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HARRY AND I.

We stood where the smoke-lifts try
Climbed over the meadow bars,
And watched as the young night started
The sky with her cream-white stars.

The glow was red beneath us—
The air had the smell of June—
The cricket chirped in the grass,
And the soft rays of the moon

Drew our shadows on the meadow,
Elected and took and tall;
His shadow was kissing my shadow—
That was the best of all.

My heart leaped up as he whispered
"I love you, Margery Lee."
For then one arm of his shadow
Went round the shadow of me.

"I love you, Margery, darling,
Because you are young and fair;
For your eyes' bewitching blue;
And the gold of your curling hair.

No quip has made that eye whiter,
No lark has a voice so sweet,
And your ripe young lips are redder
Than the clover at our feet.

"My heart will break with its fullness,
Like a cloud of orange with rain;
O tell me, Marg-ry, darling,
How long I must love in vain?"

With blushes and smiles I answered—
(I will not tell what)—just then
I saw that his sunny shadow
Was kissing my own again.

He promised to love me only—
I promised to love, but I thought
Till the moon fell out of the heavens
And the stars with age grew dim.

O the strength of man's devotion!
O the vows a woman swears!
'Tis years since that blush of rapture
Broke rosy over my cheeks.

He found a gold that was brighter
Than that of my glowing curls,
And married a cross-eyed widow
With a dozen grown-up girls.

And I—did I pine and languish?
Did I weep my blue eyes sore?
Or break my heart do you fancy,
For love that was mine no more?

I stand to-night in the meadows
Where Harry and I stood then,
And the moon has drawn two shadows
Out over the grass again.

And a few voices keep repeating—
So close to my startled ear
That the shadows melt together—
"I love you, Margery, dear."

"'Tis not for your cheeks' rich crimson,
But not for your eyes' soft blue,
But because your heart is tender,
And noble and pure and true."

The voice is dearer than Harry's;
And so I am glad you see,
He married the cross-eyed widow,
Instead of Margery Lee.

ROMANTIC STORY.

Account of an Escaped Minnesota Prisoner.

From the Stillwater Messenger.

Sergeant John May, a former resident of this city, a veteran of Company B, and at present a member of Company A, First Minnesota Battalion, was captured by the rebels in an engagement near Pittsburg, Va., on the 22d day of June last. He made his escape by jumping from the cars, while being transferred from Florence to Salisbury, N. C., via Wilmington.

We give below a few incidents of his capture, captivity and escape:

He was taken prisoner on the 22d of June, as stated above, with 1,600 of our men, and taken into Pittsburg that night. They were removed to Libby Prison next day, where they remained two days, long enough to be closely searched, by an officer connected with the prison, who took from them money, pocket-knives, valuables of every kind, including sugar, coffee, &c., which they happened to have on hand, having drawn four days' rations the day before they were captured.

THE SEARCH

was conducted in the basement, and John, being luckily located on the third floor, received timely notice of the manner in which the examination was conducted and many were the ingenious devices resorted to by the boys to save their greenbacks from being appropriated by the thieving scoundrels, who boast of their high sense of honor, and chivalrous treatment of a conquered foe. Learning that their pork was returned to them, many of them scooped out a cavity in the meat, and wrapping up their money in a snug roll, concealed it therein, and by that means generally saved their money. One man twisted up a roll of bills, and thrust them into the bowl of a large wooden pipe, and covered them lightly with tobacco; but the examining officer, taking a fancy to the pipe, appropriated it for his own use, and the rightful owner was not only left pipeless but penniless. Others sewed their money in the linings of their garments, and were generally successful in saving it. Mr. May had a skein of two of patent linen thread, and undoing the skein and rolling up his money—about forty dollars—in so small a package as possible, wound his thread carefully around it, and stuck his needles carefully into it, and when the officer, in turning his pockets wrong

side out, saw the skein, he remarked that it was a—d—d nice looking thread, but put it back into the pocket very much to the relief of the owner. The prisoners were then taken to Belle Island, where they remained about ten days, and were then transferred to Camp Sumter, at Andersonville, Ga.—Our cavalry had been raiding through that country a few days previous, and had cut the Richmond and Danville Railroad, so they were taken by the way of Lynchburg. They stopped one day at that point, and receiving two days' rations, were marched on foot the remaining distance—between eighty and ninety miles—to Danville. (A ration consisted of a small corn dodger and about half a pound of bacon.)

