Those bright and loyely maidens
Who seprod so formed for bliss,
Too glutious and too heavenly
For such a world as this! Whose soft dark eyes seemed swimming In a sea of liquid light, And whose locks of gold were streaming O'er brows so sunny bright

Whose smiles were like the sunshin In the springtime of the year—
Like the changeful gleams of April
They followed every tear!
Like the bright buds of summer They have fallen from the stem— Yet oh! it is a lovely death To fade from earth like them And yet-the thought is saddening To muse on such as they-And feel that all the beautiful Are passing fast away! That the fair ones whom we love Frow to each loving breast, Like the tendrils of each clinging vine, They perish where they re-

And can we help but think of these In the soft and gentle spring. When the trees are waving o'er us, And the flowers are blossoming? For we know that winter's coming With its cold and stormy sky-And the glorious beauty round us s blooming but to die.

·THINKS I TO MYSELF."

I have seen her once, but a few hours ago. She's a resident here in this beautiful city; Pray tell me, if the name of the lady you know, For I think she's uncommonly pretty,

And clever, no doubt, as she's pretty. "Thinks I to myself," I have soon her before,

Fair face, dark eyes, and dark hair; But I could not tell when, as I thought of it more And, hang me, if I could tell where, I could not tell how, when, or where

But now I remember both the time and the place, She came to our office with her sweet smiling face And had white and blue tickets to sell

Well, well,

She certainly had tickets to sell. "Thinks I to myself," she'd make a partner for life, But she's engaged or spoke for, I s'pose; Still if that's not the case, and I had no wife, "Thinks I to myselt," I'd propose,

Goodness knows If it wasn't for this I'd propose, But I'm married, "thinks I to myself," it's a pity I'm tied and cannot undo it,

But "thinks I," there's no harm in writing this ditty Though 'tis well my wife doesn't know it

'Tis well your wife does'nt know it. Miscellaneous.

HOW I WAS CURED OF GAM-

A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

My friend was captain of one of the mail steamers plying between New Orleans and Mobile. He spent some days with me not long since; and, among other things which had befallen him, he related me the following:

"I had been engaged on board the steamer something over a year, and was then serving in the capacity of mate. During the first few months I had been rather shy of New Orleans by gaslight. on the queen over to me. I let the shouted for help, but he might have and murders, and of strangers being atferred to keep myself as safe as possible. Sometimes I spent the night at a hotel. where the officers of various steamers had assembled for a social time, and sometimes I went to the theatre. A length, however, as I became acquainted with the er passed to me the cheques which the sickly rays struggling through the dingy a tortoise in its shell. I remember woncity, the old timidity wore off, and I finally accompanied some of my brother officers to places where the more startling episodes of real life in the great city occurred. From the hotel we went to the theatre, and from the theatre we went to

some of the most famous gambling-houses. "Suffer me, my friend, to inform you here that I am not a gamester I have at the same time pointing to my cheques. played a little, as I shall be obliged to I told him, 'Yes' He bought more playing against the bank.' confess; but the charm was broken, as you shall hear.

"On the third or fourth visit to the gaming house, one of my companions a smile upon my face I threw down a got to lose afore he's much older." quarter eagle. The banker asked me if I was then admonished to put my money won. The queen came next. The bankfairly upon the card. I pushed the piece er turned it upon his left hand—the bank ever seen My knees smote together, and further on; and the confusion I exhibit won—the Hoosier lost. As before, the my heart leap d to my throat. ed must have informed the bystanders cheques which came from the queen were that I was slightly verdant touching the passed over to me. rules, regulations and mysteries of the "I hesitated, but the spell was upon faro-bank. The banker began to slide off me, and I could not break it. I piled up I'm dead broke-not a pic. I want en- apparently addressing himself to the crookthe cards, and presently he drew in the the cheques-ninety-six of them-and piece of gold which I had ventured, and ventured them upon the knave again. threw down in its place an ivory check The Hoosier eyed me sharply, and then representing five dollars. I had won. I ventured a like amount upon the queen, smiled at my luck, and when the cards at the same time muttering to himself were next shuffled, I placed my check back that such kind of luck couldn't last alupon the queen. I won again, and again ways. Again the cards were slid off, and, low has followed me for the purpose of I smiled; for the thought that I was to the astonishment of all who were pawning his bowie-knife! He was ac ped in the bud by a footsten by his side. was sport-sport of a new and exciting queen came out very near together-the kind. I bet upon the queen again, and knave to the right, the queen to the left. had no friends in the city. I feared him ragain I won. Before the next play I I had won—the Hoosier had lost. The no more. As I spoke with him now, I a glass of water, sir?" said John Siddons, calculated a little. It was not likely that banker now took in my smaller cheques, the same card could win again, so I made and gave me in exchange some worth my vepture upon the ace. The queen twenty dollars each. My last stake had lost, and the ace won. "At the end of an been four hundred and eighty dollars, and hour I had won \$75 or \$80, and then I my present pile was consequently nine went with my companions to the hotel, hundred and sixty. where we spent another hour before re-

