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POETICAL.

MOTHER.

Suggested on hearing some ladies singing, "I have no Mother now."

The si'ver moon is shining,
O'er valley, hill and dell;
And soft as angel whispers,
The evening breezes swell,
But ah! my heart is lonely,
And joys no longer stay,
For all around is dreary,
My Mother's far away.

Away o'er hill and mountain,
My thoughts are wand'ring now,
And shades of gloom and sorrow,
Are settling on my brow.
No smiles of joy and gladness
Upon my features play,
Oh! how can I be joyful?
My Mother's far away.

With all a mother's fondness
She loves her children yet,
I ever shall remember—
I never can forget
How she my footsteps guided,
And oft for me did pray—
I hear her voice no longer,
My Mother's far away.

Oh, Mother! still I love thee,
Though distant I may roam,
In memory still I linger
Around the scenes of home.
And oh! I shall be happy
When all earth's ties are riven,
To meet with all my kindred,
My Mother dear in Heaven.

VESPERI.

Now the dusky star-eyed evening,
Gliding from the spirit land,
Changeth all the face of nature
By the waving of her wand;
For the mystic shadows falling
From her drooping, floating wing,
Make the trees seem like tall spectres
In the darkness shivering.

All day long the sunshine sleepeth
On the hill and vale below,
And the brook's glad wavelets glisten,
Catching sunbeams as they flow;
O'er the hill the darkness broodeth,
O'er the waters of the vale,
And you only know the flowers
By the sweetness they exhale.

Nature like a fair young novice,
Wraps a veil around her brow;
While the earth and heaven seemeth
Silent as a cloister now;
The nightingale's exquisite music
Floateth through the gloaming dim,
As it were the novice singing,
Ere she sleeps, her vesper hymn.

MISCELLANY.

Worship.

The solemnity of the Sabbath, the coolness and stillness of the church aisles, the words of the preacher, the tones of the organ, the voices of the choir and of the congregation, stir up the soul, and feed its longings. But the heart which is fired with divine love finds each day a Sabbath. And the world with its blue sky-dome, one vast cathedral:

Its worship never ceases. The songs of birds thrill it with pulses of joy. The beauty of the lanpscape, the grandeur of the sea, the majesty of storms, the peculiar freshness and sweetness of the morning, the sure return of the seasons, the miracles of blossoming and growth, awaken perpetually its wonder and admiration. How peacefully the rivers flow; how softly the rains fall; how silently and surely life advances, from the seed to the harvest, from the little acorn to the full-grown regal oak, from the child to the man, from the senseless clod to the immortal soul: how inconceivably wise and mighty, then, must be the Author of all! It is the province of the brute to eat the grass, and sleep, and think never of the All-Father. It is the province of the brute-like men, who have not yet had their spiritual senses awakened, to walk the earth, to behold its beauties, and to partake of its bounties, without ever being warmed into gratitude and adoration by the divine order of things.

It is not the atheist alone who is shut out from the greatest happiness of life by the disuse of the religious faculties. Many who think they worship, who believe that they believe in God, have yet to be touched by the awful mystery of providence which animates the worm beneath their feet, and shines in the stars above their heads. The hand of Deity is in everything; the love and tender cars of Deity enfold us on all sides.—The eye cannot be opened, day or night, but it looks upon a miracle. And even when we sleep, the pulse of the life, the breath of life, goes forward the same. The blood circulates as duly as the planets revolve in their orbits. We know as little of ourselves as we know of the sideral systems. But from beginning to end it is all mystery. A robin's egg is as wonderful as the star. The weed we tread upon cures liver complaint or nightmare; but it should cure more than that. In its roots and fibres and leaves there is divine wisdom enough to care the worst case of infidelity.

There is an Eastern story told of a person who taught his parrot to repeat only the words, 'What doubt is their of that?' He carried it to market for sale, fixing the price at one hundred rupees. A Mogul asked the parrot, 'are you worth one hundred rupees?' The parrot answered, 'What doubt is there of that?' The Mogul was delighted, and bought the bird. He soon found out this was all it could say. Ashamed now of his purchase he said to himself, 'I was a fool to pay this bird.' The parrot exclaimed as usual, 'What doubt is there of that?'

"Kill the printer, and shoot the devil."

Dodging the Militia Find.

