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POETICAL.

THE MONTH OF MAY.

All nature now is smiling, Sweet birds are singing gay; And fragrant flowers are flinging Their purfume on our way, All things assume a brighter hue Within this month of flowers: And time beneath his healing wing. Shelters the youthful hours.

The birds are sweetly warbling, Proclaiming May is born; A man's glad heart is praising The beauty of the morn. Creation rings with gladness A soul enlivening lay, And balmy, grateful breezes Has the merry month of May.

The flowers fair are raising Each gold and scented head, And sweet and blooming roses Spring from the leafy bed; And everything appeareth Around us and above, Filled with the gentle spirits Of faith, of Hope, and love.

The happy birds are singing Their sweet and joyous notes; They warble all melodiously, From out their tiny throats; Soft echoes are replying, And ere they die away, The birds once more resume the strain And still prolong the lay.

The queen of night shall_fold thee Within her shining arms; And perfumed air shall hold thee In its delicious charms. And all shall ring in_gladness · A soul enlivening lay, To praise the month of flowers, The merry month of May.

SING, MAIDEN, SING!

BY BARRY CORNWALL

Sing, maiden, sing! Mouths were made for singing; Listen-Songs thou'lt hear Through the wide world ringing; Songs from all the birds, Songs from winds and showers, Songs from seas and streams, Even from sweet flowers.

Henrest thou the rain. How it gently fulleth? Hearest thou the bird Who from forest calleth? Henrest thou the bre O'er it e sunflower ringing? Tell us, maiden, now-Shouldst not thou be singing!

Hearest thou the breeze Round the rose-but sighing? And the small sweet rose Love to love replying? So shouldst thou reply To the prayer we're bringing; So that bud, thy mouth, Shouldst burst forth in singing?

MISCELLANY.

HOW HE CAME TO BE MARRI-

It may be funny but I've done it. I've got a rib and a-baby. Shadows departedoyster stews, brandy cocktails, olger boxes, boot jacks, absconding shirt buttons, whist and demijon. Shadows present-hoop skirts. band boxes, ribbons, garters, long stockings, juvenile dresses, tin trumpets, little willow chairs, cradles, bibs, pap, sugar teats, paregoric, hive syrup, rhubarb, sena, salts, squills, and doefor bills. Shadows future-more pound bebies, more hive syrup, etc., etc.-I'll just tell you how I got caught. I was almost the darndest, most tea custard bashful fellow you ever did see, it was kinder in my line to be taken with the shakes every time, I saw a pretty gal approaching me, and I'd cross the street any time rather than face one; 'twasn't because I dion't like the critters, for if I was behind the fence looking through a knot-hole I couldn't look at one long enough. Well, my sister Lib gave a party one night, and I stayed away from home because I was too bashfull to face the music. I hung around the house whistling "Old Dan Tucker," dancing to keep my feet warm, watching the heads bobbing up and down behind the window curtins, and wishing the thundering party would break up so I could get to my room. I smoked up a bunch of cigars, and as it was getting late and mighty uncomfortable, I concluded to shin up the door post. No sooner said than done, and I soon put myself snug in there is still a sufficient number to mark the

"Now," says I, 'let her lip! Dance till your wind gives out!" And cuddling un-

der the quilts, Morpheus grabbed me. I was dreaming of soft shell crabs and stowed tripe, and was having a good time when somebody knocked at the door and woke me up. "Rap" again. I laid low. "Rap, rap, rap!" Then I heard a whispering, and I knew there was a whole raft of gals outside. "Rap" iap!" Then Lib sings

"Jack, are you in there?" "Yes," says I. Then came a roar of laughter, "Let us in," says she.

"I won't," says I, "can't you let a fellow

"Are you a-bed?" says she. "I am," says I.
"Get out," says she.

"I won't," says I.

Then came another laugh. By thunder! I began to get riled.

"Get out, you petticoated scarecrows!" I cried; "can't you get a beau without hauling a fellow out of bed? I won't go home with you—I won't—so you may clear child, was loved by them with all the true

And, throwing a boot at the door, I felt sister Lib's and it said:

"Jack, you'll have to get up for all the girl's things are there!"

and cloaks, and twenty girls outside the door beautiful valleys of Utah fortified on all sides waiting to get in! If I had stopped to think by giant mountains, whose peaks, burnished I should have pancaked on the spot. As it by eternal snows, looked down upon the valwas I rolled out among the bonnet-ware and leys of perpetual green, peopled by God's ribbons in a hurry. Smash! went the milli- own chosen kindred, who were free as the nery in every direction. I had to dress in mountain torrents that leaps the rocks of lofthe dark-for there was a crack in the door, ty Timpanagos range. He told her of the and the girls will peep-and the way I fum- content and peace reigning among the saints, bled about was death on straw hats. The and assured her that the Mormons were God's critical moment came. I opened the door, own peculiar people, and so worked upon her and found myself right among the women.

