Vashington has been communicated to Davis

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Remphlets, Blanks, Labels, &c. &c., executed with

generacy and at the shortest notice.

Poetical.

TAKE THE PAPERS. BY N. P. WILLIS.

Why don't you take the papers? They're the life of my delight; Except about election time, And then I read for spite.

Subscribe, you cannot lose a cent-Why should you be afraid; For cash thus paid is money lent On interest, four fold paid.

Go then and take the papers, And pay to-day nor pay delay, You'll live till you are gray.

An old newspaper of mine, While dying from a cough, Desired to hear the latest news, While he was dying off.

I took the paper, and I read Of some new Pill's in force, He bought a box—and is he dead? No-hearty as a horse.

I know a printer's debitor once. Raked with a scorching fever, Who swore to pay her debt next day,

Next morning she was at her work, Divested of har pain. But did forget to pay her debt, Till taken down again.

"Here, Jessie, take these silver wheels, And pay the printer new !" She slept and slept, and then awoke, With health upon her brow.

I knew two men, as much alike, As c'er you saw two stumps; And no phrenologist could find A difference in their bumps.

One takes the papers, and his life Is happier than a king's; His children all can read and write And talk of men and things.

The other took no paper, and While strolling through the wood, And killed him, "very good."

Had he been reading of the news. At home like neighbor Jim. I'll bet a cent that accident

Would not have happened him Why don't you take the papers? · Nor from the printer sneak, Because you borrow of his boy

A paper every week. For he who takes the papers. And pays his bills when due: Can live in peace with God and man, And with the printer too.

Miscellaneous

UNDER THE CHARCOAL.

In New York you may live next door t And that picture was long painting. It seemed as though the golden hair and blue eyes would never be done. Paul Dupont ess the neighborhood of a kinsman. For ose who desire it, it is the loneliest place No one, unless it was the porter of the

d many-storied house in the Rue De ---

w that Monsieur Paul Dupont occupied troiseme of that dwelling, or that he was artist. It was a matter of perfect indiffermost of all but his few artist friends. For the matter of that, poor folks are of little consequence anywhere, whether they paint, of sing, or act, or scribble. When they be sing, or act, it is another thing, and folks me rich, it is another thing, and folks the notice of them, and they should put world know when they are at home. But a poor man or woman—bah! Paris, as a general thing, let Monsieur Dupont paint done, and the Emperor had never visited als studio yet. It was an odd place that au iseme. A litter of portfolios and canvassand casts and tassels and pictures, in frames and out them; where segars and decreations lay about, and empty wine pottles, which had contained very innocent and sour French wines, graced the corners; the sour french wines, graced the sources in there there was a north light and cenvass in the source and a not for e lower part of the window, and a pot for e making of chocolate, and any number of the oddest old French books, and some modn ones by Sue and George Sand and Du-

mas; where there were also a violin, a flute ad a guitar, a sword and a couple of pistols netimes fallen down and sometimes in use, en the pistols, for there was a painted cirrele with a spot in the centre over the man-e at which Monsleur Paul often took aim practice, without bringing in a neighbor discomposing the mind of the landlord. here are so many suicides in Paris that on a man hears the report of a pistol he ly thinks, 'It is my neighbor blowing his ins out,' and does not interfere with what es n t concern him.

Unroofing this, a la Asmodeus, to take a ep, you might have seen one bright May orning Monsieur Paul Dupont standing deparingly before a picture—the sort of pic-ure one might have expected of a Frenchman of three-and-twenty—airy, graceful and and hands, and badly burnt in his arms. He fomantic. A lover at the feet of his beloved, a picturesque nook, beside a fountain; a the debris of the furniture was resound from

and corpulent, the maiden, as yet but a glost-like sketch. There was the difficulty; Paul could find no model for his beauty

a stool, put on his hat, with its pendent tas-sols, and his velvet paletot, and went down stairs and out into the Rue De Capuchen.——sous. He sympathized with and prescribed It was a quiet street enough. The houses looked half asleep. The only sound was the distant rumbling of vehicles in some wide thoroughfare and the hideous yells of a fish his wife with many words of love, and went words. oman, with a basket on her head, crying her stock for sale. Monsieur Paul saun-tered on, with his hands deep in the pockets of his paletot, and looking in the air, forgot to watch his feet. They struck suddenly against something, and somebody uttered a ekrick and oried: 'Ah! he has destroyed

Looking down, Monsieur Paul saw a girl and an overturned basket of violets. He had run against a flower girl and thrown down her merchandise unaware.