pairing to our boats. my friends to the gaming-houses, and I cheques to my accumulated venture.

also made further ventures at the faro
"Again the banker to throw off "After this I frequently accompanied bank. A love of the excitement grew cards right and left. The knave came upon me before I was aware of it—grew up first, to the right. I had won. The upon me so strongly that more than once queen came up, to the left—lost. The mind just what I would do; and when grasped the retreating man's arm.

I ventured into a gaming house not far Hoosier drove his hand into his bosom, we reached the hoat I took him to my "My boy !" he said, with kindly so from our hotel. One evening four of us and brought forth a pocket-book, from state-room, and handed him a chair. officers were at the St. Charles, and after which he took a roll of bank notes. suppor the question was started as to how "Go yer two thousand I he said in a

Unclisale Therr

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 8, 1864. VOL. 64.

TERMS:--\$1,50 in Advance, or \$2 within the year.

A. K. RHEEM, Editor & Proprietor.

started for the gaming-house. I was one of the latter. My companion was capon board by midnight, as he was to start | queen's mine. Ge yer two thousand.' early in the morning. This was all "All that I had upon the table before that the event has cured both of us, I pleasant to me, as I had already made up me, save one solitary cheque of twenty shall consider it as one of the most valustate-room before the hour he had men- risk to run. tioned. So off we went, over towards the Third Municipality, nearly a mile and a half from our hotel, where we found the gaming-house we had planned to visit. We sat in the bar room awhile and smoked a eigar, and then went into the ball. The company was large, and the playing seemed to be spirited. We lounged about and observed the progress of the different games, and finally stopped at a

faro table, where I made a venture, which

was successful. I made another venture,

and lost; another, and won. Then I

bought \$20 worth of cheques.

tains, and four of them were either merchants, or gentlemen of that stamp. They may have been gamblers by professioncertainly they behaved as such. The queen up first to the left ! Lost !- The seventh man at the table was a study, and had there not been an over-balance of apparent gentility in the company, I should and then looked for the Hooiser; but he not have stopped where he was. He was had gone. him speak, I made up my mind that he said the banker. was a Hoosier. He had come down from cargo and his useless lumber, and was me the cash for them-some gold and now having a bit of a 'time.' He was some bank notes to the amount of nearly truly a tough looking customer. He must six thousand dollars. I went to the bar, have stood six feet and two or three inches and took a glass of wine, and I started high, with a frame like an ox His for my boat. The night was dark, and I shoulders were broad and heavy, his arms | had a long distance to walk. I looked long and muscular, and his hands so large at my watch as I came through the hall, and hard that it was difficult for him to found it to be an hour past midnight. I of it being covered by a long thick beard of a grizzly color, while the upper part was shaded by the slouching of the broad rim of an old felt hat. I could see his eyes, and they were keen and bright e mile or so, when I heard heavy footsteps nough. They looked black when in the | behing me. I increased my rate of speed, deepest shade, but when his head was but the following steps still came nearer. turned so that the light struck upon the I hurried on, but to no effect-the echo intimate that I had stared at him about long enough. At any rate I took it as a nint, and went on with my play.

