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Medical. THE BLUE COAT OF THE SOLDIER.

The following ballad is from the pen of Bishop Taylor, and was contributed by him to the book published and sold at the late Sanitary Fair in Baltimore, under the sanction of the State Fair Association of the women of Maryland.

You asked me, little one, why I bowed, Though never I passed the man before? Because my heart was full and proud When I saw the old blue coat before.

It may be he could plunder and steal, But I would not guess a spot of soul On the honest coat he bravely wore.

That garb of honor tells enough, Though it is story guess no more; The hat it covers is made of such stuff, That coat it meets which soldier wore.

WITCH-HAMPTON HALL. Five Scenes in the Life of its Last Lady. (CONTINUED.) SCENE III. Lady Ana sits in the window of her great drawing-room on an April evening.

The lines her face takes in repose make her look older than her years; they are those of habitual weariness—her expression is one of submission to fate rather than of a slave rather than of a servant.

When, by-and-by, at some little noise in the room, she turned, still singing, she met the gaze of a pair of eyes which had not been far from thoughts—her unconscious heart-thoughts.

Glory of glories—though its most golden glory is now beginning to fade—far off, beyond the Pine Avenue and the wood, if the open expanse of the valley, is spread the field of the cloth-of-gold.

glimpse of the week's end, I am alone. I am quiet and free to please myself in all things—to sing or keep silent—and this evening the singing mood was on me.

"You have quite lately seen my sister and Sir Lionel?" she asked, as she pointed out a seat to him with the unconscious courtesy which she had sometimes.

"I stayed with them a few days, leaving them only last evening. I am heavily charged with loving messages; they have not forgotten what day this is. Let me add my earnest wishes that your life may be blessed and crowned with all that Infinite Love holds to be best for you."

"Thank you—oh, I thank you," she breathed out—looked as if she would have said more, but paused. "They are well?" she asked abruptly.

"Well—and happy as few people know how to be." "Thank God!" said Lady Ana, softly, and a sweet peacefulness overspread her face.

"I have seen one woman who at times looks as lovely, but not always." "Do you mean me?" asked Lady Ana, the hot blood mantling over her face.

"You are cold," he said, noticing how again she shuddered, and he rose to shut the window. He stood some moments looking out, then he asked, "Have I your permission to pass an hour or two with you, Lady Ana? There is much I want to say to you."

"I am not old now, I know," she said. "Oh, how I sometimes wish I were old, that there might not loiter before me such a dreary waste of years—old, and with all my senses dulled, that I should not have such power to suffer! I am not old in years, but my heart, somehow, is very old."

valley, and then up the hill and down the long lane where the owls hoot?" "Your lonely valley is indeed lonely—often think of its loneliness. In the winter—at the time of those terrible storms—I used sometimes to be driven to leave my fireside and come out here, just to walk round your house and see if all looked as usual.

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How Slavery Debauches its Victims. We append a telling description of one of the evils of slavery as given by a soldier of the 104th Pennsylvania.

"About four miles north of the Pamunkey river we were met by a delegation of Uncle Tom's hardy black fellows, who wanted to emigrate to the Yankee land of promise. They said they represented one hundred and fifty slaves, the property of Mr. Anderson Scott, who owned those cultivated fields for miles. They wanted to get their children carried in our transportation wagons to White House Landing, from which place they had been assured Uncle Sam would take them North.

"Around the door were three women and about half a dozen children, from the wee baby to the young girl of 15 or 16. Two of the women wore a shade lighter than the quadron, while all the children were white. The third woman was apparently pure white; her eyes were blue, her hair was brown and straight; her features were entirely American—nothing to denote a particle of negro blood.

"I asked one of the women why she did not bundle up and come along now. She said she had an idiotic son in the house, who was sick, and they could not go without him. I asked this woman if she was the daughter of the owner of the plantation. She said she was! We went into the hut, and upon a clean bed there sat this poor idiot boy, white as I am, with brown hair. About this time Mr. Scott came in, the lord and owner of all these white people, whiter than himself. He is an old, shrivelled, little specimen of Southern chivalry—aristocratic as a king and Virginia born by Gaud!

"The Modol American Soldier." The following amusing description of the American soldier as he is, is taken from the *Crutch*, a sheet published at the United States General Hospital, Annapolis. The model American soldier is patient and enduring; keeps camp life for any duty; does all the cooking for his tent-mates and himself; washes his knapsack occasionally for tent-mate; has his knapsack always ready to start at a moment's notice; spends all day Sunday cleaning his gun; can eat raw pork on a march; doesn't drink much water on a march; doesn't consider it healthy; sleeps with his boots and cap on; carries his pockets full of ammunition; has his tent up and supper cooked just ten minutes after a halt; knows where to find plenty of mill-fences; always has plenty of straw to sleep on; don't have a high opinion of officers; wouldn't do anything for the Colonel if 'twas to save his life; thinks the Major ought to have something to do to prevent him from getting lazy; thinks his Captain has got to put up his tent; won't stand any nonsense from the Lieutenant; don't like battles better than anybody else, but is ready to do his duty; tries to take care of his health; is re-enlisted, and intends to see the thing through, sends home all his pay; intends to buy land and settle down when the war is over; considers it foolish to get drunk; never spends money at the sutlers; helps the new recruit strap on his knapsack; advises him to eat much grease, wants him to take care of his health; never gets angry, except when talking about rebels; swears little; doesn't help it; is willing to sacrifice his life to put down the rebellion; believes Abe Lincoln an honest man; will vote for him or any other man that will put down this rebellion; thinks army contractors and officers with big salaries have kept the war going too long; is willing to do his duty any way, and hopes when the war is over, to see Jeff. Davis and the copperheads go to destruction together.