An Englishman would have uttered naughty words and asked her why she couldn't ty words and asked her why she couldn't keep out of the way. You who read this can tell me best what an American would have in their excitement. Then they were silent. She knew what he meant. Forgive him, done. The Frenchman stooped down and commenced to pick up the blossoms with a little Pardon.

At that the head was lifted, and under golden fleece of hair Paul Dupont saw the no wish to die, but her husband was her face he wanted. An innocent face—a beau-world, and she could not exist without him. tiful face-the face of a perfect blende. Per-

haps she was seventeen, but certainly no older. Earliest girlhood lingered yet in her blue eyes.

Paul forgot the flowers. 'Will you set for me?' he said abruptly. Then remembering that she might not understand him, he went one 'I am an artist.' I desire to find a med. on: 'I am an artist. I desire to find a mod-ol for a figure I am painting. If you will oblige me, I will pay you well.'

The girl shook her head slowly, hesitated

and then said, in a low voice, in the English language: 'I do not understand. I am an Paul collected his thoughts. He had a smattering of English, and he said, 'I shall speak to you in l'Anglaise. You compre-

'Yes,' said the girl simply, and she listened as he spoke, and explained in broken English, musical and pretty enough, what he

meant and wanted. She understood and mused a moment, when she looked up into his eyes, and the glance said, 'Can I trust you?'
He answered the look, for there was no

words, 'I shall be good to you. There is no And his kind young eyes looked frankly

into hers, and she arose and followed him, with her violets on her arm, up those long dingy stairs to the atelier, with its north light and its heterogeneous belongings, where thronged on the dais, she looked lovelier than ever, as he taught her how to turn her head and place herself, and painted her shad wy outline on the canvas. That first sitting was not the last. She came again and again. At length Monsieur Paul discovered why ie was so glad to earn the coin he gave her. Her mother was dying slowly of consumption.

She was an American. A year before she had come to Paris, led by the hope of recovering some property which had belonged to her dead father, who was a native of France.

That hope was futile; and by the time they and now their money was all gone, and they could not return to their native land, as she was dying. 'So what could I do?' said the girl; 'I could not see her starve. Though my father was a Frenchman, I do not un-derstand the language. I need do nothing but offer these flowers, and I have earned bread and a little wine and soup for my mother. When she is gone I shall care no

onger, but lie down and die.'
'It is sad for you,' said the young Frenchman; 'but the young and beautiful should

Should live and love! he thought, although he did not say so. Monsieur Paul Dupont was poor himself, but after this many dainty and many a bottle of wine found its way to the unknown woman dying in a for-

was in no haste whatever: for, let the secre ling her flowers in the streets of Paris, happy to earn the france he gave her for the opying of that sweet face, had won the young artist's heart. He hardly knew it himself, until one day she entered his room trembling and weeping, and sobbed forth, 'My niother is dead.' Thou the truth flash ed upon him, and he bent over her and took her hand, and said in French—' But thou

hast a friend yet left, beloved.'

That day he looked upon the dead face of the flower girl's mother and did what a son might have done. The foreign lady lays in a quiet grave, with a little cross above her head, and there were two mourners, her daughter and Paul Dupont. It was beside that grave he said to her tender words of comfort-here, also, he whispered-

'Thou canst sell flowers no longer-Thou dost not hate me. Let my heart shelter thee-be my wife.'

And in this brief time she had learned to understand his native tongue. Lonely, and loving him as he did her, there was but one answer to be given. That night an old priest married them, and Paul took his wife home to his atelier. A sweet task, it seem. ed, to dry her tears, to comfort her; very sweet to teach her his native tongue. His English and her French were on a par; but lovers can understand each other without language of any kind. The prettiest pair I ever saw were deaf and dumb, and held con verse with their eyes. For a few days that atelier was a paradise, and then—sadness and misfortune poured in upon their bridal path.
It was then in the dead hour of the night. They started wide awake together, with a noise and glare about them. The building was on fire. People were screaming, woo cracking, flames licking up door posts and window frames with its red tongue. Fifteen minutes more would have been the end of them. As it was, Paul had barely time to wrap his darling in a coverlid and fly down the blazing stairs with her for life. She was not have that he was given by the the free life. not hurt, but he was singed about the face

destined to be called 'La Declaration.' The | That he didn't mind, while she pitied and ghost-like sketch. There was the dimenty;
Paul could find no model for his beauty.

