

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."
TEAM—TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM. \$2.50 IF NOT PAID WITHIN THE YEAR. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid.
These terms will be suitably adhered to hereafter.
If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their newspapers from us on account of their arrears, they are responsible for the same. We do not receive the same until all arrearages are paid.
Advertisements will be inserted in our columns, and in the columns of our contributors, at the rate of 10 cents per line for the first week, and 7 cents for each subsequent week. For longer periods, and for special advertising, the rates will be ascertained on application.

JOB PRINTING.
We have connected with our establishment a new and improved JOB OFFICE, which will enable us to execute, in the most perfect style, every variety of printing.

BALTIMORE LOCK HOSPITAL.
ESTABLISHED AS A REFUGE FOR QUACKERY.
THE ONLY PLACE WHERE A CURE CAN BE OBTAINED.

DR. JOHNSON has discovered the most certain, Swift and Effortless Remedy in the world for all Private Diseases, such as Gonorrhoea, Syphilis, Stricture, Hemorrhoids, Piles, and all the various diseases of the Urinary and Rectal Organs, which are cured in a few days, and without the use of any medicine, and without the necessity of any diet, and without the necessity of any other treatment.

YOUNG MEN.
Especially, who have become the victims of Solitary Vice, and who are afflicted with the most distressing symptoms, such as Weakness, Loss of Memory, and all the various diseases of the Brain, and of the Nervous System, which are cured in a few days, and without the use of any medicine, and without the necessity of any diet, and without the necessity of any other treatment.

MARRIAGE.
Married Persons, or Young Men contemplating marriage, being aware of physical weakness, organic debility, or any other disease, should be examined by Dr. Johnson, who will give them the most certain and most effectual remedy for all these diseases, and will also give them the most certain and most effectual remedy for all the various diseases of the Urinary and Rectal Organs, which are cured in a few days, and without the use of any medicine, and without the necessity of any diet, and without the necessity of any other treatment.

DR. JOHNSON'S REMEDY FOR ALL THE VARIOUS DISEASES OF THE URINARY AND RECTAL ORGANS, WHICH ARE CURED IN A FEW DAYS, AND WITHOUT THE USE OF ANY MEDICINE, AND WITHOUT THE NECESSITY OF ANY DIET, AND WITHOUT THE NECESSITY OF ANY OTHER TREATMENT.

LETTERS WILL BE SENT TO ANY PART OF THE WORLD, AND WILL BE RETURNED TO THE ADDRESS GIVEN IN THE LETTER.

DR. JOHNSON'S REMEDY FOR ALL THE VARIOUS DISEASES OF THE URINARY AND RECTAL ORGANS, WHICH ARE CURED IN A FEW DAYS, AND WITHOUT THE USE OF ANY MEDICINE, AND WITHOUT THE NECESSITY OF ANY DIET, AND WITHOUT THE NECESSITY OF ANY OTHER TREATMENT.

DR. JOHNSON'S REMEDY FOR ALL THE VARIOUS DISEASES OF THE URINARY AND RECTAL ORGANS, WHICH ARE CURED IN A FEW DAYS, AND WITHOUT THE USE OF ANY MEDICINE, AND WITHOUT THE NECESSITY OF ANY DIET, AND WITHOUT THE NECESSITY OF ANY OTHER TREATMENT.

DR. JOHNSON'S REMEDY FOR ALL THE VARIOUS DISEASES OF THE URINARY AND RECTAL ORGANS, WHICH ARE CURED IN A FEW DAYS, AND WITHOUT THE USE OF ANY MEDICINE, AND WITHOUT THE NECESSITY OF ANY DIET, AND WITHOUT THE NECESSITY OF ANY OTHER TREATMENT.

DR. JOHNSON'S REMEDY FOR ALL THE VARIOUS DISEASES OF THE URINARY AND RECTAL ORGANS, WHICH ARE CURED IN A FEW DAYS, AND WITHOUT THE USE OF ANY MEDICINE, AND WITHOUT THE NECESSITY OF ANY DIET, AND WITHOUT THE NECESSITY OF ANY OTHER TREATMENT.

