

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

VOL. XXII.—NO. 25.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O. GOODRICH.

TOWANDA :
Thursday Morning, November 21, 1861.

Selected Poetry.

(From the Cincinnati Commercial.)
THE SWEET LITTLE MAN.

REPORTED TO THE STAY-AT-HOME RANGERS.

While the soldiers are fighting our battles,
And the poet to do all that he can,
With the long rifle and contraband chatties,
Are you doing my sweet little man?

Leave boys under canvas are sleeping,
And then pressing to march with the van,
From the home where their sweethearts are weeping,
Are you waiting for my sweet little man?

With the terrible warlike mustaches,
For a soldier or chief of a clan,
With the waist made for sword belts and sashes,
Are you waiting for my sweet little man?

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bearing of peculiar comeliness, and, when occasion called, he could be erect and proud. His face was rather pale, and the delicately cut features betrayed intellect enough for any department of active life. If he had a lack it was in vital energy and physical force; but this was nothing in his way if he had incentive enough to overcome it, for overcome he could. As he finally stood before his father, with his arms folded upon his breast, the whole pride of his soul was in action. He told his parent that he should marry with the maiden of his choice.

The old man's answer was short and very firm. There was still further arguing—further questioning and answering—but no change of feeling—no change of intent.

"You have my firm decision," said Jotham Wilton. And those who knew that old man could not have doubted him. He was too proud, too firm, too self-willed to trifle.

"And," replied Mark, very slowly and solemnly, "you have mine. I shall make Clara Preston my wife, if I live. And I tell you now that I will not barter away my soul for money. You understand me."

"I understand what you say."

"And I only say just what I mean."

"Then I understand you fully. And, Mr. Mark Wilton, I would be sure that you fully understand me. If you marry that girl, look to your father's bank account no more. Not another penny—not another penny!"

Mark Wilton anticipated something of this sort—and yet, when he was once more alone, and realized the full force of his opposition, he was for a while overwhelmed with anxious thought. Thus far in life he had never known what it was to depend upon himself. His father's immense wealth had been the source of all his hopes, and the future took color and form from the golden store.

A while was the youth in great trouble, but gradually he rose above the shock, and his pride came to his aid; for he had pride, and an independent spirit, and now that these qualities had been so loudly called upon, they started up strong and sure. He folded his hands together, and with his head erect and his thin lips very firmly compressed, he swore he would be his own master.

Clara Preston was as beautiful as the artist's ideal, and those who knew her loved her for her gentleness and goodness. She was an orphan, and had for two or three years supported herself by teaching music. Not a breath was against her character—not a breath could there be, for she was one of those pure, spiritual beings who seem to make pure and holy the atmosphere about them.

In the evening Mark Wilton came, and told Clara the result of his interview with his father. She listened to him attentively, and when he had concluded, she reached forth her delicate hand and rested it in his.

"Mark," she said, gazing earnestly into his face, "I have been fearful of this, and I tell you freely that I have not a word of fault to find with your father. It would be hard for me to give you up, but it would be still harder to see you suffer on my account. If, as matters now stand, you would sever the bonds between us, I shall be content, and I will never blame you while I live."

"Clara," cried the young man vehemently, "you don't know me. Give you up! I'd sooner give up my life. My father has my answer. I can give up his wealth; but I cannot give up to the love and faith of my heart. No, dearest one, no clouds shall come between thee and me. My resolution is taken, and henceforth I am my own master, subject to only such bonds as love and duty to thee shall impose."

The maiden regarded her lover for some moments in silence. She saw how proud and determined he looked; how bold and dauntless the light that flashed in his dark eyes; how hopefully and trustingly he turned his soul's aspiration toward herself; and she felt that she did no wrong in sustaining him.

"Mark Wilton," she said, giving him both her hands, "if you can love and trust me thus; if you can give up so much for me; if you can now, in the first flush of manhood, turn from the hopes of other years, and link your fate with mine, I will love and cherish you to the end. My best effort shall be yours, and with all my power of heart and soul I will serve you."

