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[*From the Atlantic Monthly for June.*]

ARMY-HYMN.

"Old Hundred."

O Lord of Hosts! Almighty King!
Behold the sacrifice we bring!
To every arm Thy strength impart,
Thy spirit shed through every heart!

Wake in our breasts the living fires,
The holy faith that warmed our sires;
Thy hand hath made our Nation free;
To die for her is serving Thee.

Be Thou a pillared flame to show
The midnight snare, the silent foe;
And when the battle thunders loud,
Still guide us in its moving cloud.

God of all Nations! Sovereign Lord!
In Thy dread name we draw the sword,
We lift the starry flag on high
That fills with light our stormy sky.

From treason's rent, from murder's stain
Guard Thou its folds till Peace shall reign,—
Till fort and field, till shore and sea
Join our loud anthem, PRAISE TO THEE!

THE FRENCH ARMY;

Its Discipline Described by a New York Traveller.

Each individual of this mass is taught to walk, to stand, to run, to jump, to swim, to climb, to handle the small sword and the broadsword, to manage the musket and the bayonet, with such skill as not only to slay his enemy far off or near at hand, but to protect himself against more numerous bayonets, against the long sword of the trooper, or even the far reaching and more formidable lance.

* * * * *

After some some of the more ordinary gymnastic feats, three men were placed in front of an end wall against which were three platforms, rising one above the other to the roof. Each of the upper platforms was smaller than the one below it by about eighteen inches, enough to make comfortable standing room for a man. Each platform had three equal faces, forming a half hexagon; and just under the edge of each face of each of the platforms was firmly fastened a round iron rod, so that if a man were not tall enough to jump and catch the edge of the platform, he might catch the bar below. I forgot to mention that each platform was about seven feet high, and, besides being fastened to the wall, was supported by wood work below, but so far from the edge as not to interfere with the men.

Three soldiers were placed in front of these platforms, standing on the ground, and each opposite one of the faces. The moment the word of command was given, each man jumped at the edge of the first platform, caught it, raised himself up so as to turn upon one elbow and so get on the top; jumped in like manner at the second platform, and get on it, and then upon the third. All this done so quickly, in fact with such startling rapidity, that I can readily understand the confusion of the Austrians at the startling movements of the French soldiers. It seemed but an instant before the same three soldiers who had been standing motionless upon the ground in front of the platforms were standing just as motionless upon the highest platform, waiting for the next command. At the word they descended in the same way, and stood once more upon the ground.

In a yard attached to the gymnasium, I noticed a jumping ditch, some two feet deep and about four feet wide at one end, spreading out to about nine feet at the other. It was about ten feet long, so that widening was sufficiently gradual.

Here was also a long plank fence, with a roof on top, forming a sort of shed, with the back toward you, and about fifteen feet high. The roof did not lap over the fence, but was securely fastened to it, as was also a strong iron rod running along the fence at its junction with the roof. Slats of inch plank were nailed on this fence, about three inches apart, and the whole fence sloped out from the bottom to the top, so that when a man caught hold of the slats with his fingers his feet would swing clear, and he could thus get no assistance from them in climbing.

The same three soldiers who had scaled the platforms were placed in front of this fence. At the word of command each jumped at it with fingers hooked liked claws, and, having no hold but what the slats gave them, they clawed their way up quickly to the top. There catching hold of the bar, they doubled themselves up in a most curious way, turning a back summerset and lying at full length on their backs upon the roof, with their arms against their sides. At the next command they stretched out their arms, caught hold of the bar, threw up their legs so as to turn a reverse summerset, and so clawed their way down again.

Besides this they are taught to swim, holding the musket and the catridge box above the water, to jump from a height upon a ledge where there is barely standing room, with their muskets in their hands and all their accoutrements upon their backs; to walk in the same way along beams, both square and round, or along the irregularly shaped trunks of trees across ditches or ravines; each man is taught to use his musket any bayonet as a vaulting pole; and to climb up his comrade's shoulders so as to scale a wall twenty-five feet in height.

