# The Bradford Reporter.

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## Selected Poetry.

### THERE'S NOTHING LOST.

There's nothing lost. The tiniest flower
That grows within the darkest vale,
Though hid from view has still the power
The rarest perfume to exale;
That perfume, borne on zephyr's wings,
May visit some lone sick one's bed,
And, like the calm affections brings,
Twill scatter gladness round her head.

There's nothing lost. The drop of dew
That trembels in the rose-bud's breast,
Will seek its home of ether blue
And fall again as pure and blest;
Perchance to revel in the spray,
To cool the dry and parching sod,
To mingle in the fountain spray
Or sparkle in the bow of God.

There's nothing lost. The seed that's cast
By careless hands upon the ground
Will take root and may at last
A green, a glorious tree be found;
Beneath its shade some pilgrim may
Seek shelter from the heat of noon,
While in its boughs the breezes play,
And song birds sing their sweetest tune.

There's nothing lost. The slightest tone
Or whisper from a loved one's voice
May melt a heart of hardest stone,
And make a saddened breast rejoice;
And then, perchance, the careless word
Our thoughtless lips too often speak,
May touch a heart already stirred
And cause that troubled heart to break.

There's nothing lost. The faintest strain
Of breathing from some dear one's lute,
In memory's dream may come again
Though every mournful string be mute;
The music of some happier hour,
The harp that swells with love's own word
May thrill the soul with deepest power,
When still the hand that swept its chords.

Then let us make the plan our own
For Heaven's teachings are the best!
The blessing that is wisely used,
Increases and we're doubly bless'd!
And be our lot with rich or poor,
By sunshine warm'd or tempest tossed,
So guide our hands that we may say,
There's nothing Wasted, nothing Lost.

## Miscellaneous.

### RED JIM.

AN AUSTRALIAN STORY.

Five and twenty years ago it was such a summer, here in Victoria, as it now is in the end of February, 1865; that is to say, the bush grass lay long and dead amid moveless trees, or upon level tiresome plains; the heated air quivered along the low horizon, and danced above the withered verdure like the surroundings of a furnace. There had been a long season of drought. Nothing but dry water beds, distressed flocks, and wandering cattle, were to be seen anywhere; sometimes the black heavy masses of smoke would roll along the distant sky, and cloud the glaring sun to crimson. Sometimes in the close night, a flush, far and faint, told that the conflagrations which had not yet reached us were sweeping many an acre of brush or pasture land. That was a summer I never shall forget! Day after day the dazzling bright sky, the scorched hills and plains, the weary irritating sense of prostration. I watched the poor half-maddened sheep, weeks upon weeks, with a painful sense of duty which is present to me even now.—There was little feed they could eat, and still less of filthy stagnant water in the sole muddy pool on which they depended as their last resource. Listlessly they coiled in the shade, and listlessly I watched them, until I began to experience a fierce irritable longing for rain that haunted me day and night like a coming mania. Some nights I threw myself down outside the hut and tried to sleep, but could find no rest; the still hot atmosphere kept up the fever that was coming upon me, and my slumber was ever broken. I used to envy the old station horse they had left for my use, when I heard him nibbling among the grass in the darkness of the night, and snorting satisfaction that the sun had passed the hazy hills. After a time I began to weary the walk home, and, taking with me an extra supply of tea and damper, made a practice of camping where the sheep camped; visiting my hut only as the vagaries of the flock led me to its vicinity; then I replenished my stock and left with the sheep again. I am sure I had fever, and would soon be delerious, for I had nothing to relieve the frightful monotony—always the same brazen sky, the dead swelling heat, the motionless forest, the strange murmurings of the wilderness, like the faint whisperings of a sea shell.

One night I was lying tossing about in the long grass of a box swamp, not a mile from my hut. I chose the place because the ground was cooler there than on the unsheltered plain; and as I looked up to the dull starlight, I thought of many of my boyish remembrances, and soon felt that I was weeping what time they surged up dimly and tenderly. How I longed for the bleak sky, the cold bracing wind, and the sleety rain of home! How I longed for the pattering fall of rain on the windows, and the winter comforts of the bright hearthstone. Somehow these longings wove in my thoughts, and in a partial dream I heard winter songs again, and loud words and laughter.

I awoke with a sudden start to see, not twenty yards from me, three men holding their horses and speaking to each other about some bush fire. I could hardly persuade myself that I was not still dreaming.