"My luck was changeful. I won, and then I lost. Then I won once more, and | nized by the light of the street lamp .then I lost again. Finally, I touched As the dull glare fell upon the ox like the knave with a dozen cheques, worth five dollars each, and won. The Hoosier -had staked twelve cheques on the queen. He lost, and the banker pushed the pile hand was upon my arm. I would have I had heard so many stories of robberies twenty-four cheques remain where they killed me to stop my noise. I would wore, and the Moosier put twenty-four have drawn my dirk knife, but the show tacked from mere wantonness, that I pre- upon the queen. At this point my com- of opposition might only have called the panion came and told me that he must | giant's strength down upon me to crish | be going. I was too much excited with me. My instinct told me to be passive, the play to leave the table then, and I and wait for the worst. We were in a

> Hoosier had lost. "Once more my companion asked ame if I would go with him. I told him I myself. could not. He went away without me. "Forty-eight cheques were upon the knave, in four stacks.

"'Stranger, do you go them ver-all?" "The Hoosier asked me this question, cheques, and placed a number equal to mine upon the qu en.

"'This yer keard must win some time," he muttered, as he straightened up his laughingly proposed that we should make stacks of ivory, and then he added, glanca small venture at the faro-table. With ing over at my pile, 'an' that yer knave's see this?

"The dealer began to throw off cards bet upon the queen. I told him, 'Yes' again. The knave come first. It had

" 'Make it's thousand !' whispered the

Hoosier.

"'Done,' I replied. And I added two shall have the money." "Again the banker to throw off his

cide? As neither party seemed willing to now I hesitated. What had I to do with give it up, it was finally arranged that him? I was not playing with him—I we should go just as our inclination led was not betting against him: my play us. Two went to the theatre and two was simply against the banker, and his was the same. I told him as much.

"No, no,' he said, eagerly. 'It's agin tain of an up-river boat, and before we luck we're playin.' Them yer two keards set out he informed me that he must be is in for it. The knave's yourn, an' the

my mind that I would be in my own dollars, I had won; so I had little real "It's done.' I said: and down went

two thousand dollars upon the knave.
"The Hoosier placed his venture upon the queen; there were some cheques and turned to watch the movements of the banker.

"The cards began to move off once more, and this time the table was surrounded by an cager crowd. There was men playing against each other at faro; "When I bought my cheques there and it struck me as being exclusively time upon its gleaming blade. were seven players beside myself at the nevel, too. But it was no doing of mine table. Two of them were steamboat cap- The Hoosier seemed to have a sort of superstitious faith that our chances were running together, However, I meant to make this one venture further, and then regular black legs—but that doesn't mat- break the spell, let it be win or lose. ter. They appeared to be gentlemen, and Right and left-right and left. The

evidently a boatman, and when I heard | "Perhaps you'll try the knave again?

"I told him 'No, I had played enough," the Ohio with his flat boat, had sold his I pushed over my cheques, and he gave course of the river. I had gone half a seeming to knife, and that was all. By and by the step sounded so near to me that I turned to see who it was that thus pursued me At a distance of only a few yards came a fall, gaunt figure, which I at once recog-

form, I knew it was the Hoosier! "I would have started to run, but it was too late. He was upon me, and his

"Stranger,' he said, his voice sounding through the sunshine for something to frightfully low and hollow, 'you played ag'in me to-night

"No,' replied I, trying to speak plainly -to speak calmly was out of the question -'I had, nothing to do with you. I was

"It's all the same,' he continued 'Our luck run together, an' 'twas you ag'in me, an' me ag'in you. It don't to sigh sorrowfully in the tree tops.make no odds now. I'm dead broke. I And suddenly the sturdy woods tapered ain't got a single pic. Hold on! D'ye off into a silver stemmed thicket of white

"He reached his right hand up over his shoulder, and, from beneath his coat, he drew forth the largest, brightest, and fire light, and whose door yard was full most savage looking bowie-knife I had

"You've got money,' he went on, as he held the gleaming weapon in his band. | eyes. You won it-won all. I lost-lost all. me \$15 on it, an' I'll go. Ef ye're a man

ye won't refuse that.' "Meroy! what a letting down was that! had seen at the gaming house, and he new arrival. I felt that he was a true hearted man. "If you get \$15 you will go back to

the gaming-table again,' I said. "His answer was slow and sure: "I've tried it twice, stranger; an when

