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Pamphlets, Blanks, Labols, &c. &c., executed accuracy and at the shortest notice.

Poetical.

[From the Columbia Spy.] BY THE WILD SEA-SHORE.

Alone I walked by the wild sea shore, Where the billows had burnished the silver floor. And I paused by the spot in the lonely glade, Where the helly and pine cast their mournful shade And a sombre feeling came o'er me there.

As I sat in that hast abode of men, [more,
whilst a strange woird group—some twenty or
Were digging graves by the wild sea shore.

Here, on the face of their native soil. The careless negroes cheerfully toil, With burts of mirth, and shout and song, They lighten their labor the whole day long. And oft they peuse 'neath the sun's fierce glow, To brush the sworth prow set from each swarthy brow; Yet light is the task (their servitude o'er,) This digging of graves by the wild sen shore.

The trains have come, and rites begin— How rudely they jostle the coffins in! No service is read, no prayer is told, But o'er each bosom the sund is rolled; No murble is planted, nor line to show The story of those who sleep below; But the spades are shouldered, the work is o'er-And twenty new graves mark the wild sea shore

and thus each day, by the pine's dark shade, Swiftly the grave diggers ply the spade; And the trains come down from morn till night With those who fell in the bloody fight. Here friend and foe have a common lot—Rank and distinction alike forgot—the said to receive and one site bonds element. One earth receives and one sky bends o'er.

And the dead are alike on the wild sea shore, Over the narrow neck of land
Are scattered the graves on every hand; Dirgo-chanting waves on east and west, Whilst the pines stand guard o'er the And attarly noon and at set of sun From the fort hombs forth the thunder-gun But unheard are the waves and the cannon's rear By those who sleep by the wild sea shore.

And still in the future the son shall flow, And the ships from afar shall come and go, And the ships from any small come and go, And o'er its prey the sen gulls scream, Were the fisher repairs the broken seam. Thenowy sands on the storm-winds drift Proceeding the storm winds drift Proceeding the storm of the storm and the storm of the st leparted each trace forever mo the graves that marked the wild sea shore.

As I turned from the scene with a saddened he I said, "Oh! why will proud men depart From the sacred paths of truth and right, Ambition and power, whose fearful cost Is unrecked till all is gained or lest! Oh! ye who would yearn for that goal no more, Go stand by those graves on the wild sea shore!

And a time worn truth I had oft heard told, Came back again in this proverboild, [ried-As. I thought of those forms unto earth thus bur That "though we are born, we are not yet burried. When Death hath fixed his uncering aim. How worthless is Glory! how empty Fame! We would barter earth's largels many times o'er, Rather than cross to that shadowy shore,

And I saw as I went on my lanely way,
Though Fancy a glimpse of that awful day
When the World's huge grave shall offer its dead
And the myriads rush with a mighty tread,
When soldier, civillian, grave-digger—all
Shall listen to answer the trumpet's call
of thim who will sear that true is dead Of Him who will swear that time is o'er.

Miscellaneans

A NIGHT OF YEARS. BY GRACE GREENWOOD

The Eastern State Journal, published at White Plains, New York, in copying the following touching story, gives the following account of the unfortunate subject of it: "THE NIGHT OF YEARS."-The tale bearing this title, will be read with interest, especially when we assure our readers that the inain incidents of the narrative are true, almost literally. "Crazy Luce," as she was usually called, we have often seen wandering

through the streets of Chittenango, in the county of Madison, in this State. In 1832 and confronted her betrayers. Terrible as that I should dream that!" was the last time we saw her. She was then an old woman, wandering abroad, houseless, and her look pierced like a cold blade into homeless, and comfortless. The story of her their false hearts. As if to assure herself of darly griefs we have often heard from the lips of those cognizant of the facts, and in boyhood days have shed a tear over the shadow of that sad over the days have shed a tear over the shadow of that sad over the shadow of that sad over the shadow of that sad over the shadow of the sad over the sa shadow of that sad one, whose hearthad been broken and whose reason had been over wife first gazed full into her sieter's face, broken and whose reason had been over thrown by the circumstances which the narrator so curiously details,

wards her in the streets, she would invariably turn back, cross to the other side of the way, or climb a fence to take a circuit round and past him. Neither would she stay in a house over night if she knew a man was under the same roof. Poor creature! She died in the alms house in Madison county, New York.

Wronged, gamps

back against the wall. Then Lucy clasping I her hands upon her forehead, first gave voice to anguish and despair in one fearful cry which could not but wring forever through the souls of that guilty pair, and then foll in a death-like swoon at their feet.

