AMERICAN CITIZEN.

"Let us have Faith that Right makes Might; and in that Faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it"--A. LINCOLN.

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Tom Patson's Revenge.

Far and near, blazing with long tongues of flames, or twinkling like stars on hill and plain, were the camp fires of Kilpatrick's cavalry division.

It was about 8 o'clock in the evening, as Tom Patson sat near one of the camp fires of his company. Tom was third sergeant of company I,—regiment of cavalry. The loud laugh and merry song of his comrades resounded on all sides of him; but Tom sat with his chin resting on his hands, as silent as the grave. His hair fell in black curling masses over his head and brow, and the lower part of his face was covered with a heavy black beard. He wore an old battered drab felt hat, and the collar of a red flannel shirt was turned out over his jacket. Long boots, splashed with mud, reached up to his thigh.

Tom's fits of abstraction were of so common occurrence that they were scarcely ever noticed by his companions. At times he would be the gayest of the gay, and then in the midst of his hilarity, a cloud would come over his spirits, and he would not utter a word, except when answering a question for hours together. Every one liked him for he was generous to a fault, and would share his last cracker with a comrade. Kind though he was to his friends, still he never was known to show quarter to a rebel—he turned a deaf ear to all appeals for mercy.

"Tom's got the blues again," said one of those near him as he noticed his position near the fire.

"He'll be lively enough when we attack the Johnnies in the morning," said anotner.

"What makes him so down-hearted?" asked a new recruit. "He was as full of fun as he could be for a couple of hours this afternoon; and then all on a sudden he became as speechless as a statue."

"Very few of the boys know the real reason of Tom's conduct," said the man who had first spoken, and who was known as Jack Dwight; "so I'll tell you. Tom is a native of New York State; but for a couple of years before the war broke out he was acting as a foreman of a large manufactory in Richmond, Virginia, where I was also employed. While in this position, Tom became acquainted with a young girl named Kate Chester.—She was of the same station as Tom, and he fell in love with her. For some months everything was as well and Tom fancied his love was returned. Paul Arden, the son of a rich planter, now became acquainted with the girl, and she, dazzled by his wealth, treated Tom with coolness. I think she really liked Patson, and she would have recovered from her fancy for Arden, but her parents forced his suit and forbade Tom's visits. I never liked the young planter, and as you may readily suppose, my dislike was shared by Tom. Arden was too smooth and polished to suit my taste. He had the reputation of being a *rone;* but Kate's parents were so blinded by his riches that they could not see his faults

"Kate Chester and Paul Arden were married, and Tom Patson was almost heart-broken. Almost six months after the marriage we heard that Paul Arden had deserted his wife. The marriage was a sham. The minister was a tool of Arden. The disgrace was too much for Kate to bear, and she died saying, with her last breath, that Tom Patson was the only one she had ever truly loved.

"When Tom first heard of her death, he went almost crazy. He would have killed Arden like a dog if he could have found him, but the villain, fearing the consequences of his crime, had sailed for Europe.

"Fllled with hatred of the South and its people. Tom gave up his situation and returned to New York, and I accompanied him.

"A few months after our return the war broke out, and Tom enlisted in one of the three months regiments. He was badly wounded at the first battle of Bull Run, and was in the hospital for nearly a year. When he had fully recovrred he and myself joined this regiment, and as you know he has risen to be third sergeant. Arden is now an officer of cavalry in the rebel army, for Tom and myself saw him one day in one of our camps when he was the bearer of a flag of truce. I had considerable trouble in restraining Tom from executing summary vengeance on the villain at that time. And if ever they meet in battle, God help Paul Arden! Whenever we are on the eve of battle Tom is always gloomy, for he is thinking of Kate, and the hope of meeting Paul Arden in the morrow's strife is uppermost in his mind."

"They say he never shows quarter," said the recruit.

"Quarter? I heard one rebel cry for quarter, and Tom clove him from the crown to the chin at a single blow."

One by one the soldiers rolled themselves in their blankets and laid down to rest. Dwight watched Tom for some time after the others were asleep, and then stepped up to him and laying his hand on his shoulder said,

"Come, Tom, rouse yourself. It's time to turn in. You will need all your strength to-morrow."

"It would be useless for me to try to sleep to-night. I shall remain where I am. I feel certain that I shall meet Arden to-morrow, and Jack, I feel a presentiment that I shall not live to see to-morrow night."