In days gone by, when the objectionable militia laws were in force in old Massachusetts, the customary draft was made in a country town a few miles from Boston, and a notice to appear "armed and equipped, according to a law," was left at the boarding house of a wag, who possessing very little "martial music" in his soul, determined that he would neither train nor pay a fine, and entertaining withal a very indifferent opinion of the utility of the system he took no notice of the summons.

Having been duly "warned" however, as he expected, at the expiration of a few weeks, the sergeant waited upon him, with a bill of nine shillings for non attendance at the muster.

"You're fined, sir,—nine shillings—non appearance."

"What is it?" said the wag, pretending to misunderstand the collector.

"Fined for not training," drawled the other.

"Shan't pay it, fellow."

"It will be three dollars, the next time I call."

But the wag couldn't hear a word he said, and in the course of another month he received a peremptory summons to appear forthwith at a court martial in the district, instituted for the purpose of trying delinquents, and collecting such fines as could be scared out of the non-performers of duty.—At the appointed time he waited on the said court, which was held in an old country house, where he found three or four persons attired in flashy regimentals, whose awful "yaller epulets" were enough to command the attention and profound respect of the beholder. Though somewhat disconcerted at this exhibition of spurs and buttons, he put a bold face on the matter, and responding to the directions of the junior of the August court, he advanced to the table, and the chief functuary commenced the examination.

"Your name sir?"

The offender placed his hand quickly on his ear, without uttering a word or moving a muscle in his face.

"What is your name?" repeated the questioner in a louder tone.

"A little louder," said the wag without replying.

"Name!" shouted the judge,

"Taunton, Bristol county."

"What business do you follow!"

"Main street."

"Your business!" yelled the officer.

"Right hand side, as you go up."

"How long have you been there?"

"About two miles and a half."

"How old are you, fellow?" continued the judge, nervously.

"Boss carpenter."

"What the devil is the matter with your ears?"

"Dr. Scarpie's oil sometimes."

"Why don't you answer me?"

"Nearly five years."

"He is deaf as an adder," remarked the judge; turning to his subordinates; "clear the lubber out."

"You can go," said the under officer, pointing to the door. But our friend took no notice of the order.

"You can go!" yelled the judge. "Good God is it possible that a man can be as deaf as that?"

"I can't say," continued the delinquent pretending not to understand, "but should think"—

Go! go!" screamed the judge, "there's no fine to pay. The Lord pity the Colonel who had a regiment like you to command. Show him the door Major."

Our friend was never again summoned to train during his residence in Taunton.

A Second Moses.

A Harrisburg paper states that, during the terrible freshet of week before last, a cradle was seen coming down the rushing waters near Manadsville, Pa., and being suspected of containing something, it was watched by several persons for three or four miles, expecting it would at some point of its journey come near enough to the shore that it would be safe in venturing after it in a boat. At last, at a bend in the swollen stream the cradle came sufficiently near that it was secured, when lo! and behold, upon lifting up a light covering, a beautiful *babe looked up and smiled!* We remember of reading in that sweet book of old, of a time when the daughter of one of Egypt's proud rulers went to the river to bathe, when something was seen in the distance, to bring which one of her maids was sent, when upon opening, a babe was seen, which looked up and smiled. The above incident brought this ancient one to mind. A kind person took the little one in charge and although a week has elapsed, and inquiry upon inquiry has been made, no clue to the history of the little stranger has been discovered.

IMMORTALITY.—Harmonious with man's exalted powers is his glorious destiny. This temporary life culminates in the grandeur of an endless life—this short lived existance is but the starting point, the initial period of immortality. We are born to a higher and nobler being; and to attain the real majesty and enter upon the moral grandeur of that being, we must die. Death is but the twilight commencement, and forms the glorious era of our imperishable life. We die to live for ever. These are the sublime teachings of Divine inspiration; and well may Dr. Young with the light and radiance of immortality flaming all in and beyond the grave, sing—

Death is the crown of life!
It wounds to cure: we fall, we rise, we reign!
Spring from our fetters, fasten in the skies,
Where blooming Eden withers in our sight,
Death gives us more than was in Eden lost;
This king of terrors is the prince of peace."

NEVER threaten a child; it is cruel, unjust, and dangerous. What you have to do, do it, and be done with it.

Rebel Cruelty.

