ed \$15. They will be entitled to 4 ntined exclusively to their business, with ertising in all cases exclusive of sub-

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Original Boetry.

POOR.

For the Bradford Reporter.

BY PAUL PEMBERTON JR.

allows flit among the apple trees, d the pimpernel hum honey bees! tched them many a sunny hour, v home, before an adverse shower away, and made me want endure

and ones entwine their loving arms, else but one another's charms ; ad friends, but sacrificed their smile ortune wreck'd me on a desert isle; t tell how all was lost, I'm sure, I'm a wanderer—for I am poor!

ft attire I view the passers by, jast as proud a mien, the same had I; impares this napless coat I wear, stab is made by every stare, nothing in the wretched world can cure, m a wanderer--I am so poor!

nusic fills my ear, sweet as the bliss I'm borne to days when I was young, ovous tunes from out my harp strings sprung usic I my listless hands immure,

enves of poesy my mind forsake who mourns so bitterly the loss of all est his happy spirit did allure, he was wandering not-and was not poor

randour of the waters lashed by a storm ot attract the gaze of this dead form, eful skies my interest secure I'm a wanderer—and I am poor! is you gray church, close nestling by his side

om leads forth a trusting bride fied in affluence' wake poverty my love procure, dering-for I was poor!

beneath the sun my feet have trod, reenland's gloom to India's fertile sod; one pursued my track, graces now my soul allure, daily bread-but am not poor! la, August 24, 1865.

Miscellaneous.

BURIED ALIVE.

bening to be spending the winter of r 1860 at Gibralter, I one day, in the of my wanderings, found myself in not members of the Romish commun-It was a bare and bleak spot enough, not much in the surrounding details reality was exactly like the dream." picturesqueness of the graves, as nes is the case in foreign burial told us anything yet that __" s, to interest a sight-seer, with one the most elevated ground, stood a have finished my story you will find you white cross of marble with the in-'M. L." on it, and the date of the per-M. L." on it, and the date of the perefully tended and watched, posthe other strangers who had found to the yacht.

constantly with flowers.

upon the subject sufficiently excita man who had fallen into a trance. in that condition buried, had afcome to life for a brief interval, were pretty equally divided on one party affirming that it ssible, in the present state of unable to cite any examples, delikely to occur in England, where a Continent, where the laws enforced

Aradford Reporter, The

eding five lines, are charged TEN CENTS E. O. GOODRICH, Publisher. REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER.

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sonal 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 much to do with the gist of my story, it is ins, Charles and Frank respectively. Mary their marriage she was barely nineteen, of the actors in that curious dream are still and, to my mind, the most taking and loveable of the two. Of course, Frank thought differently, and perhaps it was as well

"I need scarcely tell you that the happy couples passed their honeymoon very pleas antly in visiting various spots in England and Scotland, and afterwards settled down a few miles from each other in close prox-

imity 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 yatch 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 Gibralter, and moreover, if possible, to land in Africa —the latter, I believe, merely that they might have the satisfaction of saying that they had once been there. Gibralter 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. Mary Livingstone, 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 unti-diness 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 th previous night.

"She dreamed, she said, first that she was lying in the cabin of the yacht sick almost unto death; that her husband and sister, standing by, seemed, by their actions and gestures to imagine that she was dead; but though she was all this time conscious of what was taking place, yet she was utterly unable to move hand and she was buried, so it seemed to her in her dream, alive, but motionless, and powerless to help herself in any way. The horror of her situation, as she was being lowered into the earth seemed to give her strength, and in the act of triving to cry out she awoke. What seemed curious to her was that, though she had never seen the burial-ground before, or the spot that led to it, yet, when she came to visit them ted on very high ground, and there the day after her dream, she found that the 'Well, but," I interrupted, "you hav'nt

"Excuse me," replied our hostess, "but on. In the extreme eastern corner, if you will do me the favor of waiting till I

eath; a wreath of flowers encircled at Mary for her evident belief in her dream and the grave was evidently and ascribed the whole circumstance to indigestion; they did not, however, stay thereby a considerable contrast to much longer in the cemetery, but returned