"After the insensible girl had been removed to her shamber, a stormy scene ensued in the room beneath, The parents and guests in the room beneath, The parents and guests

pectable farmer. He had but two children

a year or two younger,
The first named was winningly, rather the first named was winningly, rather The gentleman affirmed that the first sight of Ellen's loyaly face had weakened the empire of her plainer sister over his affections. like serenity, were concealed an impassioned

and Dutton was the brilliant antipodo of first sister, a born beauty," whose prerogative of prettiness was to have her irresponsible own way in all things, and at all times. An indulgent father, a weak mother, and an buted to the ruin of a nature not at first remarkable for the strength of generality.

The provided generality and the gyowel called forth an answering acknowledgment from Ellen. They had thought it best in order to "save pain from Lucy," and prevent opposition from her—and to section to the ruin of a nature not at first remarkable for the strength of generality.

When she had revived and had apparently

it afforded, rather than from necessity. Thus all who knew ner in after years must reconsidered, rather than from necessity. Thus all who knew ner in after years must reconsidered a few months previous to the commendement lect; and this was a careful avoidance of the first men. She also seemed possessed by the spirit of unrest. She would not be confined, but was continually escaping from her friends, and the first the battle-field of Saturday and Sunday, called by some the "Battle of the man of God was called—a few who led to the battle-field of Saturday and Sunday, called by some the "Battle of the man of God was called—a few who led to the battle-field of Saturday and Sunday, called by some the "Battle of the man of God was called—a few who led to the first the fir town. For some time her letters home were and going they knew not whither.

expressive only of the happy contentment
While her parents lived, by their watchful which sprang from the consciousness of active usefulness, of receiving while imparting

But anon there came a change; then were hopes and fears seemed striving for a supremacy in the writer's troubled heart. Lucy loved, but scarcely acknowledged it to herself, and knew not that she was loved. So, for a long time that second birth of woman's nature was like a warm sunrise struggling with the mist of morning. But one day brought a letter which could not soon be forgotten in the home of the absent one-a letter traced by a hand that trembled in sympa-father and mother recorded their sanctions

with many blessings, and Lucy's next letter promised a speedy visit from the lovers. To such a nature as Lucy's what an absorbpassion—what a prodigiality of greiving, what an incalculable wealth of receiving a sudden star unon life. If there is a season when an angel may look with intense and she still heard His voice at eventide, and she fearful interest upon her mortal sister, its was not afraid. Her Bible went with her when she beholds her heart pass from the ever—a torn and soiled volume, but as holy ind taking to its very core the very light of ove, glow and crimson into perfect woman-

At last the plighted lovers came, and welcomes and festivities awaiting them. Mr. W. gave entire satisfaction to father, mother, and even to the exacting "beauty." He was handsome man with some pretentions to fashion, but in manner, and apparently in character, the apposite of his betrothed. It was decided that Lucy should not leave home until after her marriage, which at the request of her ardent lover, was to be celebrated within two months, and on the coming birth day of the bride. It was therefore arranged that Ellen should return with Mr. W. to M——, and take charge of her sister's school for the remainder of the term. The bridal birthremainder of the term. The bridal birth-day had come. It had been ushered in by the rich mellow light of an October sun ; the busy hours had worn away, and now it was busy hours had worn away, and now it was if t stopped at an alms house; an at inigh, sunset, and neither the bridegraph nor tenuared form was lifted out and carried in Ellen, the first bridesmaid, had appeared and away rumbled the wagon. Thus was not away to be a partie town to Yet in her neat little chambor sat Lucy, nothing fearing. She was already clad in a sim- die."

ments lay on the table by her side. Maria Allen, her second bright-eyed, affectionate-hearted girl, her chosen friend from childhood, was arranging to inglets that swept her snowy neck.

them the other day, and all was well. They will be here, by-and-by, never fear," Evethem the other day, and all was well. They sufferer, With eyes of christian faith, she of the place scratching his head in hewilder-will be here by-and by, never fear." Evening came, the guests were assembled, and borne down the tide within it neared the ere he had commenced his catechisings, yet the bridegroom tarried, There were wis great deep of eternity, with anxious interperings, surmises, and wonderings, and a est. of anxiety occasionally passed over

the fair face of the bride elect.