"Pshaw! man. You should not give way to such idle fancies. I should like to meet Arden very well myself, for I hate him almost as much as you do," said Dwight, taking his friend's hand: "but as to your being dead to-morrow night, it's all nonsense. You have escaped unscratched from so many fights lately that I begin to think you are invulnerable."

"I feel sure that I shall never see to-morrow's sun set," said Tom gloomily.

"You'll make me as blue as you are yourself if I listen to you much longer. Come, lay down and sleep a little. No?" as Tom shook his head. "Well, I won't ask you again. So here goes," and Jack Dwight, enveloping himself in his blanket, laid down near the fire, and was soon wrapped in slumber.

Hours rolled on, and still Tom Patson occupied his old position, his chin resting on his hands as he gazed fixedly into the fire.

Daylight was just streaking the sky when the notes of the bugle sounding the reveille was borne on the cool morning air. Tom instantly sprang to his feet, and aroused the sleepers near him. In a few moments all were up and busily preparing for the march. Rations are hurriedly distributed. Tents are struck and packed, and soon the whole column is in motion. Far as the eye can reach in front and rear along the road nothing can be seen but the moving horsemen, and here and there a battery of artillery with its dark engines of destruction.

"Hark! There they go," said Tom to Dwight, who was riding by his side, as the deep boom of cannon was heard far in advance.

"Close up, men. Keep steady."

On moved the horsemen, and now the loud report succeeded each other in quick succession, and the column pressed quickly forward.

Cheer after cheer arises from the ranks as their gallant commander Kilpatrick, dashes by with his staff, enveloped in a cloud of dust.

On goes the column, the eyes of the men flashed with excitement as they think of doing battle for their country's safety. The reports of the cannon grew louder and now the rattle of carbines can be heard indistinctly.

Formed in line of battle, the brigade to which Tom Patson's regiment is attached, is stationed as a reserve in a hollow between two hills, which screen it from the view of the enemy. Here they remained for a while, chafing like the hounds in the leash, for the sound of the deadly conflict comes nearer and nearer every moment, and they know that our men are being driven slowly backwards.

Their lips were compressed tightly, and their eyes gleam like coals of fire. Sabre in hand, they sit upon their horses, grasping their bridle reins with hands that fairly tremble with excitement Now the shells commenced bursting over and around them. Low sounds arise from the ranks.

"Will they never let us fight?" is murmured on all sides.

A staff officer, bleeding from a wound in his face, mounted on a horse whose sides are covered with foam, streaked with blood, gallops up to the brigade commander,

"Colonel B——," he says, "the enemy have partially turned our flank. A large body of cavalry are advancing in this direction. You must repulse them or we will be beaten."

"I shall do my best, sir," was Colonel B——'s reply. "Forward!"

The brigade soon reaches the top of the hill in front of them, and there it pauses for a moment to reform its lines. About a half a mile from the hill could be seen a large body of rebel cavalry coming forward with all speed.

"There will be hot work to-day, Jack," said Tom Patson to his friend. There was no gloom on his countenance now.—His face was lighted up by the fierce joy of battle, and his eyes flashed like diamonds.

Dwigdt was prevented from making any reply by the harsh commands

"Forward! Trot! Gallop! Charge!"

With a yell that almost rends the heavens, the brigade dashes madly onward. A heavy rail fence bars the way; but is borne down by that fierce rush, as though 'twere made of reeds.

Cursing, cheering, and yelling like fiends incarnate, on flies the brigade. The very horses seem to catch the wild inspiration of the moment, and dash onward with the speed of the wind. The rebels halt and open fire with their carbines, and many a rider drops from his saddle; but it was as easy to stay the wind as make these desperate horsemen pause.

"With eyes full of fury now onward they go,
And they spurn under foot alike friend and foe."

The rebels stand for a moment, and then stricken with fear they turn to fly.—They are too late. The brigade is upon them like a whirlwind. Horses and riders are borne down in that headlong rush. The air resounds with the clash of steel, the sharp crack of pistols, the moans of the wounded, and the screams for mercy.

Tom Patson, Jack Dwight, and their captain, are fighting side by side with superhuman energy. Tom's hat is gone, his breast is bare; his face is begrimed with dust and smoke, and half covered with a mask of blood flowing from a wound in his scalp. Yelling like a wild beast he strikes to the right and left, felling a rebel at every blow.

"Tom, there's Arden!" cried Jack Dwight.

"Where?"

"There," pointing to an officer who was flying from the field.