"Oh, my Leghorn!" cries one. "My dear, darling, winter velvet!" cries another, and home, and go with him to the Valley of the they pitched in-they pulled me this way Saints. and that, boxed my ears, and one bright-eyed little piece-Sal-—her name wasput her arms right around my neck, and kissed me right on my lips. Human nature last April she left Wyoming, Nebraska, with couldn't stand that, and I gave her as good a Mormen train, for the land of promise, and as she sent. It was the first time I ever got finally arrived in the city of Saints. Here the taste, and it was powerful good. I be- she found that her husband had four other lieve I could have kissed that gal from Juli- wives, who regarded her with no tender elius Ceaser to the Fourth of July.

"Jack," said she, "we are sorry to disturb upon her head.
you, but won't you see me home?"

After a few m

"Yes." said I, "Iwill," gate, too. After that we took a kinder tur- er wives were jealous, and declared that his tle-doving after each other, both of us sigh- last wife should not live with him any loning like a barrel of new cider, when we were ger. away from each other. 'Twas at the close of a glorious summer day—the sun was setting behind a distant hen-roost-the bull as the wife of a man with whom she had no frogs were commencing their evening songs acquaintance, and had seen but once in her and polly-wogs, in their native mud-puddles, life. Her husband told her it was Brighwere preparing themselves for the shades of ham's order, and she must do so or lose her night—and Sal and myself sat upon an anti- life. Determined not to be thus sacrificed quated back-log listening to the music of she started to run away with the intention nature, such as treetonds, roosters, and grunt of making her way to Camp Breckinridge, ing pigs, and now and then the music of a in Cedar Valley, then garrisoned by United distant jackass was wasted to our ears by the States troops, and claim protection there.—gentle zephyrs that sighed among the mul-She started on foot and after traveling about len stalks, and came heavy laden with the de- ten miles, was caught and brought back, licious odor of hen roosts and pig styes .- placed in a dungeon, or rather a cellar, and The last lingering rays of the setting sun, glancing from the buttons of a solitary horse-food to sustain life. The man whom she rethrough a knot hole in a hog pen tull in Sal's face, dying her hair an orange- besought her to change her resolution in orpeel hue, and showing off my threadbare coat | der to save her life. to a bad advantage-one of my arms was Through force of circumstances she at most gone and I was ditto. She looked like were intolerable, and she again determined

me by the hand, had an attack of the heaves she reached in due time. and blind staggers, and with a sigh that drew her shoc-strings to her palate, said sorrowful child for her home in Peansylva- 8x10 room, poring over a pile of exchanges

She gave clear out, then, and squatted in desert through the misrepresentation and to tickle the fancy or benefit our readers, my lap, she corkscrewed and curflumixed and | wiles of a crafty scoundrel. What joy and | that the ghosts of grim, worn-out, emaciate rolled in. I hugged her till I broke my sus- gladness will well up from the hearts of those seedy, dilapidated, ragged and torn, cadaverpender, and her breath smelt of onions she parents, when they again behold the one they ous, consumption generative, and death on eat two weeks before.

the day, and we practised for four weeks ev- but an every-day occurrence in this busy sin- printer out of his justly entitled dues, and ery night how we would walk into the room | ful world. [St. Joseph Herald. to be married, till we got so we would walk as graceful as a couple of Muscovy ducks .-The night the company and the minister came, the signal was given, and arm in arm thorized the Governor to offer a reward of we marched through the crowded hall, we were just entering the parlor door, when own I went kerslap on the oilcloth, pulling istic proclamation to that effect. His de-Sal after me. Some oussed fellow had dropped a banana skin on the floor, and it floored me, It split an awful hole in my cassimeres right under my dresscoat tail. It was to bout 55 years of age. His complexion is late to back out, so clapping my hand over it sallow—his eyes dark and penetrating—a perwe marched in and were spliced, and taking lect index to the heart of a traitor-with the a seat I watched the kissing the bride oper- seewl and frown of a demon resting upon his ation. My groomsman was tight, and he brow. The study of mischief and the prackissed her till. I jumped up to take a slice, tice of crime have brought upon him premawhen, oh, horror, a little six year old imp had crawled behind me and pulled my shirt With brazen need impude through the hole in my pants, had pinned it loudly and boastingly about the overthrow to the chair, and in jumping up I displayed to the admiring gaze of the astonished multitude, a trifle more white muslin than was pleasant. The women giggled, the men roared, and I got mad, but was finally put to al structure he is an unscrupulous manbed, and there all my troubles ended. Good

