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"You may have often heard me mention," she said, turning to me, "my two cousins, Charles and Frank Livingston, though I don't much think you have ever had a personal acquaintance with either of them. It is just now twenty years ago that they fell in love with two of the prettiest girls in Yorkshire, sisters and heiresses, whose names were Mary and Florence Arden. As the progress of their love affairs had not much to do with the gist of my story, it is not for me to say that everything went on very satisfactorily, and that in due course, and on the same day, Mary and Florence became the wives of my two cousins, Charles and Frank respectively. Mary was the eldest sister, though at the time of their marriage she was barely nineteen, and, to my mind, the most taking and lovable of the two. Of course, Frank thought differently, and perhaps it was as well he did so.

The recollection of that dream of hers passed so quickly from his mind, and was not revived till so long afterwards. "Her grave, he told me, is marked by a white cross of marble, with the initials M. L. on it, and the date of her death." The tale of our hostess was finished; and as she ended, the memory of that grave and its wreath of flowers and the bleak grave-yard came into my mind, and the probability of the story more apparent to me. I have told the tale as it was told to me; for myself I believe it to be true; for my readers, they must decide for themselves.

The names, of course, have been altered, as for aught I know to the contrary, some of the actors in that curious dream are still alive.

THE ANDERSONVILLE JAILOR'S TRIAL.
GEN. PICTURES OF PRISONER, COUNSEL AND OFFICE.
WASHINGTON, Aug. 21, 1865.
Scorned, loathed, despised, hated of all men and women, Henry Wirz, late captain in the army of the so-called Confederate States, sat in the midst of a strong guard of soldiers, came down through the crowd of citizens, soldiers and sailors gathered in the halls of the basement floor of the Court of Claims, to be tried for his inhumanities while in command of Andersonville prison. One almost wondered that there was no outraged soldier to take the law into his own hands and shoot the miserable creature as he walked with his guard, or sat on the luxuriously cushioned lounge between his counsel. That he was safe as any man in the crowd is new evidence to the inherent worth of our humanity.

The rooms of the Court of Claims a large, airy and pleasant, handsomely carpeted, and furnished with plush-covered and easy seats. The contrast with the horror of Andersonville could not be greater. One end of the room is occupied with a long table, at which sit the members of the military commission, with the tables for the counsel and the reporters at the right of the President's court; while in the other end of the room are a dozen of these handsome lounge-seats. The room looks out through two large windows into the leafy and pleasant park west of the Capitol.

I need scarcely tell you that the happy couple passed their honeymoon very pleasantly in visiting various spots in England and Scotland, and afterwards settled down a few miles from each other in close proximity to the city of York itself. "The marriages happened in the spring of the year, and in the following autumn, much to the delight of the two brides, it was determined that a yacht should be chartered for a few months, and the winter spent in cruising about from place to place. Their ideas chiefly pointed towards the Mediterranean, as they one and all had a great desire to visit Malta and Gibraltar, and moreover, if possible, land in Africa—the latter, I believe, merely that they might have the satisfaction of saying that they had once been there. Gibraltar was to be the first place on the list, and accordingly, after experiencing a rather rough voyage, which tested their capabilities as sailors to a considerable extent, they found themselves anchored off that huge rock. They saw all that was to be seen in the shape of fortifications, &c., and among other places that they were taken to visit was the burying-ground set apart for strangers who were not Roman Catholics. Many Livingstones, who had been so they afterwards recollected, silent and apparently preoccupied all that day, when she first caught sight of the cemetery started, and seemed surprised. After they had looked about them and lamented the general untidiness that prevailed, she suddenly astonished them all by walking to one corner of the ground more elevated than the rest, where she stopped, and planting her foot on a certain spot, said that she was going to relate a curious dream she had had the previous night.