One of the men was soon engaged in lighting a fire on the bare patch of ground, and I was about rising to join them and taste of companionship once more, when a column of flame started up suddenly, and displayed a face that caused me to shrink back again with a muttered thanksgiving that I was not discovered. The face that the fire revealed was known to me at once, though I had never seen it before. The one eye and hare lip of "Red Jim" had been freely spoken about in every shepherd's hut on the surrounding stations. There was no mistaking him. The bull-dog forehead, the heavy jaw, and the thick neck, were features that in themselves would have sufficiently pointed out the identily of this escaped convict. Recalling the man now, as I saw him then, I think I never beheld so perfect an impersonation of a bad criminal. It was well known that Red Jim had escaped from penal servitude, accompanied by three others, but had arrived in this colony alone. It was equally well known that he could only have survived the incredible journey by canibalism. Red Jim had ruthlessly murdered one or two settlers against whom he entertained a grudge, and every effort was being made at that time to capture him. There was nothing remarkable in the faces of his companions. They simply showed by word and feature all the evidences of ruffianism usual in men of their class. They had coarse long limbs and heavy reckless faces, seared into revolting harshness by a long series of crimes. Two of them were armed with guns.

These thoughts and observations passed through my mind in much less time than it takes to write them. I was speedily recalled from speculation by hearing the word "Hallelujah" used. Hallelujah was the only sobriquet given to my master because of his strictly adhering to the habit of reading prayers in the family, morning and evening. Mr. Christmas was a kind, benevolent man, respected by every hand on the station; and by none more than myself. He had been very considerate to me in a late illness, and often thought by many subsequent attentions to cheer the lone lines of my employment. One of Red Jim's companions, in answer to something Red Jim said, replied with an oath:

"Yes, we'll see if his psalm singing will save him now."

Then the other said: "There are a couple of women there, and we shall have to give them a taste of bush life, before morning."

"Look ye'ere," growled the ruffian, "we'll roast Hallelujah first. That's our look out. We'll see if the old prayer-patter has nothing else to do but to help to run us down. Give him a taste of fire before the devil gets him."

I had no fever, no lassitude, now; the prostration of the last few weeks left me as by magic, and in its stead I felt a fierce, delightful energy tingling through every nerve. Down close amongst the dry tindering grass, away with suppressed breath, and a wild feeling closing round my heart, I crept from the vicinity of the fire. I pursued my way on my hands and knees, with a slow determined care that has since surprised me, avoiding every branch or twig that might crackle in my path. I hurried on past the flock without so much as disturbing a sheep.

Not till a long safe distance intervened did I stand erect, and fresh for the events of the night. Whatever they might be, God in his mercy alone knew.

I turned and saw the black forms of the bush-rangers moving about the blaze, and with a run I started for the hut. Before a quarter of an hour I saw it dimly against the sky, and almost at the same instant a frightened snort told me that the horse was within a few yards of my course. Uttering a hurried thanksgiving that I had found him so providentially near, I unfastened the hobbles with quick steady hands, and led him to the threshold.

I put on the patched saddle and bridle, and in another five minutes the fine old cob was stretching himself to a swift free gallop. My mind was too full for thought; but I can remember uttering repeatedly the words, "thank God!"

What a contrast to the still hot monotonous days, and the enervated frame! What a testimony to the power of mental excitement over bodily lassitude. The horse felt my determination too, and sped along without pause or stumbling. It was seven miles to the station, and the black belts of timber rose, and passed, and came again, as I hurried on for dear life, over crabbed ground and abrupt hillocks. The brave old cob had as little thought of rest as I had. Once, indeed, he paused at a rocky crossing place, but immediately resumed the swift pace at which he had started.—Have horses intuition or presentment? I don't know; but I have often wondered at the long unurged gallop of that brave gelding.

There away beyond in the black darkness, I see something that is not a star. It is moving, or is it the pace of a house. No, there it is again. Hurrah, it is a candle. It is the homestead, calm and peaceful. Again, thank God.

Strange to say, I never felt such a sense of pleasure as I did when I learned that I had found the house so quickly—the most familiar point is not easily gained in the trackless bush at night. A minute more, and I had dismounted to take down the slip panels of the station fence; another minute, and I had galloped up to the front entrance at a pace that lashed the gravel from the trim-kept paths.