The next moment poor Jack Dwight was numbered with the dead. A bullet struck him in the center of the forehead and passed through his brain.

Never heeding his friend's fall, Tom Patson drove his spurs into his horse's sides and dashed forward in pursuit of his enemy. On they go, over fences, walls, and ditches, one only thinking of escape, the other intent upon revenge.—Now fires shot after shot at the flying man, but without effect; the rapid motion of his horse renders his aim unsteady. On they go, mile after mile, the sounds of the battle growing indistinct in the distance. Tom commences to gain on the fugitive, and as he does so his heart bounds with exultation. Arden's horse commences to show signs of fatigue, but Tom's horse being nearly thoroughbred, is comparatively fresh.

"Ha, Nero!" said Tom to his good steed "I tho't when I struck down your rebel owner, that you would one day stand me in good stead."

Arden urges on his horse with spur and by blows of his sabre, but no avail. Tom gains on him at every stride. Now Arden heads his horse for a wall, and with a heavy blow urges him to take the leap. The faithful brute strains every muscle to accomplish his master's will; but he strives in vain—his fore feet strike the top, of the wall, and he falls headlong in the field beyond.

Before Arden could release himself from his fallen animal, Tom Patson cleared the wall at a bound. Dismounting, he strode up to Arden, who stood at bay, sword in hand.

"Paul Arden, do you know me?" said Tom.

"I know you for an infernal Yankee!" was Arden's reply.

"Do you recollect Kate Chester?"—Ah! I see you do!" said he, as Arden turned ghastly white. "I am Tom Patson, and you shall never quit this field alive!"

In another moment their blades crossed, and it was instantly apparent that Arden was no match for his adversary—His sword was soon beaten from his grasp, and he was borne to the ground by Tom.

"For God's sake, spare me!" cried the prostrate man, as he looked appealingly up in the face of his enemy.

There was no mercy in the countenance that met his gaze—nothing but deadly hatred.

"Ask mercy of your God!" cried Tom, as he plunged his sword through Arden's throat.

A low gasp, a few violent contortions of his body, and Paul Arden had passed from earth.

Tom remounted his horse, and soon reached the road, and then set out at a quick gallop to rejoin his friends. He had not proceeded far when he saw five or six horsemen coming furiously toward him. A glance at their uniforms convinced him they were rebels flying from the battle field.

"It is useless for me to attempt to escape from them," he said to himself; "and besides, now that Paul Arden is dead, there is nothing to make me care for life. So here goes to cut my way through or die in the attempt!" and he spurred his horse to meet his foes.

At sight of his blue uniform the rebels gave a yell of rage, and came on with redoubled speed. Nothing daunted by this Tom, sword in hand, dashed forward to meet them. Down go the two foremost by the shock of his furious onset, and a third is felled by a blow of his sabre. A bullet strikes him fair in the chest. He reels in his saddle, then strives to recover himself. He is too late. A sabre descends upon his unprotected head, cleaving through the skull as though it were but paper, and Tom Patson murmuring, "Kate, I go to meet you," falls from his horse, dead.

Special Dispatch to Pittsburgh Commercial.

From Late Rebel Papers.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 20.

The Richmond *Examiner* says: The loss of life by the explosion of the flag of truce boat, on the James river was two negro firemen, and two soldiers killed, and several wounded.

The *Sentinel* in an editorial says: "Congress is behidd the People. Such we assure our honorable legislators is the burden of the letters which we receive.—One of these that now chanced to lie before us from a prominent gentlemen, says: that our people are a long way ahead of our legislators, and are prepared and anxious to help the Government, if Congress would only pass the requisit laws.

There seems to be some strange and unhappy demoralization connected with an elective position, men otherwise bold become weak; they listen to the winds. They are nervous about offending some one and losing his vote, especially if election day is coming on, hence at a time when the people desire a bold lead and a prompt energy, we have hesitation and indecision and misgivings and fears. We run no risk in saying that the statesmen who are boldest are now dearest to the people. We doubt not they will say so at the polls. We doubt not and fervently pray that many a timid legislator will meet the political death he fears. We ask the people and the army to take a note of all such and not forget or pardon them. But it would be much better even for themselves if all such would forget themselves and strike for their country in this hour of exigency. They should lead the people, not wait for them. At least, they should not lag behind them.

