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TOWANDA:

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Selected Poetry.

(From The Louisville Journal.)
IN STATE.

O Keepers of the Sacred Key,
And the Great Seal of Destiny,
Whose eye is the blue canopy,
Look down upon the warring world and tell us what
the end will be.

"Lo, through the wintry atmosphere,
On the white bosom of the sphere,
A cluster of five lakes appear;
And all the land looks like a couch, or warrior's shield
or sheeted bier.

"And on that vast and hollow field,
With both lips closed and both eyes sealed,
A mighty figure is revealed—
Stretched at full length and stiff and stark as in the
hollow of a shield.

"The winds have tied the drifted snow
Around the face and chin, and lo,
The sceptred Giants come and go,
And shake their shadowy crowns and say: 'We always
feared it would be so.'"

"She came of an heroic race;
A giant's strength, a maiden's grace,
Like two in one seem to embrace,
And match, and blend, and thorough-blend, in her color
and form and face.

"Where can her dazzling falchion be?
One hand is fallen in the sea;
The gulf stream drifts it far and free,
And in that hand her shining brand gleams from the
depths resplendently.

"And by the other in it rest,
The Starry Banner of the West,
Is clasped forever to her breast;
And of her silver helmet, lo, a soaring eagle is the
crest!"

"And on her brow a softened light,
As of a star concealed from sight,
By some thin veil of fleecy white,
Or of the rising moon behind the rainy vapors of the
night!"

"The stardust that was so sweet—
The Starry System sphered complete,
Which the mazed Orient used to greet—
The Four and Thirty fallen stars glimmer and glitter at
her feet.

"And lo, the children which she bred,
And more than all else cherished,
To make them strong in heart and deed,
Stand face to face as mortal foes with their swords
crossed above the dead!"

"Each hath a mighty stroke and stride,
And one's Mother true and tried,
The other dark and evil-eyed;
And by the hand of one of them his own dear mother
surely died!"

"A stealthy step—a gleam of hell
It is the simple truth to tell—
The Son stilled, and the Mother fell:
And so she lies—still mute, and pale, and pure, and ir-
reproachable.

"And then the battle trumpet blew:
And the true brother sprang and drew
His blade to smite the traitor through;
And so they clashed above the bier, and the night
swayed bloody dew!"

"Now, whichever stand or fall,
As God is Great and man is small,
The truth shall triumph over all—
Forever and forever more the Truth shall triumph
over all!"

Thus saith the Keeper of the Key,
And the Great Seal of Destiny,
Whose eye is the blue canopy;
And leaves His firmament of Peace and Silence over
bond and free.

Selected Tale.

The Mystery of the Library.

No searching eye can pierce the veil
That o'er my secret life is thrown;
No outward sign its tale,
But to my bosom known,
Thus like the spark whose livid light
In the dark flint is hid from sight,
It dwells within, alone.

Mrs. Hemans.

"What have you concealed there?" I said,
taking hold of the heavy silk drapery attached
to a rose wood cornice, and falling in graceful
folds to the floor.

"Lillian! Lillian, don't raise it!" exclaimed
Mrs. Thornton, springing from the easy chair
in which she had been reclining with the list-
lessness of a dreaming child, and darting to my
side she pressed so heavily against the veil that
I could discern the outline of a picture frame.
"A picture!" I exclaimed. "Oh, I must see
it, for I can never rest where there is anything
mysterious."

"But this you cannot—must not see."
I did not reply, for having been an inmate of
the house only a week, and this being my first
visit to the library, I did not give utterance to
the thoughts which rushed through my mind.
Perhaps Mrs. Thornton divined my thoughts,
as after a moment's silence she said:
"You are to have access to this library at
all times, even to rummage the drawers and
pigeon holes of the desk, if your curiosity de-
mands it; but you must not look beneath the
veil that hides this picture?" and her pale lips
trembled, her dark, expressive eyes were fixed
upon mine.