There are women who cannot grow oldwomen who, without any special effort, remain always young and always attractive .-The number is smaller than it should be, but wide difference between this class and the other. The secret of this perpetual youth lies not in beauty, for some women possess it who are not at all handsome; nor in dress, for they are frequently careless in that respect, so far as the mere arbitrary dictates of must be delivered to me alive, to the end fashion are concerned; nor in having nothing to do, for these very young women are always busy as bees, and it is very well known that idleness will fret people into old age, and ugliness faster than overwork. The charm, we imagine, lies in a sunny temperneither more nor less-the blessed gift of always looking on the bright side of life. and of stretching the mantle of charity, over exerybody's faults and failings.

A SAD HISTORY.

We yesterday met a young and interesting girl at the house of an acquaintance, who told us of a tale of wrong and suffering that would furnish material for a good sized nov-

One year ago this young lady left her home in Penusylvania-a home where all the parental affection. No wish of hers remain-ed ungratified, for she was the idol of those better. But presently oh! mortal button!- parents, and the light of the home made des-I heard a still, small voice, very much like olate by an act which will forever cast its shadow on her heart.

In February, 1864, she became acquainted with a Mormon preacher, who painted to Oh, Lord, what a pickle! Think of me in her in glowing terms the glories of Utah and bed, all covered with shawls, muffs, bonnets the Mormon religion. He told her of the imagination that she finally consented to leave friends, family, and endearments of

> Arriving at Chicago, he forced her to marry him, the ceremony being performed by a mock priest, without record or license. On motions, but heaped abuse and contumely

After a few months her liege-lord told herhe had concluded to set her to another, who I-did do it; and had another smack at the had taken a great fancy to her; that his oth-

She declared she would die before she would thus be put away and forced to live fused to live with frequently visited her, and

I felt like a mud turtle choked with a cod- she succeeded in reaching the headquarters public fish ball.

"Sal," says I, in a voice as musical as the notes of a digning swain, will you have me?"

through to the States with a Government She turned her eyes heavenward, clasped train bound for Fort Kearney, which place

She leaves this city to-night, a repentant,

Brownlow on Isham G. Harris.

The Legislature of Tennessee having au-\$5,000 for the capture of Ex-Gov. Isham G. Harris, Brownlow has issued a character-

scription of Harris is especially pointed:
"This culprit Harris is about 5 feet 10 inches high, weighs about 145 lbs. and is a

With brazen-faced impudence he talks of the Yankee army, and entertains no doubt but what the South will achieve her independence. He chews tobacco rapidly, and is inordinately fond of liquor. In his morsteeped to the nose and chin in personal and political profligacy-now about lost to all sense of honor and shame-with a heart reckless of social duty, and fatally bent on mis-

chief If captured, he will be found lurking in the Rebel strongholds of Mississippi, Alabama or Georgia, and in female society, alleging, with the sheep-faced modesty of a virtuous man, that it is not a wholesome state of public sentiment or taste that forbids an indiscriminate mixing together of married men and women. If captured, the fugitive that justice may be done him here, upon the theatre of his former villainous deeds."

It will be remembered that the news of Lec's intended evacuation of Richmond, and the necessity of his taking immediate flight, was made known to Jeff Davis in church .-It is a remarkable coincidence that the congregation at the time were singing the hymn, ted States flag. He kept it as long as he Oh, where shall rist be found.' lived and now it waves over his grave.