"Before Heaven, I am content!" replied the youth; and, as he spoke, he seemed to summon all his energies for the battle of life before him. He drew the fair one upon his bosom; and, as he held her there, he firmly resolved that he would live to show his father, and the world, that he could sustain himself as became an honorable and independent man.

The day was finally set for their marriage. "We cannot be married, in my father's house," said Mark.

"No," returned Clara, "I had supposed that, and I planned that we will be married at the house of an old friend of mine. Will it please you to have it thus?"

The young man readily consented, and the arrangements were made accordingly.

The evening came, and Mark was ushered into the house of Clara's friend, whom he had heard called Mr. Sampson. This Mr. Sampson was an old man of patriarchal appearance; quaintly dressed; his hair and beard, white as snow, seeming never to have suffered the approach of razor or shears. He received Mark with touching kindness; and it was he who gave the bride away.

"Now, my children," said Mr. Sampson, after the ceremony had been performed, and Mark and Clara were man and wife, "you are about to commence the ascent of life's hill together. Be true to each other; be true to honor and duty; and, and, and, raising his hands, while the big tears started in his eyes, Mark God guard, guide, and bless you both."

Mark turned that old man—he learned to love him at once; and he promised himself much pleasure in visiting him.

"I never knew before that you had such a friend," he said to Clara when they were alone.

"Oh," she replied with a warm light breaking through the moisture of her eyes, "he has been my best friend since my father died.—He has never been called upon to serve me, much but still I love him as a father. And you will love him, Mark, as you come to know him. There was much wonderment in society when it became known that old Jotham Wilton the retired banker had disinherited his son; and the gossip-mongers had a busy time of it for a while. Some said that old Jotham had done right; others said that he had done wrong, though they could not fully exonerate Clara, sided with the youthful couple, and denounced old Jotham as a monster of the first water. The more sober and rational ones—those who had known Jotham Wilton through his long and useful career—were at a loss how to understand the matter. At first they were unwilling to believe that he could have done such a thing as disinherit his only child. It did not seem reasonable. "Of those promising children," they said, "Mark is the only one left to him; and it cannot be that he has thus cast him off." But, finally, when they found it was really so, they shook their heads, and said that Jotham Wilton was damaged.

In the meantime how was it with Mark Wilton? Like a new being he stepped forth from the old inheritance, and put forth his hand to work for himself. He remembered his solemn pledge, and he was determined to redeem it. He said that he would show to the world, and to his father, an independent, self-sustaining man, and he meant to do it. And thus in his last new home he had an angel to sustain him. By every word and deed, and by every look and thought, did Clara seek to sustain and encourage him.

For the first six months Mark made but little apparent headway. Yet he was very diligent and hopeful, and faltered not. He was punctual at his office, attending to such business as was left with him with faithfulness, and devoting all his leisure moments to study. In his office and at home he studied; and the harder he worked the more did he find to work for. His pride—his pride was leading him on—pride, sharpened and intensified by resentment—the most powerful incentive that could have been given him; and he was determined to rise to distinction. He attended the courts; listened to the best pleaders; and then, when alone with his wife, he held impromptu courts, and tried important cases over again.

At the expiration of six months he was engaged to defend a party who had been sued for trespass in removing a building belonging to the plaintiff from land belonging to said defendant. It was a case involving some nice points of law, but Mark Wilton proved himself equal to the emergency, and gained a verdict for his client.

Mark had now gained the first round of the ladder, and he kept his gaze fixed eagerly upon the top. Another case was soon gained by him, in the conducting of which he displayed such marked ability as to call forth the encomiums of the court.

When it became known that Mark Wilton was a rising man, he had business enough but he would not put his hand to all that was offered. It soon became known in the courts that he was a conscientious man. And, furthermore, it was discovered, as he did more business, that he was punctual, faithful and honorable.