The following is an extract from a letter addressed to a gentleman of Pittsburg, by a relative living in Virginia, whose father has been inhumanly butchered by the rebels for no other offence than being a Union man:

DEAR COUSIN: I sit down, broken hearted, to let you know of my poor, dear father's death. He was away from home 16 months, all on account of being a Union man. When Gen. Banks came to Woodstock, father thought he could come home. He came, and was at home four days; and when Gen. Shields' division moved down this valley father thought he would leave with them; but thought he would stay till morning, as it was raining all day and he did not feel well, and all of Shields' force had not got to Front Royal before eighteen of the rebels rode up here, arrested father, and guarded him all night. They would not let any of us out of the house. Next morning they took him to Luray and kept him in prison for eight days by which time the rebels came through this valley, and by order of Col. Ashby three of his men took father and another man out in the night and shot them, never burying them until Shields' division came up again, when the Union men buried them. Gen. Shields told me he would have revenge on the cowardly assassin? My poor mother is very low. It has almost killed her. She was insensible for more than an hour and a half the other day. Gen. Shields has been very kind to us. He sent a doctor fifteen miles to see mother. The doctor thought she was somewhat better. All the soldiers have been very kind to us. It was very hard for me to give up my dear father, and I hope God will support us in this great affliction, and enable me to bear up under it for the sake of mother, and that God will spare her to get well again, as she is my only hope.

From your cousin,

HARRIET.

Milford, Va., June 7, 1862.

Girls' Ideas of Men.

At sixteen, a girl considers no man good enough to be her husband. She must have a real live archangel, with "humid orbs," a "marble brow," on which "cluster wavy tresses, black as the raven's wing;" a moustache of silken softness, and ebon hue; in a word, no human being, of flesh and blood qualities, but an altogether sweet and lovely and ideal creature, in purple and linen with plenty of money and no small vices. Unfortunately, no such person exists. He is a pleasant myth of the butter-thunder school of romance, and has no material form in this world of corner lots, dry goods and gas bills. At eighteen the girl discovered that unwholesome truth, and changes her views accordingly. She is probably in love by that time with some decent looking and sensible young fellow, who; though hardly an archangel, does very well to be idealized. Then it must be a great man. A judge of the Supreme Court might do; a great general would be very acceptable; the President of the United States would be just the thing; or a foreign Prince or Count might find a welcome if genuine. But Tom or Harry utterly refuses to become either a judge, a general, a president, or a foreign nobleman. He remains good looking, penniless and clever, and the aspiring young lady loves him as ever.

Finally, when the affair is settled, she either weds him at twenty, settles down into a matron, and enjoys her life; or breaks her heart, and marries a tallow-chandler, bald, but wealthy, at twenty-five, and regrets it at her leisure. Such is the general history of maidens who set forth with the idea of marrying nothing short of a novelsque hero.

"SMALL LIES."—H. W. Beecher, in a recent sermon upon faithfullness in small things, said:

"I do not know any buyer that pays such prices as the devil pays when he buys men. Here is a man who sells himself for about one-eighth of a pound of chicory in a pound of coffee. He prepares his commodity with a lie and retails it with another lie. Every time a man commits a known dishonesty, he sells his soul, and thousands are selling themselves, by little driblets.—And I think that a man who sells himself, thus cheats himself. No, he cheats the devil. The devil pays too much for him. I am informed that before the commutation system was abandoned by the ferry company, men of property and standing in society would boldly declare that they had a commutation ticket in their pocket when they had none, for the sake of going through without paying! They lied for one cent! I pity the devil. I do not know what he does with such men. It is awful to be chief magistrate of a parcel of men like these. I cannot understand how these exiguous, thrice-squeesed men can be managed!"

A Michigan Man Inherits Two Hundred and Fifty Million Dollars.—Mr. C. T. Tucker, of this place, we understand, is likely to come into possession of the Lawrence estate, in the Bank of England, amounting to fifty million pounds, or nearly two hundred and fifty million dollars. This matter has been in litigation about fifteen years, and all the testimony necessary to establish the claim has finally been obtained. Lyman Lawrence, of Mattawan, who is a brother of Mr. Tucker's wife, was the legitimate heir, but made a full assignment to Mr. Tucker, who will have full control of the vast estate. If this claim should be fully established, he will be the richest man in America.—*Decatur Tribune.*

The Journal of commerce says that an army of 600,000 men, in line, single rank, will show a front of twenty-three miles. This may be said of Union troops, but it wouldn't hold good regarding rebels, because the tendency with them is to show their backs.