'Two days afterwards, and on the evenplace on the bleak rock. al grave that, seeing an old work-leaving Gibralter, Mary Livingston was fell, fields were laid waste, homes desola-ar by, I asked him if there was any suddenly taken ill. A doctor was at once ted. Then came rumors of barbarous history attached to it, and if he sent for, who pronounced her attack to be the person was who was buried a slight one of the cholera, assuring her His answer did not give me much friends at the same time that they need not ion, beyond the fact of its being the be under any apprehension of danger. f an English lady who died there are before, and whose husband paid for the worse, and so rapidly that before old man) a small sum yearly for evening it was evident that she was sinkthat spot in order, and supplying ing very fast, and that no hopes could be constantly with flowers. Tetained of her recovery. She died during the incident had quite passed out the night. Her husband, as you may imoo trivial to be agine was overcome with grief, but he had children moaned, because the husband, remembering, till I was reminded of to stiffe his feelings, and settle all things father, brother, son, lacked but the scrap of meat, the pure cold draught, to make life liged to take place on the evening of the

very day after she died. te, the host and hostess being both and dear friends of mine, when ed according to that dream of hers; she All, as I was told afterwards, happenevening the conversation happened was carried along that steep road, and her rivers flowed. Ever and anon came tales grave had been dug on the very spot where into wakefulness. It was debated full of life and beauty. But, strange to say, and almost incredible, neither her husband nor her sister remembered the circummy authenticated case could be stance of her relating her dream to them; and it was not till some six or seven months afterwards that one evening, in the twilight of their Yorkshire home, the memory of the stroll through the burial ground and the event connected with it flashed across quite a boy. In 1858, I think, Dr. Richard the event connected with it flashed across the mind of the widowed husband. Remorse at the thought of its now being all Branch, hired me as a body servant, under cience, for anybody to meet with too late was his first feeling, and then an the following conditions: I was to remain irrepressible desire seized him-a longing with him ten years, to go where he did, and to see if his darling's dream had come true, to obey his orders. I was to receive at the and if she had, in reality been buried alive. end of my term of service five hundred dol-As fast as it was possible for him to do so, lars, a horse, a saddle and bridle, and a at cases of that nature would he hurried to Gibralter; it was with some suit of clothes, and was to be taught readly to occur in England, where a difficulty that he obtained permission to ing and writing. When the bargain was time clapsed before burial, than have the grave opened, and when he had made, my father took me to the City Hall succeeded he found that his worst fears in Washington, where I was recorded as a In the midst of the discussion the left in his mind that his wife had recovered the record. We (Dr. Lee and I) went from of the house, who had seemed to take consciousness after she had been supposed Washington to Athens, Georgia, where the by all to be dead, for the body was turned Doctor held a farm of 350 acres. Here he purity of thought, highness of purpose, and surprised us all, by saying that if we partly on one side, as if with the effort to bought a family of slaves. He was enfree itself from the icy grasp of the tomb.

gaged in business in Augusta, Georgia,
free, she would tell us a story on that
bleet, and relate what had truly occurred never ceased to reproach himself for being "Just after the war broke out, Dr. Lee"

L. on it, and the date of her death."

The tale of our hostess was finished; and made had a difficulty with Dr. Lee. as she ended, the memory of that grave tain Arnold told him of the attempt to sell

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 coverlet of snow: And violets, blue-eyed violets, Bloom in beanty in the spring, And the sunbeams kiss the wavelet, Till they seem to laugh and sing.

But in autumn, when the sunlight Crowns the cedar covered hill, Shadows darken in the valley, Shadows ominous and still: And the vellow 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, But 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 Rears 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

HORRIBLE INHUMANITY.

Every reader has shuddered on reading the awful murder of the aged Cappado foot, or to make any sound to attract their cian king by the victorious Herdiccas; his attention. In the second part of her dream she seemed to be carried on men's shoulders, still perfectly conscious, along the road they had just traveled, that she passed Mercy that the light of civilization now by their aid into the cemetery, and that the shines where the cloud of ignorance once men deposited their burden on that very lowered. His heart has bled when the atspot where she then stood. A grave had rocities of Florul and Caligula were storied ness, but he has said again, "Thank God, this was ages ago, when might was right, when men were blind and drunken, when the weak were slaves, when the strong held power by the "livery of seizin," 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 superstitition and wrong .--When wars come, and whole continents tremble under the thundering tramp of armed men, and the clash of steel, the gry shout, the yell of pain, and the dying moan made the air hideous with discordant sounds, he wept 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