The door opened, and a gush of light streamed upon the darkness, gleaming on the sides of the reeking horse. Mr. Christmas himself—old, but hale and vigorous as many a young man—peered out into the night with an expression of surprise. In beyond were the evidences of calm and refinement. A quiet comfort dwelt in the glimpse I had of the room, and settled upon me even then, rough bushman as I was, with a pleasing sense. I can recall myself, bending below the withers of the panting horse, to peer under the rather low verandah, my dress wet with perspiration from his heavy sides, and my hand pressing the moisture from his shoulders till I heard it fall pattering on the gravel.

Mr. Christmas thought that it was the working overseer, for he said, "Is that you, Curran?" and without waiting for a reply, he turned to place the light upon the table, and then stepped out to where I was.

"Well, Curran, what is it? I thought you were at the fire."

"It is not Curran, sir," I replied, "but Ned, the shepherd. I have come to tell you—"

"Better have some supper first, Ned.—You've had a hard ride, I see. Are the sheep all right?"

"There is no time for supper. Red Jim."

I hurriedly told him all I knew. He heard me to the end without once interrupting, and then said quickly, "Come in. There is indeed no time to lose."

I stepped after him across the pleasant room, where there were seated two ladies, reading.

"Ladies," said Mr. Christmas, as gracefully as though I held the position of a gentleman rather than that of a servant, "this is Ned Graham, the shephard, to whom you remember sending medicine and comfort during his illness." The ladies bowed pleasantly as Mr. Christmas continued, "he has now come to return your kindness with interest."

They looked at me with some surprise; principally, I think, because of the emphatic, distinct way in which the last few words were spoken. After a pause, the master said, "Amelia, Emily, I wish to speak to you both for a moment."

They all three left the room, while I, curious in such matters, looked at the open books that were lying on the table. One was Ivanhoe; a second some French work; and that opposite the old gentleman's chair a large family bible.

In a few minutes I heard Mr. Christmas's step as he returned with two double barreled guns. There was a rigid expression on his face, very different to what I had ever seen there before, not the slightest evidence of faltering or fear."

"Are you cool, and a good shot?" were the first words he uttered.

"I am, sir," I replied, confidently. "Are the guns loaded and the ladies safe?"

"Take a glass of brandy and I will tell you."

He signed to a sideboard, where a decanter stood. I was about to follow his suggestion, when he said, "Stay! Don't pass between the light and the window. Go round the table. Everything must wear the appearance of peace. We cannot tell where they are now, and it would not do to arouse their suspicions."

In a few minutes the light was extinguished, the door was bolted, and we stepped quickly out on the little parterre in front.

"Now," said my master, slowly, "there are only ourselves to defend my home and my children. My servants are all absent at a bush fire that was reported this afternoon, and everything will depend upon our coolness and determination. We cannot do otherwise than to shoot to kill. The gang will, of course enter by the slip panels, for they will not run the risk of leaving their horses behind. Then, as the faintest noise could be heard on such a night as this, they will not hazard the pulling down of a fence. We will each take up a position behind the large posts, take sure aim, and fire low. I'll fire first."

As silently as spectres, we walked across to the paddock entrance, and stopped opposite each other at the place indicatod.—With straining eyes and beating heart, I peered into obscurity. Afar, I thought I could see a faint tint on the sky, like the reflection of the ruffian's camp fire. The night was terribly silent and oppressive. There was nothing apparently on which to exercise the senses but a kind of overpowering hush. There was a dim, hazy curtain across the sky, and the night was of a black darkness. I should have thought oftentimes that I was dreaming, were it not for the patient motionless figure opposite, and the faint stars. Inaction under such circumstances is hardly to be borne, and my thoughts often wandered from their very intensity. I began to speculate how long it would take a star to pass some black ragged patch of cloud, and then I would look before me and see it dancing on the darkness. Then the face of Red Jim would grow upon me, till I saw the hideous features close to where I stood. Still, no sound broke on the dark shrouding night. Sometimes I thought, with a chilly start, that the bushrangers might have approached the house by some other way, but up behind me all was quiet.

At last there came a thin, faint murmur that barely caught the ear, and as I listened to know if it were real, I caught another but better defined noise that overpowered the first. At last I detected something that might be foot-falls of a horse; sometimes it would die away and come again, but each time more clearly that before. And yet I could not feel certain that I was not deceiving myself. Eventually I heard a muffled sound, distinct and defined enough to proclaim the approach of a horse, or horses.

Mr. Christmas heard it also, for I dimly saw him move.