At last a carriage drove rather slowly to the door, "They have come!" cried many the door, "They have come!" cried many voices, and the next moment the belated, bridegroom and Ellen entered. In reply to him, Mr. W. muttered something about "un-avoidable delay," and stepping to the side-but she smiled and bade the invalid "good but she smiled and bade the invalid "good claimed—" Better late than never, young man—so lead out the bride." Mr, W. strode hastily across the room, placed himself by Ellen, and took her hand in his. Then without daring to meet the eye of any one about him, he said: "I wish to make an explanation. I am under the painful necessity -that is, I have the pleasure to announce that I am already married ! The lady whom

I hold by the hand is my wife! turning in an apological manner to Mr. and Mrs. Dutton, he added, "I found that I had never loved until I knew your second daugh-And Lucy! She heard all with strange calmness, and then walked steadily forward

and, as she marked, the ghastly palor of her "Crazy Lucy!" we remember her as though it were but yesterday. Sho would fice from the presence of a man, as a pure angel would avoid contact with a sail against wronged, gasped for breath and staggered angel would avoid contact with a sail against wronged, gasped for breath and staggered cheek, the dilated nostrils and quivering lips, wronged, gasped for breath and staggered back against the wall. Then Lucy clasping

Some forty years since, in the interior of my beautiful native State, New York, lived the father of my heroing, an honest and respectable farmer. He had been somewhat the anger of the parents, and an pectable farmer. Lucy, a noble girl of nineteen, and Ellen, to the offenders. A sorry explanation it provød.

nature, and a heart of the despest capacity or loving. She was remarkable from her darliest childhood, for a voice of thrilling and haunting sweetness. haunting sweetness.

Ellen Dutton was the brilliant antipode of her sister. The brilliant antipode of her sister. They had thought from Ellen. They had thought from Ellen. They had thought from Ellen. They had thought from Ellen.

Lucy possessed a fine intellect; and as her parents were well reared New Englanders, she and her sister were far better educated than other girls of her situation, in the half-settled portion of the country.

In these days many were engaged in school half-settled portion of the country,
In those days many were engaged in school great sorrow which she could not herself teaching, for the honor and pleasure which it afforded, rather than from necessity. Thus

ness of active caro and unwearying efforts, in some measure controlled this sad propensity, but when they died, this stricken child became a wanderer, homeless, friendless and forlorn. these records from home characterized by fit-ful dreams for dreary sadness; indefinable mer, the golden autumn and tempestuous winter, it was tramp, tramp, tramp,—no rest for her of the crushed heart and frozen brain I remember her as she was in my early childhood, towards the last of her weary pilgrimage. As my father and elder brothers were frequently absent, and as my mother never closed her heart or her door on the unfortunate, "Crazy Luce" often spent an hour or two at our fireside. Her appearance was very singular. Her gown was always patched thy with a heart tremulous with happiness. with many colors, and her shawl or mantle

In the season of flowers her tattered bonnot was profusely decorated with those which she had gathered in the wood or by the wayside. Her love for these, and her sweet voice ing, and yet what a revealing of self is a first was all that was left her of the bloom and music of existence. Yet, no! her meek and child-like piety still lingered. Her God had what an incalculable wealth of receiving on the formula breaking up is there of the deep want of the soul, and how Heaven descends in her spirit, the smile of His love yet gleamed faintly, in the waste garden of her heart; oud-like innocence and freshness of girlhood, still, and it may be as dearly cherished, my readers, as the gorgeous copy now lying on your table bound in purple and gold, and with the guilding untarnished upon its leaves.

I remember to have heard my mother re-

late a touching incident connected with one of Lucy's brief visits to us. The poor crea ture once laid her hands on the curly head of one of my brothers, and asked him his name. "William Edwin," he replied with a timid upward glance. She caught away her hand, and sighing heavily said.
"I knew an Edwin once, and he made me

broken hearted." This was the only instance in which she was ever known to revert to the sad event which had desolated her life,

* * * * * * * * * Boston—

country wagon drove into the village of C Lucy Dutton brought to her native town to She had been in a decline for several ple white muslin, and a few bridal orna; months, and her miraculous strength which had so long sustained her in her weary wanast foorsook her utterly. Her sis-

er had died some time before, and the wid- a name, more graceful full of the wreath of light far west—so Lucy had no friends, no home ringlets that swept her snowy neck.

To the anxions inquiries of her companion respecting the absent ones, Lucy smiled quietly, and replied: "Oh, something has happened to detain them awhila; we heard from herself with unweavying devotion to the quiet herself with unwearying devotion to the quiet

One day about a week from the time of her arrival, Lucy appeared to suffer greatly, and those about her looked for her release almost impatiently; but at night she was evidently better, and for the first time slept tran quil bri tegroom and Ellen entered. In reply to the hurried and confused inquiries all around bedside when she awoke, was startled by the

> "Oh, what a long night this has been." Then glancing around inquiringly, she ad-Where am I? and who are you? I don't kuow you !"