THE SHADOW IN THE VALLEY.
There's a mossy, shady valley,
Where the waters wind and flow,
And the daisies sleep in winter,
Neath a covert of snow;
And violets, blue-eyed violets,
Bloom in beauty in the spring,
And the sunbeams kiss the wavelet,
Till they seem to laugh and sing.
But in autumn, when the sunlight
Grows the cedar covered hill,
Shadows darken in the valley,
Shadows ominous and still;
And the yellow leaves, like banners
Of an elfin host that fled,
Tinged with gold and royal purple,
Flutter sadly overhead.
And those shadows, gloomy shadows,
Like dim phantoms on the ground,
Stretch their dreary length for ever,
On a daisy-covered mound.
And I loved her, yes, I loved her,
And the angels loved her too;
So she's sleeping in the valley
Neath the sky so bright and blue.
And no slab of pallid marble
Bears its white and ghastly head,
Telling wanderers in the valley
Of the virtues of the dead;
But a lily is her tombstone,
And a dew-drop pure and bright
Is an epitaph an angel
Wrote in stillness of the night.
And I'm mournful, ever mournful,
For my soul doth ever crave
For the fading of the shadows
From that little woodland grave;
For the memory of the loved one
From my soul will never part,
And those shadows in the valley
Dim the sunshine of my heart.

HORRIBLE INHUMANITY.
The story of a Free Negro in Tennessee.
Every reader has shuddered on reading of the awful murder of the aged Cappadocian king by the victorious Heracles; his whole being has thrilled with horror at the recital of Nero's cruelties and Domitian's crimes, and he has thanked the God of Mercy that the light of civilization now shines where the cloud of ignorance once lowered. His heart has bled when the atrocities of Florid and Caligula were storied forth to him in all their damning ferocity, but he has said again, "Thank God, this was ages ago, when night was right, when men were blind and drunken, when the weak were slaves, when the strong held power by the 'scurvy of seizing'; when, indeed, the earth was covered with a pall of moral gloom and death. But a new era has dawned; the veil is lifted, and the full light of reason and justice illumines a world once enveloped in the mists and shadows of superstition and wrong.—When wars come, and whole continents tremble under the thundering tramp of armed men, and the clash of steel, the angry shout, the yell of pain, and the dying moan made the air hideous with discordant sounds, he wails to see the ruin strife was making; but he said, "This is one of the inevitable results of the exercise of reason—it is through blood that truth is reached when men differ. Peace comes—one thought, one hope animates the hosts lately arrayed the one against the other, and this is the end of strife."

At the head of the long table sits Major-General Lew Wallace, president of the commission—small and dark, thin and lithe, cold and bloodless in face, with the blackest of hair and the sternest of countenances, with very long black moustache and slight eyes that never to avert, and never to see, and yet whose observation nothing escapes. Next him, on the right, is Brevet Major-General Sherman Mott—tall and straight as an arrow, with the air and appearance of a first-class business man, or say a man who, having long been at the head of a leading retail store, has recently become a wholesale merchant down town. Next to Gen. Mott sits Brevet Major-General Lorenzo Thomas, Adjutant-General of the armies of the United States—a thorough soldier, yet easy, affable, and pleasant of face, with thin side-whiskers and abundant white hair—an old man who seems so young, and a young man who seems so old. Still lower down on the right sits Brigadier-General E. L. Bragg, a black-haired and dark-skinned officer of apparently 32 years and 140 pounds, with full whiskers and moustache, and a sort of squarish cut face. Last on that side of the table is Brevet Colonel Thomas Alcock, of the 4th New York Artillery—of complexion sandy; of face, wrinkled; of moustache and chin whisker, reddish brown; of hair, light and curly; of manner, earnest and cordial. Next to the president of the commission on the left of the table is Brevet Major-General John H. Geary, of national reputation even before the war began—a tall and large man with wrinkled and genial face, having the hearty and companionable ways of a Westerner, head slightly bald in front, whiskers and moustache full and long, and dark brown in color. Below him is Brigadier-General Francis Fessenden—with finely cut classical face, head prematurely bald in front, eyes grayish brown and kindly, moustache reddish and equal to General Wallace's in length. Still lower down is Brigadier-General John P. Ballier, Colonel of the 14th Pennsylvania—a man of German descent, probably, whose face is as much like an Indian's in its general contour as is that of the Indian chief of General Grant's staff, whose eyes are small and sunken and whose hair is just beginning to show gray. Last on this side is Lieutenant J. H. Stilbs, of the 12th Iowa—a young officer of good-humored face and easy Western manners. At the foot of the table, and facing General Wallace, is Col. N. P. Chipman, judge advocate, tall, straight, honest of face and pleasant of voice, with light-brown hair and very long and flowing sandy whiskers—a most courteous gentleman, and a clear-headed and able lawyer.