The Sergeant relates the following incident, which occurred on the march between Lynchburg and Danville.—They had halted at a little town for a few moments to procure water, and when a great crowd assembled to gaze upon the extraordinary sight—many of them never having seen a live Yankee—and of course, the darkeys were out in full force. The Sergeant overheard the following remark: "Wy, for a massa, dese men look jus like de rebs; got not horns at all!"

At Camp Sumter, in Andersonville, the prisoners were divided into detachments of three hundred men each, with a Sergeant for each detachment, called a Hundred Sergeant, whose business it was to call the roll every morning and form his men in line, for the purpose of receiving rations. These detachments numbered about 112, making the number of prisoners between 33,000 and 35,000.

The rations here consisted of nearly one quart of corn meal, about a quarter of a pound of beans, and at rare intervals—once or twice a week—half a pint of beans.

The stockade in which they were confined was made by placing logs over twenty feet long in an upright position. About fifteen feet from this, on the inside, a row of posts was set, about four feet high, with poles nailed along the top, which was called the

"DEAD LINE."

A stream of water ran directly through the camp, and, of course, was crossed in two places by this "dead line," and the Sergeant says he has often seen men, who came down to the stream to get water near the prescribed boundary, while stooping to dip up water with their cups, fall from weakness and exhaustion, and accidentally falling with a few inches of their bodies exposed beyond the pole, would be shot dead where they fell. He once saw a man shot dead by the guard, who was sufficing with a comrade, and happened to fall under this pole which constituted the "dead line." On one occasion of this kind, he overheard the author of the dastardly deed hail a comrade with, "I say, Bill, I've got a thirty days' furlough now, shure; for I've just shot my regular Yank."

The excuse for this cruel regulation was, that the prisoners were likely to escape by scaling the walls, or burrowing their way out, by digging under the stockade; in fact, a great many did burrow out, commencing in their tents, fifteen feet from the walls, and having no tools, except common table knives. Such were almost invariably recaptured, as the distance was over 200 miles to our lines. The poor fellows, on being brought back, were usually compelled to wear a ball and chain for the rest of their term.

As an additional precaution, forts were built on three sides of the camp, and fifteen cannon planted thereon, all bearing directly upon the enclosure.

The date of Mr. May's arrival was the 10th of July—and on the day following he witnessed the execution of six of our men, who were hung in the camp. The particulars of this sad affair have been published in all the papers. These six were the ringleaders of a band of hardened, blood-thirsty wretches who systematically plundered their comrades throughout the camp, and when any resistance was shown, the poor fellow was beaten to death with clubs, and buried beneath the tents of the murderers. After this dreadful example, comparative order and quiet reigned.

THE DEATHS

in camp were numbered from 80 to 100 daily. Twenty of the prisoners—hav-

ing given their parole not to go farther than one mile from the camp—were detailed to dig trenches, into which our poor fellows were tumbled, one hundred in each trench. If a man died with a decent suit of clothes on, they were stripped off and he was pitched into the "dead cart" with nothing on but his shirt. Although in the midst of a forest, with an unlimited supply of wood within sight, their rations of wood were so small that they could only cook their scanty rations of food by clubbing together, and six or eight cooking at one fire. One rule of the camp was that when a man was discovered dead four men were allowed to carry him out at the gate, and each one was permitted to bring back one stick of wood. John says he has seen three or four knock down over a dying man, to decide who shall have the privilege of carrying him out, in order to secure the prize of a little stick of firewood, while hundreds of cords were rotting almost within sight.

A number of 6-mule teams, driven by negroes, were employed in removing the dead bodies. When a pile of them had accumulated at the gate, the team came along, and two negroes seizing the dead body—one by the head and the other by the feet—gave him three swings back and forth, as we often see men handle bags of grain, and toss them pell-mell into the wagon. Arriving at the trench, the bodies were laid in rows side by side, and a bit of paper containing the name, company and regiment, pinned on the breast of each, and a board placed at the head with a corresponding description.