In the recent account of the Zouaves we are told that they also employ in battle *la Savate*, or the art of kicking. Having often heard of this, I one day asked our teacher in the gymnasium at Paris if he knew it.

"Oh, yes."

"Well, give us a specimen of it."

"Very well, place yourself in a position as a boxer."

"I did so, and he advanced towards me with hands a little out from his sides, like a wrestler ready to take hold in any way."

"Now I can kick you on your forward leg, and break the bone or hurt you. While you are disturbed by that, or, in case you draw it back, I can easily raise my foot to your stomach or your chin."

"Well, suppose you should kick at my chin—I would catch your foot. Then what would you do?"

"Well, try it."

He kicked, and I caught his foot, but while I held it firmly he turned, threw both hands on the ground to support his body, and instantly brought his other foot so near my nose that I let go of his foot in a moment.

"That is very clever. Is there any parry to that?"

"Oh, yes. It is very simple. You do what I did, and I'll show you."

I kicked, he caught my foot; I turned, threw myself on my hands, and thought of course to kick him with my other foot; but he simply put one foot firmly against the thigh of my other leg, and I was powerless. There was in his movements also this same startling rapidly. The kicks were like flashes of lightning, and the hands constantly ready far a grapple or a blow. From what I saw, I have a most respectful dislike to *la Savate*, or, as we would say in English, the Old Shoe.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

A MATE TO PUTNAM'S WOLF.

In the first settlement of the town of Plainfield, Sullivan Co., N. H., Joseph Kimball figured as a pioneer and soldier in conquering the forest and soil. He possessed "a sound mind in a sound body," and was, like Putnam, great in an honest heart and steady courage. He was lamb in the chamber and lion in the conflict. He cleared away the dense forest with his strong arm. He cultivated his lands in a manner in advance of the times in which he lived, combining the occupations of law-giver, farmer and hunter; and his encounter with the old wolf is an event which we would record alongside that interesting page of history which tells of Putnam and the wolf.

An old wolf had been known to make frequent visits and sojourns in Plainfield ever since the first settler came into the town. This wolf was known by the large tracks he made; and he, in connection with similar villains, had destroyed sheep and lambs to a great number for those times, and Kimball and other hunters had resolved to destroy the wolf, cost what it would. The hunters with their hounds had followed the wolf into Vermont, towards the mountains, but on account of the depth of snow they were obliged to return. But the wolf got back as soon as the hunters, and that night killed a young cow, the favorite property of the Kimball family, upon which they were depending for their winter's suppiy of sweet milk. This was a severe loss, and the first sight of the murdered animal to our hero was anything but pleasant. As the cow had been killed near morning, and the wolves had left without their meal of flesh and blood, he concluded to try again his steel trap. They were cautiously and ingeniously set, and he waited the result. The next morning on visiting that part of the farm, he discovered that the veritable wolf was in the trap, and was held by two toes. The wolf could have pulled away and left his toes in the trap, and then escaped to the woods. The rifle was left at the house, and he dared not go home, lest the wolf should escape during his absence. If he made an attack with a club he would at the first blow, perhaps slightly wounded, pull away and be off. Kimball believed that man had dominion over the beasts of the field and the birds of the air, and concluded to try his art in that direction. He came up to the wolf slowly, looking him steadily in the face. The wolf's gaze was averted, and he gradually dropped his ears, shut his eyes and laid down close to the ground. Kimball approached the wolf, and put the rope which he held in his hand around the wolf's head, and adjusted it about his neck in a way not to be got off. He then passed the other end of the rope under the limb of a tree lying just by, making him secure. He then stepped upon the springs of the trap and bore them down, and drew the foot above the knee.

The rope was now untied from the tree and the wolf was set under a quick march for home. The family were in waiting for the father to come to his morning meal, when he neared his habitation, leading this fierce denizen of the forest.

The news of the victory spread far around the country, and old and young came to see the live wolf. Some dealt blows with their whips—he was set upon by a troop of dogs; but one hunter rather than see the cruelty, dispatched him with his rifle. Every one came up to him then without fear, and with his well worn tusks, the elongated soles of his feet, his grizzly appearance, they gave it as their opinion that this was the old offender, and no other than the mate to the wolf which Israel Putnam shot in the den.

