

BRAG'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY. The Morning Previous to the Battle of Chicamauga.

Oh, Southern Chivs, who now would bleed, Who'd emulate brave Quantrell's deed, With gleaming sword and fiery steed, Now strike for slavery.

We fight for what our fathars gave, And Slavery pure we are bound to have, Or every Chiv will-find-his grave,-While striking for Slavery.

Of all the blessings here below, There is not one but we'd forego,

die without hope. I said some such words.

and he (I cannot write the familiar name yet)

drew me closer to him, and said carnestly,

If the draft comes I will go instead of Ben?

their own free will, the sons of New Jersey

responded to the call of the President, and

heaven, and her breath is as a sweet breeze that perhaps he might be taken from us, and from the fragrant fields and rosy bowers of the pleasant land of immortality, refreshing the weary one about to sink under the heavy burden of care; she whispers to the heart, and it beats with renewed life, and The draft did not come, for bravely, and of her presence casts a halo of rainbow tints upon the future, whose glory thrills us with courage and ambitious zeal. She is called hundreds left their pleasant homes to go Hope.

forth boldly and fight the battles of their With her\_cheering-form-beside-us, with country. O, methinks I can still see his her little lamp trimmed and burning with us, proud, elastic step; still feel the pressure of the petty trials and difficulties of to day his warm hand as we said our last good bye; vanish before the brilliant sunshine of the still see the dear form as he rose in the stern future. But without her, without the light of the boat to call it yet once more to the sad her presence lends, we are indeed undone;

Confession of a Drunkard,

Some time since there was a pamphlet published in England, entitled the "Confessions of a Drunkard." The statements made in it are asserted on good authority to be authentic, and what does the writer say ?" "Of my condition there is no hope that it should ever change ;- but out of the black depths, could I be heard, I would cry out to

Tear down the flag.

No ! never while a star remains !

A stripe to flaunt its gory stains !

It shall not be !

Or sun shines on the hills and plains !

An Indian's Joke. to the soul. ne of Indian trouble Indian visited the house of Governor Jenks, of Rhode Island, when the Governor took occasion to request him, if any strange Inhis first wine is delicious as the opening dian should come to his wigwam, to let him scenes of life or the entering upon some new- know it. This the Indian promised to do, ly discovered paradise, look into my desola- and the Governor told him that when he should give such information, he would give

"Yes-provided this ain't a Nigger War." ',Do you think this is a Nigger War ?"

cond ict is infamous-and so to be disgraced. How prone we are to judge from partial knowledge, and to be deceived by appearan-She shall leave to-day and never enter my presence again.' 'But that is not the worst, ces. In this world things are oft-times very mother.' 'Not the worst? I can imagine different from what they seem to be. Men nothing worse; what can it be?' 'When sick frequently wear the mask of cheerfulness and discouraged by such repeated to pass of sin, I left the house, determined to pass the night in the barn; I there found my and discouraged by such repeated exhibitions when the worm of care or grief is gnawing at the heart. Evils assume the garb of an-gels and saints. Waisting disease often decks herself in the roseate hues of health. did' 'Well, never mind my son, they all Sin allures with the promise of life and pleasure, and profit, concealing the sting with which it infuses the death, bearing poison in-

But give me Slavery.

Then gird about your arms, my braves ; Rush madly on as ocean waves; We'll swim in blood or keep our slaves,

-Strike-home-for-Slavery. By Him who make the earth and skies,

By Him who hears no nigger's cries, We'll win or all this army dies, While striking for Slavery,

By Him who does this orb control, By Him who bids the thunders roll We swear a nigger has no soul, To keep him from Slavery.

Then rally around the Southern Flag. While of it there remains a rag, Led on by your brave General Bragg, Oh. strike for Slavery.

## MISCELLANY.

How to Pay the Rent BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"I don't see how I am to get through this year and pay my rent, and support my wife and children," said a young man to a friend as they were walking home together at nightfall. "It looks darker and darker every day. My receipts are not half what they used to be, and my expenses are a great deal higher. Mary is a capital manager though, and if any body can-steer the ship safe through in doors she will. Such contriving and cutting overof old things to make new ones for Frank and little Fan beats everything I eversaw. But the rent is what plagues me. This house just suits us, and I wouldn't move, I believe, unless I was turned out ;" and the young man | militia ? The poor. If the shoriff calls out tossed a cigar out into the street, heaving a sigh and quickening his pace, as troubled

people are wont to do. "There goes a part of your rent," said his friend, pointing to the eigar just thrown away.