DR. JOHNSON'S REMEDY FOR ALL THE VARIOUS DISEASES OF THE URINARY AND RECTAL ORGANS, WHICH ARE CURED IN A FEW DAYS, AND WITHOUT THE USE OF ANY MEDICINE, AND WITHOUT THE NECESSITY OF ANY DIET, AND WITHOUT THE NECESSITY OF ANY OTHER TREATMENT.

DR. JOHNSON'S REMEDY FOR ALL THE VARIOUS DISEASES OF THE URINARY AND RECTAL ORGANS, WHICH ARE CURED IN A FEW DAYS, AND WITHOUT THE USE OF ANY MEDICINE, AND WITHOUT THE NECESSITY OF ANY DIET, AND WITHOUT THE NECESSITY OF ANY OTHER TREATMENT.

DR. JOHNSON'S REMEDY FOR ALL THE VARIOUS DISEASES OF THE URINARY AND RECTAL ORGANS, WHICH ARE CURED IN A FEW DAYS, AND WITHOUT THE USE OF ANY MEDICINE, AND WITHOUT THE NECESSITY OF ANY DIET, AND WITHOUT THE NECESSITY OF ANY OTHER TREATMENT.

DR. JOHNSON'S REMEDY FOR ALL THE VARIOUS DISEASES OF THE URINARY AND RECTAL ORGANS, WHICH ARE CURED IN A FEW DAYS, AND WITHOUT THE USE OF ANY MEDICINE, AND WITHOUT THE NECESSITY OF ANY DIET, AND WITHOUT THE NECESSITY OF ANY OTHER TREATMENT.

DR. JOHNSON'S REMEDY FOR ALL THE VARIOUS DISEASES OF THE URINARY AND RECTAL ORGANS, WHICH ARE CURED IN A FEW DAYS, AND WITHOUT THE USE OF ANY MEDICINE, AND WITHOUT THE NECESSITY OF ANY DIET, AND WITHOUT THE NECESSITY OF ANY OTHER TREATMENT.

DR. JOHNSON'S REMEDY FOR ALL THE VARIOUS DISEASES OF THE URINARY AND RECTAL ORGANS, WHICH ARE CURED IN A FEW DAYS, AND WITHOUT THE USE OF ANY MEDICINE, AND WITHOUT THE NECESSITY OF ANY DIET, AND WITHOUT THE NECESSITY OF ANY OTHER TREATMENT.

DR. JOHNSON'S REMEDY FOR ALL THE VARIOUS DISEASES OF THE URINARY AND RECTAL ORGANS, WHICH ARE CURED IN A FEW DAYS, AND WITHOUT THE USE OF ANY MEDICINE, AND WITHOUT THE NECESSITY OF ANY DIET, AND WITHOUT THE NECESSITY OF ANY OTHER TREATMENT.

DR. JOHNSON'S REMEDY FOR ALL THE VARIOUS DISEASES OF THE URINARY AND RECTAL ORGANS, WHICH ARE CURED IN A FEW DAYS, AND WITHOUT THE USE OF ANY MEDICINE, AND WITHOUT THE NECESSITY OF ANY DIET, AND WITHOUT THE NECESSITY OF ANY OTHER TREATMENT.

DR. JOHNSON'S REMEDY FOR ALL THE VARIOUS DISEASES OF THE URINARY AND RECTAL ORGANS, WHICH ARE CURED IN A FEW DAYS, AND WITHOUT THE USE OF ANY MEDICINE, AND WITHOUT THE NECESSITY OF ANY DIET, AND WITHOUT THE NECESSITY OF ANY OTHER TREATMENT.

DR. JOHNSON'S REMEDY FOR ALL THE VARIOUS DISEASES OF THE URINARY AND RECTAL ORGANS, WHICH ARE CURED IN A FEW DAYS, AND WITHOUT THE USE OF ANY MEDICINE, AND WITHOUT THE NECESSITY OF ANY DIET, AND WITHOUT THE NECESSITY OF ANY OTHER TREATMENT.

DR. JOHNSON'S REMEDY FOR ALL THE VARIOUS DISEASES OF THE URINARY AND RECTAL ORGANS, WHICH ARE CURED IN A FEW DAYS, AND WITHOUT THE USE OF ANY MEDICINE, AND WITHOUT THE NECESSITY OF ANY DIET, AND WITHOUT THE NECESSITY OF ANY OTHER TREATMENT.

