



Select Poetry.

WAR HYMN, Alas! And Did My Soldiers Bleed. To be Sung by all U. S. Chaplains.

Alas! and did my soldiers bleed, And did my conscripts die? Would darkness blot their woeful heads For such a foul as I!

Select Story.

Adventures of a Bashful Man.

Harry Gordon Singleton made his debut into the world on Friday. We deemed this fact worth chronicling, since it was an event of some importance to our hero, and because we hope to show unbelievers that the old saw about the awkwardness of Friday is correct. From his very birth, Harry was distinguished. He was an exceedingly pretty babe, fair complexion, blue eyes, brown hair, plump and rosy; but he was endowed with a heritage far worse than a hump back, a club foot, or a squint eye—he was bashful! When the ladies came to look at him in his cradle, and to call him "little beauty—the express image of his pa," the little "awful" would invariably put his fat fist into his mouth and hide his interesting face in his pillow.

ness made it seem practicable. He would offer to escort Rosalie home! It was an audacious act, and Harry trembled in every limb at the thought of it; a cold perspiration started out of every pore; his hair nearly stood erect, and his face flashed hot as the bosom of Vesuvius. He attempted to sing, but his fine tenor voice broke down; he coughed, hemmed, flourished his handkerchief, and was at last obliged to sit down in despair. The exercises of the evening closed.—Harry seized his hat and rushed to the entry, where he took his station in full view of the door through which Rosalie would emerge. Her crimson hood appeared in the doorway, and his teeth chattered in his head, but his resolution was unshaken.—He made a sortie in her direction, knocking over little James Brown the barber, and fearfully mutilating the new calash of Miss Winn, the milliner, in the act; but these were minor affairs, and not worthy of his notice. He touched the shoulder of Rosalie. "May I—may—go home with you tonight—this evening?" stammered he. She put her little hand within his arm and they went out together into the starlight. Harry seemed to tread on air.—This world was this world no longer, but the charmed paradise of impossibility, and he dared not speak lest he should break the spell. The little lady too was strangely silent and the entire distance to the house of Judge Flanders was passed without a word. At the door Harry would have bidden his companion good night, but she retained his hand and drew him into the parlor; and there the light of the chandelier fell full on the face of the laughing woman, and with dread dismay Harry saw that not Rosalie, but Mrs. Judge Flanders herself stood before him. He had waited on the aunt and not the niece. Uttering an exclamation, he was about to retire, but Mrs. Flanders good humoredly detained him. "O don't go," she said kindly, "you really did bravely. I am proud of you; I knew from the first that you had made a mistake, but was fearful you would never try again if I denied your escort. Rosalie will be in soon; wait for her."

selected Member of Congress. In celebration of this event a grand supper in his honor was given at the Whitestown Hotel. Of course, the successful candidate must be presented, and etiquette demanded that he should bring a lady with him. The committee of arrangements waited upon him to inform him of this fact, and it may well be believed the communication filled him with horror. He begged of the gentlemen to provide him a partner if he must have one stipulating only that the lady should not be a young lady. In due course of time he was informed that he was to attend Mrs. Grubbin, the widow of the late Dr. Timothy Grubbin, the wealthiest as well as the tallest and fatest woman in the whole county. The eventful evening arrived. Mr. Singleton took Mrs. Grubbin to the hotel in a chaise. The lady was magnificently attired in a double-skirted tarleton, with ribbons, feathers and fearfully extended ermine. Poor fellow! The thought of escorting that giantess into a room filled with people made him sweat like one under the influence of a powerful dose of ipecacuanha.—But he was in for it and must get out the best way he could. Mrs. Grubbin, proud and triumphant, preceded him, breaking the passage, and compelling lesser people to yield the ground. Just as she arrived on the threshold of the banquet hall, she dropped her fan; and just at that moment the audience perceiving him in the background, proposed "three cheers for Hon. Mr. Singleton." Stepping to reclaim the fan, when the enthusiastic multitude looked for their champion he was nowhere visible. Cries rang round the room loud and vehement: "Mr. Singleton! Mr. Singleton! where is Mr. Singleton?" and directly Mr. Singleton looking very hot and very much confused, appeared from under the upper skirt of Mrs. Grubbin's dress—that lady having completely submerged the honorable gentleman in the folds of her drapery. Gentlemen smiled in their sleeves, and ladies giggled behind their handkerchiefs. Mrs. Grubbin looked more regal than ever, and Mr. Singleton leaned against a pillar for support. The announcement of dinner was a great relief. Judge Flanders presided; Mr. Grubbin occupied the seat at Singleton's right; Miss Flambeaux sat at his left, and Lucy Deane, the village belle was his vis-a-vis. Our hero's position was exceedingly embarrassing to one of his peculiar temperament, daring not to refuse anything that was offered him, lest some one should look at him, and the consequence was his plate literally groaned beneath its weight of edibles. Tomato sauce—his especial horror, passed around; a preserve plate-fall was allotted to him, from which he attempted to swallow, but it only stuck fast in his throat; it choked and sickened him, and set him to coughing violently. "You have taken a severe cold I presume," remarked Miss Flambeaux. "Yes ma'am, thank you, I have," returned Singleton, trembling on the verge of another sneeze. "Why don't you eat your tomatoes?" queried Mrs. Grubbin. "My poor dead and gone Daniel used to say there was nothing in the whole vegetable empire equal to tomatoes." "No doubt, ma'am, they are very fine," and Singleton essayed a second spoonful. The second dose had well nigh been too much for him, and with desperate resolve he watched until the whole company were engaged in drinking a toast, when he tilted the preserve dish and let its contents run into the napkin, which receptacle he whiffed into his pocket without delay, and immediately felt easier. A moment after Judge Flanders proposed a sentiment: "May he always retain the title of 'honorable,' but may he soon resign his seat to be called single. It is not good for man to be alone." The sentiment was drunk with applause; Singleton, blushing red at the insinuation conveyed by the words of Judge, thrust his hand in his pocket for his handkerchief, when instead of came napkin, tomato and all. Mopping his forehead vigorously with it, and the luscious vegetable formed an unobtrusive poultice thereon—completely transfiguring his countenance.—Blinded with the juice, and half dead with mortification, he thrust the napkin back into his pocket and secured the handkerchief, while the astonished company beheld him in silent amazement. "Does your nose bleed, sir?" inquired Mrs. Grubbin, quite audibly. "What the Goodness is the matter?" exclaimed Judge Flanders.