"A pretty small part you would say I guess; if you had fifty dollars to make up every quarter, when you could not see where five of it were to come from,"

"I can put you in the way of paying one quarter with perfect case.'

"Be so kind as to do it, then-the quicker the better."

"Just step in here and let me draw up a pledge for you, in which you promise to leave | built; here, if anywhere, on the shores of a off cigars, and then when you are tempted to buy one slip the paper out of your vest pocket and read it over. That would save you in the course of the year over fifty dollars."

"But then a cigar is such a comfort to a fellow. I feel wretchedly without one after dinner."

"How will you manage when you are fifty, if you are such a slave to a bad habit, at thirty? Come, Tom, shake yourself, and -throw off this tyrant. Are you going to let your wife bear all the sacrifice and self-denial, while you selfishly stick to all your old lusuries?"

"I'll think about it," said Tom.

"That will never answer. You must commit yourself to the fight, if you are a going to break up a bad habit of several years, standing.

dwindling in the mist as it boars him away from me forever-the gift I gave my country! O, Fredericksburg ! softly sleeping in the moonlight, a few months ago, how little didst thou dream that thy soil would yet drain the blood of thousands ! But chance and change are busy ever, and we know not 'what an hour may bring forth." , They have laid him to rest near Falmouth; but he is not there. Sometimes in the shad-

owy twilight I feel him near me, and he seems to whisper sweet thoughts of another meeting I cannot see him, but I feel his pres-once! When I speak his name, it dies in an hollow echo; but I know he hears it, and will some day answer.

My gift to my country-I gave thee freely! Heaven has accepted the sacrifice ! We'll meet again !

The Real High and Low Classes. A "high and low class" certainly do exist

in all cities. But who constitute the high class? Why, the orderly, the sober, the quiet, the law-loving, and the peace preserving citizens, without reference to rich or poor. Were it otherwise society could not hang distributing as above described. Jimmy was together for an hour. Who constitute the "low class" but the law-breakers, the peacedisturbers, the riotous, the brawling incbriates, and the incorrigible loafers? Not the poor, for there are at levst as many poor a-mong the sober and quiet portion of the community as rich.

The distinction of "high and low," in classes, when properly defined, involves no individuous sarcasm or ignominious degradation of the poor. Who constitute the police ?-The poor. Who makes up the ranks of the his posse comitatus, who obey the call? Not the rich, but the poor. Who fight the battles of the country in war? The poor .--Who produce property, and then protect it, but the poor? We have but two classes, the idle and the industrious, and the latter only discharge all the duties of good citizens.

THE NOBILITY OF LABOR .-- I call upon those whom I address to stand up for the nobility of labor It is Heaven's great ordinance for human improvement. Let not the great ordinance be broken down. What do say? It is broken down; and it has been broken down for ages. Let it then be renew world-of a new civilization.

Ashamed to toil? Ashamed of the dingy workshop, and dusty labor-field ; of thy hard hand, scarred with service more honorable than that of war; of thy soiled and weather stained garments on which mother nature has embroidered mist, sun and rain, fire, steam, her own heraldic honors? Ashamed of those tokens and titles, and envious of the flaunting robes of imbecile idleness and vanity? It is treason to nature, it is implety to Heaven; it is breaking Heaven's great ordivance, Toil, I repeat-toil, either of the brain, of the heart, or of the hand, is the only true manhood-the only true nobility !--

Dewcy. The source of the best and holiest, from the universe up to Goa is hidden behind a four leaves, mother ?" night, full ef too-distant stars.

truly in the denths of darkness and despair. Ever cherish hope. If fortune frowns, nourish hope; let not the winds of adversity extinguish it, for once out it is not easy to regain her presence.

We pity these who, buffetted and tossed by the rude storms, and passions, and perplexities, and cares of life have let the flame go out, and ceased to cherish the little guar-dian of their happiness; endeavor to fan it to burning again in your weak hearts ; strive to lift them again into the radiant presence of hope.