It was an enviable reputation for a young lawyer, but he had worked hard to gain it.—Aye—he had worked without ceasing. At home, and in his office, over his books, and over his thoughts, he had been busy with an eye to the one idea of his life. Step by step he had worked his way up, feeling, at every advance, that he was coming nearer to the station from which he could demand of his father such recognition as one man is bound to give another, who merits it in honor. Ah, that was the high goal of his pride—to reach a station in life equal to the one his father had reached before him. Oh, how proud would he be when he had gained it!

But when he had gained it, what would he be? How would he meet his father?—how present the crown he had conquered? He could not tell. He would wait until the time came.

And did he see his father during these years of struggle? Yes, he saw him occasionally. They met sometimes in the street, and sometimes in the courts. They bowed and passed the bare compliments of recognition, but nothing more.

And how was it in Mark Wilton's home? Go ask the angels of Peace and Love, for those were the angels that guarded the spot. A better wife man never had. Mark never regretted the step he had taken—never. And yet, sometimes, when the memories of childhood came back to him, his heart would go forth in yearning after a parent's love. And in those moments he prayed that his father might live to bless him. But he suffered not. His wife read all his thoughts, and she ministered to all his needs; and when she saw the old recollections were upon him, she would her arms about his neck and whispered to him of the bright promises of the future.

Five years had passed—five years of up hill toil; and yet how rich in result, how freighted with reward up hill; and far, far up the hill had he worked his way.

On the 15th of March, 18—, the large courtroom was packed in every part; and all over the country, where the newspapers were read, were anxious people waiting to learn the result of that day's trial. It was an action of a giant monopoly against the rights of the people, and Mark Wilton was for the defence. During three days the trial lasted, and during those three days Wilton fairly outdid his own hopes and expectations. He knew that his father's friends were there. He knew that thousands were watching him, and that great interest hung upon him. And, furthermore, he knew that in his house was one whose prayers were going up continually for him. There was one thing more—he felt that this was a round far up the ladder and he resolved to reach it. Into it he threw his whole soul; and so nobly did he battle, so ably did he re-

fect the rights of his clients, so powerfully did he appeal on behalf of right and justice, and so keenly and clearly did he open the merits of his own case, and expose the numerous wrongs of the opposition, that he carried all the disinterested hearts with him. He gained his case—gained it against the power of money and numbers—gained it by such powers of his own as few among his peers could have put forth.

As Mark Wilton turned to leave the courtroom, after he had received the congratulations of the bench and bar, he saw his father there weeping. For an instant—but for an instant only—there was in his soul a spirit of exultation over his weeping parent; but a better feeling quickly came, and in the flush of that proud hour, he felt that it would be a crowning joy to have that old man's hand laid with a blessing upon his head.

That evening, as Mark Wilton sat with his wife, his clients, who had come to congratulate him, having taken their leave, and his child ren having been put to bed, the door-bell was rung, and presently Mr. Sampson was ushered into the parlor. Mark had not seen the old man to converse with him for a long time.—He knew that Mr. Sampson had been a frequent caller at the house, and that he had spent much time with the children; but he himself had been so busy that he had no opportunity to share his company. Now, however, he was glad to see him, and his welcome was warm and free.

Of course the conversation turned upon the great trial; and once more Clara heard how the people were praising her husband.

"My son," said the old man, "you are at the top of the ladder; but your work is not done. Your labor of climbing may be over, but there is a high broad mountain of honor and fame before you. Up its sloping side leads one path that will surely carry its follower to the summit. It is the path of usefulness. I would not touch you with advice, but I speak with the fullness of my heart."

"I understand you, my good sir," replied Mark; "and your hint pleases me. It pleases me most because it is the reflection of my own feeling, and the sun of my own reflections. I have reached a proud station; but I have only just begun to taste the sweets of successful labor. There are rich rewards in the future, and I am resolved to gain them if I live."

Mr. Sampson was deeply affected; but he subdued his emotion, and then spoke to the young man of his father.

"I saw your father last evening, Mark; and he is proud and happy."

"Proud and happy?" repeated the lawyer in a low, meditative tone.

"Yes, indeed he is."