My hand felt along the cool barrels, and toyed with the hammers and triggers anxiously enough, and I put the gun to my shoulder against the sky, but failed to see the "view." Just as I had taken the weapon down again, Mr. Christmas said, in a clear, low whisper, "Be sure you aim low, and don't be in a hurry."

As the sounds of the horses' hoofs and of voices mingled, I detected the double click from the opposite gun. I followed the example, and, with both guns cocked, we waited the enemy's nearest approach.—Gradually, I recognized the outlines of the men against the sky, cloudy as it was; they were approaching in single file, and as they became blacker and better defined I heard a stifled laugh and an oath. In a short time they were within twenty yards of where we stood, and they pulled up to consult. Although they spoke in whispers, I heard much that passed, for my sense of hearing had become extremely acute, as that of all shepherds does. It was impossible to distinguish by the tones who the speakers were, but I heard one of them inquire:

"Are you shure the hands ain't above?"

"Sartin—when Leary spun his yarn about the fire, the cove sent em all away to it."

"Hallelujah fust. If we fire the box, it'l bring 'em back."

"And no grabbing the molls," whispered one of them, authoritatively, and whom I fancied was Red Jim, "till I make the cursed old psalm-singer a back log for the bonfire. Then we'll make love if you choose."

"Come on!" said an impatient voice, "don't hold a prayer meeting over it."

They then tied their horses to a fence that ran at right angles to the post against which I stood, and approached the entrance still in single file. I determined to adhere strictly to the orders I had received, and waited for the opposite fire. I knew that my companion would allow the men to advance a little, so that he might not endanger me; and it was with a throbbing heart that I saw the black form of the first bushranger pass between us.

I heard him stumble with an oath over a cart rut. Then a line of flame cut its abrupt short track on the darkness, and the sound had not passed to echoes before a shrill cry followed it, as the villain staggered on a few paces and fell, plowing up the dust. The light of the discharge had just died out, when I heard another snap, as a sportsman shoots when firing right and left. I knew that the master's gun was now useless.

"Com on, Nix! It's the cove himself. I saw him by the light of the shot; his sting's gone now." And one of the men rushed to where my master stood, followed by his comrade.

I had one of them covered, but if I fired (I heard the noise of struggling,) I might kill my master. Thus I stood with the gun at aim, undecided and half mad. The voice of the men saying, "Dawn, you knife him!" resolved me, I fired amongst them. I saw some one sink down, but I could not tell who it was, and, as he appeared to let go his hold, and rush to the horses, I took a second hurried aim and fired; then I bounded across the entrance, just in time to see the wounded wretch bending over Mr. Christmas and trying to strangle him. In a moment the gun was poised and smashed to fragments on his skull. But we had exposed our strength, and the remaining bushranger, who believed that he had stabbed my companion, seized one of the guns left standing at the fence, and fired. The ball was unpleasantly close, and I had scarce time to know that I was uninjured, when Red Jim himself was upon me with the weapon clubbed. I made a rapid spring at him before the blow could fall, and grappled with him. We rolled on the ground together. With all the force of my strength I resisted his efforts to grasp me by the throat, and at last his hideous face sunk close to mine, and his teeth met beneath my chin. I experienced a suffocating, giddy feeling, and then I heard hurried voices and running feet just as I felt my grip relax powerless. But the frightful grasp relaxed too, and Red Jim rose to his feet and jumped on my chest with all his force.

When I came to consciousness I found myself in the cheerful parlor, and the ladies' hands were tenderly washing away the traces of the fight. Mr. Christmas had fainted from loss of blood, but was not dangerously wounded.

Red Jim escaped, but his two companions, neither of whom were killed, were given into the safe keeping of the authorities, and afterwards hanged.

Three years after the affray, Mr. Christmas made me his overseer, and finally his manager. A long time has passed since then, but yet a closer relationship exists between us. I am writing the tale of my early experience at the same table whereupon I saw the Bible on that memorable night. There is a lady who sits opposite to me. She was the reader of Ivanhoe, the daughter of Mr. Christmas, and she is now my wife.