"Just one glance," I said pleadingly; but
she moved her head negatively, and I went on;
"How can I study with that mystery ever
before me, and then I shall never sleep soundly
again, but dream the livelong night of this
mystical veil, and that it hides some strange,
weird image, or worse, become a somnambulist
and frighten every servant (who happens to
hear shots) from the house by my midnight ex-
plorations and wanderings?"

"No eye but mine ever looks upon this veiled
picture. It is sacred, for it is the only relic
I have preserved of my past life; all that I
have to remind me of happy days too bright
to last—of a brief period when life's pathway
was strewn with flowers, and I dreamed not that

beneath those fair, perfumed flowers, petals,
sharp, piercing thorns were hidden." Her face
was pale as death, and those deep, dark eyes
moist with pearly tears.

I saw that her heart was deeply pained;
that swelling from memory's fount came pain-
ful remembrance, and truly penitent I said,
"Forgive my thoughtless words, and I promise
never to raise the veil from this picture, nor
pain you by my questions."

An intense smile stole over her pale fea-
tures, and kissing my cheek, she murmured,
"Dear child, perhaps some day I may lift the
veil and tell you all."

Then turning away to hide her tears, let
me standing before the veiled picture.

It was rather curious how I came to be a
dwellor in the house of Mrs. Thornton. Two
years before, when but fourteen years old, I
came to New Haven to attend school, and soon
after my father leaving home for Europe, where
he expected to remain three years, entrusted
me to the guardianship of Mr. Howe, an old
friend of his college days. It was at the house
of Mr. Howe, that I first met Mrs. Thornton.
She went but little into society, and my guar-
dian's was one of the few families she visited.
Her pale, expressive face attracted me, and
then, too, there was an indefinable something
in her dark, liquid eyes, now so sad, and glow-
ing with an intense smile, that awoke an
answering echo in my young heart. She always
called me to her side to ask me about my
studies; and when a new book was announced
which she thought would be suitable for me to
read, she placed it in my hand with my name
engraved on the fly leaf in her own hand writ-
ing. Was it strange that my heart warmed
toward her; that her coming was looked for-
ward to with pleasure, or that I often begged
for the privilege of visiting her, in her quiet,
pleasant home. My visits there were not very
frequent; and when there we sat in her boudoir,
which was fitted up with artistic taste, and
having never been admitted to the library I
had never seen the veiled picture.

I had a pleasant home with Mr. Howe's
family, yet it was a glad surprise when he said
that I could board with Mrs. Thornton, if I
wished, and thought I could be happy there.
Mrs. Thornton had proposed it, as Mr. Howe's
family anticipated being absent from the city
most of the summer, and the following Satur-
day I removed to her house.

It was my first holiday in my new home,
and I had gone to the library with Mrs. Thoro-
nton to select a book when on passing around,
my eyes fell upon the silk drapery shading the
walls in the furthest corner, and was about to
draw it aside, when her exclamation prevent-
ed me. I had promised not to look beneath
the mysterious folds of that silken veil, yet I
was not satisfied; curiosity prompted me to try
to catch a hasty glimpse when Mrs. Thornton
was occupied, but honor forbade.

Summer and autumn passed, and the long
winter evenings were spent in the cosy, cheer-
ful library; and though I cast many a furtive
glance to ward the veiled picture I dared not
question Mrs. Thornton, and began to despair
of the drawing of that day when she would re-
late the history of the picture. It was a mild
evening in spring, and we were sitting before
the grate in the library; I watched the fast
dimming coals that had burned low, while
Mrs. Thornton with closed eyes, sat near in
the easy chair. My reverie was broken by the
tremulous tones of her voice, saying:
"Lillian, do you remember your mother?"

Then I answered that, though I turned
leaf after leaf of memory's book, yet I could
find no record of a mother's love. She died
when I was about two years old, yet my father
had been kind, and, as far as possible, filled
the place of both father and mother. My
childhood had passed happily; my father was
both friend and instructor, and my first great
grief had been when I was sent to school and
my father sailed for Europe.