is the end of strife." Thus men reasoned, until the great American Rebellion jarred the world. Cities deeds; then, little by little, proof. At last note of this ?- Washington Chronicle. came the evidence of the prisoner at Andersonville, and the poor emaciated wretch confined at Libby, The shrunken form the leaden eye, of the living told a truthful tale of suffering; and the myriad graves that marked the spot where tortured men were buried discoursed, oh! eloquently, of cruel death. Men raised their hands to heaven and begged for mercy. Women wailed, and sweet while hope remained. But this poor boon, the gift a pampered dog refuses, was denied. Brave men died for want of food where food was plenty; died of thirst where of cruelty too horrible to name, too fiendish but a few days ago she stood before them to believe; but some were true, and one which we have listened to until we thought we were hearkening to a nurse's tale of de mon wrath we give below. It is a simple story from a poor and crippled son of Ham:

arrayed the one against the other, and this

"My name is Richard Thomas Griffin : I am 33 years old. I was bought by my Thomas Griffin, from Mr Caldwell Lee, who owned a farm on the Eastern

"You may have often heard me mention," that the recollection of that dream of hers and bought the Tennessee Hotel. The genshe said, turning to me, "my two cousins, Charles and Frank Livingston, though I don't much think you have ever had a perdon't "Her grave, he told me, is marked by a was shortly after captured by the Yankees white cross of marble, with the initials M. in Kentucky. The owner of the hotel at

probability of the story more apparent to ter working about the hotel, doing a little the halls of the basement floor of the Capienough for me to say that everything went on very satisfactorily, and that in due me; for myself I believe it to be true; for G. Gammon, a quartermaster in the rebel of Claims, to be tried for his inhumanities me; for myself I believe it to be true; for G. Gammon, a quartermaster in the rebel of Claims, to be tried for his inhumanities stood that he will have assistance before course, and on the same day, Mary and Florence became the wives of my two cousselves.

my readers, they must decide for them army. He was under Major Glover; was while in command of Andersonville prison. a hard drinker, very profane, and very One almost wondered that there was no a hard drinker, very profane, and very One almost wondered that there was no ins, Charles and Frank respectively. Mary was the eldest sister, though at the time of their marriage she was barely nineteen, of the actors in that curious dream are still town. In a few months the quartermaster moved to Jonesboro, where his family resided, taking me with him. About a month his counsel. That he was safe as any man the luxuriously cushioned lounge between tion of the Southern States, whither he thing. I supposed that each would give afterward the Yankees occupied Knoxville, when we moved to Bristol, then to Seven-Mile Ford, Virginia, where we remained during the summer feeding the stock, in the fall we went back to Jonesboro, afterward and furnished with plush-covered and easy The sufferings of these unfortunate beings to Marion, Virginia, where I was working in the Confederate shops making horse-shoes. We returned to Bristol (on the line between Virginia and Tennessee), and during that summer I was employed as before in the smithy. In the fall I was again made teamster, and continued to drive a wagon until we got to Jonesboro again, when, becoming dissatisfied, and wishing to see Dr. Lee at Knoxville. I made an attempt to escape through the rebel picket park west of the Capitol.

> the guards and sent me to my quarters. A short time after, some of the hired men came to me and took me to the post hospital, where I slept that night. The next morning, Dr. Williams came to me and said, 'Griffin, you shan't run away again ; I'm going to cut your feet off.' He made me drink something from a black bottle— it was not laudanum, for I know the taste of that—and I fell asleep. I awoke in the night, and found that both my feet were

lines. I traveled about twenty miles when

me and took me back to Jonesboro. I was

carried to Captain Gammon, who dismissed

cut off. In the morning I began to feel pain. Dr. Williams came in and looked at me. He said, 'Dick, I tried to kill youyou are a d-d hard niggar to kill-now, I'll try to cure you.' He dressed my legs, and continued to do so until the Yankees began to raid around Jonesboro, when they moved the hospital, leaving me in charge of a negro woman, who took care of me till the Federals came in. When I was able to

move about on my knees, I was passed to Knoxville; then to Nashville to the diers' Home. I was advised to stay here Dim the sunshine of my heart. till Governor Brownlow came home. Some body saw Governor Brownlow, and told him of my case. He said he knew Captain The Story of a Free Negro in Tennessee.