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BE YOUR OWN RIGHT HAND MAN.—People who have been bolstered up and levered all their lives are seldom good for anything in a crisis. When misfortune comes, they look around for something to lean upon. If the prop is not there, down they go. Once down, they are as helpless as capsized turtles, or unhorsed men in armor, and cannot find their feet again without assistance. Such silken fellows no more resemble self-made men, who have fought their way to position, making difficulties their stepping-stones, and deriving determination from defeat, than vines resemble oaks, or sputtering rushlights the stars of heaven. Efforts persisted in to achievements train a man to self-reliance, and when he has proved to the world that he can trust himself, the world will trust him.

We say, therefore, that it is unwise to deprive young men of the advantages which result from their energetic action, by boosting them over obstacles which they ought to surmount alone.

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IS HIS PURSE CONVERTED?—A Methodist laborer in Wesley's time, Captain Webb, when any one informed him of the conversion of a rich man, was in the habit of asking, "is his purse converted?" Without the conversion of his purse, the good Captain could give no credit to the conversion of the man. In this he agreed with Dr. Adam Clark, who used to say he did not believe in the religion that cost a man nothing. The religion that costs a man nothing is no religion at all, and the being converted, all but the purse, is no conversion at all.

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TWO SHARPS.—An old man picked up a half dollar in the street. "Old man, that's mine," said a keen looking rascal, "so hand it over." "Did thine have a hole in it?" asked the old man. "Yes," replied the other, smartly. "Then it is not thine," mildly replied the old man; "thou must learn to be a little sharper next time, my boy."

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A DANISH writer speaks of a hut so miserable that it did not know which way to fall, and so kept standing. This is like the man that had such a complication of diseases that he did not know what to die of, and so lived on.

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A FERRYMAN, whilst plying over a river which was only slightly agitated, was asked by a timid lady in his boat, whether any persons were ever lost in that river. "Oh no," said he, "we always find 'em agin the next day."

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Two things to be kept—your word and your temper. The former when dealing with a printer, and the latter when disputing with a woman.

## ANDERSONVILLE.

HOW OUR SOLDIERS WERE MURDERED THERE—THE SYSTEMATIC ACTS OF CRUELTY PRACTISED BY THE COMEANDERS OF THE POST—A RECORD OF THE MOST HORRIBLE DEEDS EVER COMMITTED BY MEN—ANOTHER ILLUSTRATION OF "SOUTHERN CHIVALRY."

*To the Editors of the New York Evening Post:*

There appears to be a disposition on the part of some of the public press to mitigate the offences and crimes of Major Henry Wertz, late the responsible keeper of the stockade at Andersonville, Ga., and to throw upon others the responsibilities that justly attach to those alone who were in immediate command of that prison. Being personally acquainted with most of the officers who were stationed at Andersonville, and knowing much of the treatment of those who were so unfortunate as to have been confined in that pen of horror, I have thought that a condensed statement of how things were managed and prisoners of war were treated there might not be entirely unacceptable to your readers.

I wish to be understood as not desirous to forestall the action or opinion of the commission which is about to investigate this matter, or to add anything to the feeling entertained toward Major Wertz. It is enough for him to rest, now and forever, under an obloquy that no time and no repentance can obliterate; to feel within himself the unenviable pangs which the recollection of his powerless murdered victims will ever arouse, and to know that whatever may be the award of a human tribunal his punishment is already decreed.

The prison of Andersonville is a stockade of about eighteen feet high, the posts comprising it being sunk in the ground five feet. It originally comprised an area of eighteen acres, but was subsequently enlarged to twenty-seven acres. The enclosure is upon the side of a hill, looking toward the south, at the foot of which is a small brook, about five feet wide and as many inches deep, which furnished water for the use of the prisoners. Within this enclosure were turned the prisoners as they arrived, and left to provide for themselves, there being no shelters, or arbors, or any kind of protection afforded, by trees or otherwise, against the burning rays of the Southern sun, the furious storms, or the freezing winters.

The position was selected by Capt. Winder, a son of Gen. John H. Winder, who was sent from Richmond for that purpose in the latter part of 1863. When it was suggested to him by a disinterested but human spectator of his operations that it would perhaps be better to leave the trees standing within the proposed stockade, as they would afford shade to the prisoners, he replied: "That was just what he was not going to do; he was going to make a pen for the——Yankees, where they would rot faster than they could be sent there."

And admirably did he accomplish his mission.

The first commandant of the post was Col. Persons, who was soon succeeded by John H. Winder, with his son as Adjutant his nephew as commissary and sutler, and Henry Wertz in immediate command of the prisoners. There were generally stationed there for guard duty from three to six regiments of infantry, with one company of artillery, having a battery of six pieces, according to the exigencies of the case, the numberof prisoners then confined, or the fears entertained of an attempt to set them at liberty by raiding parties of United States troops.