A wild surprise flashed across the mind of the Matron, the long lost reason of the wan-derer had returned! But the good woman re-

"My poor Lucy," said the Matron with a

gush of tears, " that was not a dream-'twas all true?" cried the invalid, "then Ed must be untrue-and that cannot be, for he loved me-we loved each other well and Ellen is my sister. Let me see them !" She endeavored to raise herself but fell back fainting on the pillow. "Why, what does this mean?" said she; "what makes me so weak?" Just then her eye fell on her own hand. She gazed on it in blank astonishment, "Some-thing is the matter with my sight," said she

and so is mine; and yet we had fair plump hands when we were young. Dear Lucy, do you not know me? I am Maria Allen; I

was to have been your bridesmaid!" the attempt to give in detail all that mournful revealing—to reduce to expressive words the dread sublimity of that hopless sorrow. To the wretched Lucy, the last thirty years vere as though they had not been. Of not an incident, had she the slightest remembrance, since the night the recreant lover and the raitorous sister stood before her and made their terrible announcement,

The kind matron paused frequently in the sad narrative of her poor friend's madness lodge became again dormant, but was revived and wanderings, but the invalid would say on the 28th of March, 1847, and established permanently in Montreal as "The Lodge of permanently in Montreal as "The Lodge of agony stood thick upon her forhead, When "She has gone before you, and your father also."

'And my mother?" said Lucy, her face lit up with a sickly ray of hope,
"Your mother has been dead for twenty

woman, as she replied: "Oh yes, I knew him and loved him before

Then rose the voice of prayer. At first her an artist might envy, and yet one of desolalips moved, as her weak spirit joined in that tion. All around lay charred ruins, clothing fervent appeal; and poor Lucy's eyes were guns, cartridge boxes, &c., the property main-closed in death! But those who gazed upon ly of our own troops. The whole camp was that placid face and remembered her harmless life and her patient suffering, doubted less life and her patient suffering, doubted way. Here it was where the enemy first not that the morn of another eternal day had made their first appearance on Saturday, and broken on her NIGHT OF YEARS.

Puzzling a Yankee. Americans are an inquisitive people, ye from the very necessity which this engenders from the very necessity which this engenders, there is no person better unders, ands the art of parrying and baffling inquisit geness in another than a Yankee. We were guite amused recently by an account given by saity friend of a coloquy which came off in a sountry villar than the sait has a reason. lage through which he was travelling, between himself and one of the "natives," who manifested an itching curiosity to pry into his af-

'How do you do " exclaiment the latter, hustling up to him as he alighted for a few noments at a hotel. 'Recon I've seen you fore now ? Oh, yes, was the answer of the Yankee

no doubt; I have been there aften in my 'Spose you're going to-' (expecting the name and place to be supplied.)

'Just so-I go there regularly once a year.' 'And you've come from-'Exactly, sir; you are exactly right; that s my place of residence.' Really, now, dew tell; I 'spose you're a

awyer, or maybe a trader, or perhaps some ther perfeshun or calling. Yes, I have always pursued some one of hese professions. Got business in the country, eh?

I see by your trunk that you're from Boson. Anything stifring in Boston? Yes; men, women, horses and carriages

Yes, I am at this time engaged in travel-

and a famous northeaster.' and a lamous northeaster.
'You don't say so? Well, I declare, how, you are tarnal cute. What do you think they will do with Sims?

'Why, it is my opinion that they will either deliver him up to the claimant, or let him 'You've had a monstrous sight of rain in

Boston-did an awful sight of damage I sup-'Yes, it wet all the buildings and made the streets damp—very damp, indeed?
Didn't old Fancuil Hall get itsoakin?
No. The Common under the Liberty tree.

'You are a circus chap, I guess; you ar kinder foolin. Pray, Mister, if it's a civil question what might your name be?'
'It might be Smith or Brown, but it is not ter had died some time before, and the wid- a name. When I was born, my mother was owed husband had soon after removed to the so busy that she forget to name me, and soon after I was swapped away by mistake for an-

other boy, and am now just applying to the Legislature for a name. When I get it I will send you my card. Good morning, sir.'
And so saying the speaker jumped into the
carriage and drove off, leaving the Paul Pry

The Courtery of Masonry.

chest, at one time, says the London Freema-son's Review, fell into the hands of the Ameranother. The company stood silent with voice seemed to reassure her, and she extunity of testifying his estimation of Masonry, in the most marked and gratifying manof the chest, with many articles of value be longing to the 46th, and return them to the regiment. The surprise, the feeling of both officers and men, may be imagined when they perceived the flag of truce that announced this of, and the horrid effluvia removed from its derer had returned! But the good woman replied calmily and soothingly,

"Why, you are among your friends, and you will know me present y."