"Ahem! only a slight cold, thank-you sir, stammered Mr. Singleton. "A cold is it! Faith now, an' yer honor's nose must be after turning itself in-out thin!" exclaimed Mr. O'Toole, the Irish orator. Lucy Deane was laughing; Flambeaux was horrified; Mrs. Grubbin looked shocked; our friend Singleton was nearly suffocating with shame. Leaning back in his chair to recover his breath, and as soon as he could speak he begged to be excused a moment as he did not feel quite well. And forthwith he arose and made for the door; but—horror of horrors!—he had set on the pocket containing the napkin of tomato and his white pantaloons were dripping red with the sanguinary vegetable! A simultaneous shriek burst from all assembled. "Good gracious, Mr. Singleton is wounded! Murder! Murder! Call a physician! Seize the murderer! Send for Dr. Spillpower! Quick—he'll bleed to death! Murder! Murder!" The infuriated audience rushed hither and thither, and some one encountering John, the waiter, with a carving knife in his hand, took him for the perpetrator of the crime and seized upon him without delay. John struggled and swore, and laid about him with right good will, but he was overpowered by numbers and at last obliged to yield. There was a regular fight, and black eyes, and swelled noses, added largely to the beauty of scene. The ladies fled to the ante-room. Judge Flanders ran for a surgeon, and during the melee Singleton made his escape. No grass grew beneath his feet as he sped for home but the night being dark, and he being dark, and he being slightly flustered, he unfortunately mistook the house, and entered, not his own residence, but that of a correct old spinster named Mary Willis. The houses were somewhat similar, and Singleton, without pausing for a light, rushed up stairs and into his own chamber as he thought, where breathless and exhausted he flung himself upon the bed. Mary had retired some time previous and the sudden advent of Mr. Singleton sprung her from a sound slumber.—Arising from the bed, regardless of the fact that her teeth were out and her "natural" curls reposing in the bureau-drawer she fled to the house of her nearest neighbors, and securing assistance returned to meet the horrified Singleton just emerging from the door. Poor Singleton tried to explain, but Miss Willis would listen to nothing; her reputation was ruined she said, and Singleton must either settle or marry her! A fifty dollar bill was given freely; mending the broken character and learned Singleton never to go to bed in the dark. The affair at the Whitestown Hotel was a rather serious one. The orator O'Toole had his nose broken; Dr. Spillpower broke his horse's wind to get there before he should bleed to death; John, the waiter broke the heads of half a dozen gentlemen who assisted in his capture; and Judge Flanders broke all the buttons off his waistbands running after the surgeon and shouting murder. Mr. Singleton is yet unmarried, as fine a fellow as you could wish; and if you want to see blushing, just mention tom to sauce to him. A Whole Family in Heaven. The following beautiful passage is from the pen of Rev. Albert Barnes: "A whole family in Heaven—who can describe their everlasting joy! No one is absent. No father, nor son, nor daughter is a way. In the world below ascend together. Before the throne they bow together in united adoration. On the bank of the river of life they walk hand in hand; and as a family they have commenced a career of glory which shall be everlasting. There is hereafter to be no separation of that family. No one is to lie down on a bed of pain. No one is to wander away into temptation. No one is to sink into the arms of death. Never in Heaven is that family to move along in a slow procession, clad in the habiliments of woe, to consign one of its members to the tomb. God grant that in His infinite mercy every family may be thus united."

