PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O. GOODRICH.

TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, February 12, 1863.

Original Pocity. (For the Reporter.)

ALAS AND ALAS! "This haunting spirit makes me faint, More years have made me love thee more." TENNYSON.

When first I knew thee life was drear, A shadow drifting o'er the skies ; My heart and soul were dark with fear Of Life and Death-dre :d mysteries! But yet, rose-tinted proved the cloud, When your sweet presence came to me ; I drank the sweet with bitter, proud To show how brave my heart could be!

My friend, you were, and gratefully I mixed with all the gall of life, Thy nectrous words and kindly acts That made my heart with gladness rife. You little knew your hand had swept A dark cloud from the sky of June, Or, from a once discordant lute Waked many an happy joyous tune.

Alas, alas !- are there none true? I say alas !- I breathe no sigh-I worshipped at an earthly shrine. Idol and shrine in ashes lie. As mine the woe, so mine the blame. Thou didst not know I loved thee, wild-Only in Friendship's garb you came, Ah! I was born as Folly's child!

Dost thou remember that bright morn? (Too glowing bright thro' day to lastrom crimson clouds dark storms were born, And ere the night wierd wailed the blast,) You called my name, then, o'er and o'er— I came, and stood where fell the leaves Of Autumn, bright in the morning light, As were the reapers golden sheaves.

You blessed the boding, bright'ning morn, My heart blessed thee-and only thee-And yet not thee-another one With soul of true nobility. I did not fancy-I was wild!

Con grant that love sometime be given To Wisdom's not to Folly's child!

Mliscellaneous.

The Tragedy of Rievaulx Abbey.

This was the first abbey of the Cistercian er founded in Yorkshire in the year 1131, Walter L'Espec. It is situated at the ance of about three miles from Duncombe irk, in a solitary place near Helmsley, surded by steep hills, and covered with wood d ling, near the angles of three different with each a rivulet running through by where the abber eing called Rie, whence this vale took ; and this religious house was thence the Abbey of Rievoll-or Rievaulx .motive which impelled Sir Walter L'Esto make over castle and lands to the Cisians may be gathered from the following

The last rays of an autumnal sun had tingthe limpid waters of the Rie, and illumined wood which fringed its banks with a ruddy w, when a small but abrilliantly caparisontrain was seen approaching the entrance Rievaulx Castle. The banner of the Cru waving in conjunction with the standard Sir Walter L'Aspec proclaimed that the ring cavalcade belonged to Eustace L'c. his only child and heir who had inst ned from Palestine.

ociferous and sincere was the welcome Eustace received from his father's asbled vassals; though the number of Eastfollowers, Saracens and Nubians, with r wild eyes and swarthy faces, was not alether an agreeable sight to the Saxon serrs who supposed their own comforts and ces in danger from the importation of these dily dressed Orientals. Vhilst the welcome of the newly arrived

of Rievaulx was being celebrated in the at hall below, a lady sat alone at the caseit of a richly tapestried chamber, situated turret and overlooking the court-vard .-Lady Alice de Courcey was the ward of Lord of Rievaulx, and the destined bride s son, the gallant young Crusader.

for to his departure for the Holy Land, tace L'Espec and the Lady Alice were attached to each other, and, as in duty had exchanged vows of everlasting fi-But time, which in some case deepchannel of affection, in others fills completely up, so that the stream of n, unless quite dried up, must discover

path for its course. nce had wrought a great change in the Lord of Rievaulx. Instead of the gay, uk, fearless, and the self posse sl cav. . hose good humor, no less than his good and helped to fascinate the heart and s of the beautiful heiress, he was now tly afflicted with fits of sullenness, abmind, and a querulousness, which was reign to his nature. A transformation able could not long escape the detecis bethrothed. The Lady Alice quick ked, and secretly mourned, the alteranich had been effected in the demeanor

osition of her beloved. g the number of the Eastern attendwho had followed the youthful Lord Eus-England, was a gigantie Numidian, om the first moment of his appearance Rievaulx Castle, had provoked the esaversion of old Hubert, the Falconer, was firmly possessed with the belief that midian was either the devil himself, or ome very near connection of his satanic ty: "for," urged Hubert, "he conversa language which the devil himself must lavented, inasmuch as even Father Osannot understand one word of it; theret must be unfit for Christian ears." tween this Numidian and the young

even during the repast, they were inseparable her eyes. companions; nor would Eustace receive the this object of cld Hubert's antipathy.