"Then may be you know Edwin and Elsen," rejoined the invalid, "have they returned? Oh, I had such a terrible dream. I dreamed that they were married! To think—Ellen married to Edwin! "Tis strange that I should dream that!"

"The properties of the properties of the containing the Contai elegant compliment from their noble oppoand color, hailed the glorious act by cheers, which the sentiment rendered sacred as the

hallelujahs of an angel's song.

A similar courtesy was extended to this lodge on another and subsequent occasion.— In the year 1805, while in the island of Bomina, the 46th regiment was attacked by a French force, war at that time existing be-Britain; and again the lodge had the misfortune to lose its chest, which was carried on board the French fleet, its cap ore having had smiling faintly, "for my hand looks to me like an old woman's."

"And so it is," said the Matron, gently, "and so is mis," and the contents. But, three years afterwards, when the character of the prize had become known the French government at the contents. nest request of the officers who had commanded the expedition, returned the chest, with several complimentary presents, as a tribute from an enlightened nation to the excellence I can narrate no more; I will not make and sacred character of the Masonic institu-

In 1834, the warrant or constitution of this odge was renewed by the Grand Lodge of Ireland, on which occasion these interesting incidents in its history were elicited from the

Of the ultimate fate of a lodge whose vic issitudes in war form so interesting a portion of the annals of Free Masonry, it is nate that we can furnish the history. The Social and Military Virtues, No. 227.

A modest old maid visiting a newly married friend recently saw her husband's shirt lying on the bed, exclaimed: "Oh, mercy, a man's shirt on your bed? Such a thing on my bed would give me the nightmare l'"
"Very likely," responded the wife, "unless the man was in it."

A Walk Over the Battle-Field.

The Horrors of War-The Dead in Heaps-Ghastly Spectacle-Postures of the Slain. The correspondent of the New York Express, from Fair Oak station, June 6th inst.,

where they so badly drove back our men.— A little further on is a piece of woods, and by walking through water and mud knee deep, one is enabled to investigate its contents. The bark of nearly every tree is peeled off toward the roots, the rifle balls and canister fired into the forest by our men, having ta-ken down the trees about as lively as they did rebels. Letters, guns by the dozens, both Secesh and Union, clothing enough to start half the Catham street, in business, ney made graves, yet unburried bodies, and all the miner indications of battle and death form one of the saddest scenes ever witnessed on the Virginia Peninsula. In a swamp we found eight bodies of Alabamians close to gether, and in such a state of decomposition that hardly a man saw them without turning away his head. Their clothes were on, but the bodies were so swollen, that they fitted as tight as the skin itself. In several cases the esh had already been enten off by vermin and the skull lay bare. It was a disgusting scene, which some people might have seen with profit. But it ought to be added, that our people are burrying the dead just as fast as they can reach the remains.

I say one body, which was evidently that of a rebel officer. His clothing was rather better than that of a large majority we saw, and other indications of rank ere numerous.
He lay concealed behind some brush, and had evidently been wounded, sought its chelter and there died. The limbs were contracted, but on the face there seemed to rest a placie smile. One hand held on to a rail fence pear by, while the other was extended upon the earth. Like all the rest, the body was swollen to twice its natural size, and millions of vermin were fast devouring it. Calling some scouts, a grave was dug, and the decaying lesh was consigned to its last resting place Another body was found sitting on the ground, the back braced against a fence.— The skin was peeling off the hands, and hung lown from the fingers in shreds. One hand rested on the musket, whose contents had been discharged. The head drooped to one side, and the features were fearfully contracted, evidencing a dying struggle of a most

painful nature. A curiosity seeker might have collected bushel of letters in these words so full of hor-rors, but I have not the heart for the task. To show how desperate was the struggle in the heavy woods between Casey's and Ward's camp, I have spoken of the bullet marks upon the trees, of the dead and of their effects, everywhere seen. Another indication was the clothing, yet hanging upon low tree branches, fences, and lying upon the ground. An officer engaged in the battle tells me that when we pursued, on Sunday, the retreating rebels to the woods through which, on Saturday, they drove us, a desperate encounter en-