Miscellaneous Items

Romance in Rear Life.

On Tuesday, in the Police Court, a singular occurrence in real life took place, which, in this city, at least has seldom transpired. The facts are these: About 5 years ago a man named Edward Carey left an affectionate and beautiful wife and three interesting children, to seek a fortune in the mines of California. For one year after his arrival in the gold country, Carey wrote constantly to his wife, and enclosed frequent sums of money. Suddenly the correspondence ceased, and Mrs. Carey received no money, was compelled to adopt other means to obtain a livelihood for herself and little ones. In a few weeks thereafter Mrs. Carey received information that her husband had been killed in the mines, which was corroborated by a subsequent letter received from California.—For three years she lived, as she supposed she was, a widow, and receiving the attentions of an Italian named Joseph Reibe, who succeeded in gaining her affections, she consented to marriage and a year ago the two were legally united in the bonds of wedlock, and have ever since lived quite happily together. On Sunday last, as the church bells were summoning to the house of God the worshippers of the true Being, Edward Carey who had arrived direct from California by the morning train, was making inquiries in the neighborhood (in which his family resided when he left Cincinnati) for his wife and children. His neighbors and friends stood amazed and trembled upon beholding the man whom they had long since believed to be dead. Upon being assured that it was Carey, who was not dead but living, he was astounded with the intelligence that his wife, who had also believed that he had "gone to that bourne whence no traveller returns," was again married to another man, with whom she was now living in domestic felicity.—Ascertaining the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Reibe, the afflicted husband hastened to ascertain whether what he had heard was true of false. Knocking at the door, a tall Italian, measuring six feet one and one-half inches, came to the door. Carey inquired: "Does Mrs. Reibe live here?" Italian—"She does—will you walk in!" Carey—"Yes sir; will you please tell her that a gentleman desires to see her?" The Italian consented, and on going to the door leading into the dining room, called his wife by her first name. She answered, and all full of smiles came running down into the parlor. Upon seeing her husband, who rose from his seat to meet her, she screamed out "My God, Carey!" and fell fainting to the floor, when Carey informed Reibe that he was Edward Carey, the lady's lawful husband. Reibe also claimed her as his wife, and added, "I shall never give her up." Before the wife had full recovered from her fainting attack two husbands had become engaged in angry, violent words, resulting in Carey drawing a pistol on Reibe, and by the latter being forcibly ejected from his house. Reibe, on Monday morning, had a warrant sworn out in the Police Court, charging Carey with disorderly conduct and provoking him to commit a breach of peace. Carey was arrested, and arraigned before Judge Warren, in the presence of Reibe and the wife he asked the Court to hear an explanation before he entered his plea. Judge Warren consented, and Carey stated that he and Reibe both claimed the lady (pointing to Mrs. Carey Reibe) as wife, and he believed himself to be the legal claimant, had become disordered in demanding of Reibe that he should give her up. Reibe, through the Prosecuting Attorney, Mr. Staub, exhibited to the Court the marriage certificate, and the question was at once raised, "What further proceedings could be had in that Court?" The wife, who like Niobe, all in tears, was called up and asked by the Court if either of these men was her husband? She replied that she had been married to both, but having learned that her first husband was dead, she formed an attachment for Reibe three years afterwards and married him. After assuring the Court of her deeply seated attachment always for Carey, and now her warm affection for Reibe, who had been to her an affectionate and devoted husband, the Court inquired of her, viz: "What do you now propose to do; live with your first husband, who is legally such, or your last husband, who by misapprehension, and unintentionally, you have married?" The lady replied, "My duty and my desire are to live with my first husband Edward Carey."