True there were plenty to be hired for so many sous an hour, but he wanted an innocent face, and much staring at in artists' ion. Estelle—that was the name Paul had given her, and she accepted, because her Enthe faces young and pretty enough for his purpose. Monsiour Paul had always found it impossible not to imitate the expression of his models, and it would not do for the heroine of 'La Declaration' to look brazen. At last he flung down his brushes, kicked over a stool, put on his hat, with its pendent tassels and him well. Many of those old books had been

> his wife with many words of love, and went out to see the surgeon. He came back with a white face and sat down, saying nothing, Estelle trembled. She crept up to him and kissed his forehead. Then he burst into tears and sobbed in her bosom. The surgeon had told him his arm must come off or he must die. A terrible fate for an artist and a young man of twenty-three.
> 'I must die,' he said; 'there is no choice.

'I will work for you,' she sobbed, 'only 'Thy little hands are both not so much as one of mine,' said Paul. 'We cannot live,

first idea in trouble is charcoal. That wa t-charcoal and an air-tight room. She had After a while, sitting together sorrowful and hungry in that gloomy room, she was quite of his way of thinking. She only said:

"Wait until to-night;" he answered, "As you.

will, chere amis.

So they waited, and at dusk began their preparations. They made their windows and their chimney air-tight, and sat a furnace in the middle of the room. Then Paul said :'I will bring you the charcoal. My friend the shopkeeper, will wait some time for his money; but no matter, he will not begradge

He took a basket, and went out through the darkness to the little shop. To the in-quiries of its owner, he replied that 'he was better—would soon be well.' As he said this his eye rested on the charcoal and he smiled. The grocer was unconscious. He hent over the black fuel measuring it out.—
'Your basket has a hole in it,' he said; 'the coal will escape and soil madame's neat floor. Wait, I will repair it.' Searching among the rubbish he found a piece of crumpled parch-ment and laid it in the basket. 'It is a portion of the contents of the garret of Monsieur Noir, deceased, he said; I purchased it Noir, deceased, he said; 'I purchased it with a chaos of books and papers to wrap up my merchandize. See it suffices. Bon soir, monsieur.' And Paul Dupont departed.

He went home intent on what seemed to him a very praiseworthy thing. He embraced Estelle, fastened the door and lit a candle, that may have been said. 'that we may look upon each other, chere amie,' he sighed, and then left to her the task

of kindling those fatal coals. To this end a stretcher had been broken to pieces, matches lay ready, only paper was wanting.

'There is some in the basket,' said Paul; and Estelle drew forth—not exactly but parchment; an old deed; something in French. As Estelle's eyes rested on it she saw her own name thrice repeated. In a moment she cried to Paul, 'Where did this come from?' and Paul, instead of doing as one of our own countrymen would have done, and bidding her not to chatter of unimport ant matters at such a crisis, said as politely as though there was no charcoal on the ta-

pis, 'I have been told from the garret of Mons. Noir, deceased——,

'Paul — Paul — Monsieur Noir was my grandfather. Do you forget that is my name? Read this, dear Paul!

And so he read it. It was a will bequeathing certain property well worth the having, to Monsieur Jean Noir—a native of America and grand daughter of the testator, &c., &c. This was the property which had brought M-s. Noir to Paris—the will which had been supposed to be in existence, but which had seen vainly searched for, for the very good reason that sundry grasping servants had un-wittingly sold it with the other papers, and books, and household refuse to dealers in such articles for a few sous. The grasping servants could not read. Neither could the polite shopkeeper of the Rue De-, and but for that charcoal it is probable the document

would have remained lost forever.

Monsieur Paul Dupont and his wife did
light the furnace until they had unstopped he windows. Then it was to make choco-

Mrs. Ruth had proofs of her identity, and nsisted on her unpronouncable name until they were established. After which sho accepted the name Estelle again with joy.

They were rich now, and despite the surgeon's verdict, I doubt if Paul lost his arm,

for some time since Parisian periodicals were lauding a picture he had painted. Was it a portrait of Eugenie, or of her Napoleon?—And we read a list of wondrous titled personages, who have visited the atelier of Mon sieur Paul Dupont.