DR. JOHNSON'S REMEDY FOR ALL THE VARIOUS DISEASES OF THE URINARY AND RECTAL ORGANS, WHICH ARE CURED IN A FEW DAYS, AND WITHOUT THE USE OF ANY MEDICINE, AND WITHOUT THE NECESSITY OF ANY DIET, AND WITHOUT THE NECESSITY OF ANY OTHER TREATMENT.

DR. JOHNSON'S REMEDY FOR ALL THE VARIOUS DISEASES OF THE URINARY AND RECTAL ORGANS, WHICH ARE CURED IN A FEW DAYS, AND WITHOUT THE USE OF ANY MEDICINE, AND WITHOUT THE NECESSITY OF ANY DIET, AND WITHOUT THE NECESSITY OF ANY OTHER TREATMENT.

DR. JOHNSON'S REMEDY FOR ALL THE VARIOUS DISEASES OF THE URINARY AND RECTAL ORGANS, WHICH ARE CURED IN A FEW DAYS, AND WITHOUT THE USE OF ANY MEDICINE, AND WITHOUT THE NECESSITY OF ANY DIET, AND WITHOUT THE NECESSITY OF ANY OTHER TREATMENT.

DR. JOHNSON'S REMEDY FOR ALL THE VARIOUS DISEASES OF THE URINARY AND RECTAL ORGANS, WHICH ARE CURED IN A FEW DAYS, AND WITHOUT THE USE OF ANY MEDICINE, AND WITHOUT THE NECESSITY OF ANY DIET, AND WITHOUT THE NECESSITY OF ANY OTHER TREATMENT.

DR. JOHNSON'S REMEDY FOR ALL THE VARIOUS DISEASES OF THE URINARY AND RECTAL ORGANS, WHICH ARE CURED IN A FEW DAYS, AND WITHOUT THE USE OF ANY MEDICINE, AND WITHOUT THE NECESSITY OF ANY DIET, AND WITHOUT THE NECESSITY OF ANY OTHER TREATMENT.

SUNBURY AMERICAN.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, BY H. B. MASSER & E. WILVERT, SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PENNA.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 1, NO. 5. SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 22, 1864. OLD SERIES, VOL. 25, NO. 5.

POETICAL.

HOW THE PRIVATES TALK.

BY PRIVATE MILLS O'NEILL.

We have heard the Rebel yell,
We have heard the Union shout,
We have weighed the matter very well,
And mean to fight it out.

In victory's happy glow,
In the gloom of utter ruin,
We have pledged ourselves, "Come weal
Or woe,
By Heaven! we fight it out."

'Tis now too late to question
What brought about the war;
'Tis a thing of pride and passion,
Which we must fight out.

Let the "snags" use the pen,
Let them cautions, let them shout,
We are men to fight it out,
And mean to fight it out.

Our dead, our loved are crying,
From many a storm of rebolt,
In the swamps and trenches lying—
"Oh, comrades, fight it out!"

"Oh, comrades, fight it out!"
Our comfort as we lie,
Rolling back the Rebel's weaker yell—
"Good speed you, fight it out!"

The negro-frog or slave—
We care no pig about,
But for the pig our fathers gave
We mean to fight it out.

And while that banner waves
One Rebel rag shall float,
We'll beaver up our fighting glaive
By Heaven! we fight it out.

Oh, we have heard the Rebel yell,
We have heard the Union shout,
We have weighed the matter very well,
And mean to fight it out.

In the flash of perfect triumph,
And the gloom of utter ruin,
We have sworn on many a bloody field
"We mean to fight it out!"

Not so Paul Revere, Little Mac,
From the St. Pauls' Bay,
"You committed the work of recon-
struction have been easy!"—(See McClellan's
Letter to the President.)

No, not so easy, Little Mac,
For I was there to see,
You may have had an easy time,
But it was hard on me.

I shall remember, Little Mac,
How in Virginia's swamps,
Your stars shone brightly, Little Mac,
Your glances were white as snow;

When you said to me, "I have heard there,
Where you were, and where you were,
You were fighting to die,
And I was fighting to live."