THE SOUTHERN PEOPLE.
Gen. J. C. Baker, Special Provost Marshal of the war Department, who has recently returned from a trip through a portion of the Southern States, whither he went on official business, confirms the reports of the utter destitution of the Southern people, and of the desire to cheerfully submit to the wishes of the Government. The sufferings of these unfortunate beings are almost indescribable. With a few exceptions—all of which will come within the \$20,000 clause of President Johnson's proclamation—the people are actually starving. In crowds they come to the lines of the railroads in the hope of picking up something from the passing trains, with which to hold body and soul together. There they live in tents, huts, and mud-houses, and even in many cases in the woods, without shelter of any kind. They have no money. A planter who lived near Andersonville, and owned before the war, two plantations and forty seven negroes, declared that he could no longer make a living in the South—Wanted the rebellion commenced he yielded to the persuasions of his wife, and sold his negroes and mules. But he invested the proceeds in Confederate bonds, bearing eight per cent. interest. He felt perfectly comfortable; and nothing to do; and, being beyond the age when he could be conscripted, reposed on his laurels, and took life easy. One day he heard that "Mr. Sherman," as all negroes called that dashing general, was coming, and he tried to sell his Confederate bonds. To his utter dismay, nobody would buy them at any price, and in an hour he found himself penniless. He had, however, a patch of corn and a few hogs. He thought he would try to raise a little pork; "But," said he, "I feel them just as I did before the war, and I'm—if I could fatten them. They were bound to keep lean. I can't fatten a hog any longer in this southern country, and if anybody will buy my two plantations I will go north, and try to make a living there."

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Miscellaneous.
BURIED ALIVE.
Happening to be spending the winter of the year 1860 at Gibraltar, I one day, in the course of my wanderings, found myself in the cemetery set apart for the burial of strangers, Protestants and the like, who were not members of the Roman communion. It was a bare and bleak spot enough, situated on very high ground, and there was not much in the surrounding details and picturesque of the graves, as sometimes is the case in foreign burial-places, to interest a sight-seer, with one exception. In the extreme eastern corner, and upon the most elevated ground, stood a simple white cross of marble with the initials "M. L." on it, and the date of the person's death; a wreath of flowers encircled the stone, and the grave was evidently very carefully tended and watched, possessing thereby a considerable contrast to those of the other strangers who had found a resting place on the bleak rock.

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LINCOLN'S FIRST DOLLAR.
One evening in the Executive Chamber there were present a number of gentlemen, among them Mr. Seward.
A point in the conversation suggesting the thought, Mr. Lincoln said, "Seward, you never heard, did you, how I earned my first dollar?" "No," said Seward. "Well," replied he, "I was about 18 years of age. I belonged, you know, to what they call down South the 'scrubs'; people who do not own land and slaves, are nobody there. But we had succeeded in raising, chiefly by my labor, sufficient produce, as I thought, to justify me in taking it down the river to sell.
After much persuasion I got the consent of my mother to go, and constructed a little flat boat large enough to take the barrel or two of things that we had gathered, with myself and a little bundle down to New Orleans. A steamer was coming down the river. We have, you know, no wharves on the Western streams, and the custom was, if passengers were at any of the landings, for them to go out in a boat, the steamer stopping and taking them on board.
I was contemplating my new flat boat, wondering whether I could make it stronger or improve it in any particular, when two men came down to the shore in carrying trunks, and looking at the difference, cut boats singled out mine, and asked, 'Who owns this?' I answered somewhat modestly, 'I do.' 'Will you,' said one of them, 'take us and our trunks out to the steamer?' 'Certainly,' said I. I was very glad to have the chance of earning something. I supposed that each would give me two or three bits. The trunks were put on my boat, the passengers seated themselves on the trunks, and I sculled them out to the steamer.
They got on board, and I lifted up their heavy trunks, and put them on deck. The steamer was about to put on steam again, when I called out that they had forgotten to pay me. Each of them took from his pocket a silver half dollar, and threw it on the floor of my boat. I could scarcely believe my eyes as I picked up the money. Gentlemen, you may think it is a very little thing, and in these days it seems like a trifle; but it was a most important incident in my life. I could scarcely credit that I, a poor boy, had earned a dollar in less than a day—that by honest work I had earned a dollar. The world seemed wider and freer before me. I was a more hopeful and confident being from that time.—W. D. Kelly.