Gammon, and would try to hunt him up. At Nashville the officers refused to give me transportation to the North, as they said it was against orders ; but two gentleman in the transportation office, Birch and Mr. Gilson, a one legged man, paid my passage to Louisville, and from that place I was sent to Washington on a Government pass." This is the plain, unvarnished story of a

> We have seen him, heard his story, are plain and unvaried His two feet have been amputated at the ankle, evidently by some one skilled in surgery. He cannot walk, but is obliged to creep. For no crime but that of an attempt to seek a better home, a right which even in the South a free negro possesses, he has been made a cripple for life. It was not the ball of a soldier's pistol, fired in anger, that made this man a mere hobbling animal; it was the skilful knife of an educated surgeon applied in cold blood, at the suggestion of servant of the rebellion, no more culpa-

> We call upon Governor Brownlow to redeem his pledge. We demand of General Fiske the fulfilment of his promise to find the perpetrator of this fiendish act of cruel-We call upon the Hon. Secretary of ty. We call upon the Hon. Sections the War, in the name of justice and for the sake of outraged humanity, to have the parties to this hellish deed unearthed and

ble, no more demoniac, than the operator

lives at 212 K street, between Seventeenth of support. Will the charitable make a

live like a patriarch.
But which is destined to become the lucky There is no luck about it. The thing is al most as sure as the Rule of Three. -good fortune, good name, and a serene

rave enough for a general. If he can, even though taunted, rebuke his fellows for evil acts, he is truly brave. Such a swered "yes" and "no" two or three times, character always moulds the element of but it was not enough to show how well he inds around him, carrying almost unlimit- speaks English. ed sway, and is respected by even the worst of his playmates. It requires an effort to stand for the right at times, but, | if it is successfully done, the road to honor and truth is easy to travel, and by his ex-

in the crowd is new evidence to the inher-

airy and pleasant, handsomely carpeted, 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 court; while in the other end of the room are a dozen of these handsome loungeseats. The room looks out through two

large windows into the leafy and pleasant At the head of the long table sits Major-I met two rebel cavalrymen, who arrested General Lew Wallace, president of the commission—small and dark, thin and lithe, cold and bloodless in face, with the black est of hair and the sternest of countenances, with very long black moustache and slight chin whiskers, and, chiefly, eyes that seem never to sleep and never to see, and yet whose observation nothing escapes. Next him, on the right, is Brevet Maj.-Gen. Gershom Mott-tall and straight as an ar row, with the air and appearance of a firstclass business man, or say a man who, hav-ing long been at the head of a leading retail store, has recently become a wholesale merchant down town. Next to Gen. Mott sits Brevet Maj.-Gen. Lorenzo Thomas, Adjutant-General of the armies of the United States -- a thorough soldier, yet easy, affable, and pleasant of face, with thin side-whis kers and abundant white hair-an old man who seems so carry a young man's heart 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 squarishly cut face. Last on that side of the table is Brevet Colonel Thomas Allcock, of the 4th New York Artillery-of complexion sandy; o 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-Gener al 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 Brigapoor, mutilated colored man. His landark brown in color. Below him is Brigaguage we have followed as nearly as posdier-General Francis Fessenden—with finely cut classical face, head prematurely bald moustache reddish and equal to General Wallace's in length. Still lower sits Brevet Brigadier-General John F. Ballier, Colonel of the 148th Pennsylvania -- a man of Ger-

as is that of the Indian chief on General Grant's staff, whose eyes are small and show the gray. Last on this side is Lieut. Colonel J. H. Stibbs, 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.

The victim of this terrible act of cruelty and Eighteenth, and is without the means

THE SIMPLE SECRET .-- Twenty clerks in a store---twenty hands in a printing officetwenty young men in a village. All want to get along in the world, and expect to do so. One of the clerks will rise to be a part ner and make a fortune. One of the printers will own a newspaper and become an influential and prosperous citizen. One of

oung fellow who will distance his competitors is he who masters his business, who preserves his integrity, who lives cleanly gains friends by deserving them. There are some ways to fortune that look shorter than this old dusty highway. But the by a superior. old age-all go this way.

ample many are induced to walk in it. Mary Harris "temporary insanity This kind of bravery gives every boy a and is the leading counsel now. conscience that stamps in bold characters, integrity of heart, upon his open brow.