The scene which followed can never be described. Carey and his wife approached each other and wept aloud, while the disappointed Italian, seated in his chair a statue, presented a picture of despair and disappointment. Presently his feelings were overcome, and he grievously wept, eliciting the sympathy of all. Carey and his wife, arm in arm, left the Court house, and Reibe, after receiving kindly admonition from the Court that he must be resigned, and pursue the matter no further, left the presence of the Court deeply chagrined and terribly mortified at the fate which had befallen him. Carey and his family are preparing to leave the city, and Reibe, all alone in a deserted house, refuses to be comforted. Legal Intelligence. A countryman walked into the office of Lawyer Barnes, one day and began his application: "Barns, I have come to get your advice in a case that is giving me some trouble." "Well what is it?" "Suppose now," said the client, "that a man had one spring of water on his land, and his neighbor below should build a dam across its creek through both of their farms, and it was to back the water up into the other man's spring; what ought to be done?" "Sue him, sue him by all means," said the lawyer, who always became excited in proportion to the aggravation of his clients. "You can recover heavy damages, sir, and the law will make him pay well for it—Just give me the case, and I'll bring the money from him, and if he hasn't a great deal of property, it will break him up, sir." "But stop, Barns," cried the terrified applicant for legal advice, "I'st that built the dam and its neighbor Jones that owns the spring, and he threatens to sue me?" The keen lawyer hesitated a moment before he tackled his ship and kept on. "Ah! well, sir, you say you built a dam across that creek. What sort of a dam was it, sir?" "It was a mill dam, sir." "A mill dam for grinding grain, was it?" "Yes it was just that." "And it is a good neighborhood mill is it?" "So it is, sir, and you may well say so!" "And all your neighbors bring their grain to be ground do they?" "Yes, sir, all but Jones." "Then it is a public convenience, is it not?" "To be sure it is. I would not have built it but for that. It is so far superior to any other mill, sir." "And now," said the old lawyer, "you tell me that man Jones is complaining just because the water from your dam happens to put back into his little spring, and he is threatening to sue you. Well, all I have to say is to let him sue you, and he will rue the day as sure as my name is Barnes."

and thereafter was not known to quote Scripture in a mowing field. Letter from Hon. C. L. Vallandigham. WINDSOR, C. W., March 7, 1864. Messrs. Hubbard and Bros., Dayton, Ohio: GENTLEMEN—I read, several days ago, the telegraphic announcement of the "riddling" of the Empire office by "furloughed soldiers." I offer you no sympathy, for that will avail nothing now or hereafter.—I do express to you my profound regret that you were not prepared to inflict on the spot, and in the midst of the assault, the complete punishment which the assailants deserved; but I am gratified to learn that some of them did soon after receive their deserts. But those cowardly acts cannot always be guarded against. And they do not primarily come from the "soldiers."—There is, therefore, but one remedy for past and preventive of future injuries; and that is, instant, summary, and ample reprimands upon the persons and property of the men at home, who, by language and conduct, are always inciting to these outrages. No legal or military punishment is ever inflicted upon the immediate instruments. Retaliation, therefore, in the only and rightful remedy in these times like these. I speak advisedly, and recommend it in all cases hereafter. It is of no avail to announce the falsehood that "both parties condemn it," after the destruction has been consummated. The time has gone by for obedience without protection. I speak decided language; but the continual recurrence of these outrages—frequently attended with murder, and always without redress—demands it. They must be stopped, let the consequences be what they may. Reprimands in such cases are now the only way left for a return to law and order. Very truly, C. L. VALLANDIGHAM. Butter at the Old Price. Some where in Connecticut there is a family by the name of Barstow, who were never noted for cleanliness. On the contrary, the name was proverbial for filthiness. They were farmers, and Mrs. Barstow, was engaged in the dairy business. Each week she posted to a village near by and disposed of her butter to Squire Walker who dealt in country produce and groceries. Ere long she learned that she did not get half as much for her butter as her neighbors were receiving, and this aroused her usual quiet temper, and she determined to demand an explanation of Squire Walker the next time she went to market. So the following week, with her regular amount of butter, she presented herself at the grocer's counter and said: "Squire Walker, what are you paying for butter to day?" He opened her boxes, and after a careful survey of the contents replied.—"Twelve and a half cents." "Twelve and a half cents," she repeated. "How is it that you pay Mrs. Perkins twenty cents a pound, and only allow me ninepence—and this you have done all along?" "Well," said the squire, coloring up and hesitating on each word, "the fact is, Mrs. Barstow, your butter is not so clean as hers, and I find it hard work to get rid of it at that price even, when people know who made it." "If that is all that is required," she replied with a confident air, "I will show them that I can make as good butter and as clean butter as any body." Mrs. Barstow all excited hurried home, notwithstanding the oppressive heat of the afternoon, and seizing the milk strainer, and wiping the perspiration from her face, exclaimed to her daughter: "Betsy Ann, Squire Walker had the impudence to tell me that my butter was not as clean as Nancy Perkins', and now I mean to show him that I can make as clean butter as she." "Du tell! I think I should try mother," replied Betsy Ann, emphatically. Mrs. Barstow commenced skimming her milk and cream into her old fashioned churn. It was all in but the last pan, when mounted upon a stool, was reaching after that; but unfortunately, she slipped and one of her dirty feet went down into the churn until it brought up at the bottom, scattering it in every direction. Extricating herself as soon as possible, she commenced scraping the cream from her limb and throwing it back into the churn, and in a slow deliberate tone to her daughter, who was laughing in a very unbecoming manner at her parent's mishap, "Well Betsy Ann, I guess my butter will have to go at the old price once more."