We heard a good retort in the cars the other day, from a tipsy Scotch laborer, who had carried in his hand a bottle of fire watr,' with which to keep himself warm and nois . A fellow traveller wishing to poke a ittle fun at him, asked him what he had got in his bottle.

'Small beer,' was the reply.
'Well,' said the other 'if it's small beer, 'No,' answered Sawney, 'it's too small for

The laugh was on the man in the good clothes, who retired to his seat 'schorched but not killed.'

SCARCE ARTICLES .- A parson who practies all he professes;
A beauty who never feels proud when she A lawyer whose honesty pleads for his cli-

A braggart whose courage is always defi-

A sensible dandy, an actual friend; Philosophy publishing 'money to lend;' A skillful physician regardless of self; A staunch politician forgetful of pelf; A sour old bachelor neatly arrayed; And last, though not rarest, a cheerful old

Forty suits against detective Baker for the debris of the furniture was rescued from releasing parties from arrest on payment of dark, and a strong odor of brimstone the ruins, and they had found another lodgier the trees on a garden bench. A picture ing. Then the pain became more severe.—

Then the pain became more severe.—

New Yor

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP.

In the prison cell I sit. Thinking, mother dear, of you,

ad our bright and happy home so far away, And the tears, they fill my eyes Spite of all that I can do. hough I try to cheer my comrades and be gay.

CHORUSramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,

O, cheer up, comrides, they will come; nd beneath the starry flag Ve shall breathe the ar again Of the freeland in our own beloved home.

In the battle front we stood When their flercest ctarge they made, nd they swept us off a handred men or more, But before we reached their lines, They were beaten back dismayed, and we heard the cry of victry o'er and o'er. Спокия-Tramp, tramp, фамр, &c.

So within the prison cell, We are waiting for the lay hat shall come to open wife the Iron door, And the hollow eye grows bright, And the poor heart almost gay, s we think of seeing home and friends once

CHORUS-Tramp, tramp, tramp, &c.

Joining the oud fellows.

' Very well, Mr. Jenks, you know my opin ion of secret societies.'
Perfectly, my dear, perfectly,' said our friend, thrusting his hands into his pockets

with all the energy he could sustain.

And you will join?'

Don't you think it best?' 'No sir, once for all, I do not.' 'Consider my dear, if you should be left a

widow, with nothing to support-'Now what a ridiculous argument. Do you suppose : Mr. Jenks-'My dear.'
'Mr. Jenks.'

'Will you listen for a moment?'

es, and you know I love you dearly, it will be impossible for me to oblige you in this in-stance. I have sent in my document, and to-night am to be initiated. Mrs. Jeuks opened her handsome eyes

amazement, and for a moment was lost in 'And you are actually going to be initia-

Yes my dear.' Well will you tell me all about it when you come home?'

Comforted by this assurance, the lady of-fered no further opposition, and our hero took his departure. About the hour of eleven he returned a wiser if not a better man.
'Well, my dear,' exclaimed Mrs. Jenks
'what did they do to you—what is it like were you much frightened? come tell me all ' Don't ask me,' gravely replied our friend.

'I beg you won't ask me.'
'Why not, I'm your wife, you know, and
wife and husband are one. Why not?'
'Hark!' said Jenks, 'did you hear anything?'
'No, nothing.'

'Silence, my dear, remember what Shakseare says about sermons in stones, books n running brooks. If I should divulge it.' 'The patriarch of the lost tribes. Even

now he may be at our window. 'Mercy on us,' ejaculated Mrs. Jenks, how you do terrify a body. I--I--I-hiv—shiver all over.

'If you don't want to be killed outright ask no more questions.' . ' Sure you can tell me something about it an idea, or two, that wouldn't be divulging

you know.'
'What if you should in an unguarded moment let the secret out.'
'Oh, trust me, it will be safe in my keep-

ing.'
You will never tell?' 'Never.'

Not even to vour mother?. You know how ossiping some old ladies are."
'I'll never open my lips to her on the sub-

Hark!' exclaimed Jenks, with a theatrical start, 'hear you nothing.'
'Nothing' repeated his wife with unfeign-

ed alarm.
'Tis only the wind,' mused our friend, 'I thought it might be the grand bashaw, arm-ed with his circumventor, and covered with the curious devices of the order. if you love me-for the sacrifice I am about lips forever on the subject. 'Well my dear,' said the lady with a long

drawn sigh. 'You have often heard of the cat being let out of the bag?"

