P. V.

THE BLUES.—Cheerfulness and Occupation are closely allied. Idle men are rarely happy. How should they be? The brain and muscles were made for action, and neither can be healthy without vigorous exercise. Into the lazy brain, crawl spider-like fancies, filling it with cobwebs, that shut out the light, and make it a fit abode for "loathed Melancholy." Invite the stout-handed maiden, brisk and busy thought, into the intellectual chamber, and she will soon brush away such unhealthy tenants. Blessed be work, whether it be of the head or the hand, or both.

An Englishman boasting to an Irishman that porter was meat and drink, soon after became very drunk, and returning home fell into a ditch, when Pat discovering him exclaimed:

"An faith, an you said it was mate and drink to ye; and by me sowl it's a much better thing, for it's washing and lodgin', too."

I say, landlord, that's a dirty towel to wipe on!

Landlord with a look of amazement replied:

"Well, I swan, you're mighty particular. Sixty or seventy have wiped on that towel, and you are the first one to fud fault with it."

Why are rats better than tomatoes? Because tomatoes make only catsup, while rats make a cat supper.

"Sam, how many sticks have you sawed?"

"Why, dad, when I get this and three other ones done, I'll have sawed four."

Fatal to fish—lively worms. Fatal to men—still worms.