set; and though, in general, taciturn as mutes when questioned about the doings of the alarmed bride. Amongst the luxuriant their lord during his sojourn in the East, yet tresses glittered a plate of gold engraved with the frantic shrieks of Alice de Courcey. there were occasions when the genial influence a verse from the Koran, and endowed, accordof the wine-cup thawed their habitual reserve, ing to her creed, with talismanic virtues. and caused them to set affoat fragments of tales, in which an Eastern princess, with rav- resplendent apparition she beheld the Eastern en locks, eyes that might have outshone in love of her wedded lord. But if so, what brightness those of the Prophet's houris, with brought her here? And she glanced tremb conspicuous part. Add to this, the discovery in her girdle, and then at the fiery passion made by the inquisitive waiting maid of Lady blazing in those beautiful eyes. Alice, of "a long tress of hair, so dark, so beautiful, it could hardly belong to a human trated by a touch from the charming yet unbeing," which tress the heir of Rievaulx Cas- welcome intruder, and she sank back motiontle was in the habit of kissing, and it will be less, as if facinated by some invisible attracadmitted that not without reason, did the Saxon maiden surmise that the heart of her betrothed vibrated towards a more potent magnet in the " Land of the Rising Sun."

" Now, Bertram," said the young Lord of Rievaulx to his squire,-the only person besides the Numidian who seemed to possess his confidence—"tell me truly have I not acted that thou ever canst possess the love of Eustralian that story of Hugo, for its not a bad one, and the part of a villain?"
"My dear master," said the obsequious

it not the Lady Zelinda's own wish that you face of the bright, yet terrible being before Gretchen Golp, he goes down to Parson Rogshould return to England and marry the stepdaughter of De Courcey."

not now," he added in a more subdued tone. "I obey my father, and the fair Alice De Courcey, shall possess the titles, and, if she will, the broad land of Rievaulx. That done, I once again remount my steed, and with no other dependent than thyself, depart."

".Not to rejoin the Lady Zelinda, I trust?" said the squire with a suppressed smile. "For, by St. Mary, I would rather not encounter her ladyship's Arab blood, inflamed by what she would consider an insult to a race whose veins, as she once told you, are filled with the fire of the sun, from which they derive her being."

" But," replied the young Lerd of Rievaulx "did she not tell me never to see her again unless as the husband of my father's ward?"

"Because," answered the squire, "she thought your love for berself so very powerful that you could not marry any one else. -And in case you should present yourself before her as the husband of another, in order to to prove his love he offered to renounce his show how faithfully you obeyed her, and to name, his country and his religion—so over his head, and back he went as hard as his claim your reward, take my word for it that whelming and allswaying was his passion. I horse could carry. the poisoned dagger or the drugged cup, not knew he was sincere. He concealed nothing shall be the guerdon of her most obedient Christian knight. Rely upon it, my Lord, that women, whether fair or dark, whether Norman or Saracen, are very deep and mysterious beings, whose words have a significance never imagined by the sluggish brain of that poor creature, man."

Before the knight had time to reply, their converse was interrupted by the sweet, yet wild note of some wandering minstrel, who at that moment began to amuse the crowd of idle retainers in the court yard below. This minstrel's notes in a few seconds had cast an entrancing spell over the knight. They recalled the visions in which he had been indulg ing with all the vividness of reality. The air, the voice, that strange wild melody, had transported him to the scenes of other days. The surrounding woods had been changed, as if by a magician's wand, into a lighted palace, decorated with a magnificence unknown to the palaces of Christian kings. And music, the soul melting music of the East, floated on the perfumed air, mingling with the murmurs of the trickling fountains. And there was a form more bright, more glorious than that which belong to the daughters of earth. And there were eyes, dark, flashing, tender eyes, never

to be forgotten. The strains of the minstrel ceased. Th timid, graceful boy performer extends his hand. A piece of gold from the young lord of Rievaulx rewards his exertions. The minstrel lifts his eyes, and for a second fixes their gaze upon the face of the knight. It was only for a second, but in that second, was accomplished the resurrection of the past.