Well. I saw that cat to-night.' 'A real live cat?' 'Yes, and an immense cat at that, a mon

strous cat. But you shall hear. You shall know all. Let me begin at the beginning. 'That's right,' exclaimed Mrs. Jenks, reathless with interest. On arriving at the Hall, I was immedi-

ately seized by four smart fellows, and taken upon the roof of the building. Here I was ongue tied and compelled to answer about a hundred questions, all having a direct bearng on the science of astronomy.'
'What a queer proceeding,' exclaimed Mrs.

'How I answered those questions, must ever remain, I suppose, a mystery to myself —certain it is, however, I did answer every one-although I did not know it till to-nigh there's a dipper, and a chair, and a four horse team, and I don't know what else in the sky. Is it not a pity that this beautiful

'What, what then?' 'Why, the next question is too absurd to

my subscription, otherwise I must have been rejected, as no man can become an Odd Fellow who owes a cent to the printer.'

'Well, I never,' exclaimed Mrs. Jenks, what an influence those newspapers do exert to be sure.'
'Exactly! But scarcely had I answered these queries satisfactorily, when an immense flame shot up, and we as quickly shot down.'
'What—through the roof?'

Oh, no! I suppose we took the stairs; but I was securely bound and tongue tied hardly knew how we got down. The angrement into which I was ushered was pitch

'Yes, it must have been brimstone, for nothing else could have produced such a sti-

fling sensation."

'Well of all things.'

'Then began the roar of artillery with an occasional volley of small arms. In the midst of the tumult I heard a low, sweet woice, chanting a hymn of peace. 'Man shall love his fellow, sang this angel—'cruel war shall be waged no more—peace shall reign—industry shall meet its reward—charity fils the hearts of men.' When this happy singer had ceased, a loud cry for cheap

ostage rent the nir.'
'How very odd." 'Yes, but just like these Odd Fellows, they are real reformers,' replied our friend.
'Well, my dear.'

Well, my dear.'

'Why then lights were prepared, and I signed the constitution.'

'Well, what of the cat of which you were speaking?'

Oh nothing, my dear, only they let her out, and for a minute or two she appeared quite bewildered. It was the first time I had ever seen that cat let out of the bag. But what struck me with the greatest awe, was the appearance of the lost tribes, and the double jointed bashaw, who, in a loud voice, continually said—'Life is short—prepare for that which is to come. Let all men have charity, and love their neighbor as themselves,' whereupon the grand patriarch armed with the tail of the great grand father's authority, arose and impressively adjourned the meeting.'

'Well, I declare.' ejaculated Mrs. Jenks, 'and this is joining the Odd Fellows;'
'Yes, but remember to keep all I have told you, a profound secret,' said Jenks, with a half smothered chuckle as he buried his head in the bed-clothes to keep from laughing out-right.

ANCIENT ROMAN FARMS.

In the early and more virtuous ages of the Romen State, the cultivation of the fields, and a few rude trades connected with it, were the only occupation.

ored; and many of the most ancient families received their names from their success in the cultivation of plants or the rearing of

It is probable that at this period the ground was broken up only by the spade. Aft'r ward, when the farms were enlarged, more

the neck and horns.

The farm-houses were at first little huts, but they were soon enlarged to suit the increasing possessions of the owners. We read, at a later period, of large store-houses and graneries, cellars for wine and oil horns together with several and continuous tables. and graneries, cellars for wine and oil, barns, together with separate buildings for the care and rearing of every species of domestic an-

were the same as those known in Europe, with the exception of maize, or Indian corn, which was first found in this country. The ancient mode of converting grain into meal was by pounding it with an instrument some-

were secured under cover during the winter, notwithstanding the mildness of the Italian mate. Shearing time was a seas eral festivity. Goats were made as profitable to the farm er as sheep. Their hair was clipped every vear and woven into a kind of course stu

and their milk was the chief supply of the The Roman farmers were very supersti-tious. They refrained from all labor on the fifth day of the new moon; on the seventh

and teath they planted vines, and harnessed young oxen to the yoke; on the ninth they commenced a journey,
The skeleton of an ass's head was hung up et the boundry of the farm to enrich the soil and drive away the effects of blight. The same figure carved in brass, and crowned

vines, was affixed as an ornament to their couches. In the remote ages, the gardens of the Romans contained only as few of the most common pot herbs and orchard-trees. The more delicious fruits and more beautiful flowers were introduced at a much later period, from Persia and other parts of Asia.