Mr. May remained in this den of horrors for two months and five days, and was then—Sept. 15—started for Salisbury, N. C., via Wilmington.—This was at the time when Sherman was making his immediate presence sensibly felt in the vicinity of Wilmington, and there was much confusion, consternation, and hurrying to and fro, mounting in hot haste, and all that sort of thing. John was obliged to remain here one day, listening with unspeakable joy and satisfaction to the sweet music of Sherman's great guns which were distinctly heard booming in the distance.

On the 18th he started on a train for Salisbury, and that night, when about sixty-five miles out of Wilmington, he resolved to make one desperate attempt to escape. The guard at the door of the car had gone to sleep, with his loaded musket across the doorway, and John, taking down his haversack, containing about a quart of corn meal, stepped over the prostrate guard, and after satisfying himself that he was really asleep, crept stealthily to the edge of the platform, peered out into the gloomy night, and made a bold leap. The train was moving at the rate of twelve miles an hour, and in the language of the Irishman, the next thing he knew he didn't know anything. He lay stunned and senseless for a time, but on recovering, found that no bones were broken, though he was not in the best condition for traveling. The train was out of hearing, so he was obliged to guess which direction to take in order to reach Wilmington, but fortunately took the right course, and at daylight turned off the railroad, and finding a secure retreat in the thick bushes, slept soundly through the entire day, resuming his journey the next night. On the third night he came upon rebel pickets, but discovering them by their fires, and having previously ascertained from the friendly negroes that there was a dirt road a short distance from the railroad, running parallel with it, he struck through the swamps and bushes, and gained it in safety. Here he was continually obliged to make short detours to avoid citizens and soldiers who were fleeing from Wilmington.

On the fourth night, he came to the Cape Fear River, ten miles from Wilmington, and he knew if he could get across that he was safe. The river at that point is over one-fourth of a mile in width, with a swift current. His meal was gone, but he invariably found the negroes friendly, cheerfully dividing their scanty stores of food with him, and gladly piloting him on his way, and pointing out the proper course to take to avoid the rebel pickets.

CROSSING THE RIVER.

Stopping at a negro shanty he found

an old negro woman, who quickly prepared some food for him, and while partaking of their humble fare he noticed a negro man sitting in one corner with bowed head, and who appeared much dejected. On inquiry, he ascertained that the darkey had just heard of the determination of the rebel government to arm the negroes to fight the Yankees. "But," said he, with terrible earnestness, "dis chile neber shoots one of you Yankees."

John proposed to him to find some means for crossing the river, and assured him that as soon as he was safe on the other side, he would be a free man. This was about 10 o'clock at night, and the negro started out to reconnoitre, but returned at 2 o'clock, sorrowfully declaring that he could find no boat, and that the ferry, a short distance above, was strongly guarded by rebels. John proposed to "appropriate" a couple of "massa's" horses and swim them across, but the darkey was confident no horse could accomplish such a feat. Upon John suggesting to him that, perhaps, some dug-out or trough of some kind might be found capable of floating them across, the darkey replied that there was a watering trough at the barn, about ten feet long, but too heavy for them to "tote."

But when John inquired why not take a horse from the stable and drag it down to the river, the negro threw up his hands, leaped into the air, and fairly screamed with delight. This plan was quickly put into execution, but when about thirty rods from the shore the horse sank in the mud and could go no farther. Tying the horse to a tree, they rolled the trough the whole distance to the river bank. It was an exceedingly difficult and hazardous undertaking to paddle such a craft across the rapid stream—but freedom was too nigh, and too many formidable dangers had been encountered and overcome, to think of faltering now. John found that his experience in riding logs and navigating all sorts of crafts on the Minnesota streams, was of use to him in this emergency, and he "made the raffle" in safety. The negro being familiar with all the roads, they had no difficulty in reaching our lines at Wilmington. He arrived there on the 23d of February, having been just five days and nights getting through. His weight at this time was just 106 pounds. He was immediately furloughed for thirty days, and arrived home last week.

PRAYING IN REBELDOM.

[The following was handed us by a gray-haired friend, and a church member, with the request that we would publish.—ED. DEM.]