* * * * * At length the day which was to witness the marriage of Alice de Courcey with the son of L'Espec was come and gone.

Twas midnight. The great hall of Rievaulx resounded the name of the beautious bride, as the wine-cops were quaffed on her departure to the nuptial chamber. All at once, and every eye was attracted by the alarming change which had passed over the countenance of the bridegroom. Large drops stood on his brow, his eyes stared from their sockets, and his ef forts to speak terbinated in articulate mur murs. His trusty squire, who was at hand, hastened to the assistance of his master, but on raising the goblet, which had fallen from his relaxed grasp, the valiant squire recoiled with a look of horror equal to his master's and rushed from the half. What was the cause of this? A ring, a graven emerald, glittered in the empty vessel. Yet how came it there, except by supernatural means? Had he not been so much frightened, the peculiar grin on the face of the Nubian cup-bearer, and the light form of a stripling, who bounded behind the massy columns, and disappeared by one of the side-doors, might have afforded a clue to the mystery.

Alone in her nuptial bower sat the charming Lady Alice The last of her maidens had reluctantly retired. Her snow-white robe and disheveled tresses were reflected in a splendid mirror placed before her. Her head rested on Yes, start ! 'tis true. Your victim, whose her hand, and so completely was she absorbed death twined your brow with laurels, was the as the men do in the musket-pan—to make full o' hope and fear, for I know'd they'd set ord of Rievanix there was some mysterious in her own meditations, that not until the being with whose existence you well know them go off.

Her first glance convinced her she was not sparkling wine cup except from the hand of alone. A form of surpassing loveliness stood what a cruel destiny is mine! before her. Alice remained rooted to her

Alice's heart whispered to her that in this

Alice's agitated attempt at escape was frustion.

a voice musical as the nightingales of her always carried a hen in his gig box when he own East, " wilt thou refuse the rites of hos- traveled, to pick up the oats his horse wasted pitality to a stranger on thy nuptial day ?"

tace L'Espec." At this confirmation of her worst appre-

squire, " what can you possibly mean? Was bensions, the unfortunate bride gazed in the Well, when he was going to get married to her, with a look so piteous, so helpless, that a ers at Digby, to get a license, tear drop glistened on the cheek of Z-linda, "Parson," says he, "what? Name her not, I command you-at least, for she it was, in spite of all her efforts to repress it. 'I am more to be pitied than thou art,

exclaimed Zelinda in a subdued tone; 'yet however dreadful the task, I were unworthy the race from which I sprang did I shrink from its performance. For you there remains the consolation of friends; or perhaps," she continued sarcastically, "another lord." Goaded at length to the utmost verge of en-

durance, Alice was about to call for assistance. "It is useless," said Zelinda, who observed her intention. "Your attendants cannot enter here, thanks to the vigilance of your lord's Arab followers, who know no law save my will. Listen, then, to a tale which, however painful, is necessary as a justification to future ages, for a deed of retribution demanded at my bands.

"How or where I first met the youthful Lord of Rievaulx, it is not needful here to tell. Suffice it that we met and loved-that Of you he always anced bride 'and with a brother's affection. I knot to night with my tongue that I can't an felt not one pang of jealousy, for I also felt do with my teeth." that in his love I could have no rival.