"The people want General Lee generously supplied. They want him to have the organizing of his forces, they want the exemption list diminished. They want full liberty given to the Government to use the slaves in any way the military authorities may desire; they want the treasury sustained by adequate taxation; they want bad men deprived of the shelter of the *habeas corpus*. If our legislators would adopt these measures promptly, in plain, simple, broad terms, and would grant to the executive authorities powers broad enough for all possible emergencies, they would receive the thanks and honors of the people, and, what is better, would deserve them. We want *Orgor! Sigor! Vigor* everywhere."

The *Examiner* says: "President Davis received yesterday an official dispatch from Gen. Beauregard. Its contents were not given to the public, but the report was in general circulation yesterday, and we may add that it was not contradicted or doubted in official circles, that Columbia had been evacuated by our forces and the stores there removed to Charlotte, N. C. At the telegraph office in this city there were no messages taken yesterday for Columbia, it being stated that there were no orders of government to that effect. The movements of our forces since the evocuation of Columbia are not certainly known. They are all under the command of Gen. Beauregard, it being a mistake that there is any conflicting command in the Charleston district. Gen. Beauregard commands all between Cape Fear river and the Mississippi."

The *Sentinel*, in a long editorial on military situation, winds up as follows:

"If our affairs should come to the worst; if we should not be able to maintain large regular armies in the field, we would, by guerrilla warfare, make the south too hot to hold Yankee intruding landlords.—They would be watched, ambushed, and shot down by night and by day like beasts of prey. Few who would find themselves their wives and their little ones driven from their homes, would hesitate, if necessary, to waylay the intruding Yankee robber. No armies from the north could put down such a warfare as this, if we fight but half as well as most other nations similarly situated have fought.

"Already this mode of warfare has been inaugurated in Kentucky, Missouri, Tennessee and both sides of the Mississipi. Indeed we have guerrillas every where doing most effective service. Like "Roderick," these men concealing themselves to-day in fastnesses and secret places, and to-morrow at the winding of their chieftain's horn or other agreed signal, collecting together and burst unexpectedly upon the enemy with the force and rapidity of the thunderbolt. The cavalry of the Blue Ridge are as terrible as the clansmen of Roderick Dhu, and let not craven submissionists suppose they would be exempted from the horrors of this new mode of warfare, being more obnoxious than Yankees they would be its first victims. Let them recollect the treatment of captured tories in the revolution of 1776, and take timely warning from their fate. Did not a blind madness drive the Yankees on, they would recoil with a just terror from that result which we have but faintly sketched, but to attain which they are striving with a frantic eagerness, as if it were their highest good. Nothing remains for us but—taking for our watchword, *never surrender!*—to prosecute the war in whatever form we may, and with all the energy we can command, until we drive out our foes from the fair land which God has given us.

In the Mind.

An old man was shaving himself one day before the fire, but suddenly exclaimed in a great rage to the maid-servant,—

"I can't shave without a glass! why is it not here?"

"Oh!" said the girl, "I have not placed it there for many weeks, as you seemed to get along quite as well without it."

The crusty old bachelor (of course he was an old bachelor, or he would not have been so crotchety and crusty) had for the first time observed that there was no glass there, and his inability to shave without one was "in the mind" only, it was imaginary.

A Dutch farmer, who measured a yard through, was one day working in the harvest-field, with his little son, and was bitten by a snake. He was horror-struck. When he recovered himself a little he snatched up his outer clothing and made tracks for home, at the same time busying himself in putting on his vest; but it wouldn't go on. He looked at his arm and it seemed to be double its natural size; but tugging at it with greater desperation, he finally got both arms in. But his blood fairly froze in his veins when he discovered it wouldn't meet by about a foot. By this time he had reached his house, and throwing himself on the bed, exclaimed in agony of terror,—

"O mine frow! I'm snake bite! I'm killed! O mine Got!"

But his little bit of a wife, standing akimbo in the middle of the floor, burst out into a fit of laughter so uncontrollable that she was likely to suffocate, and thus beat her husband in dying. The poor man, in his alarm, had endeavored to put on his little boy's vest, and was not swollen at all, except in the mind.

Many a mother feels fretted and jaded and worn out with the cares of housekeeping, and is almost sick. But at the moment a welcome visitor comes in full of life and cordiality and cheeriness, in less than five minutes that mother is a different woman; the sky has cleared; the face is lighted up with smiles; and she feels as well as she ever did in her life. Her discouragement, her almost sickness was not "in the mind," it was a reality, but the excitement of conversation drove out the wearying blood which was oppressing the heart, and made it fairly tingle to the finger-points.