I try it ag'in, I'll let you know.' "I told the man to some with me. "Come to my boat,' I said, 'and you "He said, perhaps I'd let him stay on

board all night. "Of course I would. "As we walked along I made up my

Said I:

"My friend, I have made a resolution

the gaming-house. How should we de- en, had been to do that very thing, but While you and I played at the same ta- a soldier in the world that hasn't a home ing to John Siddons. "And when did is "Xactly,' he replied.
"Well,' I continued, 'I am going to make up to you what you lost. I shall

feel better to do so.' "The Hoosier started in amazement. "I do it as much for my sake as for and accepted his invitation without anyour own,' I went on, before he could other word. make an answer, and if I can feel assured that the event has cured both of us, I

able experiences of my life.' "The plain-hearted fellow seized my dollars. His hand quivered a little as he to promise me that he would always re- just so! pushed the pile forward, and then he member me with the warmest emotions.

ble you lost \$3,900.

not ventured a dollar at any game of his hand, as he stirred up the logs to a Evarts with growing veneration for the hazard since, nor do I believe my Hoos- waving, glorious sheet of flame. "Says heir to "the old 'Squire's" money. "Now ier friend has done it either. I keep the I, 'Melindy, we'll kill the biggest turkey, reely! that's kind o' providential, ain't long heavy bowie-knife, and I never look and I'll pick out the yallerst pumpkins something novel in the spectacle of two upon it but I think how weak my knees on the barn floor.' And says she, what here on the spot!" were when my gaze rested for the first for, Zenas, when there's only us to eat

ZENAS CARNY'S REWARD.

Red and sullen, like the eye of some baleful demon, the low sun glowed through the tangled depths of a November words, easting bloody lines of light across the fallen trees, whose mossy trunks were half hidden in drifts of faded yellow leaves, and evoking faint, sweet scents, like Orient sandal wood and teak, from a thousand forest censors, hidden away, who knows how and where. And through that -a leaden-gray concave, freighted, as the weatherwise could tell you, with snow flakes sufficient to turn that broken forest into a fairy grove of pearl and ermine. So the daylight was ebbing away from

this Thanksgiving eve.~ the trees. "As completly 'turned round' | Carey! put down his cheques. Of his face but began to think I had been a fool. But I wish I had been sensible enough to keep | Siddons had fullen asleep in the little cor-

He sat down on a mossy stump, leaning his head carelessly on one hand, while the other played unconsciously with the worn brim of his blue soldier's capthose eyes were turned upon me with a not brought it with me. 1 had a dirk been touched by the fiery arrows of many Southern sun in lonely swamps, and aong the fever-reaking shores of sullen ivers.

" Houseless-homeless!" he murmurred to himself. "I wonder how many others are saying the same thing this Thanksgiving eve. To think that I should fight through the campaign unhurt, and | return with an honorable discharge in my pocket to a place where no one knows or cares whether I'm alive or dead, while so youd. many brave fellows were shot down at my side with bullets that tore through a score of hearts at home, carrying sharper pangs than death has to give! It's a queer thing to have only one relative, and he a total. stranger. If I find this second cousin of my father, he'll probably kick me out of told him not to wait for me. The queen lonesome spot with not a light visible, doors for a shiftless, soldiering vagabond lost—the knave won—and again the bank- save the few street lamps that sent their But, hang it, a man can't live alone like glass; and if the fellow meant to rob me, dering, when I was a boy, why the Maor to kill me, I knew not how to help deira vines over the porch stretched out their green tendrils, and seemed to grope

cling to. I think I understand it now He rose up and walked on through the russet leaves that rustled ankle-deep beneath his tread, still musing-musing; trying to study out the unknown quantities in life's great equation, while, the sun went down behind a bank of lurid clouds, and the chill night wind began birches, and the white birches fringed a lonely country road with a little red house beyond, whose windows were aglow with of the peculiar perfume of white and maroon blossomed chrysanthemums.