"I had a twin brother. Deprived of a father while we were infants, we grew up together under our mother's care, contrary to the customs of our country. One thought, one feeling animated us. mysterious link : in childhood he was at once my playfellow and protector; the fairest flow ers, the ripest fruits were all for his pretty Gazelle, as he fondly called me. One day my our own to morrow and that will pay for the brother left me to repair to the Emperor's

On the evening of that day, your husband, L'Espec, and I sat in the rains of the Temple of Baalbec-that gigantic fane erected by the at first, but they get saucy and lazy after a demon slaves of the great Solomon. The air while." He married her and made her dig was redolent with the perfume of the roses which clustered round the fallen columns. The | that mean. moon was high in the heavens. It was lover's own hour, and we were happy. Our bliss was

" A slave, with dusty and bloodstained vest pale face and agitated eye, suddenly approachfeet, placed a sealed package in my band.

By the pale cold light of the moon, I could easily decipher the characters since graven in fire on my brain. They informed me that my brother, my Zelim, my peerless prince, the last of his illustrious, had been slain by an infide!-a cursed giaour, an English bey, styled Eustace L'Espec! And now, lady, you ther. Therefore I am here. Therefore I surrounded him with the slaves of my will."

Before the bride, who was so completely petrified with horror and affright, could recov- | ly-the curse o' the world on 'em !' er her powers of action or of speech, the heavy tread in the adjoining chamber proclaimed the approach of the bridegroom.

Another moment and he was in the nuptial chamber, and his first glance fell upon the face of the one never forgotten being-his own my whisky stopped for a year, than do that bright, peerless Eastern star.

In an instant he was at her feet, and totally regardless of the presence of his astounded bride, covered her hands and even the hem of her robe with kisses.

" Zelinda! My worshipped! My adored one! we never part again !"

The proud Eastern beauty was overcome by his tempest of passion. She burst into tears, and throwing herself into his arms, returned his ardent embrace, and wept uncontrolled on his bosom. But speedily she disengaged her-

"Lord of Rievaulx," she at length exclaimed, "we meet once more and for the last time !"

"Zelinda !" was the only agonized reply that burst from his lips. " Interrupt me not !" said the lady : I have a fearful duty to fulfill."

"Mercy! mercy, Zelinda!" exclaimed the tortured lover. " Am I not merciful," she replied, " to my recreant lover, to the marder of my brother

understanding. In the chase, in the hall, or clock had struck the hour of one did she raise that of Zelinda was entwined! What? You knew him not? No matter, for his revenge am I reserved! And yet, oh great Allah!

Next moment, and the poisoned dagger, Great sorrow overshadowed the once cheer- seat and trembled as she gazed on the wild which was inserted in her girdle, gleamed in ful spirit of the beauteous Lady Alice, nor and dazzling lustre of those dark eyes, though the air, and it was sent with lightning rapidiwas the gloom of that sorrow at all lessened subdued by the long fringed lashes. Raven ty, straight into the heart of the ill-fated L'Esby the conduct of the Eastern followers of her tresses fell in disorder over her neck and dress, pec! He fell without a groan! Another inaffianced lord. Those strangers were a wild and the back of the seat against which she stant, and the weapon, crimsoned with the

speedily filled the nuptial chamber.

Alice de Courcey was a raving maniac .-The Lord of Rievaulx was a childless and spirit-broken old man. From that awful night the world had no attractions for him, and the extensive provinces for her dowry, played a lingly, first at the rich posiard which gleamed Castle of L'Espec, and the rich lands lying alorg the wood-embosomed Rie, he bequeath ed to the order of Cistercian friars, who in due time reared the once splendid Abbey of Rievaulx .- Reynold's Miscellany.

> A TERRIBLE MEAN MAN .- We've known some very mean men in our time. There was "Bride of L'Espec," exclaimed the lady, in Deacon Overreach; now he was so mean, he in the manger, and lay an egg for his break-Without waiting for a reply, the stranger fast in the morning. And then there was Hucontinued, "Thou art fair-fair as the peris | go Himmelon, who made his wife dig potatoes good stories, like potatoes are not so plenty now as they used to be when we were a boy.

" Parson," says he, " what's the price of a license ?" "Six dollars."

"That's a dreadful sight of money. Couldn't you take no less?"
"No," says he, "that what they cost me at the Secretary's office, at Halifax."

"Well, how much do you ask for publish ing in church, then ?"