When prisoners were first received it was usual to subject them to a search for money, valuables, &c., which, ostensibly, were to be restored when they were released from captivity, but which, in reality, went into the pockets of those who controlled the prison. Notwithstanding a law of the confederacy, expressly prohibiting the dealing in 'green-backs," yet the initiated—a few whose "loyalty" was unquestioned—could always obtain for a consideration the greenbacks they required.

The writer of this was the foreman of the last grand jury which was empanneled for Sumner Co., Ga., and in the performance of his duties he had to investigate a large number of presentiments for dealing in the forbidden currency, which was brought against poor Union men in every instance. Struck by this fact, he resolved to examine, as his position gave him a right to do, into all the circumstances—where the money orriginally came from, who did the selling of it, indeed, the whole *modus operandi*, and he elicited the fact above stated, how the money was obtained, that the Windsers and Wertz were the principals, acting through subordinates, in gathering bushels of plums, in the way of premiums, &c. Meanwhile, the prisoners were left to the tender mercies of their jailor and commissary for their food, which might have been improved in quantity, at least, if their money had been left in their own possession.

At first it was customary to send a wagon into the stockade every morning at ten o'clock, loaded with the rations for the day—bacon and corn-bread, nothing else; but as the number of prisoners increased and the greed of gain grew upon the trio above mentioned, the corn-bread was reduced in quality, being then manufactured of equal proportions of ground field peas and corn, unbolted, unsifted, uncleansed, indeed, from the dirt and trash which peas naturally accumulate; and at last, when the number of prisoners increased to over thirty-seven thousand, the meat rations per week were reduced to a piece of bacon, for each man, about three inches long and two wide, with one *pone* of the bread above described per day. Then, also, the custom of carrying the prisoners' food into the stockade in wagons was abolished. They drove up to the gates, which were slightly opened, and the scanty food, foul and unhealthy as it was, was thrown inside by the guard, to be scrabbled for by the wretched prisoners, the strongest and those nearest the gate getting the largest share, the weak and sickly getting none.

I have mentioned the small brook which runs through the lower part of the stockade and which supplied the water for drinking and washing. This brook had its rise in a swamp not far from the prison, and at no time, certainly not for a lengthened period, was the water suitable or healthy; but when the fæces and filth, the drainage of the whole camp of prisoners, came to be superadded to the natural unfitness of the water for drinking or cleansing purposes, my readers can judge what thirst was assuaged, or fever cooled, or throbing temples washed, by this floating stream of filth and disease! At any time, under the most rigid hygienic restrictions, it is difficult to maintain health and cleanliness among a large body of men—what do you think was the condition of thirty-seven thousand half-naked, half-starved men, without any police regulations, under no moral or restraining influences? If the remnant who were finally allowed to pass out of this military Golgotha were not wild beasts, unwashed, befouled devils, no thanks are to be given to Henry Wertz for lack of effort to produce such a consummation.

When it rained, as it does in that climate almost continually during the spring and fall months, the soil within the enclosure was one mass of loblolly, soft mud, at least fifteen inches in depth, through which stalked and staggered the gaunt, half-clad wretches thus confined. *The stench from the prison could be perceived for two miles, and farmers living in the neighborhood began to fear for the health of their families.*

As a consequence of this, the hospitals—facetious was Wertz in his horrible humanity—were crowded to repletion with the emaciated, starved, and diseased men who were trundled into them.

The hospitals were constructed of logs, unhewed, the insterstices unfilled and open, admitting the rain, without floors, cots, bunks, or blankets, filthy and fetid with the festering, putrid bodies of the sick, the dying, and the dead. Words fail, language is impotent to describe one of these dens of disease and death. I once mustered the courage, impelled by the earnest entreaties of a Northern friend, to enter one of them, to visit one who was tenderly reared, and walked in the best ranks of Connecticut society. I believed I had seen before this what I deemed to be human wretchedness in its worst forms. I thought that I could nerve myself to witness mortal agony and wretchedness and destitution, as I had heard it described, without blanching or trembling; but if the condensed horrors of a hundred "black holes" had been brought before my mind to prepare me for the ordeal, they would have failed to realize the facts as I saw them, face to face.