With Kimball to determine was to accomplish, believing that with man almost all things were possible.

His daring spirit was inherited by his children. The next morning after the wolf was taken, his daughter, of the tender age of sixteen, was sent to a neighbor's of an errand at sundown, and passing over the bridge through the forrest, she met in the path a huge black bear, who seemed but little inclined to leave the road. But our herione walked on towards the bear, motioning him with her hand and a clear voice to be away. The bear ran up a maple tree near by, she went up to the tree, placed her mantilla about it, attached it to the rough bark, and left her bonnet also to keep old Bruin up. She then ran after her father. He soon came—and at the first fire the bear fell through the branches mortally wounded.

Kimball at the age of forty commenced planting fruit trees and vines. One of his friends advised him not to transplant, as he could not probably live to eat the fruit. Said he, "I will set out my orchard, and I will eat forty years." It came to bearing in five years and the hero lived near a hundred, and sat under his own vine and fig tree—told the story of the dangers of the first settlement of New Hampshire in his defiant manner, and feasted with his friends and neighbors on the rich viands for more than half a century.

TALLEYRAND AND ARNOLD.

There was a day when Talleyrand arrived in Havre on foot from Paris. It was the darkest hour of the Revolution. Pursued by the bloodhounds of this reign of terror, stripped of every wreck of property, Talleyrand secured a passage to America, in a ship about to sail. He was a beggar and a wanderer to a strange land, to earn his daily bread by daily labor.

'Is there any American staying at your house?' he asked the landlord of the hotel. 'I am bound to cross the water, and would like a letter to a person of influence in the New World.'

The landlord hesitated a moment, and then replied:

'There is a gentleman up stairs either from America or Britain; but whether from America or England I cannot tell.'

He pointed the way, and Talleyrand, who in his life was bishop, prince and minister, ascended the stairs. A miserable suppliant stood before the stranger's door, knocked and entered.

In the far corner of the dimly lighted room sat a man of some fifty years, his arms folded and his head bowed upon his breast. From a window directly opposite, a flood of light poured upon his forehead. His eyes looked from beneath the downcast brows, and upon Talleyrand's face with a peculiar and searching expression. His face was striking in outline, the mouth and chin indicative of an iron will. His form, vigorous even with the snows of fifty winters, was clad in a dark but rich and distinguished costume.

Talleyrand advanced, stated that he was a fugitive, and with the impression that the gentleman before him was an American, he solicited his kind feeling and offices.

He poured forth his history in eloquent French and broken English.

'I am a wanderer and an exile. I am forced to fly to the New World without friend or home. You are an American. Give me, then, I beseech you, a letter of yours, so that I may be able to earn my bread. I am willing to toil in any manner—a life of labor would be a paradise to a career of luxury in France. You will give me a letter to one of your friends? A gentleman like you doubtless has many friends.'

The strange gentleman arose. With a look that Talleyrand never forgot, he retreated toward the door of the next chamber, his eyes looking still from beneath his darkened brow. He spoke as he retreated backward—his voice was full of meaning.—

'I am the only man of the New World who can raise his hand to God and say, I have not a friend—not one in all America!'

Talleyrand never forgot the overwhelming sadness of the look which accompanied these words.

'Who are you?' he cried, as the strange man retreated to the next room—'your name?'

'My name,' he replied, with a smile that had more of mockery than joy in its convulsive expressions, 'my name is Benedict Arnold.'

He was gone. Talleyrand sank in the chair, gasping the words—

'Arnold, the traitor!'

Thus he wandered over the earth, another Cain, with the wanderer's mark upon his brow.

Mrs. Lincoln, wife of the president, has selected a magnificent China dinner service for the White House, at the establishment of E. V. Haughwout & Co., corner of Broadway and Broome streets, New York. The color is solferino and gold, with the arms of the United States emblazoned on each piece.

THE WAR.

Treason Discovered in Boston.