"Nothing," says the parson. "Well," says Hogo, "that's so cheap can't expect you to give no change back. think I'll be published. How long does it

take? " Three Sundays."

"Three Sundays!" says Hugo. "Well, that's a long time. But three Sundays only make a fortnight, after all ; two for the cov ers and one for the inside like; and six dollars is a great sum of money for a poor man to throw away. I must wait."

So off he went, jogging towards home, and looking about as mean as a new sheared sheep, when all at once a bright thought came into

"Parsons," says he, "I've changed my ind. Here's the six dollars. "I'll tie the

"Why, what in nature is the meaning of all this?" asked the parsons.

"Why," says Hugo, "I've been cyphering it out in my head, and its cheaper than publishing bans, after all. You see, sir, it's pota-We were united by a to digging time, if I wait to be called in church, her father will have her work for nothing : and as hands are scarce and wages high. if I marry her to night she can begin to dig license, and just seven shillings over, for there ain't a man in all Clements that can dig and carry as many bushels in a day as Gretchen And besides, fresh wives work like fory can. potatoes during the honeymoon. We call

How PADDY BROUGHT THE JUDGE. - Some years ago there became quite a struggle between two certain prominent Democrats as to which should go delegate to the State Coned and suddenly, prostrating himself at my vention. The evening prior to holding the County Convention, Judge M- and Squire - each had ballots printed with the names of their friends upon them. The Judge's delegates were defeated, and before retiring he consoled himself by loading his hat with bricks. Next morning, in good season, acting upon the principle that "a hair of the dog is good for the bite," he went in pursuit of a "hair."may guess the rest of my tale. My brother Just as he was calling for the decoction, Bill murdered by my lover, it became my duty, as McBlarney stepped into the saloon and saluted it is my destiny, to be the avenger of my bro. the Jadge, when the following dialogue en-

"The top o' the mornin' to ye, Judge. And the murtherin' thaves bate us last night entire-

"Good morning, Billy. Yes, Squire was rather heavy. But I say, Billy, I understand you voted against me. How is that?" Billy McBlarney voted against ye! The lyin' spalpeens! By me sowl, I'd rather have

same thing." "What ticket did you vote. Billy ?"

"And sure I voted the ticket wid yer honor's name on the top of it." " But, Billy, my name was the last on the

list, at the bottom." This was rather a puzzler to Billy; he scratched his head for an instant, when he

suddenly exclaimed-"Bad luck, and what a fool I am! I voted the ticket upside down."

The Judge immediately ordered an eyeopener for Billy ; he fairly beat him on exami-

An Irishman ruminating in his bliss apon the banks of a sonthern creek espied a terrapin pluming himself. 'Oche, hone !' exclaimed he, solemnly, 'that

I ever I should come to Ameriky to see a snuff-box walk !' 'Whist, Pat,' said his wife, 'don't be after makin' fun of the bird.'

The girls use powder on the faces just

Letter from Missouri.

HEAD QUARTERS, Mo. INFANTRY VOLS. Pacific, Franklin Co., Mo., Jan. 21, 1863.

from Macon to this place, after stopping about and swum across, den kep' up t'other side till two weeks at Benton Barracks. We arrived de dogs found me out agin, den I cross back here about the 25th December, and proceeded same way. In dat way I fooled de dogs and at once to relieve the 4th Missouri Volunteers, | crossed de river seven times, but dey stack to stationed in squads and guarding bridges be- me till Wednesday evenin' two hours by sun, tween St. Louis and Jefferson City on the Pa- before dey lef' me quit. In de night I somecific R. R. and Southwest Branch.