Edward Bates on Mr. Lincoln. The tollowing tribute to Mr. Lincoln, from ex-Attorney Gen. Bates, appears in the St. Louis papers:

"ST Louis, April 29, 1865. "To O. D. Filley, Esq., and the other Gentlemen, his Associates;

"SIR-When I received the letter with which you lately honored me, I felt a strong inclination to comply with your request 'to deliver an oration upon the character and Benjamin, and the bodyguard of two thoupublic services of Abraham Lincoln, at such sand men in order to make a detour that the arm of the chair in which the President time and place as might suit my convenience.' But I could not be unmindful of the peculiar difficulties of the subject, especially to one who had been closely associated with ous despot of the past! A little while ago, angry with me and turned me off; I was ta-President Lincoln for nearly the whole of his the head and front of a daring, defiant, and first term, and in the most trying times of our country's history. If you had desired dering fugitive with a price set upon his out. I came to see if you cannot do someto hear from me in regard only to the char- head. Only lately he sternly refused all of- thing for me. acter of Mr. Lincoln, the task would have fers of peace upon the only basis which the been easy, and to me a labor of love; for I President of the United States was authorthink I know and appreciate that character, in its beautiful simplicity of truth and kindness, and in its strength and goodness. I provocation against his countrymen who ad- your father?" said the President. "He died knew him for many years, on terms of the hered to loyalty and duty. Now he is a in the army," answered the boy. "Where most pleasant social courtesy. Our commu- prisoner in our hands after vainly trying to is your mother?" "My mother is dead alnity of opinion upon political questions dre w us more closely together, and produced a mu- his need by those whom he betrayed, he ers, no sisters," and, bursting into tears, the tual feeling of respect and confidence, which finds truly that the way of the transgressor boy said, "and no friends. Nobody cares for has never been shaken. I could dwell with delight upon the beautiful traits of his character, both of heart and mind; for I can confidently declare that I never associated with a more bland and amiable gentleman, and tempt occasioned by his perfidious bank rob | geon of the hospital told me I must leave; have never known a man of quicker perception or higher appreciation of truth and justice. I have known many men more learn- will grow the greater the more his-infamoused in books than Mr. Lincoln; but not one conduct becomes known and understood. whose mind could more readily perceive the

prove it by logical argument. "But, my friends, you ask for an oration, not on his character only, but also on his ferson Davis in his wife's clothes is not a mer boy, a smile lit up his face, all wet with public services! How can that great subject sufficiently elevated character to attract our tears, and he returned fully convinced that be. justly and discriminately, compressed into the narrow space of an oration? I dare female garb cannot be accepted as a genuine Abraham Lincoln. not undertake a task so arduous in itself, and so delicate in the hands of one of his own political family. His public services are in-terwoven with the fabric of our history the want of it the fellow,' but not female for the last four years, an epoch abounding dress. Pathos thus exemplified is only a sub-

truth of a fact or a principle, or more clear-

that, by his wisdom and virtue, he has save ure but a world convulsed with laughter is ed the nation. He has quelled the most for- enough to extinguish any one of half his senmidable insurrection that ever rose against a sibility. Small things frequently lead to good Government and a free and happy people. Oh! that it had pleased God to spare his life, for the good of a suffering nation, his boots. The petticoats were not long e-until he could accomplish his glorious purand to give to the guilty and ruined States Jeff.! How will he survive his ignominy?-(still integral members of the nation) renose and safety, with the hope of returning prosperity and wealth.

"I pray you, my friends, excuse me. Aaround Sal's waist, my hand resting on the last yielded, and was duly installed in his side from the reason above assigned, the small of her back—she was toying with my family, as the sixth wife. Here she found, state of my health forbids my compliance. aburn locks of jet black hue—she was al- as before, the jealousness and quarrels arising During the last half of winter, and all spring, thus far, I am so afflicted in my throat and a grasshopper dying with the hiccups, and to escape or die in the attempt. This time lungs that I dare not attempt to speak in did not want to rebel. We have not a parti-

"With the greatest respect, I remain, gentlemen, gratefully your friend, EDWARD BATES."

Be Just-A Warning. We often wonder, while scated in our nia—that home which she was persuaded to in the endeavor to cull something wherewith believed lost to them forever. We drop the the pale horse looking editors don't appear Well, to make a long story short, she set veil. Reader, this is not an isolated case, at the bedeide of those who have cheated the with scissors in one hand-pen in the other, cranium surmounted by an immense pastepot, frighten the poor devils into the payment of arrears. But, no; such men are hardened; their hearts are callous, and you might as well attempt to feed a wild cat with butter through the medium of a hot awl, as to attempt to get their share of payment for the nights of toil, wasted energies, and a lease on an early grave, given by the poor devil of a printer for their amusement and benefit. A noted criminal once said that his first step in crime was cheating a printer, and we believe him. Take heed, ye delinquents, ye know not upon the brink ye stand. Ere it's too late, turn upon your course, and ye may yet be happy, and become influential members of society. Be just-think what a life of wretchedness and remorse you will shau. Think of your wives and little ones, who would blush with shame, if you persist in your course, which can only lead to a life of wretchedness and disgrace, and when remorse will finally sieze upon youwhat then? Perhaps a violent end, a job for the Coroner! And you will be pointed out by the good, the gifted and the virtuous to the rising generation as a terrible exambe the means of saving you from destruction. Delays are dangerous. Terms of paper same as heretofore; advertisements inserted on reasonable terms. Job-work executed neatly for cash. Let us sing:

How happy are they Who the printer do pay, And settle for a year or more Tongue cannot express The joy of the press, etc. etc. -Marin' (Cal.) Journal.

Decora, a famous Winnebago chief, died ted States in the Black Hawk war, and was toes from corns. rewarded by Gen. Jackson with a small Uni-

The Capture of Jeff: Davis.

The announcement of the surprise and capture of Jeff. Davis at Irwinsville, in Irwin county, Georgia is received by the peo- and the tenderness of our late President .ple with unfeigned satisfaction. The pubple with unfergued satisfaction. The public had looked forward to this event with a friently waited with the anxious crowd which considerable degree of confidence, the dispo- had gathered in the room of the President, eal of his pursuers being such that escape He was noticed by Mr. Lincoln, who said, was next to impossible. It would seem that "Come here, my boy, and tell me what you he had parted company with Breckinridge, want." The boy, trembling and abashed, would divert suspicion from his movements. was seated, and said:

What a contrast between the hunted runaway of to-day and the proud, cold, imperipowerful army of treason, and next a wanized to extend, only lately he breathed out threats and menace, and hurled seorn and replied that he had no home. "Where is flee from the wrath to come. Deserted in so, I have no father, no mother, no brothis hard. His name is execrated by none in me." The seene was very affecting. Mr. the North more heartily than by his own Lincoln's eyes filled with tears, and he said people. Their detestation of his treachery to him: "Can't you sell newspapers?" "No," and his baseness, and their disgust and conberies and his cowardly mode of sneaking and I have no money, and no friends, and no away, are increasing every day. This hatred | place to go to."

Yet even in the guise of an arrested fugitive, of a runa way repudiated by his own! folly state it in language, or more certainly lowers, of a suppliant craving the mercy of his his own affectionate language) "for the poor captors there might be much in the case of Jeff boy Davis to win our commiseration. But Jeftype of the hero, or a fair exponent of the manliness we invariably associate with our with the most startling facts, a period in ject for the comic papers. The step from which the events of ages are crowded into the sublime to the ridiculous comes properly within the domains of Charivari. Jeff. might "He was wise and good; and let it suffice. have faced a world in frowns with composgreat events. Rome was saved by the cackling of geese and Jeff Davis was betrayed by American.

General Lee There is to-day among the loyal people of

the North a great deal of romantic and sickly feeling in favor of Gen. Robert E. Lee .-He must still be called the Virginia Gentleman, the Christian Soldier, and the hero who person from sleep, while it is sometimes alcle of sympathy with this sentimentality, nor a drop of patience with those who indulge it. Gen. Lee was an educated army officer, in the service of the United States, at the time of the outbreak of the rebellion. He saw no good and sufficient reason for the rebellion, and against his better judgment, deserted the army and the country and joined the enemy because the State from which he hailed had rebelled. If the private soldier heat of the day to sleep. A heated church who deserts the ranks deserves to be shot, Gen Lee deserves to hang higher than Haman. If Jeff Davis deserves to be hung for sisted, but the sermon is irresistable. Its rebellion when he thought there was good monotany falls in leaden accents on the ear, reason for it, why should not Lee be hung and soon subdues the most powerful attenfor rebellion, when he acknowledged there tion. Variety, whether in sight or sound, was no good reason for it? In our opinion. Jeff Davis is more to be excused than Lec.

Besides, the Christian qualities which have been attributed to Gen Lee, do not exist.— In his communication with Grant in reference to the surrender of the rebel army, he tried a trick of words which any where else would be called lying. He was severe and almost heartless in the treatment of his own soldiers, at one time throwing three hundred voterans into Castle Thunder in irons because they asked a second time for a twenty days' fur- might write volumes. They have much to lough. He knew that our prisoners in his answer for. They have been severely mishands were rotting and starving at Belle Isle, led by the press and pulpit. They have Andersonville, Saulsbury, and elsewhere, and it was in his power to relieve them, yet seduced by the religious glosses of the other. he allowed this to go on increasing to the The Confederate cause got to be identified end. and never uttered a word against its in- with their domestic peace and their religious humanity and infamy.