The following incident occurred in a Hospital eighteen months ago: The Ladies visiting the patients were in the habit of giving dishes of strawberries and cream to the very sick ones, but none but those unable to be off their beds received any of the delicious tion of the folly; could he feel the bedy of fruit. This did not suit the approbation of death out of which I cry hourly, with feeb-Jemmy B——, a patient who had nearly ro. ler and feebler outery to be delivered, it were covered from his sickness and was assisting enough to make him dash the sparkling bev-

the purses in their duties: so he resolved on a plan to change the arrangement. One ling temptation.'-London Quarterly Reafternoon the ladies came, and as usual, well view. laden with berries, which they commenced on the watch, and as soon as they entered the ward, he entered his bed and to all appearances was in the last stages of consumption, having constant recourse to the spit. his policy on the slavery question. toon to relieve his decaying lungs. His turn came, and after expressing much sympathy for his low condition, asked : "Would you like some berries and cream?"

"Yes, ma'am," very weakly-She gave him a dish heaped full and went

on down the ward ; soon she returned, gathering up the dishes; but as Jimmy looked so wistful and sick, he received another dish full, which he ate with a gusto, and being satisfied, got up and went out doors. The kind lady returned for-her dish and bid Jimmy good bye, the dish was there but not a vestage of him. Where was he, and so sick! On inquiry of the next patient she learned -"Why that's a nurse !" Jimmmy wasn't present again, when strawberries were distributed.

A little love tragedy occurred between

two colored gentleman in New Orleans a short time since. One of the darkies had been caught by the other talking French to the sweetheart of the latter, when the folcompliments of de season, dat's all." "You lie, nigger; you was poking soft tings in her car, dat's what you was." "Why, look hcre, you doesn't mean what you says, does you ?" "Dat's what I does—I believes dat you was tryin' to constrain dat virtuous female nigger's affections from I, de legitmate source, dat's what I does"-at the same time. giving the supposed offender a cut under the short ribs with a knife. The jealous Othello was taken charge of by the proper authorities.

"Rachael, my daughter, why don't you learn as fast as your sister Hannah ?" "Why doesn't every stalk of clover bear "Go bring a basket of chips, child."

all those who have but set a foot in the perilous flood.

Could the youth to whom the flavor of tion and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man shall feel himself him a mug full of flip. going down a precipice with open eyes and Some time after, the Indian came again, a passive will; to see his destruction and and on meeting the Governor, said : have no power to stop it, and yet to feel it all the way emanating from himself, to per- my house last night." ceive all goodness emptied out of him and vet not able to forget a time when it was to you ?'

otherwise; to bear about the piteous specta-cle of his own self ruin, could he see my fe-

vered eye, fevered with last night's debauch and teverish looking for this night's repetierage to the earth in all the pride of its mant-

· Presidential Pun. The story will be remembered. perhaps of, Mr. Lincoln's reply to a Springfield (Ill.) clergyman, who asked him what was to be

"Woll, your question is rather a cool one. but I will answer it by telling you a story. You know Father B., the old Methodist preacher—and you know Fox river and its freshets. Well, once in the prosence of Father B, a young Methodist was worrying about Fox river, and expressing fears that he should be prevented from fulfilling some of his appointments by a freshet in the river. Father B., checked him in the gravest manner. Said he: 'Young man, I have always made it a rule in my life not to cross Fox river till I get to it !' And," said the Pres- "Please, sir, di ident, "I am not going to worry myself over the slavery question till I got to it.". A

few days afterward a Methodist minister called on the President, and on being presented to him, simply said : "Mr. President, I have come to tell you that I think we have come to Fox river!" Mr. Lincoln thanked the gentleman, and laughed heartily.

PROFITS OF STEAMBOATING .-- When Cor uelius Vanderbilt was a young man his moth Island to New York city. When the wind was not favorable, he would work his way over the shoals by pushing the boat along by ful ragamufins yet. poles, putting his own shoulder to the pole, and was very sure to get his freight into markct in scason. This energy gave him always a command of full freights and he accumu-

aud run steamboats and he is now reputed to be worth more than nineteen millions of dollars, after making the Government a present, as a free gift, of a steamship that cost \$800,000!

A rascally old bachelor says, the most difficult surgery operating in the world is to Swipes. take the jaw out of a woman.

given her a home and cared for her husband

and children ? I will do it no longer, such

mother kissing old Dr. F.' You did?'

will do so.'

