

Evening Telegraph

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1864.

BEFORE VICKSBURG—MAY 10, 1863.

While Sherman stood beneath the hottest fire that from the lines of Vicksburg gleamed, And bombshells tumbled in their smoky gro, And grape-shot hissed, and case-shot screamed, From back from the front there came,

The most terrible yell I ever heard.

The most timid child, the youngest face Men ever saw in such a fearful place.

Shutting his tears, he clasped his chief to meet; But when he paused, and uttering staid,

Around the circle of his little feet

There spread a pool of bright, young blood;

Stained at his deth, and red at his head.

Sherman said, "Hold! from face!

Who are you? Speak, my gallant boy."

"A drummer, sir.—Fifth—fifth Illinois."

"Are you not hit?" "That's nothing. Only sond some cartridges; our men are out."

"And the few press us."

"But, my little friend!"

"Don't speak so loud, or you'll shout."

"What if your mouth is driven?

Oh, for the love of blessedness!

"But you?" "Oh, I shall easily find the rear."

"I'll see that," cried Sherman; "and a drop

Angels might envy dimmed his hair.

As the boy, totting towards the hill's hard top,

Turned round, and with his shrill child's cry Shouted, "Oh, don't forget!"

"We'll win the battle yet!"

But as he pondered, he saw more, More cartridges, sir,—calibre fifty-four!"

INSECT HOMES.

In the course of last summer, I paid a visit to a friend who lives about ten miles out of town. I went for two nights and one day, with his lady spent wholly in lounging about his garden. He was off on an early train to business, and came back still bristling with energy at six o'clock.

In the interval, I succeeded in dismissing from my mind all thoughts of business, and from which I had had nothing but retreat, myself, and made the most of ten hours' steady sunbathing. I cannot tell you what I did. I cannot lay down any rule for the enjoyment of a whole holiday; but one little incident started such an agreeable train of thought and action in my mind, that I will share it as much place will be needed.

The METAPHYSICAL DISCOVERY will reach every

not that drugs and instruments will reach, and thou-

ghout is mighty, and most prevail; error is immeasurably with death—consequently most sooner or later sink.

In all the universe there is nothing so completely swal-

lowed up to us as the facts, forces, and motives con-

cerning the physical and mental constitution of the race.

Truth is mighty, and most prevail; error is immeasurably with death—consequently most sooner or later sink.

I wonder whether the human bookworm even

knows the lesson set by his industrious insect

nemesis. The little animal which devours the wisdom of the past, labors with a purpose; it

is not to be called a dead rector." And so it was.

A dozen of ants, however, were comfortable, had grubbed away the margin of a

conscious vanity, and the odor of one of my friend's predecessors returned to the scene of

his former life and now in the study. A little ant soon made things pleasant again; though I grieve to associate the friends the ants with such a ghoulish procedure.

But about the insects which a naturalist may

find in his library. I won't count the flies, for

they don't altogether make themselves at home

in the house, and are not to be regarded as

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