[FOR THE RECORD.

"LET US ALONE."

BY M. S. N.

"Let us alone" thou bloody Arbiter,
"Tis only peace we seek at thine
Illimitable shrine of boasted freedom,
And yet our search is vain
Amid such blackened wreck
Of ancient glory. 'Tis true
Our hands have MILDLY sought
To rend this consecrated arch,
Cemented by the fervent prayers,
And stirring tears and patriot
Blood of those whose blanching
Bones now whiten every hill
That lifts its head on Southern soil;
Yet why should cowering
"MUDSILL" spaniels snap and
Growl. Oh bloated arrogance!
How can it be that thou wilt
Still persist in waging an
Unholy war against the chivalric
Sons of the "First Families,"
Whose *high-born* friends in the
Far North, are speaking through
A small still voice, "God speed
The South." "Let us alone,"
To work our glorious destiny
Amid the crash of social ties,
The orphan's sighs and widow's tears,
And ruined cities whose imperial
Forms lie scattered in the very dust,
From which protrudes the ghastly
Arms of those who fell in
The JUST cause that yet shall
Ride triumphant over every foe
And spread its flag like canvas
To the breeze; while from the
Frowning battlements of our
Bloody feast we'll contemplate
The glorious "Ditch" that threatened
Once to be our graves, and sing
Hosannas to the magic fame
Of our sceptered Cotton King.

A Rebel Boy's Death Scene.

Lieutenant Ad. Smith, of Black's Regiment, in a letter to a friend concerning his adventures at Hanover Court House, describes the death scene of a youthful Rebel soldier. After the battle, Lieut. Smith, feeling the want of his overcoat, which he had thrown away on entering the fight, in company with a sergeant proceeded in search of it in the woods. On the way they stumbled over the dead of both sides, and every now and then they were startled with the cries and groans of the wounded who had not yet been discovered by the detail sent out. Lieutenant S., after mentioning his failure to find his overcoat, says:

"Determined not to sleep in the cold all night without some covering beside the light blouse I had on, I stooped down and unbuckled the knapsack from a Rebel soldier who was stiff in death. From off this I took a large white blanket, and was about to move away from the spot, when I was arrested by a prayer, uttered in a weak, childish voice, that made the blood run cold in my veins. I proceeded to the spot whence the sound came, and discovered lying close along side a decayed log, and partially covered with a fallen limb, a youth of not over sixteen, mortally wounded in the abdomen. O, how earnestly and piteously he offered up his soul to Heaven. He prayed that his dear mother might forgive him for going against her will to fight the Yankees, and that God would forgive him and take him into his care and keeping. He was too earnestly employed to know of our presence, although I asked him several questions, and turned him on his back, while the sergeant placed a stick under his head, and a canteen of cold water to his lips. He was now in his death agonies, and we had done all in our power to make his exit into eternity as comfortable as possible; it but remained for us to see him give up the ghost. Poor boy! he kept us waiting but a little while, for his spirit soon had flown "to that bourne from whence no traveler returns.' We turned from the spot, and unconsciously the tears trickled down my cheeks as the dying words of the young Rebel still rung in my ears. His last words were, 'O, my poor dear mother, what will you do?' His words cut me keenly, and caused me to draw a picture of the future which was, perhaps, in store for me."

Double Faces.

It is no rare thing to find men and women too, who change their faces as well as their clothes for company. In their own families they are snarling, growling, fault-finding and quarreling; in the presence of others they are patterns of amiability. Good nature seems to be with them a commodity which is used so lavishly in public, that it cannot be wasted in private, and all their sugary compliments are squandered on their friends, leaving nothing but cross words for their relations. With those who are so happy as only to see them occasionally, they pass for miracles of good temper, but their reputations are built on very insecure footing. The sugar coating of the pill is so thin that it will not bear much handling before the disagreeable nature of the inside is discovered. It is well to keep a strong guard over the temper in public; when it is allowed to riot in private it is sure to get the upper hand sometimes when last expected, and put to blush all the rules of decorum.—Mrs. Timmins may have as many smiles on her face as she has furbelows on her dress when her very dear friends are at tea with her, but let Mr.——catch his foot in the rug and drop the tea urn, and see what a hail storm of words will rattle against his head. That majestic brow of the hostess will be darked with a cloud of angry passions, and the guests will at once discover that instead of hobnobbing with an angel they are taking tea with "a Tartar."