Hundreds of men, on both sides, threw off all their superfluous clothing and went in, as we were told the Sixty-ninth did at Bull Run, stripped almost to the waist. Those who had the opportunity, placed their coats where they would be preserved; others, with no Lodge No. 227, under the jurisdiction of time for that, threw themen the ground, and the Grand Lodge of Ireland, was attached by lost them with their lives. Within a space a traveling warrant which had been granted of two acres there are ungathered arms enthe year 1782, to the 46th regiment of the ough to supply a New York militia regiment. British army, while serving in America du- In that small space nearly six hundred men ring the war of the Revolution. The Lodge were sent to their long account,

At Casey's old camp there were no human bodies, as there it was an easy matter to dispose of them immediately after the fight.-But hundreds of horses, torn by shot and shell, lay all around, the carcasses emiting a pestilential stench. On Sunday, when we ner, by directing that a guard of honor, under a distinguished officer, should take charge animals lay closely together—

"Rider and steed in one red burial blent." The animals are now being burned, as that is the only way in which they can be disposed close contact with our camp. Upon approach-

the switch is now used as a hospital, mainly ing the consideration. His new owner mounted the rebel wounded, and right opposite are ted him, and with characteristic hospitality, the headquarters of Gen. Meagher and his the Yankee agreed to accompany him home Irish brigade.

Speaking of the hospital at this station reminds me that our men yet find wounded rebels in the woods. Yesterday, two or three

were discovered under some brush. One had a leg amputated just below the knee, by a rebel doctor, who is with his companions tween the governments of France and Great another had a foot taken off, and yet another an arm. Without convoniences for proper treatment, the operation seemed very harsh. The sufferers were seated upon a barrel, and held by a couple of men, submitted to the painful treatment, All around were the ampatinti treatment, All around were the amputated parts, and pools of blood. Seated against a tree near by was a rebol soldier, well clad in a suit of Confederate gray, with a bullet hole in both cheeks. The missile had passed in on one side and came out upon the other. His face was besmeared with clotted gore, and owing to long neglect (the Federals had just found him) it was impossible for him to articulate. The very picture of misery, this unfortunate man sat propped against a tree, awaiting his turn for treatment. On blankets near by, were half a dozen who had died during surgical operation. Others, pale and weak, looked around them with a half frightened gaze, witnessing the work of their surgeons. Dozens of our own men were at hand, and in silence saw the fate of war, one wants to see but once,

dolding sister, had all unconsciously contributed to the ruin of a nature not at first relative for the strength of generosity. Where, in all Good's creatures, is heartless as dotestable, as in a beautiful woman?

**Dead! all gone! alone! oid! dying!

Oh God! my one of bitterness is full!" And she wept aloud. Her friends bending over her and mingling pitying, there with here, is heartless said affectionally, "But you know who drank that he will keep Sunday school twice a week ed her strange silence. This continued until that cup before you?" Lucy looked up with Tuesdays and Saturdays.

**Very many,

Oh God! my one of bitterness is full!" And she wept aloud. Her friends bending over her and mingling pitying, there will keep Sunday school twice a week that he will keep Sunday school twice a week that he will keep Sunday school twice a week that he will keep Sunday school twice a week that the vill keep Sunday school twice a week that he will keep Sunday school twice a week that he will keep Sunday school twice a week that he will keep Sunday school twice a week that he will keep Sunday school twice a week that he will keep Sunday school twice a week that he will keep Sunday school twice a week that cup before you?" Lucy looked up with Tuesdays and Saturdays. get big, Dix-y, you would be head dev-il yourself." All little Rebels ought to be like Dixy,

Making Fun of Them.

Primer," and gives some choice extracts from its pages. The Primer, after giving the al-phabet in due form, offers some little rhymes for young Confederates, from which we se-

> At Nashville's fall We sinned all. T. At number Ten We sinned again. F. Thy purse to mend, Old Floyd attend. Abe Lincoln bold Our ports doth hold.

Yon Oak will be the gallows tree Of Richmond's fallen majesty.

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

Q--Who the wisest man? A-Governor Wise-for he has that discre

ion which is the "better part of valor." The effect is almost appalling from the

the French kings-if we recollect aright, it was Louis XV—placed his majesty on the right spot, and bade him draw his sword and

rider. "I know by his ears."