BATHING IN THE DEAD SEA.—From a work recently published in England, the annexed extract on the buoyancy of the waters and the appearance of the Dead Sea taken:

"Though in breadth not exceeding 10 miles, the Dead Sea seems boundless to the eye when looking from north to south, and the murmur of waves, as the break on its flint-strewn shore, together with the lines of drift-wood and fragments of bitumen on the beach, give to its waters a resemblance to the ocean. Curious to experience the sensations of swimming in so strange a sea, I put to the test the accounts of the extreme buoyancy felt in it, and I was quickly convinced there was no exaggerations in what I had heard. I found the water almost tepid, and so strong that the chief difficulty was to keep sufficiently submerged, the feet starting up in the air at every vigorous stroke.—When floating, half the body rose above the surface, and, with a pillow, one might have slept upon the water. After a time, the strangeness of the sensation in some measure disappeared, and on approaching the shore, I carelessly dropped my feet to walk out—when lo! as if a bladder had been attached to each heel they flew upwards; the struggle to recover myself sent my head down, the vilely bitter and briny water, from which I had hitherto guarded my head, now rushed into my mouth, eyes, ears and nose, and for one horrible moment the only doubt I had was whether I was to be drowned or poisoned. Coming to the surface, however: I swam to land, making no further attempt to walk in dead water, which I am inclined to believe, is almost impossible."

Great and Good.

It is a notable fact in criminal statistics that no fat man was ever convicted of the crime of murder. Stout people are not revengeful; nor, as a rule, are they agitated by gusts of passion. Few murderers weigh more than ten stone. There are, however, exceptions, which justify us in assuming eleven as the utmost limit of the sliding scale, but beyond that there is no impulse toward homicide. Seldom has such a phenomenon as a fat house-breaker been paraded at a criminal bar. It is your lean, wiry fellow who works with the skeleton keys, forces himself through closet windows which scemingly would scarcely suffice for the entrance of the necessary cat, steals with noiseless step along the lobby and up stairs, glides into the chamber sacred for more than half a century to the chaste repose of the gentle Tabitha, and with a husky voice, and the exhibition of an enormous carving-knife, commands silence on pain of instant death and delivery of her cash and jewels. It is your attenuated thief who insinuates himself under beds, skulks behind counters, dives into tills, or makes prey of articles of commerce arrayed at the shop doors for the temptation of credulous passengers. A corpulent burglar is as much out of place, and as little to be feared, as was Falstaff at Gadshill, and what policeman ever yet gave chase to a depredator as bulky as a bullock. Corpulence, we maintain, is the outward sign not only of a good constitution, but of inward virtue and rectitude.—*Blackwood.*

RIGHTS OF MAN.—Absurd prejudices have perverted human reason, and even stifled that instinct which teaches animals to resist oppression and tyranny. Multitudes of the human race really believe themselves to be the property of a small number of men who oppress them. Such is the fatal progress of that original error, which imposture has either produced or kept up in the mind of man. May true knowledge revive those rights of reasonable beings, which, to be recovered, need only to be felt! Sages of the earth, philosophers of every nation, it is yours alone to make laws by pointing out these rights to your fellow-citizens. Take the glorious resolution to instruct your fellow creatures, and be assured that if truth is longer in diffusing and establishing itself than error, yet its empire more solid and lasting. Error passes away; but truth remains. Mankind, allured by the expectation of happiness, the road to which you will show them, will listen to you with attention. Excite a sense of shame in the breasts of those numerous hireling slaves, who are always ready at the command of their masters, to destroy their fellow-citizens. Rouse all the powers of human nature to oppose this subversion of social laws. Teach mankind that liberty is the institution of God; authority that of man. Expose those mysterious arts which hold the world in chains and darkness; let the people be sensible how far their credulity has been imposed upon; let them reassume with one accord the use of their faculties, and vindicate the honor of the human race.—*Abbe Raynal.*

Some Critic.