Zenas Carey was leaning over the gate. surveying the stormy sunset with critical

"I told Melindy so !" ejaculated Zenas, ough to get home. I paid \$20, in cl'ar ed apple tree by the read. "I'll bet my yaller gold, for this yer toothpick. Give best steer we have a good old fashioned snow to keep Thanksgivin' with. I smelt it in the air this mornin, but women don' never believe nothin' until it comes Instead of seeking my life, the poor fel- to pass right under their noses, for-" This rather obscure sentence was nin-

"Will you be kind enough to give me

"Sartin, sir ?" said Zenas. "So you're afore the fire to dry." a soldier, hey?" "A returned soldier," said Siddons, draining the cool elements from the cocoanut shell that always lay close to the to hear the news, so I just dropped in on every day to crush the mouldering tenements wellcurb at the side of the house. "Goin' home to keep thanksgivin'?

questioned Zenas. "Home! Sir, I have no home!" Siddons had spoken sharply, as if the thought were goading to him. Zenas put out his brown knotted hand and

"My boy !" he said, with kindly adrupt a little impatiently. ness, "you're a soldier, and to tell by your looks I should guess you were about house !" the age of him that's buried at Gettys-

to go to on Thanksgivin' eve, there's a happen, Deacon?" corner for him by Zeuas Carey's fireside. Come in, sir! come in! You're welcome as flowers in May!"

John looked into the wet eyes and

What a cheerful change it was, from the frosty air and chill twilight of the Sedgewick, or Sibley, or what is his name lonely road to that bright kitchen with now? Any how he's fell heir to all Squire its spotless board floor and resinous Peter Ailesford's property, and that,s pine logs! And when Melinda Carey a pretty consid'able wind fall! hand, and my offer was accepted; and drew a humped backed rocking chair to when he told me that he would never the hearth for him, and spoke a word or soldier, who had listened to the conversaplay again, I believed him. He tock the two to welcome, John Siddons wondered tion in silence. money, and all he could do in return was if the eyes of his mother, who died when some bank notes, in all, (wo thousand to make me accept his bowie knife, and he was a babe, had not beamed upon him his knee a sounding slap.

> "I told mother so, this very mornin," "That was several years ago. I have said Zenas, with a triumphant flourish of 'em?' and says-I, 'Mother, Davie was new uniform, as brave and handsome a boy as you'll often see'----uow mother don't

> > Zenas interrupted himself to stroke his wife's gray hair with a strangely tender

touch, and went on: "Says I, he's gone where it's Thanks" ivin' all the year round now, my poor budget of news elsewhere. boy, my brave boy; but, says I, 'we'll won't we, mother?' And now, sir, you'll won't be hard about that mortgage. spend to-morrow with us, and tell me a a poor man, and-" line of dull, flaming fire the sky frowned bout the battle of Gettysburg, where Davie died, crying out with his list breath not to let the flag be captured."

Zenas' voice died out into a choking. gasping sob. John Siddons laid his hand not forgotten that I was 'a stranger, and of the daylight was ebbing away from softly on the rough, toil hardened hand of you took me in. Do you suppose I shall situation of life, high or low, this sort of the farmer, while a pang of envy shot ever cease to remember the welcome knowledge is of great advantage. There shows I wonder where I am?" said through his heart. Ah it was almost of the Thanksgiving hearth? I never is no necessity that the gaining of such in-John Siddons, prusing abruptly in the worth while being shot down in battle to knew either father or mother; but to day scarce visible foot path that wound among be missed and mourned like dead David 1 have fancied what their kindness might A well-regulated mind can find time to

"O, wife," wailed Zenas, when John there I was, and I must make the best of my way to my boat. So I started forth at a brisk walk, intending to strike the ally turn out long ones. However, if I keep straight ahead, I must inevitably wife, I fight my great sorrow down every bast night death took from me the only one in the world to whom I was allied by parent whose lione is made desolate by the | your hearts !" field of battle !"

wall with dazzling ormine. And the fiery if it knew all about the Governor's Proclamation, and approved of it.