PEN PICTURES OF PRISONER, COUNSEL AND COURT.

Washington, Aug. 21, 1865. in Kentucky. The owner of the hotel at the time of the sale of the property was made had a difficulty with Dr. Lee. Caping the armies of the so-called Confederate as many seem to suppose. He is very stout, for them to go out in a boat, the steamer States, sat in the midst of a strong guard names were Mary and Florence Arden. As the bleak me to him; and the inn-keeper, out of soldiers, came down through the crowd of soldiers and sale states, sat in the midst of a strong guard very find in the lates, very hold to him; and the inn-keeper, out of soldiers, came down through the crowd of soldiers, came down through the crowd of citizens, soldiers and sale strong guard very find in the lates, very hold of head. Against this array of soldiers, came down through the crowd of citizens, soldiers and sale states, as in the midst of a strong guard very hold in the lates, very hold of particular to him; and the inn-keeper, out of soldiers, came down through the crowd of citizens, soldiers and sale strong guard very hold in the lates, very hold of course lates are the lates, very hold of course lates are the lates, very hold of course lates are the lates, very hold in the lates, very hold of course lates are the lates, very hold in the lates, very hold of course lates are the lates, very hold of course lat of citizens, soldiers and sailors gathered in of counsel Judge Advocate Chipman apthe week is over.

ent worth of our humanity.

The rooms of the Court of Claims a large,

man descent, probably, whose face is as much like an Indian's in its general contour

voice, with light-brown hair and very long teous gentleman, and a clear-headed and able lawyer. Yet the central figure in the room is, af ter all, this Swiss-American, Henry Wirz, whom God probably made, and yet whom no man thinks of as a brother. family relationship among fiends? Let us be thankful that this one cannot claim eith-

er American birth or education-let us mourn that the sister republic of Switzerland must own his parentage. Wirz came in with a quick step and a slightly embar-rassed manner. He is about five feet eight in height, and of about 125 pounds weight. He wears a black coat, dark vest, brown pants with reddish tinge, and white shirt. His appearance is slovenly, and he is round-shouldered and stooping. head is high over the ears, wanting rear, and deficient in the upper forehead. the villagers will get a handsome farm and His hair is dark brown, and he begins to be bald in front. He has full whisker and noustache, cut to about half an inch in He is thin of face, dark of skin bloodless of lips, dark and very keen of eye. His nose is thin and sharp, his mouth straight and inelegant. There isn't much of the original villain in his appearance and purely, who never gets in debt, who though he looks like a man utterly without conscience and ready to do, for a consider ation, almost any infernal deed set for him by a superior. He set with his legs crossstaunch men of the community, the men ed most of the time during the reading of who achieve something really worth having the charges and specifications, with his right hand against his cheek in a precise sort of way--speaking a word now and then with his counsel, and looking up occa The youth that has the moral courage to sionally to the soldiers who stood, with ay I will not do it, because it is wrong, is bayonets fixed, on either side. He looks like a man of 40 years, but has one of those

Messrs, Hughes, Denver, Peck and Schade are his counsel, of whom the first three constitute one law firm. Judge Hughes was formerly on the bench of the Court of Claims, was third counsel in the recent Mary Harris "temporary insanity" short and square, smooth and florid of face and prosy. Gen. Denver is ponderous in body and in manner, and is reported a ready never ceased to reproach himself for being in some part the cause of her own many years he has never ceased to wonder how it was never ceased to reproach himself for being in some part the cause of her death; but he has never ceased to reproach himself for being in some part the cause of her death; but he kicks away from him the moment it has a catalacts.

"Description of the cause of her death in the same book seventines over; and, being asked after after so long as it keeps rolling, but which he kicks away from him the moment it has a catalacts.

"Poor child," said the dear old lady, compassionately, looking after her as she demanded in the catalacts.