The rebel laughed at us, Little Mac,
We fought his men in the mud,
The negroes toiled for them,
They did not need their dig.

They did not need their dig,
They did not need their dig,
They did not need their dig,
They did not need their dig.

But it was not easy, Little Mac,
For us, worn out with toil,
To meet such heroes as we met,
Upon the sacred soil.

They fought us here, Little Mac—
He had to die to fight;
Our graves were not so quiet;
Our graves were not so quiet.

Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet.

Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet.

Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet.

Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet.

Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet.

Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet.

Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet.

Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet.

Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet.

Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet.

Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet.

Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet.

Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet.

POETICAL.

HOW THE PRIVATES TALK.

BY PRIVATE MILLS O'NEILL.

We have heard the Rebel yell,
We have heard the Union shout,
We have weighed the matter very well,
And mean to fight it out.

In victory's happy glow,
In the gloom of utter ruin,
We have pledged ourselves, "Come weal
Or woe,
By Heaven! we fight it out."

'Tis now too late to question
What brought about the war;
'Tis a thing of pride and passion,
Which we must fight out.

Let the "snags" use the pen,
Let them cautions, let them shout,
We are men to fight it out,
And mean to fight it out.

Our dead, our loved are crying,
From many a storm of rebolt,
In the swamps and trenches lying—
"Oh, comrades, fight it out!"

"Oh, comrades, fight it out!"
Our comfort as we lie,
Rolling back the Rebel's weaker yell—
"Good speed you, fight it out!"

The negro-frog or slave—
We care no pig about,
But for the pig our fathers gave
We mean to fight it out.

And while that banner waves
One Rebel rag shall float,
We'll beaver up our fighting glaive
By Heaven! we fight it out.

Oh, we have heard the Rebel yell,
We have heard the Union shout,
We have weighed the matter very well,
And mean to fight it out.

In the flash of perfect triumph,
And the gloom of utter ruin,
We have sworn on many a bloody field
"We mean to fight it out!"

Not so Paul Revere, Little Mac,
From the St. Pauls' Bay,
"You committed the work of recon-
struction have been easy!"—(See McClellan's
Letter to the President.)

No, not so easy, Little Mac,
For I was there to see,
You may have had an easy time,
But it was hard on me.

I shall remember, Little Mac,
How in Virginia's swamps,
Your stars shone brightly, Little Mac,
Your glances were white as snow;

When you said to me, "I have heard there,
Where you were, and where you were,
You were fighting to die,
And I was fighting to live."

The rebel laughed at us, Little Mac,
We fought his men in the mud,
The negroes toiled for them,
They did not need their dig.

They did not need their dig,
They did not need their dig,
They did not need their dig,
They did not need their dig.

But it was not easy, Little Mac,
For us, worn out with toil,
To meet such heroes as we met,
Upon the sacred soil.

They fought us here, Little Mac—
He had to die to fight;
Our graves were not so quiet;
Our graves were not so quiet.

Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet.

Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet.

Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet.

Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet.

Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet.

Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet.

Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet.

Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet.

Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet.

Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet.

Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet.

Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet.

Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet.

POETICAL.

HOW THE PRIVATES TALK.

BY PRIVATE MILLS O'NEILL.

We have heard the Rebel yell,
We have heard the Union shout,
We have weighed the matter very well,
And mean to fight it out.

In victory's happy glow,
In the gloom of utter ruin,
We have pledged ourselves, "Come weal
Or woe,
By Heaven! we fight it out."

'Tis now too late to question
What brought about the war;
'Tis a thing of pride and passion,
Which we must fight out.

Let the "snags" use the pen,
Let them cautions, let them shout,
We are men to fight it out,
And mean to fight it out.

Our dead, our loved are crying,
From many a storm of rebolt,
In the swamps and trenches lying—
"Oh, comrades, fight it out!"

"Oh, comrades, fight it out!"
Our comfort as we lie,
Rolling back the Rebel's weaker yell—
"Good speed you, fight it out!"

The negro-frog or slave—
We care no pig about,
But for the pig our fathers gave
We mean to fight it out.