'Well, Gubernor, strange Indian come

",Ah,' said the Governor, 'what did he say

'He know speak.'

'What, not speak at all?' inquired the Governor.

No, he not speak at all.' That looks suspicious,' said his excellency, and inquired if he were there still. Being told that he was, the Governor or

dered the promised mug of flip. When this was disposed of and the Indian was about to depart, he mildly said :

Mr. Gubernor. my squaw have child last night.'

The Governor finding the strange Indian was a new-born pappoose, was glad to find there was no cause for alarm.

The pastor of one of the churches in this city, says a Syracuse paper was catechising the papils of the Sabbath Scheul, and asked among other questions, "Where is God ?"-Various answers were returned by the children, after which the minister proceeded to speak of the omnipresence of the Deity, concluding his remarks with this admonition:-"Remember, dear children, that God is everywhere."

The words had hardly escaped his lips, when a rogueish little fellow rose up and said

"Please, sir, did you say that God was everywhere ?"

"Yes, my son, everywhere."

"Is he in my pocket ?"

"Yes, he is in your pocket."

"Well, I guess I, ve got you there," was the triumphant retort, "cause I ain't got any pooket."

An eccentric preacher sceing a fly light upon his Bible, improved the occasion as foliows :- "Ye godless sinners, ye shall be damned, every one of you, as sure as I shall catch lowing discourse ensued : "What's dat you | er gave him \$50 of her saving to buy a small that fly " Here he made a full swoop with saying dere, nigger ?" "Just passing the sail boat, and he engaged in the business of his hand, as though he had caught it; opentransporting market-gardening from Staten ing each finger slowly till at last, he found it was not there, and said : "By the hokey, I've missed it! There's a chance for ye sin-

> Squabbles' an old bachelor, shows his stocking which he has darned, to a maiden lady, who contemptuously remarks, "Pretty good for a man darner." Whereupon Squablated money. After awhile he began to build bles rejoins-"Good enough for a woman, darn her?"

> > "I wonder where those clouds are going?" sighed Flora, pensively, as she pointed with her thin, delicate finger to the heavy, func. ral masses that floated lazily in the sky. "I think they are going to thunder !" said

-A travelor relating his adventures, told the company that he and his servant made fifty wild Arabs run ; which, startling them, he observed that there was no great merit inthat, "for," said he, "we ran, and they ran after us."

There is a family at Medway, Mass., consisting of eleven members, into which death has never entered. The father is ninety-two years old, the mother eighty-nine, one child sixty-five, another forty-three, and their united ages are six hundred and seventy-six vears.

MEN AND THEIR HABITS .--- Some men are kind because they are dull, as common horses are easy broken to the harness. Some are orderly because they are timid. like cattle driven by a boy with a wand. And some are social because they are greedy, like barn yard fowls that mind each other's clucking.

What is the first thing a child does when it falls in the water ? Get's wet.

"I say, Sambo, can you answer dis conunderfu-Supposin' I gib you a bottle ob whis-key shut wid de cork, how would you get de whiskey widout pullin' de cork, or breakin' de bottle?'

'I gibs dat up.'

Why, push de cork in. Yah, yah !'

As Hon. Joel Eastman, of Conway, was about taking leave of his mother, who is in the 102d year of her age, he said: "Good bye, mother, I don't know as I shall ever see you again." Mrs. Eastman, with great astonishment, looked up and exclaimed: "Why, Joel, you don't think you are going to die, do you ?"

CHARACTER INDICATED BY THE EARS .----According to Aristotle, large ears are indicative of imbecility; while small ones announce madness. Ears which are flat, point out the rustic and brutal man. Those of the fairest promise are firm and of middling size. Happy the man who boasts of square cars; a sure indication of sublimity of soul and purity of life. Such, according to Seutonius. were the ears of the Emperor Augustus.

It is said of the militia of London that it was jokingly said that the captain of one of the corps asserted that it was dangerous to make the rear rank take close order, for fear it would pick the pockets of the front ranks,

Unaffected modesty is the sweetest charm of female excellency, the richest gem in the diadem of their honor.

More shells were discharged in the single. battle of Gettysburg, than were employed in all the battles that Napoleon over fought.

The loud tones in which some po ple 'appeal to reason imply that reason is a great distance from them.

Arrived North -the Blue-birds and Robbins.