"Poor child," said the dear old lady, compassionately, looking after her as she demanded in the same book seventines over; and, being asked after so long as it keeps rolling, but which he kicks away from him the moment it sold and double. Mr. Peck is a young-he has lost her work and truth of this face leathery and wrinkled, his face leathery and

papers in the case. He is noticeable for is broad forehead, large and sleepy eyes, very full in the face, very florid in complexpeared alone to-day. There need be fear on his account—though it is under-

\$2 per Annum, in Advance.

THE SOUTHERN PEOPLE.

Gen. J. C. Baker, Special Provost Marwent on official business, confirms the resubmit to the wishes of the Government. to the steamboat. are almost indescribable. With a few exceptions-all of which will come within the steamer was about to put on steam again, \$20,000 clause of President Johnson's proc- when I called out that they had forgotten lamation—the people are actually starving. to pay me. Each of them took from his In crowds they come to the lines of the pocket a silver half dollar, and threw it on In crowds they come to the floor of my boat. I could start railroads in the hope of picking up something from the passing trains, with which lieve my eyes as I picked up the money. Gentlemen, you may think it is a very little for the floor of my boat. I could start the floor of my they live in tents, huts, and mud-houses,

A planter who lived near Andersonvile.and owned before the war, two plantations and forty seven negroes, declared that he could before me. I was a more hopeful and conno langer make a living in the South. When the rebellion commenced he yielded to the pursuasions of his wife, and sold his negroes and mules. But he invested the told of Fenny the revivalist, and a canaler, proceeds in Confederate bonds, bearing to the following effect: eight per cent. interest. He felt perfectly comfortable; nad nothing to do; and, bescripted, reposed on his laurels, and took life easy. One day he heard that "Mr. and abruptly asked: Sherman," as all negroes called that dashng general, was coming, and he tried to to ?" sell his Confederate bonds. To his utter price, and, in an hour, he found himself pen- Johnny Sands. niless. 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 ed them just as I did before the war, and if I could fatten them. They ment for a minute, and then returned the were bound to keep lean. I can't fatten a same question: og any longer in this southern country, and if anybody will buy my two plantations to ?" I will go north, and try to make a living

Gen. Baker stopped at a log cabin to get of age—she looked fifty—her mother, and two children. The mother was slowly dying of consumption. The daughter was scarcely clad enough to hide her nakedness. Her dress consisted of gunny bags sewed together, fastened around her neck and reaching to her knees, and even this miserto eat. Now we have nothing, and do not know how we are to live from day to day. But we are as well off as the rest." good many of the people about there had died, and the only cause was absolute star-

vation. The whole country was desolated. Gen. Baker gave this poor woman five dollars, tation appears, and we are almost persuad and she begged that he would allow her "old man" to go on his train up to Atlanta to buy something to eat. The old man, on being produced, was found hardly able drag one leg after the other-he was weak from hunger, He went to Atlanta, was N. P. Chipman, judge advocate,—tall, furnished with transportation back, and straight, honest of face and pleasant of gained for himself and his family a week's esnite from famine

In contrast to this misery of the poor whites was the gorgeous and ostentatious display of some of the nouveaux riches of the Confederacy-those who had been engaged in cotton stealing, smuggling, buyng and selling Confederate bonds, and dealing in the 'secret service' fund. It is

have made great fortunes, but their gold peace and purity of heart. will eventually blister their hands. son he met as to his feeling in regard to
Jeff Davis. The feeling of bitterness
against him and all the leaders of the rebel"John, do you feel willing to die?" lion, was universal During the whole trip the President of the late Confederacy. Every- voice "I-think-I'd rather staybody was either indifferent to his fate or hop- where I'm better acquainted.' ed he would be executed. The evidence accumulates rapidly to show, that during the posed to the obstinate and the persistent course of Jeff. Davis. After Gettysburg, Vicksburg and Chattanooga, they recogthe foundation of human slavery. They tion according to the usual abbreviation of considered the fight hopeless, and were Ramus Catharticus—"Syr. Ram. Cat." On anxious to stop the further effusion of blood asking her if she had taken the medicine, and prevent the inevitable impoverishment of the country. The South, as well as the North, recognize in Jefferson Davis the prime mover of the rebellion, and the reprime mover of the rebellion, and the responsible head of the cabal which ruled the infortunate destinies of the Confederacy.