The United States steam frigate Mississippi, which sailed Thursday forenoon from Boston, has returned and anchored off the navy yard. She had proceeded but a few miles down the harbor when it was discovered that in repairing the engine, about two inches of the delivery pipe through which the water from the condenser was forced out of the side of the ship, had been cut out, and in its place a joint of gum and canvass substituted, when it should have been a slip joint of iron or other metal. The defective part gave way, pouring a flood of water into the ship. The engines were therefore immediately stopped and an anchor thrown out. Temporary repairs were made so that she was enable to return, but she lost a 6000 pound anchor by parting of the cable. Michael Quinn of Virginia, late chief engineer in the navy, superintended the repairs on the Mississippi. It is stated that he recently resigned and returned to Virginia, and his name was striken from the navy roll. It will take one week to repair the machinery.

The Southern Conspiracy.

The Rochester *Union*, a democratic paper, says: "This great and long standing conspiracy was well known in its outlines to Mr. Buchanan himself. *We heard from his own lips*, previous to his entering upon the duties of the presidency, that he had been reliably informed (we think he said by Gov. Wise) that the officers of the army and navy had been polled on the question, whether in case of a rupture between the two sections of the Union, *they would respectively go with the North or the South; and that nearly every southern man answered he would adhere to the section which gave him birth.* Here we have proof, not only that this conspiracy had assumed its present determinate shape five years ago, and only waited opportunity; but that Mr. Buchanan was perfectly well aware of the fact at that time when he took some of the leaders into his cabinet; and when he was passively aiding Cobb, Floyd, Thompson and Toucy in their plans to cripple the federal government and assure the success of the rebellion.

Jeff. Davis' Pirates at Work.

The ship John Jarvis, of Boston, was captured by a New Orleans privateer at the Belize, about a week since.

The pirate steamer Lady Davis has detained at Fort Royal the ship A. B. Thompson, bound from Savannah to New York, because she had papers only from the deputy clerk of the Savannah custom house.

The Ocean Eagle, a ship of 6000 tons, built at Medford, Mass., and valued at $20,000 has been captured by the pirate Calhoun.

Patriotism of the Soldier.

An incident occurred near Fort McHenry on the 21st inst., which is worth narrating. Gen. Cadwalader was passing through the camp, arm in arm with that traitor Marshal Kane. As they passed a squad of the third battalion of Massachusetts, orderly sergeant. Starr called out, "Three cheers for the General, but none for Kane." Gen. C. demanded "Who did that?" To which sergeant S. responded promptly.—Then Gen. C. asked if there were any others in the squad who endorsed the call, and every man stepped to the front. Gen. C. ordered the arrest of Starr, but afterwards he was released. Gen. C. will find that Massachusetts men do not so readily forget the 19th of April, and the infamy of Marshal Kane.

An Important Circular.

The Secretary of War has sent to the Governors of the different States a circular, of which the following is a copy:

War Department, Washington, May 22, '61.

DEAR SIR: By reference to General Orders No. 15 of the War Department, appended, a copy of which I herewith forward you, giving the plan of the organization of the the volunteer forces called into the service of the United States by the President, you will perceive that all regimental officers of those volunteers, from Colonels dawn to second Lieutenants, inclusive, are appointed by the Governors of States.

Having thus confided to you the appointment of all these officers for the regiments furnished by your State, you will, I trust, excuse this Department for impressing upon you in advance the necessity of absolute adherence, in you appointments, to the following suggestions, which are deemed of the highest importance by the General-in-Chief, under whose advice they are submitted to you:

First—To commission no one of doubtful morals or patriotism, and not of sound health.

Second—To appoint no one to a Lieutenancy, second or first, who has passed the age of 22 years, or to a Captaincy over 30 years, and to appoint no Field officers, Major, Lieutenant, Colonel, unless a graduate of the United States Military Academy, or is known to possess military knowledge and experience, who has passed the respective ages of 35, 40 and 45 years.

This Department feels assured it will not be deemed offensive to your Excellency to add this general counsel, that the higher the moral character and general intelligence of the officers so appointed, the greater the efficiency of the troops and the resulting glory to their respective States. I am, Sir, respectfully,

SIMON CAMERON, Secretary of War.

Rebel and Loyal Officers.