The Kentuckian, curious to test the repu-They soon came to a stream which they had to cross, and which was rather deep for horsemen. Judge of the Kentuckian's dismay when, on pulling the bridle in the middle of the river, his steed subsided in the running waters as if he was a hippopotamus. "How is this?" he roared out, nothing but

ter's other horse was not disconcerted in the least, but replied coolly: "Oh! I forgot to tell you he is as good for

TEMPERANCE BEYERAGE.-I have seen number of receipts in your paper lately for making Spruce Beer, but none exactly meet my wishes; and as I have been the recipient of a very good one, I forward it to you with a bottle of the same, to see if you do not agree with me in pronouncing it excellent.

ounce whole cloves, ounce whole allapice, ounce sassafras.

After taking it off the fire, pour it into clean tub and add one and a half gallons o THE SMART DIXIE Boy. -Once there was a water. Let this stand till milk warm, then ITHE SWART DIVIE ROY.—Once there was a little hoy, only four years old His name was Dixy. His father's name was I-sham, and his mother's was All-sham, Dixy was cool place during the night, covering it with chickens, play poker, and cuss his mother.—
When he was only two years all he walls be fit for bottling. One or two raisins, will be fit for bottling. One or two raisins, With the litter potting. One or two raining, With the litter potting. One or two raining, When he was only two years old he could steal su gar, hook pre-serves, drown kit-tens, and tell lies like a man. Dix-y died and went and tell lies like a man. Dix-y died and went there were a like a man. Dix-y died and went the litter process of the litter process. With the litter potting. One or two raining, with a few holes punched in them with a fork, placed in each bottle, add greatly to its diavor. Put it in strong bottles, cork tightly, to the bad place. But the Dov-il would not let Dix-y stay there, for he said, "When you lar, and in three or four days it will be ripe.

The Nashville Union has been "having its ittle jokes at the expense of the discomfitted Secesh of that city. The Union purports to eview the "Rev. D. M'Ferrin's Confederate

lect a few samples :--

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

Brave Pillow's flight Is out of sight. B. Buell doth play, And after slay.

The following are taken from the "Biogra phical Questions and Answers for little chil

Q-Who was the strongest man? A-General Price, for you can smell him

Curious Mirror. - Among the curiosities exhibited at the last Paris Exposition, and promised for ours, was a huge concave mirror, the instrument of a startling species of opti val, magic. On standing close to the mirror and looking into it, it presents nothing but a magnificent monstrous dissection of your own physiognomy. On retiring a little, say a couple of feet, it gives your own face and figure in true proportion, but reversed, the head downwards. Most of the spectators, ignorant of anything else, observe these two effects and pass on. But retire still further. standing at the distance of five or six feet from the mirror, and behold you see yourself, not as a reflection—it does not strike you as reflection-but your veritable self, standing in the middle part between you and the mir-

body and appearing on the other side, the fig rule 1 shall drop the croft, and call ure thrusting it at you the same instant. The artist who first succeded in finishing a mirror of this discription, brought it to one of

thrust it at the figure he saw. The king did so: but, seeing the point of the sword directed to his own breast, he threw down his weap on and ran away. The practical joke cost th inventor the king's patronago and favor: his majesty being afterwards so ashamed of his own cowardice, that he could never again look at the mirror or its owner.—English Paper. "Some Hoss."-Once on a time a Yankee who was traveling through Kentucky, had a increasing the circulation of newspapers. The policy recently closed twenty-seven coffee fine horse and no money. He had taught the animal to lie down or sit on his haunches houses in Venice because they refused to traveler saw no way of replenishing his purse

when the bridle was pulled pretty hard. Our but by selling his horse and this he resolved to do the first opportunity. As he was going slowly along he saw a hunter at some distance from the road whom he rode up to and accested. In the course of the conversation ne told the latter he had an invaluable horse to sell-a horse that would act precisely like setter, when he was in the vicinity of game. Casting his eyes around, at the same time discovering some tresh rabbit tracks, he gave the bridle a jerk, The docile animal av down. There are some rabbits here," said the

his head visible. The Yankee who was mounted on the hun-

fish as for rabbits!"

RECEIPT. 1 gallon of water, 1 quart good molasses, ounce white ginger coot,

Boil all well. 'I boil mine three hours.

When the lawyers flourish, the laws

"Dad," said a hopeful sprig, "how many fowls are on the table?"
"Why,", said the old gentleman, as he looked complacently on a pair of finely rosst-ed chickens that were smoking on the dinnertable; "why, my son, there are two."