"You have a cozy little farm here, Mr. Carey," said John as they walked through the snow storm to the church, whose spire nestled among the everlasting hills be-

"If I was only sure of it, sir," said Zenas, with a sign. "But I've been hard put to it to get along these times. Taxes and such like come very heavy on poor men, and I've had a run o' ill luck, so that the place is mortgaged its full value, and to a hard man - one that will sell the home you've been born and brought up in as soon as eat his breakfast, so he can make money by it. It will be a black day for welindy and me when we have to leave the Rock Farm; but it must come soon, and I don't much care what becomes of me afterwards. I tell you, sir, that when a man has lived to my age under one roof-tree he don't take very kindly to bein' moved. Men are like forest trees, sir; you can take a young 'un and do as you please with it, but if you transplant an old 'un it dies. Let's talk o' something else Mr. Siddons. I ought'ut to complain Thanksgivin' day. John looked with a feeling of actual

reverance at the hard-featured old man, whose simple soul, borne down as he was by debt, and grief, and age, could still find something to be thankful for.

The turkey and pumpkin pies were smoking on the round table when John and Zenas returned from church; and Mrs. Carey had brought out her "flowing | blue" plutes and her choicest old time silver spoons in honor of their guest .-Their was no beverage but coffee that never knew the shores of Java, and a that this is an abolition war. If you please pitcher of cold, sparkling eider; but to say so I grant it. The rapid current of champagne could not have been more cordially dealt out by Zenas; and Mrs. Cary's smiling kindness gave a flavor to away slavery to every dozen that desire to the chickorized rye that is sometimes lacking in "egg-shell china."

The table was cleared away, and they were sitting around the fire, when the gambling did not enter my mind. It watching the game, the knave and the quainted with none of those whom he Zenas turned adruptly to reconnoiter, the door was opened and Deacon Everts entered, bringing a small snow drift on the shoulders of his shaggy overcoat.

> "Can't stay," said the Deacon, giving himself a shake, like a black water-dog

> "News! what?" exclaimed Zenas! while his wife dropped her knitting.
> "Do tell! then you hain't heerd?" "I hain't heerd nothin' but the wind a howlin' down the chimbly, and Elder Smith's sarmon this mornin," said Zenas,

"The Squire's dead, up to the great

"Dead! You don't tell me so. That's

NO. 15.

Died last night, sir, just about nightfall, as quiet as a lamb. There wa'nt no-body with him but the old housekeeper folks didn't spose he was dangerous; and working face of the old farmer an instant, Lawyer Ovid says there's a reg'lar will, and he's left all his property to the only relative he had livin'; a soldierin' feller that he'd never as much as seen-one

'Was that name Siddons?" asked the

"That's it !" said the Deacon, giving

"Peter Ailsford was my father's in," said the young man quietly. "Land o' Goshen," ejaculated Deacon it. To think that you should be right

"I was in search of Mr. Ailsford's house when I met you, sir," said Siddons bitter in their denunciations. Three officers turning to Carey: "but as I was unaware and one hundred and fifty men from Kilhere with us last Thanksgivin,' with his turning to Carey; "but as I was unaware what sort of a reception I might get, your patrick's men were confined in the cells and kind invitation decided me to wait a day or two."

In vain did the Descontry to "pump" the young soldier. John Siddons was civ- barns. illy uncommunicative, and the Deacon finally took leave burning to unfold his unmeasured terms, and said they ought to be

"I hope, sir," said Carey, uneasily, make somebody welcome for Davie's sake, when they were once more alone, "you l

"Mr. Carey, said John, quietly, "you shall that mortgage on this hearth the burn very day I come in possession of my relative's papers. No thanks, sir; I have have been.'

"It was for Davie's sake !" sobbed Mrs.

night, but every morning it rises up a one in the world to whom I was allied by gain more than ever! God help every the ties of blood; do not turn me from

"The Lord bless thee—the Lord make her department. When older than twelve,
Thanksgiving dawned with a white his face to shine on thee, my second son," girls should begin to take turns in superin-

in mad frolies, and edged the old stone bills, with wailing winds and whirling actually do these things themselves, not stand wall with darkings are others do them. Many a drifts of snow -- slowly the darkness wrap sparks careeing swittly up Zenas Carey's ped them round; but in Zenas Carey's domestic qualities in a wife-and many a huswide chimney met the steadily falling steadfast soul the light of an eternal thanks- hand has been saved from ruin by his wife snow half way and gave battle, while the giving was burning; and his wife with being able to manage well the houseold con hearth glowed with ruddy brightness, as | tearful eyes, mused upon her two soldier cerus. boys-one dead at Gettysburg, the other sitting at her side.