SINGULAR FACT.—One day last week, a flower resembling a full blown white rose, was picked from an apple tree on the farm of Harlow Barghardt in this town, on the road to Egremont. It was nearly two inches in diameter, and consisted of over an hundred leaves. The tree is loaded with small apples, and the singularity of the phrenomenon is the subject of much foolish superstition.—*Buckshire (Massachusetts) Courier.*

The Reward.

At Worms, when Luther had returned, forsaken and dispirited, to his hotel, a servant entered bearing a silver vase filled with refreshing beverage, the offering of the aged Duke Erie of Brunswick, a powerful lord belong to the Pope's party. As the Reformer, touched deeply by the kindness, drank, he said:

"As on this day Duke Erie has remembered me, may the Lord Jesus Christ remember him in the hour of his last struggle."

The servant took back the message to his master. The aged Duke called to mind these words at the moment of his death, and addressing a young man who stood at his bedside said:

"Take the Bible and read to me."

The youth read the words of Christ, and the soul of the dying man took comfort:

"Whosoever shall give you a cup of cold water to drink, in my name, because ye belong to Christ, verily, I say unto you, he shall not lose his reward."

HOW A PATRIOT TALKS.—Col. Robert M. Lee, of Philadelphia, is a "Democrat," well known in Pennsylvania politics. He had two sons in the army of Gen. McClellan, one of whom was killed at the battle near Richmond, and the other badly wounded.—Read what he writes over the dead body of his gallant son, and let secession sympathisers take notice:

"The individual who could witness the scene I have witnessed since my arrival here, and hesitate before the most stringent measures the Government can adopt, to bring to speedy judgement the traitors of our Government, is unworthy the name of man. Mercy to them is cruelty to civilization; and as for patience with the sympathisers of traitors in our communities—this is little short of treason! They should be driven from our midst, or compelled to abandon their treasonable practices and conversation, and that at once."

A RIGHTEOUS VERDICT.—In Manchester, Vermont, resides a man named Dole, who is a violent Secessionist. Recently, while he was expressing his sentiments in favor with the rebellion, and hoping that every Federal soldier at the South would be shot or struck dead with lightning, Mr. H. E. Miner, editor of the Manchester Journal, knocked him down. Dole had Mr Miner arrested and the case was tried before a jury. While his counsel summed up for his client, one of the jurymen quietly wrote the following veruict: "Not guilty; and the jury would recommend all loyal citizens to go and do likewise." The other member endorsed the virdict, and without leaving their seats, returned it to the Court, by whom it was received, and the prisoner discharged.

LIFE IS FULL OF TROUBLE.—How many sick ones wish they were healthy.

How many beggar men wish they were wealthy;

How many ugly ones wish they were pretty;

How many stupid ones wish they were witty;

How many bachelors wish they were married;

How many Benedicts wish they were not married;

Single or double, life's full of trouble;
Riches are stubble, pleasure's a bubble;

It will be remembered that the property of the gallant Major Anderson, in the South, and a large number of his slaves were confiscated by the rebels, as a punishment for his loyalty in defending Fort Sumter. There is hope now that he will speedily be able to collect some of the dues of which he was then defrauded. Gen. Butler has seized and confiscated the property of one active and bitter rebel, who owed him $25,000; and it is to be hoped that Maj. Anderson's rights in the case will be promptly looked after.

All the starch in potatoes is found very near the surface; the heart contains but very little nutriment. Ignorance of this fact may form a plausible excuse for those who cut off thick parings, but none to those who know better. Circulate the injunction. Pare thin the potato skin.

A little daughter of Chester Goodman, of West Hartford, Conn., aged three years, on the 12th instant, contrived to reach a vial of oil of vitroil from a shelf, during the absence of her parents from the room, and drank of the contents. The child died after about thirty hours of intense suffering.

THE perfumes of a thousand roses soon die, but the pain caused by one of their thorns remains long after. A saddened remembrance in the midst of mirth is like that thorn among the roses.

It is stated that Nicholas Longworth, the Cincinnati millionaire, has contributed $500 to feed the families of Confederate soldiers in the South.

Riches are never true true to those that trust them. As the bird hops from twig to twig, so do riches from man to man.

We make sad mistakes, but there is goodness hived, like wild honey in strange nooks and corners of the world.