"Was your mother's name Lillian?" and
there was something in the tone of her voice
that startled me.

"Her name was Flora—Flora May. Was
it not a sweet name?"

"Very pretty," and the glowing intensity
of her eye, as I met its gaze, made my heart
throb with a strange sensation.

"I can't tell where she was buried. Once
when I asked my father, he said it was far
away, and we would go to the place of my
birth when I was older. My father was lonely
after mother's death that he sold his home in
New York and removed to Ohio. I have no
recollection of my first home, but shall ask my
father to take me there before we return to
Ohio."

"And your father loved his wife?"

"What a strange question," I said. Yet
she appeared to have spoken without thought.
"If he had not loved her, do you think he
would have remained true to her memory five
teen years?"

"I have a headache, and shall retire," Mrs.
Thornton said, rising; and coming to my side,
she kissed me tenderly, and with a flushed
cheek left the library.

For a long time I sat gazing into the dying
coals. Were her questions the magic key
that had unlocked the casket where the mem-
ories of my childhood were stored? I could
not tell. Yet there came a dim remembrance
of a time when I was playing alone in the
garden, and a strange face peered into mine,
as some one clasping me in her arms kissed
me again and again, while my face was wet
with tears. I never knew whence she came or
whether she went, and it seemed strange that
dim memory should come back then. It pass-
ed, and a bright dream flitted before my wak-
ing vision, my father would return in a few
months; he would meet Mrs. Thornton; she
was so gentle and winning he would not fail
to be pleased with her, and I might be per-
mitted to call her mother.

My hand was on the knob to open the door,
but I hesitated. It was late, and the house
was still. How easy it would be to solve the
mystery, and Mrs. Thornton never know it.—
For months that veiled picture had haunted
my waking and sleeping visions, why should I
longer perplex my mind with vain conjecture;
and crossing the library, I placed the lamp so

its light would fall directly upon the picture.
Was it the rustling of the silk or the faint echo
of gentle footsteps that startled me; but list-
ening intently, I found all silent within and
without. Ah! it was the whispering of the
still small voice, and should I heed its prompt-
ings; so I raised the veil; but as my eye
caught a glimpse of the gilded frame the dra-
pery fell from my hand! I remembered my
promise never to raise that veil, and I turned
away wondering why so costly a frame was
hidden beneath those dark folds.

From that night the mystery of the library
deepened. I had a nervous dread of being
left alone with that veiled picture, and my im-
aginative mind pictured a scene of horror that
would thrill every nerve and freeze my heart's
blood!

My father returned, and when I told him
how kind Mrs. Thornton had been, he called
to thank her in person, but she was ill and
could not leave her room. Wondering what
could agitate her so, I returned to my father,
saying she would be better in a day or two,
and he must not leave the city until he had
seen her. But he was firm in his decision to
leave the next day, and I must accompany
him. Then I expressed a wish to visit my
mother's grave. He drew me to his side, and
with his arm encircling me, and head resting
upon his bosom, told me of my mother. To
him the memory of the past was painful, and
I mingled my tears with those of my father's
while again I seemed to hear that strange
face peering into mine.

In two hours I would leave my kind friend,
and I was going without the mystery of the li-
brary being solved; so I ventured to hint
that, when I come to visit her the next year,
I hope to see the veiled picture unveiled. She
did not reply, but taking my hand led me to
the library. She would tell me all, she said,
or perhaps we might never meet again.