"Two!" replied young smartness, "there are three, sir, and I'll prove it."
"Three?" replied the old gentleman who was a plain matter-of-fact man, and understood things as he saw them. "I'd like to have you prove that."
"Easily done, air, easily done! Ain'tthat

one," laying his knife upon the first?
"Yes, that's certain," said his dad. "And ain't that two?" pointing to the sec-ond, "and den't one and two added together

make three?" "Really, said the father, turning to the old the lift, said the lather, turning to the old lady who was listening in astonishment at the immense learning of her son, "really, wife, this boy is a genius and deserves to be encouraged for it. Here old lady, do you take one fowl, and I'll take the second, and I'll take the second is the second take th John may have the third for his learning."

Could'nt See It .- A juggler was performing to a western audience, and exhibiting one of his feats of mysterious disappearance, accompanying it with the following strain:
"Now, gentlemen, I take the ball thus, in the palm of my left hand; cover it with the right hand, thus; rub them gently together. in this style; and, behold! tis gone. You hus see, gentlemen-

'No, I can't see,' replied an individual mong the audience. The juggler repeated his performance. I take the ball thus, et cetera, and, behold ! fis gone. You thus see, gentlemen-

'No. I cannot see,' reiterated the same in-'May I ask,' returned the excited juggler, 'why the gentleman can't see when-Yes; that's about the thing. I am blind.' The juggler rang down the curtain. A Large Onion .- ' Do you call them large

urnips?'
'Why, yes, they are considerable large.' They may be so for turnips, but they are nothing to an onion I saw the other day. 'And how large was the onion ?' 'O, a monster, it weighed forty pounds. ' Forty pounds ?'

Yes, and we took off the layers, and the ixteenth layer went completely round a demiohn that held four callons!'.
'What a whopper?' 'You don't say that I lie?'

O. no; what a whopper of an onion. I BLACK vs. WHITE .- The True American carns from reliable authority that certain abolitionists in Bucks county, Penusylvania, have recently discharged white laborers on their farms and have substituted them by runaway negroes from the South, at the enor mous wages of ten cents a day.

idea it suggest of something supernatural; so the startling, in fact, that peop of the strong friend Mr. Vansittart, nerves will shrink involuntarily at the first that the strong view. If you raise your cane to thrust it at the sittart, and call you Van, for the future your other self, you will see it pass through the with all my heart, said he,; by the same With all my heart, said he; by the same

> SHOOTING AFFAIR.—A tax collector called on a farmer at Wilton, Iowa, for his dog tax,
> The farmer refused to pay, and the collector,
> shot his dog, whoreupon the farmer immediately seized his gun and shot the collector dead on the spot.

> Target shooting is now practised universally in the French army; not only the troops, on foot and mounted, who are armed with muskets, take part in the exercise, but also the cavalry regiments, armed with pistols only, such as the lancers. The Austrians have an odd way of .

take the Verona Gazette A doctor's wife, attempted to move him by her tears. "Ah !" said he, "tears are useless. I have analyzed them. They e intain a little phosphate of lime, some chole rate of sodium, and water."

Corron.-Two hun leed and forty nine

bales of cutton were shipped from this port vesterday. Prices were rather stiffer than they have been for some time past. - Nashville Union, May 30, "You can't do too much work for our employers, man," said somebody to a big-fisted, strong-back man of all-work, on the wharf one day. "Arrah, bajabers," re-plied Pat, with emphasis, "neither will I?"

During the whole of the battle on the st inst., Prof. Lowe's balloon was overlookig the terrific scene from an altitude of about 2,000 feet. This is the first baloon reconneis sance during a battle.

There must certainly be a deal of funttendant upon running "wid der machine," else there would not be so many willing to work gratis for insurance companies. I A gentleman who went off in search

of his rights has returned to Louisville, and says the only ones he was likely to find in the Southern Confederacy was his funeral rites. Old uniforms made of 'shoddy' are in demand, to be manufactured into blotting pa-per. We doubt if they will ever blot out the

remembrance of the sins of certain contractors. . Why are two young ladies kissing each other an emblem of Christianity? Answer, "because they are doing to each other

as they would men should do unto them." The first rebel regiment of Kentucky has been disbanded by the Confederate Military authorities. The cause assigned is that

it could not be depended prion. Theodore Hook met a friend just after eaving the Kings' Bench Prison, who said to him that he was getting fat. 'Yes,' replied

Hook, 'I was enlarged to-day. If you wait for others to advance your inorests in this world, you will have wait so ong that your interests will not be worth

advancing at all. "There, now," cried a little girl, while rummaging a drawer in the bureau, "there, now, Gran pa has gone to Heaven without

his spectacles." During the past year the Catholies of the United States have dedicated 95 churches, many of them very costly and magnificent.

CHARACTER.—Those who lack a good natural long ral character may be sure they canny long sustain, without detection, an expecial one.