Mark Wilton rested his brow upon his hand and thought. They were not new thoughts that came to him then,—no; they were thoughts that often occupied his mind—thoughts given him by his blessed wife in their seasons of calm, hopeful communion.

"And yet," he said, as though arguing with himself, "my father cast me off, and that, too, for all time."

"No, no," quickly interposed the old man. "He did not do that. I know he did not."

"You are wrong," returned Mark, with a sad shake of the head. "My father bound himself by a solemn pledge."

"To what?"

"That not one penny of all his property should ever go to the husband of Clara Preston. That—that was cruel. I care not for his money now—God knows I do not—but it is painful to think that this barrier still remains."

The tears started to Mark's eyes as he spoke; and the old man, when he essayed to reply, broke only into sobs.

"My dear father—my dear husband—listen to me," said Clara, starting from her chair, and standing before the two men. "The hour has surely come, and the cloud must be swept away."

She seemed like one inspired. Her beautiful face was radiant with a halo of glorious enthusiasm, and from her large, glowing eyes beamed the light of joyous, holy exaltation.

"O, Mark, Mark—my own dear husband, your father did not cast you off—he did not hate me. He loved me tenderly and trustingly. He hoped and prayed that I might be your wife; and when he knew that your heart was turned towards me he came and taught me how to cherish and honor you. Before I became your wife he took the great bulk of his property and made it over to you; and yours is it this very day, safely deposited, and bearing interest upon interest to your account. He did not give it to my husband but to my lover. O, Mark—my husband—be blind no more—let me be your own father who placed our hands together for the uniting of the sweet, sacred bond; and he it was that blessed us both when the union was complete. Your own father, Mark, has been often, often beneath your roof and your children love him fondly, and call by the name he so proudly bears to them. O—my husband, my father—"

The long white hair, the flowing beard, and the bushy eyebrows had dropped from the old man's head and face; and as Mark now turned towards him the veil was removed. It was his father—his own father—standing before him, with throbbing breast and outstretched arms.

"My son," said Jotham Wilton, "do you see and understand it all? I think it must be plain to you. If the trial cost you some bitter moments, be assured it has cost me no less.—You were all the child that was left to me.—Your two brothers, older than you, and in all respects your equals in mind and intellectual endowments, had grown up and faded away. They had faded and died because they had not the energy to live. As you grew to manhood I saw how it was with you. I saw how certainly you would fail if some powerful stimulant were not given to your energies. I saw you leave college—I saw you admitted to the bar; and I knew that you had the material in you from which to fashion a valuable citizen; but I knew also, that the will was wanting. You had been rear-d in affluence, you had the prospect of an independence before you, and hence

you were in danger. You needed exertion—needed it for your very life,—and yet you had not the incentive thereto; and lacking the incentive, you then moved. You had pride enough, and independence of spirit enough; and I knew if I could bring some adequate force to bear upon these elements, your salvation might be worked.

"At length the opportunity presented itself. When I knew that you loved Clara Preston, I made up my mind upon the course I would pursue. Not until I became assured that Clara had promised to be your wife did I dare to take her into my secret; but I did so, at length, and she joined me cheerfully. She had a double incentive, for she not only proved her devotion to your good, but she also proved how willing she was to forego the charms of wealth, and labor for her home. As she told you I was very careful how I proceeded. I said that I would never give one penny to her husband; and, before you became such, I made you possessor in law of the bulk of my property; and what else I may have to give I can bestow upon your wife and children, without breaking my promise.

"And now, my son, the work is done, and I feel that I have done well. Tell me—am I forgiven for the deception I have practised?"

"And," cried Clara, "tell me, too, am I forgiven?"

How did Mark Wilton answer? He answered as the redeemed answer—He answered with joy and thanksgiving. And from that hour he felt stronger than ever before.

(From the National Republican.)

A CAMP-FIRE STORY.