The Philadelphia *North American* thus sketches some of the rebel officers and contrasts them with our own:

"General Lee, the present commander of the Virginian troops, is a scientific engineer and a perfectly brave soldier; but he has been more overrated perhaps than any man in the service. His personal presence is handsome and commanding, but the Apollo-like form does not contain the intellect of Jupiter. As a captain of engineers he did well, but he disappointed the expectations of the army when appointed lieutenant colonel of cavalry and sent to the frontier. He lacks energy for rapid combinations, and is not a highly competent general. Respectable but not brilliant is the verdict. Gen. Beauregard, formerly, like Lee, an engineer officer, is by far their best man. He is cool, valiant, prescient, enduring, very muscular, and very firm in purpose, and withall modest. Col. Magruder, the life of a social party 'when glasses sparkle on the board,' not more than competent so command a battery, a show man, as vain as a peacock—is no loss to the service. The army and his company will not grieve for him. He will magnify his office in words, as he has done often before. General Joseph Johnson, twice wounded during the war in Mexico, is a fine officer and a loss to be regretted. He was a captain of topographical engineers, lieutenant colonel of the voltigeurs, and more recently quartermaster-general in our army. No man stood higher than he.

Now, look on the other side. For among all who remain unmentioned there is no great claim to remarkable talent, although doubtless many of the subordinates have energy and education. For Davis we have Scott—God grant him many days! For Lee and Beauregard we have Gen. Mansfield, a distinguished engineer, now Inspector-General, whose command at Washington has been consummated; Delafield, long Superintendent of the Military Academy; C. F. Smith, the very prince of light infantry commanders; Franklin and Meigs, recently promoted, both men of great talent, thus far kept down by the law of senority—their names are now sure of distinction. For Magruder we have Sherman, worth fifty Magruders; his son is in his battery, where Magruder's never was. And the men whose genius is being manifested are such as Butler, McClelland, and others, who having resigned in peace, are now awaiting the call of their country to take active service."

St. Louis Arsenal.

The following description of the St. Louis arsenal will be read with interest at this time:

"Our arsenal is by long odds the nicest and largest in the United States, and surpasses all other public depositories of arms as far as Fortress Monroe exceeds all other fortified posts. Its walls are ten feet high and three feet thick, of massive limestone, and include thirty-eight or forty acres of beautifully sloping land, extending from Carondelet avenue to the Mississippi. In grass, and trees, and nicely arranged paths and walks, it equals any gentleman's park I have ever seen. The foundries and storehouses, soldiers' barracks, hospital, and prisonhouse, powder magazine, dragoons' stables, and officers dwellings, with their handsome yards and gardens, make up a perfect village in size. These buildings are of elegant architectural designs and proportions, and even the sentry boxes are constructed in a tasteful and ornamental manner. The grounds are drained by sewers running to the river, and abound in wells of clear, pure water. The whole arsenal is worth to the Government, at the least calculation, three millions of dollars, and it is now in such a complete state of defence that all the secessionists in Missouri could not take it and would not dare to attack it. At nearly all available points earth works have been thrown up, and are mounted with columbiads and mortars. A huge new building, just outside the main gate on Carondelet avenue, is occupied by two companies of regulars, who have constructed a strong earthwork, topped with sand-bags, and mounted with formidable pieces of ordnance.—Other elevated positions, some of them a quarter of a mile from the arsenal, are occupied by volunteers as outposts, and, if need be, will be entrenched and mounted with cannon."

A First-rate Scheme.

Davis, Beauregard and Lee have planned a great campaign, according to accounts of messengers from the South. The confederate army is to be organized in four large divisions. One is already at Pensacola and is to reduce Fort Pickens. Another is to take Cairo and occupy St. Louis and Cincinnati. The third is to march directly on Philadelphia, while the fourth is to be held in reserve, ready to pounce upon Washington, when the attention of the Government is sufficiently distracted by the before-mentioned operations. That appears to our unmilitary experience to be first-rate—only they must be careful not to let Gen. Scott know a word of it.

Gen. Geo. B. McClelland.