An old Quaker lady was standing at her counter one day, when a gay young girl came in to engage a hair dresser for the evening. She gave her order hurriedly saving that she wanted a half dozen "rolls' He is and butterfly on top, a "Grecian" or "waterfall" at the back, with plenty of "puffs" and bald of head. His manner is colloquial and "curs," and ended with an injunction

to send along any quantity of "rats," "mice" and "cataracts."

LINCOLN'S FIRST DOLLAR.

One evening in the Executive Chamber there were present a number of gentlemen,

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 helonged you know to what they call 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, o justify me in taking it down the river to

After much persuasion I got the consent 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 little bundle down to New and a curl in the upper lip which may be a Orleans. A steamer was coming down the sneer, and may be the result of a peculiar conformation of the jaw. Mr. Schade is a the Western streams, and the custom was, stopping and taking them on board.

I was contemplating my new flat boat, condering whether I could make it strongno er or improve it in any particular, when two men came down to the shore in carriages with trunks, and looking at the different 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 shal of the war Department, who has resteamer?' 'Certainly,' said I. I was very me two or three bits. The trunks were put ports of the utter destitution of the South- on my boat, the passengers seated themern people, and of the desire to cheerfully selves on the trunks, and I sculled them out

They got on board, and I lifted up their heavy trunks, and put them on deck. thing, and in these days it seems like a triand even in many cases in the woods, without shelter of any kind. They have no money.

file; 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 fairer fident being from that time. W. D. Kelly.

PERIL OF A REVIVALIST .- An ancedote is

He was holding forth in Rochester, and comfortable; nad nothing to do; and, being beyond the age when he could be conacross a boatman who was swearing furiously. Marching up, he confronted him

> "Sir, do you know where you are going The unsuspecting man innocently replied

dismay, nobody would buy them at any that he was going up the canal on the "No, sir, you are not," continued Fenny;

you are going to hell faster than a cana oat can convey you."
The boatman looked at him in astonish-

Sir, do you know where you are going

'I expect to go to heaven."

"No, sir, you are going into the canal!"
And suiting the action to the word he something to eat, The inmates were just upon the verge of actual starvation. There was a young woman of about thirty years of age—she looked fifty—her mother, and isshed 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, able apology for raiment was frayed and and sparkled brightly in the sun; but if tattered to rags. Two little children were the water was but slightly muddy, the running about as naked as they were born. icicle looked foul, and its beauty was spoiled. The young woman said: "We were always poor folks, but we could always get enough little thought or feling at a time adds its influence. If each thought be pure and sparkle with happiness; but if impure and wrong, there will be final deformity and

> THE MEMORY OF A MOTHER.-When temped 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 wrech from going astray. Tall grass may be growing over the hallowed spot where all her earthly remains repose; the dying leaves of autumn may be whirled over it, or the white mantle of winter may cover it from sight ; yet he spirit of her, when he walks in the right oath, appears, and gently, softly, mournfully calls to him, when wandering off into the ways of error.

THREE IMPORTANT THINGS .- Three things said that the mansions of these favorites of to love; courage, gentleness and affection. the Confederate Government are most mag- Three things to admire; intellectual pownificent. The furniture is costly, and as er, dignity and gracefullness. Three things fine as can be procured in the world. Paint- to hate; cruelty, arrogance and ingratiings of rare value adorn the walls, and all tude. Three things to delight in ; beauty, the appointments are of the most luxurious frankness and freedom. Three things to and elegant description. The blockade- wish for; health, friends and a cheerful runners and the exchange brokers, who spirit. Three things to pray for; faith,

Gen. Baker questioned almost every per- A Jerseyman was very sick, and was not

John made no effort to give his views on e found but one man who was friendly to the subject, and answered with his feeble

A Contrast.-Two centuries ago, says an last two years of the rebellion, Davis exer- exchange, not one in a hundred wore stockcised a despotic sway over a people who ings. Fifty years ago not ong boy in a were ready to give up the fight and abanthousand was allowed to run at large at don the confederacy. It is known that night. Fifty years ago not one girl in a many who are now considered to have been among the leaders of the rebellion were op-

A PHYSICIAN prescribing syrup of buck nized their failure to establish a nation on thorn for an old lady, wrote his prescrip-

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 cat-alogue of sins. After he rose the Quaker

"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 sev-