> The Army become Abolitionists. a deal of happiness might be learned: Gen. Garfield, of Ohio, in a speech delivered on the 28th of January in the House of Representatives, on the confiscation question, world is like the miller of Mansfield, who gave this account of the progress of opinion | cared for nobody-no, not he-because no-

was lately an officer. I entered the army, 'You hate slavery; so do I; but I hate distinction more Let us drop the slavery question and fight to sustain the linear When the support of the state of the state of the small sweet courtesies," "I remember to have said to a friend when Union When the supremary of the Government has been re established, we will attend too still to tease and which manifest them-

o the other question." what it would, the black phantom met it standing." everywhere, in the camp, in the bizouac, on the battle field, and at all times. It was a both the strength and yeakness of the enemy. His strength—for it tilled his fields and fed his legious; his weakness-for in the hearts of claves dwelt dim prophecies that their deiverence from bondage would be the out-

come of the war. " The negroes came from the cotton fields: they swam rivers; they climbed mountains; they came through jungles, in the darkness and storms of the night, to tell us that the enemy was coming here or there. They were our true friends in every onse. There has hardly been a battle, a march, or any important event of the war, where the friend of our cause, the black man, has not been found truthful and helpful, and always devotedly loyal. The conviction forced itself upon the mind of every soldier that, behind the rebel army of soldiers, the black army of laborers was feeding and sustaining the rebellion, and there could be no victory till its main sup

port be taken away.
... Gentlomen on the other side, you tell me events has made the army of the republic an view. His statement to Mr. Stanton is unabolition army. I can find in the ranks a derstood to have been specific and positive thousand men who are in favor of sweeping They have been where they have seen its malevolence, its baleful effect upon he country and the Union, and they demand that it shall be swept away.'

A BEAUTIFUL FIGURE .- Life is beautifully compared to a fountain fed by a thousand streams, that perish if one be dried. It is "Well, I'm best" quoth Zenas. Take a silver chord, twisted with a thousand a chair, Descon. Let me hang your coat strings, that part asunder if one be broken. Frail and thoughtless mortals are surround ed by innumerable dangers, which make it much more strange that they escape so long that they almost all perish suddenly at on his hind legs. "I thought you'd like last. We are encompassed with accidents my way to my darter's Thanksgivin' din- | we inhabit. The seeds of disease are plant ed in our constitutions by nature. The earth and atmosphere, whence we draw the breath of life, are impregnated with death. Health is made to operate its own destruction, the food that nourishes containing the elements of decay; the soul that animates it by vivifying first, tends to wear it out by its own sotions; death lurks in ambush along the path. Notwithstanding this is the truth, so palpa-bly confined by the daily examples before our eyes, how little do we lay it at heart? We see our friends and neighbors die among us; but how seldom does it occur to our suppor the question was searched as to don't let me so. That s us; but how seldom does it occur to our we should dispose of the next few hours. hourse whisper. 'I've got that much.' since we have been walking together—I burg—my only son! I love that blue the man I was a speakin' of as holding thoughts that our knell shall, perhaps, give we should dispose of the for t

Incidents of Kilpatrick's Raid. From returned Richmond prisoners are gleaned the following incidents connected with Kilpatrick's raid:

When information reached Richmond that Kilpatrick had crossed the Rapidan, the most rigorous orders were issued respecting the prisoners. Major Turner, their keeper, had been severely censured for the escape of Col. Streight and party, and was told that if any more escaped he would be sent to the front. One of the Chickamauga prisoners had also written the Major that if he did not treat the prisoners better, and ellow them to treat the prisoners better, and allow them to have their boxes, they would assassinate

These threats, with the advance of Kilpatrick, induced Turner to remove the stairs of the prison so as to prevent communication with the lower story, and when the fact that Kilpatrick was really approaching Richmond was established, the prison was mined, 200-kegs of gunpowder placed under it, and every preparation made to blow the prisoners into eternity. This fact is established beyond question. From the ringing of bells, the passing of troops through the city from Petersburg, and orders that no prisoner should approach the windows near enough to touch the bar on penalty of being shot, our captives knew that Kilpatrick was really attempting their deliverance.