Mrs. Thornton told her story briefly. She
was the only child of wealthy parents, and
married at the age of nineteen. For three
years she was happy in the pleasant home to
which her husband took her; then a cloud of
midnight darkness overshadowed that home.
Some one envying her, circulated reports in-
jurious to her reputation, and these coming to
her husband's ears, he, being naturally of a
jealous disposition, believed them. The wife
loved her husband devotedly, and being inno-
cent and unaccused for surveillance? So she pro-
posed returning to her paternal home, and the
husband said, only she must leave her child.
She did go, and three years after, her parents
being dead, she went to Europe, where she
remained eight years. Returning to America
she came to New Haven, where under the as-
sumed name of Mrs. Thornton, she had since
resided. Once she had visited the home of
her husband during his absence, and bringing
the housekeeper by the present of a well filled
purse, procured his portrait; and in all her
wanderings it had been her companion, though
closely veiled, lest some one should recognize
it, and thus her early history become food for
idle gossip. Then, too, she had seen her child,
and for a brief moment pressed it to her bos-
om, but words could not express the agony
of her breaking heart as she turned away from
her child.

"Your husband's name," I said, sinking at
her feet and gazing wonderingly into her pale
face and the dark liquid eyes, bent so lovingly
upon me, for a strange hope made my heart
throb wildly.

"I cannot repeat his name, but you may
look upon his counterpart," she said, rising.

Slowly, almost reverently, she put back
the folds of that silken veil, while I stood
half breathless beside her. Was it a dream, or
was it reality? There was no mistaking that
likeness; and involuntarily the words "My
Father!" burst from my lips. Then, like a
swift moving panorama, it all passed before
my mind, and throwing my arms around her
neck, I called her:

"My mother, my long lost mother! My
father told me all yesterday," I said, when I
had become more calm. "He learned the re-
ports were without foundation, and hearing you
had come to Europe, for three years he has
been sought you there, and now his heart is sad
because he can find no trace of you. Will you
see him?"

She did not reply, but I read her answer in
the beaming eye, and hastily donning bonnet
and mantle, ran to the hotel, and surprised my
father by rushing breathless into his room.

"Come with me; Mrs. Thornton will see
you now," I said, nervously clutching his arm,
and pulling him toward the door; but he, re-
sisting, asked what had occurred to excite me
so. It is not there that I would explain, so
he followed my rapid footsteps along the street
and up the shaded walk; but then I threw
open the door leading to the library. She had
risen; how lovingly she looked then—her pale
brow, her bright eye, and a crimson spot burn-
ing on either cheek. One moment my father
stood as though chained to the spot, then ad-
vancing, he exclaimed:
"Flora, my wife!"

"Herbert," was the soft reply, and she was
clasped in his arms.

"Forgive and forget the past," I heard a
manly voice murmur; and then my name was
repeated in soft accents. I went to my moth-
er's side, and the happy husband and father
pressed his wife and child to his heart as in
reverent tones he implored God to bless our
reunion.

The veiled picture was unveiled, the mystery
of the library solved; and returning to our
Western home, once more a happy family
group dwelt beneath its roof. A gentle, loving
wife and mother was the guiding star of that home.

Brown was speaking of Joe H.—to
a friend one day and said to him: "Joe is a
first rate fellow, but it must be confessed he
has his failings. I am sorry it is so, but I can
not tell a lie for any man. I love Joe, but I
love the truth more." "My dear Brown,"
said Joe, who overheard the remark, "I never
thought you would prefer a perfect stranger
to an old acquaintance."

How Sut Lovogood's Daddy Acted Hoss.

"Hold that ere hoss to the yearth!"
"He's spreadin' his tail to fly now!"
"Keep him whar he is!"
"Woa, shavetail!"

These and like expressions were addressed
to a queer-looking, long-legged, short-bodied,
small-headed, white haired, hog-eyed, funny
sort of a genius, fresh from some second-
hand clothing store, and mounted on "Tar-
poke," a nick tailed, long poor hoss, half-
brandy, half devil, and enveloped all over in
a perfect net-work of bridle, reins, crappers,
martingales, straps, singrings, red ferritin,
who reined up in front of Pat Neck's gro-
cery among a crowd of wild mountaineers,
full of fight and bad whiskey.