PERL OF A REVIVALIST.—An anecdote is told of Penny the revivalist, and a canalier, to the following effect:
He was holding forth in Rochester, and in walking along the canal one day, came across a boatman who was swearing furiously. Marching up, he confronted him and abruptly asked:
"Sir, do you know where you are going to?"
The unsuspecting man innocently replied that he was going up the canal on the Johnny Sands.
"No, sir, you are not," continued Penny; "you are going to hell faster than a canal boat can convey you."
The boatman looked at him in astonishment for a minute, and then returned the same question:
"Sir, do you know where you are going to?"
"I expect to go to heaven."
"No, sir, you are going into the canal!"
And sutting the action to the word he took Penny in his arms and tossed him into the murky waters, where he would have drowned had not the boatman relented and fished him out.

ONE DROP AT A TIME.—Have you ever watched an icicle as it formed? You noticed how it froze one drop at a time until it was a foot long or more. If the water was clean, the icicle remained clear, and sparkled brightly in the sun; but if the water was not so pure, the icicle was muddy, and sparkled dimly, and its beauty was spoiled. Just so our characters are forming, one little thought or feeling at a time adds its influence. If each thought be pure and right, the soul will be lovely, and will sparkle with happiness; but if impure and wrong, there will be final deformity and wretchedness.

THE MEMORY OF A MOTHER.—When temptation appears, and we are almost persuaded to wrong, how often a mother's word of warning will call to mind vows that are rarely broken. Yes, the memory of a mother has kept many a poor wretch from going astray. Tall grass may be growing over the hallowed spot where all her earthly remains repose; the dying light of autumn may be whitened over it, or the white mantle of winter may cover it from sight; yet the spirit of her, when he walks in the right path, appears, and gently, softly, mournfully calls to him, when wandering off into the ways of error.

THREE IMPORTANT THINGS.—Three things to love: courage, gentleness and affection. Three things to admire: intellectual power, dignity and gracefulness. Three things to hate: cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude. Three things to delight in: beauty, frankness and freedom. Three things to wish for: health, friends and a cheerful spirit. Three things to pray for: faith, peace and purity of heart.

A JEREMYMAN was very sick, and was not expected to recover. His friends got around his bed and one of them says:
"John, do you feel willing to die?"
John made no effort to give his views on the subject, and answered with his feeble voice: "I—think—'I'd rather stay—where I'm better acquainted."

A CONTRAST.—Two centuries ago, says an exchange, not one in a hundred wore stockings. Fifty years ago not one boy in a thousand was allowed to run at large at night. Fifty years ago not one girl in a thousand made a waiting maid of her mother. Wonderful improvements in this wonderful age.

A PHYSICIAN prescribing syrup of buck thorn for an old lady, wrote his prescription according to the usual abbreviation of *Ramus Catharticus*—"Syr. Ram. Cat." On asking her if she had taken the medicine, she replied, in a great rage:
"No, I ain't going to take syrup of ram cats for anybody under heaven."

A METHODIST and a Quaker having stopped at a public house agreed to sleep in the same bed. The Methodist knelt down, prayed fervently and confessed a long catalogue of sins. After he rose the Quaker observed:
"Really, friend, if thou art as bad as thou sayest thou art, I think I dare not sleep with thee."

A GENTLEMAN had a bad memory; a friend knowing this, lent him the same book seven times over, and, being asked afterwards how he liked it, replied: "I think it an admirable production, but I think sometimes repeats the same things."