The Washington Chronicle reports a conversation that actually occurred in the South on one of Jeff Davis' numerous fast-days. The rector of a country parish called on a widow who had lost two sons in the war, urging her to go to church and pray for the preservation of "our liberties." The widow replied, "I shall not pray for your confederates to have more liberties than you have already taken. You have taken the liberty to deprive me of the two boys who were the stay and comfort of my declining years; and they have fallen fighting against a government that had never wronged but always protected us, and they are moldering in unknown graves, if they were buried at all. After 'taking tithes of all I possess,' your press-gang came, and, after pretending to leave me rations for six months for myself and helpless daughters, helped themselves to the rest of my store, paying me one-fifth of the market price in the worthless paper of your Confederacy. Your straggling soldiers and provost-guards come to my house at will to demand lodging and food out of the pittance left me, and insult me if it is not given. Now, I cannot go into the house of God, and pray for the success of such a cause. The fear of what man may do to us has forced many a Union-loving man into your ranks, and it may be prudent for me to hold my peace; but I will not 'cloak or dissemble' my feelings before our heavenly Father." The confused rector paused awhile, and then said, "I am sorry that your trials have not subdued your rebellious and repining spirit." "Do you believe that your prayers will be answered?" said Mrs. —. "Certainly, if they are offered fervently and in faith," was the reply;

our church teaches it, and the Bible warrants the teaching." "It does so," rejoined the afflicted one. "And now let me ask you to reflect on the import of the prayer which our church teaches, and which you will, I hope, offer fervently and in faith to-day." So saying, she pointed to the beautiful and impressive passage of the Litany:—"From all sedition, privy conspiracy and rebellion, good Lord deliver us!"

THE ENROLLMENT LAW.

IMPORTANT DECISIONS OF THE U. S. ATTORNEY GENERAL.

Opinion.

ATTORNEY GENERAL'S OFFICE, }
March 15, 1865. }

Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War:

Sir:—Upon the 14th section of the Act entitled "An Act to amend the several Acts heretofore passed to provide for the enrolling and calling out of the national forces," which provides as follows:

"That hereafter all persons mustered into the military or naval service, whether as volunteers, substitutes, representatives, or otherwise, shall be credited to the enrollment of the ward, township, precinct, or other enrollment sub-district, where such persons belong by actual residence, (if such persons have an actual residence within the United States), and where such persons were or shall be enrolled, (if liable to enrollment); and it is hereby made the duty of the Provost Marshal General to make such rules and give such instructions to the several Provost Marshals, Boards of Enrollment, and Mustering Officers as shall be necessary for the faithful enforcement of the provisions of this section, to the end that fair and just credit shall be given to every section of the country: Provided, That in any town for troops hereafter, no county, town, township, ward, precinct, or election district, shall have credit except for men actually furnished on said call, or the preceding call, by said county, town, township, ward, precinct, or election district, mustered into the military or naval service on the quota thereof."

You, in your letter of the 12th of March, ask my opinion on the following points:

1st. As to the meaning of the words "actual residence," as employed in the above section, and of determining the actual residence of men offering as recruits.

2d. Where the "actual residence" of the recruit is in one sub-district, and he is enrolled in a different sub-district, where shall the credit be given?

3d. In case of a recruit who has no legal domicile or actual residence in any enrollment sub-district, shall he be credited to the sub-district or district where he is enrolled, or shall he be allowed to select his locality?

4th. The first of the above questions may be divided into two parts, as to the meaning of the words "actual residence," and secondly, as to the proper mode of ascertaining the "actual residence."

It is very difficult to give a test by which the question of actual residence may be determined in such particular cases. A few general rules may be given, however, by which a vast majority of the cases can be readily determined.

1. Every person must be presumed to have an actual residence somewhere.

2. A man can have but one actual residence at one and the same time.

3. A residence actually acquired remains until another is acquired.

4. The place of a man's origin is that of his actual residence until he acquires another.

5. Minors have their actual residence with their parents, guardians, or, if apprentices, with their masters.

6. Adults reside at the places of their dwelling. A man's dwelling is in contrast to his place of business, trade or occupation. He dwells at the place he habitually sleeps or passes his nights.