My Company is stationed at this place, and sheep, and I would go close by their door Head Quarters Commander of the Post, mark- so to bother de dogs. ed on the map as Franklin, but the Post Of-

great "Catawba Wine" district. The inhabi- dese fellows tho't 'twould pay right smart to tants in town are mostly Germans, but the git me. I was in sight ov um a good many country around is decidedly "secesh." Still, times, but I could keep away from dem better the heavy bonds they have been placed under dan de dogs, for den I had to 'round on my prevents them from showing too much of their same track and back and forth, every way, for rebellious proclivities -- a poor excuse, I think, dere was thirty-two of um, and dey was mighty

forefathers rebel against King George? Ver- me. Dey see my track so many times, dey ily not; the principles that founded this great tell it quick, so I took de woods, den de fiel', Nation and made it shine above all others on and so on. the globe, still exist; and as long as I can prompts me, and let my right arm drop to my Thursday night, I passed by um and went all side paralized when I cease to persecute to the death the rebel minions who dare set up for themselves in defiauce of that beautiful ensign of Liberty" that I so often gaze at but to a mire.

The "Stars & Stripes" were good enough for my ancestors, and they're good enough for

But while Missouri is striving to her utmost to regain a position in the constellation of that " banner," and to extinguish that curse which has blotted her fair name, the only cause why King Jeff. has his eye upon her and still claims her—the "bone of contention"— I mean the "nigger"—I say when this horrible war here in Missouri has brought the people to see the influence that has been exerted to drag this State from the Union, they are now resolved to do away with that curse forever; and in the face of this, the noblest act mies. of the State, a party has sprung up, calling themselves "Conservatives," (?) who seek in every possible way to block the wheels of but rise in their sepulchral robes and view this "modern Democracy," in its attitude for place and power over the rains of this great and hide their heads in disgust, after viewing oury & Co. ! It makes my heart bleed to ontemplate the villainy practiced by these poitical bloodhounds, who are secretly plotting another Revolution, while the honest soldier is trudging along in his wearisome work of putting down this fiendish Rebellice. Oh! where is that American pride, American honor, American feeling-the spirit of their fath ers? Whither has fled the fires of "ancient Democracy ?-whither has fled their American souls, whither their personal honor, to thus, in the face of bleeding thousands of Union soldiers-(say nothing of the treasure that has been expended)-conspire against the government-the government that made and sus tained many of them, but to regain place and power? There is but one course to pursue. The Government must put its hand firmly up on the neck of the first breathing embryo of this conspiracy, let it manifest itself where it will. Whether it be a conservative Democratic Legislature, Governor or Senator-anything that threatens to interpose itself between the Government and the child of its wrath to

latter, must be strangled in its birth. Yet I fear a dark future in contemplating the past twelve months; but Gon is on the side of "freedom," and if our enemies gain the ascendancy for a time, 'twill be but for us to hurl them farther down to regions of infamy from whence they first sprung.

thwart the purpose of the former, to chastise

into obedience and restore to good order the

Your wandering boy, N. J. CAMP, Lieuteuant 23d Mo. Vols.

LETTER FROM VIRGINIA.

CHRISTMAS, 1862.

MR. EDITOR :- I write at this time to give you a sketch of Contraband History, which will be read with interest by all persons not familiar with real life in the South. We have read many tales and romances of hairbreadth escapes, etc., but the simple stories of contrabands now within our lines are fully equal to any production of the imagination, and quite as full of interest; and if people generally were better acquainted with the facts, a few of the stories so loadly proclaimed by traitors and conservatives, would be entirely exploded.

I give below the simple words of a mulatto. one of our cooks, who has chosen since coming among us, the name of "John Brown"-(has he ever heard of the old veteran?) wisely keeping back his former name :-

"I made up a mind to run away when de rebels drafted me to work on magazines and trowin' up bressworks at Yorktown las' January. Dey draft'd me for a month and kep me six weeks, den I went home down in Norf Carlina with my company-one hundred and thirty-six of us, afoot down to Grover's Warf on Jeems River, den on hoat up to City Pint, den on de cars up to Petersburgh, den to Hicks' Ford, den afoot home, sixteen miles dat is sixty miles from here. If I'd know'd den what I do now I'd neber went down home from Yorktown. All 'long den till June I ken' thinkin' 'bout goin', and one Monday night I started, lef' my wife and two children -(never spec' to see um agin-but I rather die-be shot dead than be a slave any more,) de dogs after me. I went to Holey's bridge steal is to buy and not pay.