"I say, you darned ash-carts, jist keep
your shirts on, will ye. You never seed a
raal hoss till I rood up. Tarpoke is jist
next to the best hoss that ever shelled nub-
bins, and he's dead as a still-worm, poor old
Tickytail!"

"What killed him, Sut," said an anxious
inquirer.

"Why, nuthin', you tarnal fool! He jist
died—died a standin' up at that. War'n't
that good pluck? Froze stiff—no, not that
adzactly, but starved fust, and then froze af-
terwards so stiff, that when dad an' me pushed
him over, he jist stuck out so, (speaking
his arms and legs,) like a carpenter's bench,
and so we waited seventeen days for him to
thaw afore we could skin him. Well, then we
was—dad an' me—(countin' on his fingers.)
Dad an' me, Sal, an' Jake, (Fool Jake, we
used to call him for short,) an' Phineas, an'
Simeon, an' Jonas, an' Charlotean, an' Calline
Jane, an' Cashus Henry Clay, an' Noah Dan
Webster, an' me, and the twin gals, an' Cath-
rine Second, an' Cleopatry Antony, an' Jane
Lind, an' Tom Bullion, an' the baby, an' marm
herself, all left without a hoss to crap with.—
That was a nice mess for a 'spectable family to
be slashin' about in, war'n't it? I be darned
if I didn't feel like stealin' a hoss sometimes!

Well, we waited an' rested, an' waited until
well into strawberrry time, hopin' that some
stray hoss must come along, but dog my cats,
ef any hoss luck as that comes whar old dad
is, he's so drafled mean, an' lazy, an' ugly, an'
savage, an' trilled!"

"Well, one nite, dad he lay awake all nite
a nortin' an' rollin' an' whisperrin' at mam,
an' next mornin', sez he:
"Sut, I'll tell you whar we'll do; I'll be hoss
myself, and pull the plow, while you drive me,
and we'll break up corn ground, and then the
old quilt (that's marm) and the brats kin plant
it or let it alone, jist they please."
"So out we goes to the Paw-paw thicket, and
peeled a right smart chance of bark, and
mam and them made gears for dad, and they
become him mightily; then he would have a
bride, so I gits an old umbrella what I found
—it's a little forked piece of iron, sorter like
onto a pitchfork, ye know—and we bent and
twisted it sorter unto a bridle-bit, small shape,
(dad wanted it kurb, as he said he hadn't
worked for some time, and he might sort feel
his oats and to cavortin'!) Well, when we
got the bridle all fixed on dad he chomped the
bit jist like a hoss, (he always a most complicat-
ed durned old fool, ey now, and mam
always said so, when he war'n't about,) then
I put on the gears, and out dad and me goes
to the field, I a leading dad by the bridle, and
totin' the gopher plow on my back. When
we came to the fence, I let down a gap and
made dad mad—he wanted to jump the fence
on all fours, hoss way. I hitched him to the
gopher, and away we went, dad leggin' forward
in his pullin, right peart, and we made sharp
sprouts, same as rale hoss, the only difference
is he went on two legs.

"Presently we cum to a sassafac patch,
and dad to keep up karakter as a hoss, bulged
square into it, and tore down a hornet's nest
nigh onto as big as a hoss' head, and all the
tribe kivered him right strate. He rared and
kicked once or twice, and foibed a squal was
nor ary hoss in the district, and sot into run-
nin' away jist as natural as ever you seed. I
let go the lines, and hollered, 'woa, dad, woa!'
but you might as well have said woa to a lo-
comotive. Ge whilkkins! how he ran; when
he cum to a bush, he'd clear the top of it, gopher
and all; praps he thought there must be
another settlement or bald hornets in it, and
that it was safer to go over than thure, quick-
er done; every now and then he'd paw one side
of his head with his fust one fore leg and then
t'other, then he'd gin himself an open-handed
slap, that sounded like a wagon-wheel, and
running all the time, an' carrier that gopher
jist about as fast and high from the yearth as
ever a gopher was karried, I swar!