The style of ornamental gardening was was the fashion to fill the gardens with dark

walks shaded with evergreens, loaded with statues, and bounded by high clipped hedges. It is supposed that the Romans obtained a knowledge of the cultivation of the grape, and of the art of making wine from Greece. They took great care of their vineyards, and labored in cultivating the plants with much

The wintage was a time of festival, and the rustics made merry with the performance of a rude kind of comedy, and pouring out liba-tions of new wine to Jupiter and Venus. The wine appears to have differed from

modern times; it was kept in jars formed like urns, some of which are said to have been so large as to have made, when filled. a load for a voke of oxen. They were commonly ranged in cellars, but were sometimes buried in the earth, or even bedded in

PICTURE OF THE RED SEA .- Hogarth was nce applied to by a certain nobleman, t paint on his staircase, a representation of the estruction of Pharvah's host in the Red Sea In attempting to fix upon the price, Hogarth became acquainted with the miserly conduct of his patron, who was unwilling to give more than half the real value of the picture. At last, out of patience, he agreed to his terms. In two or three days the picture was

'They wanted to know whether I took a The nobleman, surprised at such expedinewspaper, and if so, how much I owed the tion, immediately called to examine it, and Fortunately, I had just then paid found the space painted all over red.

'Zounds!' said the purchaser, 'what have as no mun can become an Odd Felyou here?' I ordered a scene of the Red

'The Red Sea you have,' said the painter 'But where are the Isrælites?' 'They have all gone over.'
'And where are the Egyptians?'

'They are all drowned.'
The miser's confusion could only be equaled by the haste with which he paid the bill. The biter was bitten.

"What a fool!" said Patty Prim, when she heard of the capture of Jeff, Davis;
of course the men would all run after him if he was dressed as a woman, and he was sure to be caught?"

pected to Live Long-One Eye Almost To-tally Blind and the Other Much Impaired -Full Details of his Habits in Prison-Condition of Clay and Mitchell. [Correspondence of the N. Y. Herald.] FORTRESS MONROE, July 17.—From all the ources of information I am able to command,

surely declining in health from his protractsurery accining in neatth from his protracted imprisonment. He will not even avail himself of the opportunities of exercise afforded him, and he has a space of about 20 by 20 feet he could walk about in if he chose; but all the long hours of each weary day he sits at the barred embrasure of his casemate, sullen, silent, speechless. With his chin'alternately resting on one hand and then on both, he looks unintermittingly through this opening. Where rest his eyes and what thoughts stir that brain no one can tell. Before him are the boy and the restingly him are the bay and the passing ships, and the Rip Raps growing each day into a wondrous work of impregnable strength; and beyond, the blue sky and fleeting clouds and wild sea birds enjoying the boundless freedom of the outer air. And mingling with these sights comes that percentual mournful these sights comes that perpetual, mournful refrain, the sounds of the waves dashing up-on the beach. Here he is a priscner, and under what circumstances and under what terrible charges hanging over him! Not a moment is he left alone—not a moment pass es that he is not under the vigilant eye of soldiers. There is no escape through these this cordon of muskets. There can be no attempt at rescue from without. What won-der is it that that form has grown more emaciated, those cheeks more sunken, those eyes

more lustrous, that brow more wrinkled-his

in perpetual gloom? Health has left him,

hope is gone; that proud spirit is broken, and the end is not far. I am writing no fancy sketch. I have been told to-day that Jeff. Davis, if he keeps up his present prison habits and despondency, will not live six

weeks longer: A CHAPLAIN ATTENDS HIM. Yesterday Mr. Davis requested permission or a chaplain to see him. This is the second request of this kind he has made since his arrival. Chaplain Kerfoot was sent to his ward, when the farms were enlarged, more expeditious means were discovered. Some of the Roman modes of plowingare still in use.