Artimus K. Ward, the "wax-work" man, is out with another letter. Hear him:

"I am travelin with a tent, which is better nor hirin halls. My show consist of series of wax-works, a panceramy called the grand Movin Diarea of the War in the Crymear, comic songs, and the Cangaroo, which little cuss continues to conduct himself in the most outragious stile. I started with the idea of making my show a grate Moral Entertainment, but i'm compelled to sware so much at that air infernal Cangaroo, that i'm afraid this desine will be flustrated to sum extent. And while speaking of morality, reminds that sum folks turn up their noses at shows like mine, saying they is low and not fit to be pat onized by people of high degree. Sure i maintain that this is unfurnal nonsense. I maintain that wax figures is more elevatin than all the plays ever wroten. Take Shakspeer for instance. People think he's great things, but I contend he is quite the reverse to the contrary.—Whot sort of sense is thar to King Leer, who goes round cussin his darters, chawin hay, and throwin straws at folks, and larfin like a lily old koot, and making a ass of himself ginerally?

"Thare's Mrs. Macbeth—she is a nice kink of woman to have, ain't she—a puttin old Mac, her husband up to slaying Duncan with a chees knife, while he is payin friendly visit to their house. O, its highly morality I spoze, when she larfs wildly and sez, 'gin me the daggars—i'le let his bowels out,' or words to that effeck—i say this is all strictly proper i spoze? That Jack Falstaf is likewise a immoal old cuss, take him how ye may; and Hamlit is as crazy as a loon. Thare's Richard Thurd—people think he is grate things, but i look upon him in the light of a monster. He kills everybody he takes a noshun to in cold blood, and then goes to sleep in his tent. Bimeby he wakes up and yells for a hoss, so he can go orf and kill sum more puople. If he is not a fit specimen for the gallos, then i should like to know ware you find um. Thare's Iergo who is more onery nor pizum. See how shameful he treated that highly respectorble injun gentlemen, Mr. Othello, makin him for to believe his wife was tew thick with Casheo. Obsarve how Iergo got Casheo drunk as a biled owl on corn whisky in order to carry out his sneakin desines. See how he works Mister Othellers feelings up so that he goze and makes poor Desdemony swaller a piller, which causes her death. Cut i must stop. At some future time i shall continue my remarks on the drammer, in which i shall show the vast superiority of wax figgers, snaix, and the fixins in an interlectual pint of view.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE EYE.—Lichenstein says the African hunters avail themselves of the circumstance that the lion does not attempt to spring upon his prey till he has measured the ground, and has reached the distance of ten or twelve paces, when he lies crouching on the ground, gathering himself for the effort. The hunters, he says, make a rule never to fire upon the lion till he lies down a short distance, so that they can aim directly at his head with the most perfect certainty If one meets a lion, his only safety is to stand still, though the animal crouches to make his leap; that spring will not be hazarded if the man remains motionless, and looks him steadily in the eyes. The animal hesitates, rises slowly, retreats some steps, looking earnestly, about him—lies down—again retreats, till getting by degrees quite out of magic circle of man's influence, he takes flight in the utmost haste.

☞ A man, noted for his calmness and a scolding wife, was one night stopped in the woods by a pretended ghost. "I can't stop my friend," said he. "If you are a man I must request you to get out of the way, and let me pass. If you are the devil, come along and take supper, for I married your sister."

☞ A person enquired at one of the railroad stations, what time the 7.45 train would start, and was told "at a quarter to eight." "Bless me he exclaimed "you are always changing the time on this line."

☞ "I wish," said the son of Erin "I could find the place where men don't die, that I might go and end my days there."

Why am I like borrowed money? Because I am a-lone, (loan).

Why is it probable that the chain of slavery will soon be terminated in America? Because we have got our last link on, (Lincoln).

☞ Why did the rebels surrender Fort Fisher? Because they took too much *Porter*, and were *Terry-fied*.

How were they overcome? By good *Ames* and much *Curtis y*.

Why are the the rebels like vicious schoolboys? Because they dislike to be watched by monitors.

Why is General Sherman the most gallant of men? Because he rushed through the county to *Save-Anna*.

What is General Terry's particular *forte?* Fisher.

What ails Jefi? His *Foote* troubles him.

☞ Why is an unwelcome visitor like a shade tree? Because we are glad when he leaves.

—Columbia, South Carolina, just captured bp sherman, was founded in 1787, is regularly laid out with streets crossing each other at right angles and one hundred feet wide. It has a State House, court house, jail, two banks, five academies, seven churches, a State arsenal and a lunatic asylum. The houses are mostly of wood, but a considerable number of bricks are built with elegance and and taste. It is the seat of South Carolina College, founded in 1804. It is connected by railroad with Charleston; Augusta, Georgia; Greenville, and Charlotte, South Carolina. Its population ih 1760 was about ten thousand.