And while that banner waves
One Rebel rag shall float,
We'll beaver up our fighting glaive
By Heaven! we fight it out.

Oh, we have heard the Rebel yell,
We have heard the Union shout,
We have weighed the matter very well,
And mean to fight it out.

In the flash of perfect triumph,
And the gloom of utter ruin,
We have sworn on many a bloody field
"We mean to fight it out!"

Not so Paul Revere, Little Mac,
From the St. Pauls' Bay,
"You committed the work of recon-
struction have been easy!"—(See McClellan's
Letter to the President.)

No, not so easy, Little Mac,
For I was there to see,
You may have had an easy time,
But it was hard on me.

I shall remember, Little Mac,
How in Virginia's swamps,
Your stars shone brightly, Little Mac,
Your glances were white as snow;

When you said to me, "I have heard there,
Where you were, and where you were,
You were fighting to die,
And I was fighting to live."

The rebel laughed at us, Little Mac,
We fought his men in the mud,
The negroes toiled for them,
They did not need their dig.

They did not need their dig,
They did not need their dig,
They did not need their dig,
They did not need their dig.

But it was not easy, Little Mac,
For us, worn out with toil,
To meet such heroes as we met,
Upon the sacred soil.

They fought us here, Little Mac—
He had to die to fight;
Our graves were not so quiet;
Our graves were not so quiet.

Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet.

Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet.

Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet.

Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet.

Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet.

Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet.

Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet.

Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet.

Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet.

Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet.

Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet.

Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet.

Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet.

POETICAL.

HOW THE PRIVATES TALK.

BY PRIVATE MILLS O'NEILL.

We have heard the Rebel yell,
We have heard the Union shout,
We have weighed the matter very well,
And mean to fight it out.

In victory's happy glow,
In the gloom of utter ruin,
We have pledged ourselves, "Come weal
Or woe,
By Heaven! we fight it out."

'Tis now too late to question
What brought about the war;
'Tis a thing of pride and passion,
Which we must fight out.

Let the "snags" use the pen,
Let them cautions, let them shout,
We are men to fight it out,
And mean to fight it out.

Our dead, our loved are crying,
From many a storm of rebolt,
In the swamps and trenches lying—
"Oh, comrades, fight it out!"

"Oh, comrades, fight it out!"
Our comfort as we lie,
Rolling back the Rebel's weaker yell—
"Good speed you, fight it out!"

The negro-frog or slave—
We care no pig about,
But for the pig our fathers gave
We mean to fight it out.

And while that banner waves
One Rebel rag shall float,
We'll beaver up our fighting glaive
By Heaven! we fight it out.

Oh, we have heard the Rebel yell,
We have heard the Union shout,
We have weighed the matter very well,
And mean to fight it out.

In the flash of perfect triumph,
And the gloom of utter ruin,
We have sworn on many a bloody field
"We mean to fight it out!"

Not so Paul Revere, Little Mac,
From the St. Pauls' Bay,
"You committed the work of recon-
struction have been easy!"—(See McClellan's
Letter to the President.)

No, not so easy, Little Mac,
For I was there to see,
You may have had an easy time,
But it was hard on me.

I shall remember, Little Mac,
How in Virginia's swamps,
Your stars shone brightly, Little Mac,
Your glances were white as snow;

When you said to me, "I have heard there,
Where you were, and where you were,
You were fighting to die,
And I was fighting to live."

The rebel laughed at us, Little Mac,
We fought his men in the mud,
The negroes toiled for them,
They did not need their dig.

They did not need their dig,
They did not need their dig,
They did not need their dig,
They did not need their dig.

But it was not easy, Little Mac,
For us, worn out with toil,
To meet such heroes as we met,
Upon the sacred soil.

They fought us here, Little Mac—
He had to die to fight;
Our graves were not so quiet;
Our graves were not so quiet.

Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet.

Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet.

Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet.

Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet.

Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet.

Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet.

Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet.

Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet.

Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet.

Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet.

Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet.

Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet.

Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet,
Our graves were not so quiet.

POETICAL.

HOW THE PRIVATES TALK.

BY PRIVATE MILLS O'NEILL.

We have heard the Rebel yell,
We have heard the Union shout,
We have weighed the matter very well,
And mean to fight it out.

In victory's happy