They always plowed with oxen, a single consolation now." The chaplain talked to his ward, when the farms were enlarged, more consolation now." The chaplain talked to

He reads the Bible morning and evening. Recently, I am told, he protracts these readngs much more than at the commencement The kinds of grain in common cultivation t his imprisonment. He contesses his belief in the Bible, and professes to have made it the ruling guide of his life. It is evident that he does not fancy being confined exclusively to reading the Scriptures, for he sometimes clamors for a different style of litera-ture; but his request in this regard thus far thing like the pestal and mortar.

Much care and attention was paid by the

Much care and attention was paid by the Romans to the rearing of cattle. Sheep extend his reading privileges, and not permitting him to write to his wife or see letters from her, have formed the burden of his

> HIS EYESIGHT GROWING MORE DEFECTIVE. If permission was given htm to have all the books he wished he could not read much himself, and from the comfort derived from them would have to rely mainly on others reading to him. One eye is now almost totally blind, and the other gives indication of rapidly becoming so. He has complained lately of seeing objects double. He still

wears his goggles during the day time. HIS DATLY ROUTINE.

Life in prison is necessarily monotonous. With few it has ever been more so than with Davis. He rises pretty early, usually at five o'clock in the morning. He takes a bath the first thing, using salt water at first, and winding up with fresh water. His bathing facilities are limited, consisting of a common washtub half filled with salt water, a wash basin of fresh water, coarse towels and soap. An army blanket he converts into a tempo rary screen, and bathes behind this. He is not very particular about his toilet, the fashheavy and formal, producing a gloomy shade, rather than displaying beautiful scenery. It exact upon the subject of cleanliness of his underclothing, sheets, towels, &c. Bath and toilet completed, he reads his Bible, and at half-past eight has his breakfast. This is served him from Dr. Craven's table. The tatement in some of the papers that a daughter of Dr. Craven brings him his food is incorrect. A soldier brings his meals to him. Ten, toast, and an egg or two, or broiled steak usually make up his breakfast. His appetite is very variable. General Miles may call in to see him and pass a few words, or the officer of the guard may have something to say; for only these two, except his physician, and the chaplain, of course, when he calls, are allowed to speak to him. In conversation he has betrayed an anxiety and even determination to discuss the subject of the impossibility of ever convicting him of treason. He throws himself back upon the question of State rights as his main point of defense. For some time, finding that all the discussion was on his own side, he has kept times buried in the earth, or even bedded in solid masonry. The wine was usually kept silent on the subject. Except these interruption a great age. It was held in less favor than the wine of Greece, and was much than the wine of Greece, and was much cheaper. past three P. M., his dinner hour, in looking at the window. He smokes his pipe occa-sionally, but is no great smoker. He says that much smoking makes him too nervous. After dinner he passes the time as before.-He has supper at half-past eight o'clock, and then directly goes to bed. He sleeps pretty soundly, but more so formerly than latterly. At first the light kept burning in the room all night troubled him, but he has become used to it and makes no complaint on the subject now, as perhaps he knows it would do no good if he did.

COMPLAINTS ABOUT THE GUARD.

In previous letters I have described Mr. Davis' quarters and the guard placed over Both continue the same as at first. him. Both continue the saure as as and He has been urgent to have the guard in his own room, the rear room of the casemate— two are kept constantly in both front and ick room and an officer with them--removed and kept in the front room. But his en the guard in his own room might be allowed to stand instead of being kept walking, but here, too, his request has not been complied

THE LATE EXECUTION OF THE ASSASSINATION CONSPIRATORS. There is every reason to believe that the | wide birth,

JEFFERSON DAVIS. excution of the assassination conspirators in His Health Greatly Impaired—He is not Exwithin the past three or four days. It is certain that a great and marked change has come over him; and to his undoubted knowl-elge of this execution the change is attribu-ted. His food is of the heat greating him.

ted. His food is of the best quality, he has abundance of pure air, and there is no special reason otherwise accounting for present gloominess and decreasing health. there is no doubt Jeff. Davis is slowly but CONDITION OF MR. CLAY. Every day Mr. Clay is improving in health. He still takes his morning hour's walk, and is in greatly improved physical condition on account of it. Dr. Barcroft feeds him on hospital diet yet, in fact his constitution is in no condition to stand stronger food. He is

very lively and chatty if he can get any one to talk with him, and hopeful as to the fu-MR. JOHN MITCHEL. MR. JOHN MITCHEL.