"When he cum to the fence he busted
right thure it, tearing down nigh onto seven
panels, scatterin' and breakin' the rales
mightily, and here he left the gopher, gears,
single-tree, and klevin, and all mixed up,
not worth a durn. Most ov his shirt struck on
to the splintered end or a broken rale, and
nigh onto a pint of hornets staid with the shirt
a stingin' it all over, the balance ov 'em,
about a gallon and a half, kept on with dad.
He seemed to run adzactly as fast as a hornet
could fly, for it war the tightest race I ever
did see. Down thure the grass they went, the
hornets making it look sorter like a smoke all
around dad's bald head, and he with nuthin'
on but the bridle and nigh onto a yard ov
plough line a sailin' behind him.

"I seed now that he was aimin' for a swim-
min' hole in the creek, whar the bluff is over
twenty-five feet perpendicular to the water,
and it's nigh onto ten feet deep. To keep up
his karakter as a hoss, when he got to the
bluff he jist leaped off, or rather kept on run-
nin'. Keresplurge into the creek he went; I
saw the water fly plum above the bluff from
whar I was. Now, rite that, boys, he over-
did the thing, if that was what he was arter,
for there's wary a hoss ever folded durned
fool enough to leap over sich a place; a cussed
mule might have done it, but dad war'n't act-
in' mule. I krupt up to the edge and looked
over; there was old dad's bald head, for all the
world like a peeled onion, a bobbin' up and

down, and the bonets a sailin' and a circlin'
round, turkey-buzzard fashion, and every once
in a while, one, and sometimes ten, would make
a dip at dad's head. He kept up a rite peart
dogging under, sometimes they'd hit him, and
sometimes hit the water, and the water was
sivered with drowned hornets.

"What on earth are you doin' thar, dad?"
sez I.

"Don't (dip) you see those infernal var-
mints (dip) alter me?"

"What," sez I, "them are hoss flies thar; ye
ain't really afraid of them, are ye?"

"Hoss flies!" sez dad; "they're rale (dip)
genuine bald hornets, you (dip) infernal cuss!"

"Well, dad, you'll have to stay till nite;
and arter they go to roost, you cum home and
I'll feed you!"

"And knowin' dad's unmodified natur, I
broke from 'em parts and sorter cum to the
copper-mines. I staid out until the next ar-
tubnoon, when I seed a feller travellin'," and
sez I:—

"What was going on at the cabin this side
of the creek when you passed it?"

"Why, nuthin' much only a man was sit-
tin' in the door, with wary shirt on, and a
woman was greasin' his back and arms, and
his head was about as big as a ten gallon keg,
and he hadn't the first sign of an eye, all
smooth."

"That man is my dad," sez I.

"Been much fittin' in this neighborhood lately?" sez the traveler, rather dryly.

"Nun with speakin' of personally or par-
ticularly," sez I.

"Now, boys, I hain't seen dad since, and
would be afraid to meet him in the next ten
years. Let's drink."

And the last we saw of Sut, he was stoop-
in' to get into the doggerly door, with a
mighty mixed crowd at his heels.

Making Fun of Them.

The Nashville Union has been "having its
little" joke at the expense of discomfitted se-
ces of that city. The Union purports to
review the "Rev. D. McFerrin's Confederate
Primer," and gives some choice extracts from
its pages. The Primer, after giving the alpha-
bet in due form, offers some little rhymes for
young Confederates, from which we select a
few as samples:

N.
At Nashville's fall
We sinned all.

T.
At Number Ten
We sinned again.

F.
Thy purse to mend
Old Floyd attend.

L.
Abe Lincoln hold
Our ports doth hold.

D.
Jeff Davis tells a lie
And so must you and I.

P.
Brave Pillow's flight
Is out of sight.

B.
Buell doth play
And atter slay.

O.
You oak will be the gallows tree
Of Richmond's fallen majesty.

The following are taken from the "Bi-
ographical Questions and Answers for little
children":

Q.—Who was the first man?
A.—General Pillow—because he was the
first to run from Fort Donelson.