I cannot, in a daily paper read by innocence and virtue, detail what met my sight on the occasion I refer to. I will not pollute any page, save the records of the courts that must try the culprit for the crime of torture dy disease and filth, with the details of that caravansary of horrible, intentional slaughter. For fear that some may think I have exaggerated, and episode here will, perhaps, dispel such illusion. Convicted by the horrible fact that was a stench in his nostrils, General Winder, then Commissary General of Prisons, but having his headquarters at Andersonville, was forced by decency, not humanity, for this he himself asserted, to ask the aid of the Presiding Elder of the Methodist Church of that circuit to adopt some means to alleviate the miseries and sooth the wretchedness of the poor inmates of that Andersonville hospital. This gentleman invoked the co-operation of the women of Sumter county, who responded with clothing and necessaries only, for these alone are allowed, to the amount of four wagon loads. Upon the day appointed, four ladies, accompanied by their husbands, went to the prison and sought from the Provost Marshal a pass, to take their benefactions to the sick prisoners. It was refused with a curse. The party proceeded to Winder's headquarters, where Henry Wertz was in company with the General. The demand for a pass was repeated. Understand, the ladies were present, and the reasons given why the party were there, in accordance with Winder's special request. To their astonishment, they were met with this reply: "G—d d—n you, have you all turned Yankees here?"

"No, General," responded the spokesman of the party, "I am not, as you know, nor are any here present; we have come, as you requested us, through Rev. Mr. D. to bring necessary articles for the Federal hospital, and ask a pass for the purpose of delivering them."

"It's a d——d lie! I never gave permission for anything of the kind! Be off with you all of you!"

As if his fearless display of martial valor and gentlemanly bearing was not sufficient, Henry Wertz essayed to and did eclipse his General in profanity and indecency—and I here assert that if the lowest sinks of the most abandoned parts of your city were gleaned, they could not surpass the ribald vulgarity and finished profanity of this jailor, exhibited in the presence of refined and "loyal" ladies.

Shocked, terrified, beaten to the very dust with mortification, the party retired, and, foiled in their efforts to succor the sick or alleviate the tortures of the dying Union soldier, they gave their loads of clothing and food to a passing column of Federal prisoners on their way to another place—Millen. They at least had the satisfaction of knowing that some were benefited, even if they had failed in their efforts for those who most needed their assistance.

During the last winter, which was unusually cold for Georgia, when the ice made an inch thick, no shelter, no blankets or clothes, no wood was provided for the wretched inmates of that prison. Squads were permitted, to the number of thirty, to go out under guard daily, for one hour, without axes or any cutting tool, to gather the refuse and rotten wood in the forests; and if they outstaid their time, they were tried by drum-head court-martial, charged with violating their parole, and if found guilty, were hung! I myself saw three bodies hanging who were thus executed. Poor fellows, I thought, God has taken pity upon you and given you deliverance from your cruel jailor. When you and he meet, at another judgment seat, woe to him if his authority be found insufficient for this taking of your lives, wretched though they be.

My house was the resort, or, I should say, refuge, of most of the prisoners who made their escape from the stockade; and the tales of starvation and distress which they told would have melted an iron heart. I must close my hurried account of what I had seen. It is far from full; not one half has been told; by far the most has been kept back from very shame, and in respect to your readers. I have not embellished. The pictures were too rough, the characters too forlorn for the flowers of rhetoric to bloom in their presence. Broken hearts, crushed spirits, and manhood trampled on, may answer as fitting subjects for the romancer's pen, but the horrible reality, so seldom seen, burns its images upon the beholder's soul, that no other impression can efface, and they remain life pictures, indeed. S.

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### MR. SEWARD DURING HIS ILLNESS.

Mr. George Vocke, who attended Mr. Seward, gives the following account, which is translated from the Illinois *Staats Zeitung:*

On the morning after the assassination he said to his nurses his sensations immediately after the assault had by no means been of an unpleasant nature. He had experienced no extraordinary pains, but while the blood had been gushing from his arteries he had supposed that his last end was nigh, and thought at the same time what a pleasant thing it was to die thus, without pain.

Toward his nurses and toward all who came near him during his sickness, Mr. Seward was uniformly friendly, even affectionate; and never, when awake, did his philosophical firmness desert him. Only when asleep he would, at times, during the first two weeks after the attack, suddenly start up and beat around with his hands when dreams brought the assassin to his imagination, but in two or three minutes he was always quieted.