Ignorant that the prison was mined, a plan was formed to attempt to join our forces should they enter the city. On Monday not even the sweeps were allowed to enter Libby to clean the rooms. Only those bringing rations came in, and they refused to converse. The guard were increased, and strict orders given to shoot any one who approached the window or stairways. On Tuesday night the cannonading, when Kilpatrick was shelled from his camp near Mechanicsville, was distinctly heard.

During the excitement, one of the guards. who had been overheard to say that he "would shoot one of the damned Yankees if he got a chance," fired at Capt. Hammond of the 8th N. Y. Cavalry while at the sinks. the ball grazing his head and passing through his cap. After the affair was over, the attendants became communicative, and were ted only on corn paste and water. Mrs. Soddon, wife of the Rebel Secretary of War, visited the Hospital to identify a wounded officer, as connected with the burning of her

She failed to do this, but abused him in hung, and she should use every exertion to have them hung. Dahlgren's body was buried in the field next the road in a pine box you made by negroes out of boards torn from a 1 m harn. The auth rities in Richmond had it dug up for their fury and indignities.

IMPORTANT REQUISITES IN A WIFE .-- A

cnowledge of domestic duties is beyond all

price to a woman; every one of the sex ought o know how to sew, and knit, and mend, and cook, and superintend a household. In every formation should interfere with intellectual A well-regulated mind can find time to attend to all. When a girl is nine or ten years old, she should be accustomed to take some regular share in the household duties, and feel responsible for the manner in which her part is performed—such as her own mending, washing the cups and putting them in place, cleaning the silver, or dusting and arranging the parlor. This should not be done occasionly, and neglected whenever she finds it convenient; she should consider it

SECRET OF BEING LOVED .- W. Wirt's letter to his daughter on the "small sweet cour tesies of life," contains a passage from which

"I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasing to others is to show that you care for them. The whole in the army of the United States, of which he | body cared for him. And the whole world will serve you so, if you give them the same

cause. in which there is no parade; whose voice is selves by tender and affectionate looks, and . I started out with that position taken in the little kind acts of attention, giving others good faith, as did thousands of others of all the preference in every little enjoyment, at parties But the army soon found that, do | the table, in the field, walking, sitting or

FAMILY COURTESY .- Family intimacy ghost that would not be laid. Slavery was | should never make brothers and sisters forget to be polite and sympathising to each other. Those who contract thoughtless and rude habits toward the members of their own family will be thoughtless and rude to all the world. But let the family intercourse be true, tender and affectionate, and the manner of all uniformly gentle and considerate: the members of the family thus tra ned will car ry into the world and society habits of their childhood. They will require in their associat a similar qualities; they will not be satisfied without mutual esteem and the cultivation of the best affections, and their own character will be sustained by that faith in goodness which belongs only to a mind exercised in pure and high thoughts.

GEN. MILROY indorses the respectability and credibility of Mr. F. Waldron who communicated to the War Department the intelligence of the interview between Gens. Lee and McClellan. Mr. Wa dron will soon have an opportunity of telling the War Committee all he knows about the dileged interthat Lee, during their conversation, told McClellan that his army (the Rebels) was then retreating across the Potomac. dron is in custody at the Capitol. The War Committee has taken measures to compel the atte::dance and testimony of everybody about Antietam likely to know of the interview, if t took place.

"ANNETTE, my dear, what country is opposite to us on the globe?" "Don't know. sir." "Well," said the perplexed teacher, "if I were to bore a hole through the earth, and you were to go in at this end, where would you come out?" 'Out of the hole, sir."

mer He who cannot take up an aut, get tries to take up an elephant, will find out his folly.

A BAD husband beats his wife, and a bad wife beats the devil.

Some hearts, like primroses, open most heautifully in the shadows of life.

The time may be very long, but a lie will be discovered as last.

He who sees another's fault talks about but covers his own with a potsherd. Peace is the father of friendship, All men are related to one another.