Nothing seems to affect the physique of Mr. Mitchel. He is apparently as good in health as on the day he was brought here.—
He goes barefooted most of the time, and takes things coolly and quietly. His manners are not very conciliatory, nor calculated to attach friends to him. I am told that he has not lately expressed any fears as to the President pressing a pardon upon him. President pressing a pardon upon him.

Soldier Bor Waggery.—The Columbus (Ohio) Journal says: 'Among the sharp boys in Sherman's army on the grand march was a graduate of the common schools of Northsoldiers. There is no escape through those ern Ohio—the only son of a widowed mothstrong iron bars. There is no escape through er. The fond mother had no word from her son from the time the army left Chattanooga till it reached Atlanta. She waited for tidings with much anxiety-watching daily the newspaper reports. At length, several days after the taking of Atlanta had been hair whiter, his words fewer, his spirits sunk announced, a letter was brought her which

Dear Mother:—Bully boy all right. . Bon.

SAVANNAH.

'In due time Sherman marched from Atlanta to Savannah. There was a fight behind Savannah. The widowed mother read in the Lewspaper that the company to which her boy belonged was in that fight. With almost sleepless anxiety she waited for Lews from him. One day she received a note which read thus:

reached Wa hington, were mustered out, and the company to which 'B b' belonged came to the capital of Ohio. Here 'Bob' had his

Dear Mother :- Bully boy got a hole in his

ide--not bad.

Bon.'

'In the march of events Sherman's men

final, honorable discharge, and when he had made it 'all right' with the paymester, and was again a citizen, he sent the following tel-C)LUMBUS. Dar Mother: Bully boy home to morrow.

'When asked by a friend, to whom the unfrequency and brevity of his ensities home had been mentioned, why he did not write oftener and at greder length, he answered:

'Bully boy's got his haver ack full. Kept it all to tell by word of mouth. Won't he have a good time talking up the old lady?'

Those who know the boy accept this an-

Those who know the boy accept this answer as a token of filial affection. If seriously wounded he knew his companions would open and a retentive memory, he treasured his experience, trusting that by his mother's side at home he could some day tell her all. The meeting was, no doubt, a joyous one.

STICKING TO ONE'S RIGHTS .- Old stories very often have a forcible application, to present times. The following anecdote we met with lately in an exchange:

on home in such a condition? 'I broke it driving over a stump.'

'But why did you run against the stump? Couldn't you see how to drive straight?'
'I did drive straight, sir, and that is the very reason that I drove over it, The stump was directly in the middle of the road.

'Back in the woods, half a mile or there-

'Why, then, did you not go round it?'
'Because, sir, the stump had no right in
the middle of the road, and I had a right True, John, the stump ought not to be in the road, but I wonder that you were so fool ish as not to consider that it was there, and

that it was stronger than your wagon.'

Why, father, do you think that I am always going to yield my rights? Not I—I am determined to stick up to them come what "But what is the use, John, of standing up to rights, when you get greater wrong by

'I shall stand up for them, at all hazards.'
'Well, John, all I have to say is thishereafter you must furnish your own wag-PAT AND His Pig .- A rollicking Hibernian the light division in the Peninsula, was trudging along the road wi h a pig tied to a string behind him, when, as bad luck would ave, he was overtaken by Gen Canford .--

The salutation, as may be supposed, was not the most cordial. 'Where did you steal that pig, you plundering rascal?

What pig, generel?' exclaimed Paddy, turning around with the most innocent sur-

Why, that pig you have behind you, you "Well, then, I protest, general,' rejoined Paddy, nothing abashed, and turning round to his four footed companion, as if he had never seen him before, 'it is scandalous to think what a wicked world we live in, and how ready folks are to take away an honest boy's character. Some blackguard wanting to get me into trouble has tied that baste to

cartouch box. The general smiled and rode on. ONLY A CRIER.

EPIGRAM-BY QUILP. A famous Judge came late to Court One day in busy season; Whereat his clerk, in great surprise, Enquired of him the reason.
A child was born,' His Honor said,

'And I'm the happy sire,'
An infant Judge, Sir?' 'No,' said he, 'As yet he's but a CRIER!'-Boston

Department from New Orleans in twentyfour hours.

Telegrams are received by the War

Always give a narrow-minded man a