During the first three weeks Mrs. Seward was constantly, day and night, at the bedside either of her husband or that of Frederick, and these exertions have since hastened the death of a lady equally distinguished for the excellent qualities of her head and of her heart. No less noble was the conduct of Mr. Seward's daughter, Miss. Fanny. Indeed, it is perhaps to her courage that her father and the nation owe the salvation of his life. Like her mother, Miss Fanny was an untiring attendant upon her suffering relatives.

The greatest trouble to the physicians was Seward's mental activity, which did not abate even during his greatest physical weakness and severest pains. In order to prevent all excitement during this critical period, and on account of the shattered jaw-bone, the physicians enjoined on him not to speak, but it was difficult to get him to comply.

It was not mere idle loquacity that rendered silence so irksome to the statesman, but chiefly his patriotic anxiety about the Republic. He desired to express his mind about the condition of the country, to fulfil his official duties as Sectetary of State. The attending physicians had prohibited speaking before the attempted assassination, but to express his thoughts by writing was also impracticable, as his right arm was broken. But as soon as the condition of his fractured bones would allow, the medical gentlemen had to bandage and fasten the upper third of the arm (where the fracture existed,) so as to enable him to use the lower part and the hand for writing. In this manner he conversed with the President during the last days of that lamented functionary's life. The President would sit at his bedside and express himself on the exciting questions of the day, when Seward would write his views on a slate. In the same manner he conducted his interview before and after the assassination, with Mr. Hunter, the Assistant Secretary of State, and thus actually conducted the affairs of the Department of State, the papers, despatches, documets, &c., of which had to be carried to his bedside, even during the critical periods of his illness.

It was the same patriotic restlessness and activity of Mr. Seward which prevailed on the physicians to send for a skillful physician of New York, who arranged an artificial wire apparatus in his mouth which enabled him to speak without risk, even before his jawbone was healed. This apparatus caused the illustrious patriot at first excruciating pains, and at one time became displaced, so that the New York physician had to be telegraphed in order to replace it. But all these great and little annoyances did not for a moment desturb Seward's philosophic intellect nor slacken his patriotic activity.

Few men in history have evinced such sublimity of character and strength of mind as William Henry Seward on his bed of sickness, surrounded by the terrors of assassination and conspiracy. He maintained these qualities even when, after his partial recovery, he received the additional blow of the intelligence of the death of his faithful spouse.

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A USEFUL CONTRABAND.—A lady in Washington, desiring to secure "help," made application at the headquarters of the "contrabands," on Capitol Hill, when the following colloquy ensued between herself and a female contraband, who escaped from the "service" in Virginia:

Lady—"Well Dinah, you say you want a place. What can you do? Can you cook?"

Contraband—"No, m'am; mammy she cooked."

Lady—"Are you a good chamber-maid."

Contraband—"Sister Sally, she always did the chambers."

Lady—"Can you wait in the dining room and attend the door?"

Contraband—"La, no, m'm; Jim, that was *his* work."

Lady—"Can you wash and iron?"

Contraband—"Well you see m'm, Aunt Becky, she always wasned."

Lady—"Can you sew?"

Contraband—"Charity, she always did the sewing.

Lady—"Then what in the world did you do?"

Contraband—"Why I always *kept the flies off Missus!*"

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WHO'S HIT?—Rev. J. Hyatt Smith, of Philadelphia, in an address to his people, said: "I have heard censure pronounced upon President Lincoln because he visited a theatre. My friends, I look upon a patriot in a theatre as better than a copperhead at a prayer-meeting."

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"BOYS," said Uncle Peter, as he examined the points of the beast, "I don't see but one reason why that mare can't trot her mile in three minutes." They gathered around to hear his oracular opinion; and one inquired, "what is it?" "Why," he replied, "the distance is too great for so short a time."

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AN old gentleman accused his servant of having stolen his stick. The man protested his perfect innocence. "Why," rejoined his master, "the stick could never have walked off with itself." "Certainly not, sir; unless it was a walking stick."

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"IKE," said Mrs. Partington, "how do they find out the difference between the earth and the sun?" "Oh," said the young hopeful, they calculate a quarter of the distance, and then multiply by four."

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JOHN, did Mrs. Green get the medicine I ordered?"

"I guess so," replied John, "I saw crape on the door tee next morning."

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CHARACTER does not depend on diet. The ass eats thistles and nettles, the sharpest of food, and is the dullest of animals.