Doing guard duty on these clear, frosty nights, is what I call a "big thing." Standing before a huge fire, whose glimmering rays shoot into a dense pine forest which surrounds you, as if they, too, had partaken of the spirit of vigilance, and were searching for some hidden foe, one's mind naturally is affected, and every shadow and tree has an association which awakens the soldier to a full appreciation of his sentinel duties. But such a night as last night—dark, dreary, wet, and disagreeable in the extreme—has an entirely different effect, and we clustered around the fire, piled high with *Scotch* rails, which at times seemed to exert its best light and most genial rays to spread humor and life among those who stood smoking around it. Then, as if exasperated at the failure, it would splutter and crack, contending furiously with every drop of rain, and hiss out a strong reproof at the element which was making the sentinels so uncomfortable. But the guard must be vigilantly maintained 'till the night, and dare not sleep; for you must know, Mr. Editor, that sleep courts the soldier's eyelids as sweetly under the dropping rain as it does in his tent, if perchance he has a gun blanket for a bed, and his knapsack for a pillow.

I proposed a song, but the only music that could be raised, was made by a corporal, who doled out, in a most melancholy style, "Some days must be dark and dreary." This seemed to be the only song that the corporal knew, and the only one of that kind which we wanted to hear. Under these auspices, I proposed a story, and the sergeant of the guard, an old Mexican soldier "up and told" the following story, which I quote, as nearly as I can recollect, in his own words:—

"Seated in my tent, one evening, just before the battle of the city of Mexico, the captain came to me with, 'Corporal, I have been requested to send a trusty non-commissioned officer to the general council to-night as a messenger. Will you go?' I replied in the affirmative, thanking the captain for his confidence. Our company was, at that time, detached from its regiment, and was doing special duty at Gen. Scott's headquarters. In the discharge of that duty, I had made a point of being specially attentive, and thereby gained the confidence of our captain, and once or twice was commanded by old 'Fuss and Feathers' himself. I brushed up my old clothes, and brightened my shoes and brass plates in the neatest manner possible that evening, and presented myself at the Adjutant General for instructions. I found that the council would meet for the consideration of Gen. Scott's plans of taking the city, was to be composed of all the Colonels in the division, and that my duty would be to go errands, and attend to bringing charts, paper, or whatever might be required.

Well, the council met, and I was at my post. It was the finest body of military men I had ever seen together, and when they assembled around that table, and the old general stood towering high above the rest, I could not help but admire him more than ever. After the customary salutation and organization, they sat down in regard to rank, beginning with General Wool, and succeeded each other in seats, as seniority of rank gave them privilege. It was no time for delay, and the General spoke rapidly and with earnestness, occasionally referring to some one on the right or left for information or corroboration. Thus carefully and explicitly were the movements and march routes, the salies, and sorties, the whole plan developed, so that all seemed to understand.—But presently a plan was discovered, something was wrong, and I saw the perplexed look of those around the table that a very serious mistake had been made, but from what cause, my knowledge of military affairs did not enable me to judge. A dispute arose between some colonel and the engineer-in-chief, in regard to the position and strength of some battery, and the topography of the surrounding country.—The colonel said that frequent reconnaissance of the ground, from the fact of his being encamped near the place in question, led him, even in direct opposition to the chart of the engineer, to protest against its truthfulness, and he would urge upon the general to make himself sure of the condition of affairs before he fully completed his plan. But this would not do; it was necessary that very important and vigorous movements should take place upon that very section of the defence, and without a correct knowledge of the place no action could be carried on with safety or certainty.

It seemed, in fact, to be a main point, at which positive success would have to fall to the American forces. Finally, the colonel said that there was a young lieutenant in his regiment who had a correct chart of the defence, and a map of the correct thereto adjacent. The engineer in chief sneeringly said, "Very well, sir, you had better send for your authority, and let us see this great map." The general nodded his approval, and the colonel gave the name and address of the lieutenant. The encampment was not very far away, and I mounted my horse and rode off in haste to the regiment at headquarters, and found the very man I was in search of in the colonel's tent, with draughting paper on a table before him, and sketches of the city and its surroundings scattered everywhere. I handed him the note, which he read and hastily tore up, asking me if I could wait until he could borrow a horse? I told him I could, but had not long to wait, for he came back in a few moments, and carefully wrapping up his surveys, he placed them in a long tin case, and mounting, prepared to follow me. On the way he conversed with so much earnestness, and in such a mild, interesting manner, that I felt encouraged to talk and chat, contrary to my usual practice when on horseback. He informed me that he was a graduate of West Point, and that he had there fallen so much in love with the science of geometry that he had made it an almost constant study, and that he now he found it very interesting, in the interval of duty, to make sketches and surveys of the city.