Q.—Who is the strongest man?
A.—General Price—for you can smell-him
a mile.

Q.—Who is the wisest man?
A.—General Wise—for he has that discre-
tion which is the better part of valor.

Here is a reading lesson from the same ad-
mirable work:

LESSON FIRST.
The Smart Dixie Boy.

Once there was a lit-tle boy, on-ly four years
old. His name was Dix-y. His father's name
was I-SHAM, and his mother's name was ALL-
SHAM. Dix-y was ver-y smart. He could drink
whis-ky, fight chick-ens, play pok-er, and cuss
his mother. When he was only two years old,
he could steal sn-gar, hook per-serve, drown
kit-ten, and tell lies like a man. Dix-y died
and went to the bad place. But the Dev-il
would not let Dix-y stay there, for he said,
"When you get big, Dix-y, you would be
head Dev-il yourself." All lit-tle Re-bels ought
to be like Dix-y, and so they will, if they will
study y-e the Con-feder-ate Primer.

The Goddess of Poverty.

Faths sanded with gold, verdant heaths,
ravens loved by the wild goats, great moun-
tains crowned with stars, wandering torrents,
impenetrable forests, let the good Goddess pass
through—the Goddess of Poverty! Since the
world existed, since men have been, she trav-
els singing, and she sings working—the God-
dess, good curse her. They found her too beau-
tiful, too gay, too nimble, and too strong.—
"Pluck out her wings," said they; "chain
her I bruise her with blows, that she may suf-
fer, that she may perish—the Goddess of Pov-
erty! They have chained the good Goddess;
they have beaten and persecuted her; but they
cannot disgrace her. She has taken refuge in
the soul of poets, in the soul of peasants, in
the soul of saints—the good Goddess, the God-
dess of Poverty." She has walked more than
the Wandering Jew; she has traveled more
than the swallow; she is older than the Cath-
edral of Prague; she is younger than the egg
of the wren; she multiplied more upon the
earth than strawberries in Bohemian forests—
the Goddess, the good Goddess of Poverty!—
She always makes the grandest and most beau-
tiful things that we see upon earth; it she who
has cultivated the fields, and pruned the trees;
it she who tends the fields, s'ging the most
beautiful airs; it is she who sees the first peep
of dawn, and receives the last smile of evening
—the good Goddess of Poverty. It is she who
carries the sabre and the gun; who makes
war, and conquers; it is she who collects the
dead, tends wounded, and hides the conquered
—the Goddess, the good Goddess of Poverty!
The children will cease, one day, to carry the
world upon their shoulders; they will be re-
compensed for their labor and toil. The time
approaches when there will be neither rich nor
poor; when all men shall consume the fruits
of the earth, and equally enjoy the gifts of
God. But thou wilt not be forgotten in their
hymns—oh, good Goddess of Poverty!—
George S. Sand.

A Keen Picket Encounter of Wits.

At times, as I said before, the rebels are
quite communicative, as the following dialogue,
which occurred at Yorktown between Joseph
D., of Leeds, Wis., and one of them, when
within ten rods of each other will show:

The parties were separated by a low, deep
swale, covered with water and thick brush, and
were unable to discover each other's person.—
Joe hearing a noise on the other side, yelled
out in a loud voice:

Hallo, Mike! Have you got any tobacco?
Secesh (with a strong Hibernian accent)—
Yes be Jabers, and whiskey, too.

Joe—Come over, we'll have a quiet smoke!
Secesh—I'll meet you half-way.

Joe agreed to do so, and advanced some
distance through brush and water, and then
stopped.

Secesh—where the devil are you? Are you
comin'?