John Minor Botts saw no reason for the rebellion, and yet did not wish to take part against his native State. Did he therefore wish to take part against his native State-

When Dr. Johnson asked the widow Porter to be his wife, he told her candidly that he was of mean extraction, that he had no money, and that he'd had an uncle hanged. The widow replied that she cared nothing for his parentage, that she had no money herself, and though she had not had a relative hanged, she had fifty who deserved hanging. So they made a match of it.

A man who avoids matrimony on account recently at Lincoln, Wis. aged one hundred of the cares of welded life is compared to and thirty three years. He nided the Uni- one who would amputate a leg to save his

> You will never repeat for being patient and saber.

Kindness of Mr. Lincoln. The following incident, clipped from an exchange, illustrates the kindness of heart stepped forward and placed his hand upon

Mr. President. I have been a drummer in a regiment for two years and my Colonel got ken sick, and have been a long time in the hospital. This is the first day I have been

Our exchange continues:

The President looked kindly and tenderly at him, and asked him where he lived. He said the boy, "I am too weak, and the sur-

The scene was indescribahly tender and affeeting, and the President immediately drew from his drawer a card, on which he wrote his wishes, that the officers should care (in

When the card was banded to the drumregard and admiration. A-man-detected in he had at least one good and true friend in

About Sleep

There are two kinds of sleep,-the complete and incomplete. Complete sleep is a temporary metaphysical death, though not an organic one. The heart and lungs per-form their offices with their accustomed regularity. It is characterised by a torpor of the organs of the brain, of the external senses, and of voluntary motions.

Incomplete sleep is the activity of one or more of the cerebrain organs, while the others are in repose; this occasions dreaming.

Sleep is variously affected by health and disease. Man in time of health sleeps tranquilly. He arises in the morning, refreshpose, to rehabilitate the shattered Union, to the incongruity between female crinoline and ed and prepared to go forth to his daily larestore to the people peace, order and law, masculine boots was made apparent. Poor bor. New strength is given him, languor is gone; and all the faculties, both mental and corporeal are recruited. But the sleep of disease is far different. It is short and uvfreshing; disturbed by fearful sights and frightful dreams.

Stupor and sleep are different, though supposed by some to be synonymous. In both there is insensibility; but it is easy to wake a most impossible to arouse one from stupor. It is frequently the case in sickness that the person lies for several days in stupor, totally insensible.

Though sleep be natural, and necessary to the languid, mental and corporeal faculties, yet is frequently brought on by some external cause. Heat produces sleep. We witness it in the summer season: it is common to see the laborer devoting an hour in the and dull sermon are almost sure to bring sleep. The heat of the church might be reprevents sleep; while excessive monotony of all kinds is apt to induce it. Excessive cold, as well as heat, produces sleep. A person without sufficient clothing on his bed will find it difficult to sleep at night; but it is a fact that sleep is produced before death when freezing takes place.

The Rebel Women in Richmond. A correspondent of the Washington Chronicle says: "Of the women in Richmond I credited the falsehoods of the one and been connections, and it is a rending of the heartstrings to see it full. They have lost no opportunity to stimulate the pride and flagging hopes of the sterner sex. "I hate the Yantake part against his country? No. He kees," said a young girl amid her companwithdrew entirely, and remained, if not actions. "If I ever have any children, even tively yet passively, loyal. Gen Lee also though Lee is beaten, I will bring them up saw no reason for rebellion and yet did not in eternal hatred of those who have subdued us." "Our hostility," said another "is in-He therefore became a deserter and a trai- vincible; I shall never do anything but bate Our blank receipts are printed, and we'll gainst the life of the nation.—Lancaster should never have been willing to yield if it had not been yield or starve, and life is sweet." But the most violent bear testimony to the good conduct of our troops, and the universal acknowledgement was that they could hardly believe their own eyes, the Yankees had behaved so much better than they expected."

> The youth with a turn for figures, had five eggs to boil, and being told to give them three minutes each, boiled them a quarter of an hour altogether.

> Jeff Davis in May, 1861-'All we want is to be let alone.' Jeff Davis in May, 1865-'All I want is to be let alone.'

He who runs after a shadow has a weari-