When we arrived at the general's quarters again, the lieutenant was introduced, and, at his colonel's request, produced his charts. The party were astonished at their finish and fine execution, and when, after examination, they were found to be perfectly correct, General Scott came forward, and grasping the young lieutenant by the hand, personally complimented him on his skill, and thanked him for his efficiency. The chief engineer, somewhat chagrined at this display of learning on the part of his young rival, sneeringly said: "General, perhaps this young man has some plan by which this part of the defence may be attacked."—Upon inquiry it was found that he had a plan, which was produced with some degree of reluctance and had before the assembly. It was read, and criticised, and corrected, and finally, to make a long story short, adopted with some amendments by the council. This displeased the engineer, who seemed to think that the lieutenant, though but a very few years his junior, had no right to display so much knowledge of a science which did not belong to his branch of the service.

"I need not tell you," continued the corporal, "that, in the taking of Mexico a few days after, the plan offered by this lieutenant was of signal service, and that he was breveted soon afterwards."

Here the story ended, and the sergeant relapsed into his "pipe and silence." We all looked for a while into the fire, when one of the sentinels asked him what the name of this young lieutenant was. He slowly puffed the smoke from his mouth, and answered:—

"I believe it was George—George B. McCLELLAN."

"And who was the engineer?"

"I believe his name was George, too—GEORGE T. BEAUREGARD."

And we all smoked and looked into the fire, until the sentinel called out—

"Grand rounds! Turn out the guard!"

A Sister's Affection.

When the army of the Potomac made its advance a few days since, a member of the 21st New York Regiment picked up, in a place just vacated by the rebels, a copy of the *Richmond Examiner* of the previous week, from which we copy the following touching incident:—

"One of those affecting incidents occurred at the departure of the Yankee prisoners for New Orleans, that whether concerning friend or foe, must move the stoutest heart. A young lady of Northern birth, who has been some time a resident of this State, and having a lucrative occupation, preferred to remain here after the war broke out, discovered, by some means, that her brother was among the prisoners in the city. She had made several intellectual applications and attempts to see him. Owing to the necessity of military law in such a case her most urgent request had been refused. For some weeks the poor girl had been too weak to leave her home, but was recovering, and sitting at her window just as the prisoners passed by, on their way to the depot.

An impression seized her that her brother was among them, though a separation of several years and the difference of dress and circumstances rendered recognition difficult. A misgiving, however—one of those impulses of the heart that are not stifled—caused her to start to her feet, and hastily throwing on her shawl and bonnet, she summoned a friend and hurried to the depot. There the guard was so watchful and the line so strict that she was unable to approach within ten yards; but with straining eyes and anxious love, did the poor girl endeavor to scrutinize each probable form, until a mutual gaze met hers, and revealed the object of her search. Her brother recognized her. Daring onward, but repulsed by the guard, each precious moment threatening to sever them, perhaps, forever, who can judge the agony of the poor stricken sister!—Some of the bystanders, becoming interested in the scene, used their influence to permit a message to be conveyed to the prisoner.

"O! is there anything I can do for him, anything he wants?" she exclaimed. "But the wants of the prisoners were few. With loss of liberty, what else could avail him? 'Take this,' she said, 'it is all I have in the world.' So they passed to the prisoner a few dollar bills with some small change, not knowing whether the poor boy would ever find any need for it, or an opportunity of spending it. Soon the cars were ready. He took his seat with the rest, in full view of his sobbing sister, and the cars began to slowly move.

With irresistible impulse she darted forward. Sympathy governed stronger than law (Continued on fourth page.)