It is impossible to tell what the restoration of the Union will cost. But one thing is certain; it will not cost half what it is worth.

THE Bible is a window in this prison of hope, through which we look into eternity.

A merry companion on the road is as good as a nag.

A woman begins to have a great antipathy to pates when she finds herself out of date.

HUMOROUS.

If you want to know how the devil feels, ask the first rebel sympathiser you meet.

To render frozen eggs as valuable as any—sell 'em for good ones.

Make your bull bellow twice and you will have a pair of bellows.

When are sweet and sour apples alike—When they are pared.

The Knoxville Register says, that if the rebeles get us, we shall "die like a dog." Then we shall die like many of them live.

A Tennesse paper predicts that Floyd will soon "scour the country." He had better try to scour his hands.

At sixteen a woman prefers the best dancer in the room; at two-and-twenty, the best talker; and at thirty the richest man.

A cotemporary says: In Paris, a new style of pockets has been introduced; ours remain without change.

It is said that the Rebel soldiers catch and eat all the frogs they can to make themselves nimble in the legs.—*Prentice.*

The best way to do good to ourselves is to do it to others; the right way to gather is to scatter.

Prentice says, unquestionably the rebels have immense energy, but it has all settled in their legs.

It is to be feared that many a woman tears her hair ostentatiously at her husbands death, after having torn his much worse in his lifetime.

Heaven sends us ten thousand truths, but because our doors and windows are shut to them, they sit and sing awhile upon the roof, and then fly away.

Gen. Beauregard says that the confidence of the rebels is in God. But don't they begin to suspect that their confidence isn't reciprocated?

We don't know or believe that the rebel leaders will ever become Christains, but we guess that a good many of them will be "under conviction" before long.

A club of henpecked husbands met once a week—that meeting being the only day of enjoyment and rest. When they adjourned they called it the rising of the *tied.*

BLISSFUL.—To press against the fourth button of your vest the palpitating heart that belongs to a pair of sky-colored eyes, in a low-necked spencer.

The Richmond Whig speaks of 'the loftier motive that inspires the Southern man' in the civil war. The loftiest motive that inspires the Southern man is whiskey, and that goes down rapidly.

Men are afraid of slight outward acts which injure them in the eyes of others while they are heedless of the damnation which throbs in their souls in hatreds, and jealousies, and revenges.

The rebel Confederacy may hate bitterly to submit to the Constitution, but she must do it. The pill however, bitter, must go down its throat and do its work. It has engaged its passage.

'What do they mean by a cat-and-dog life?' said a husband to his angry wife. 'Look at Carlo and Kitty asleep on the rug together. I wish men lived half so peacably with their wives——' 'Stop,' said the lady; 'tie them together and then see how they will agree.'

'What abominable lies we have been told!' exclaimed an uncombed and uncomely Newbern damsel of 45, as Burnside's gallant boys were filing past. "Why, they said the Yankees were after beauty and booty,' but they havn't touched me yet!" And she lifted up her voice and wept that she had been so deceived.

PUZZLE.—Edward told Willie that he would set on *three* separate seats in the parlor, where they were both by themselves; every seat he sat down in he would get up out of it, and give Willie an opportunity to sit in each vacant seat, but that Willie would not be able to sit *but* in *two* out of the *three.* How did he do it?

BONNETS.—The prevailing fashions of the present Summer are very much like the styles of last year, only a more so. They are admirably adapted to astronomical observation, the inclination being decidedly skyward. A small flower garden usually fills up the space between the top of the head and the upward boundary of the bonnet, with a large conservatory on top.

SONG FOR THE SEASON.—We have never, until hearing of the capture of New Orleans been so forcibly reminded of the stirring simplicity of the poetic effusions of James Crow, Esq. One stanza, especially, which we have carelessly hummed in times past, recurs to us with immense vividness. And as we repeat it, we only ask the reader to imagine the gradual and then sudden approach of our forces upon the Crescent City, and the excitement incident thereto:

I walked the streets both up and down;
They were full of folks, both black and brown,
But do white folks, dey was running roun
—crying—
(So I stopped an' axed 'em what all dis ere fuss was about "Why" says a nigger, "don't you know? its nothing only"—
Picayune Butler's coming—coming to—
Picayune Butler's coming—coming!
Oh! Picayune Butler's come to town.