whar some boys I was goin' with crossed Maharan River, but I would cross no bridge, for den dey'd track me, so I turned up de river. My Dear Father and Mother:—Since I dogs comin' on my track. When dey come wrote you last our locality has been changed times went into folks' lots where dere was hogs

But after I got clear o' de dogs dere was fice is "Pacific," from the fact that an office nineteen fellows o' my marster's neighbors folof that name (Franklin) exists in Boone Co. lered me three days. My marster offer'd sev-We are just 37 miles from St. Louis, in the en hundred dollars for me, dead or 'live, and to make a man loyal to his country! keen. I kep' on night and day, but de men

Do you suppose that money would buy my
patriotism? Was it money that made our of de road all night, thinkin' dey was ahead o'

I got to de Blackwater at Wyanoak Ferry wield the sabre for those principles, let me be | Friday mornin', and de hunters didn't git dere conscious of the act that patriotism alone till Saturday mornin', for when dey stopped night.

. I never made no stop har'ly, but got three poles and fasten'd um togedder wid some grape wines and crossed right over Blackwater, den I didn't fear um in de least, for de Union calvary was 'round dere, and I reckon seven hundred dollars wouldn't be worth much to um over here."

Such, Mr. Editor, is the experience of thou-sands of those called "contrabands," who are willing to risk everything for liberty, and pass through, as it were, fire and water, running the guantlet with bloodhounds, and bloodthirsty men on horseback, spurred on by every stimulant that money and negro hate could produce.

I have conversed with many contrabands. who all express a warm desire to be enlisted as soldiers, and help fight their and our ene-

They have the will, they have the power of endurance, far beyond our white men. and their wonderful capacity for imitation, would Government, calling this unconstitutional and make them very efficient in drill in a short that usurpation, and all for what? Ah! I can tell you!—" Democracy" Ah, that Thomas Jefferson and Andrew Jackson of old could tention, for the raising of two hundred regitention, for the raising of two hundred regiments of "men of African descent?"

I would like to command a company of stont negroes-(and they are all stout)-they would Republic! How they would blush with shame, outscout, outmarch, and outlight the best of our Northern soldiers in this climate.

But perhaps the Administration will continue to be blind to the interests of the coun-

If the Cabinet had melted and a new one built upon the proper basis, a change might have been expected.

Every one here is indignant that Banks was sent skylarking down to the Gulf, instead of operating against Richmond-the all important point. We expected to form a junction with im and march against Petersburgh, and we had a right to expect it, for such a move would distract the enemy and make a division of heir forces in front of Burnside necessary; out no, the forces at Suffolk must lie idle, Banks is sent to Mobile, while all are left to wonder-but not that Burnside was repulsed, or such strategy would defeat the Almighty.

We expect to march to North Carolina to. morrow, to help Gen. Foster; so be it-it will do you more good to hear from us-in the field.

H. S. PARKHURST, Co. G, 39th Illinois.

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING .- Mr. Hresides in Fourth street, New-York. His wife, who is an economical body, had sent a costly silk gown to a French dyer. The dyer himself brought home the silk dress, and unluckily as it happened, met the husband of the lady at the door.

" Is madam within?" asked the Frenchman. "And suppose she is, what do you want with her ? "I am dying for her, sare."

"You dying for my wife! Get out of my house, you scoundrel !" and he had just raised his foot to kick the honest artisan into the street as the lady made her appearance and set the matter to rights.

The ceremony of tying the auptial knot very much simplified in the Hoosier State. as the following scene will show :-"What is your name?" demanded the jus-

"What is yours, Miss?" " Polly."

" Matty, do you love Polly ?" "No mistake."

"Polly, do you love Matty?"

" Well I reckon."

"Well, then," concludes the official dignity, "I pronounce you man and wife, All the days of your life."

The man who would recommend him-

self to the respect of others by crying up the merits of his parentage, proves that he has no merits of his own.

Educate the whole man-the head. the heart, the body ; the head to think, the heart to feel, and the body to act.

Religious expressions, being sacred things must never be made use of in light and ludicrous actions.

The safest and most common way to