As this officer has recently been promoted to the rank he now holds, next to Gen. Scott in order of succession, it may be interesting to our readers to know a few events of his early history.

Gen. McClelland is a Pennsylvanian by birth, and was formerly one of the most eminent and skillful officers in the United States army. Gen. McClelland entered the United States Military Academy as a cadet, from Pennsylvania in 1842, and graduated at that institution with distinction in July, 1846. He was immediately appointed Brevet Second Lieutenant in the corps of Engineers, and during the Mexican campaign was actively engaged with his corps. He was breveted First Lieutenant for his gallant and meritorious conduct in the battles of Contreras and Cherubusco—the latter the hottest contested battle in that war—August 20, 1847. He was subsequently appointed Brevet Captain, for his gallant conduct in the battle of Molino del Rey, Sept. 8, 1847, but declined the honor. He subsequently participated in the successful assault on the Castle of Chepultepec, 1847, for which he received an honorable brevet. He commanded a company of sappers and miners in 1848. He was afterward appointed one of the three commissioners to visit Europe during the time of the struggle between the Allied Powers and Russia. Enjoying ample facilities for inspecting all the operations in both the hostile camps, he was enabled to render himself personally familiar with all the details, and every possible aspect of modern warfare on a gigantic scale. His report to the Government of the result of his observations forms one of our most reliable and interesting works. For several years past he has been actively engaged in superintending extensive railroad operations in the Western States, to which pursuit he energetically devoted himself after his resignation. He is the translator and compiler of the "Manual of Bayonet Exercise for the United States Army."

Miscellaneous War Items.

President Lincoln declared to prominent gentlemen, Thursday, that there would be no invasion of rebel states before autumn. It is believed, however, that the government will not delay its operations against the rebels at Harper's Ferry till the fall. That post will probably be retaken very soon.

George Ashmun of Springfield is at Washington, and has had an interview with the president. Senator Wilson and Senator Foot of Vermont are also at Washington; the latter urges the war department to accept two more Vermont regiments.

All the flying artillery corps of the regular army, consisting of seven splendid batteries, have been organized into a single battery under Major Sherman.

Three more Pennsylvania regiments have been accepted than the quota requested by the president, and have received marching orders.

Col. John C. Fremont, the conqueror of California, has tendered his services to the government, and would leave Europe in the steamer of the 18th.

Large military supplies have arrived at southern ports, which were shipped trom Europe early in April. They consist of 200,000 muskets and rifles, powder, percussion caps, and machinery for making the latter. But the confederate states bonds were scoffed at by capitalists throughout Europe, and Cash down was demanded for all the above supplies.

The Temptations and Dangers of the Camp.

These words will not reach many who have volunteered to fight for their country, but they will reach some, and more, perhaps, of those who will do so at some early future time. It would be a sad result of this war, and a great misfortune, if those who have so nobly stepped forward for their country's defence should, after having fought their battles, return to their homes polluted in morals, addicted to liquor, broken down in health by vicious practices, and unfitted to resume the peaceful avocations of life. Removed from home and the restraints of the society of women, with many idle hours to be passed in some way, with monotony to be broken up by some practical measures, and with a constant desire for excitement, it will be very hard for young men to resist temptation to vicious indulgences in the various ways in which they present themselves to the soldier.—Now it should be the definite aim and determination of every man who enlists in this war to bring his mind and body out of it unpolluted—to return to his home at last, if he is permitted to do so, as good, as pure and as healthy as when he left it. Of course, we refer simply to degradation and injury self-inflicted. Profanity and obscenity are two of the besetting sins of soldiers, all heterogeneous collections of men. Let every man determine that no profane or unbecoming word pass his lips while he is away, and that he will discountenance and condemn all attempts on the part of those around him to convert the camp into an institution for mutual pollution. Let whiskey alone, keep the skin clean and healthy as possible, and preserve self-respect on all occasions and under all circumstances. Do credit to your Northern breeding, and the civilization to whose defence you hasten.—*Springfield Republican.*

Sound, wholesome advice. Every man who enters the army should engrave it on his memory.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.

FOR ONE SQUARE of TWELVE LINES or less nonpareil type, (the smallest size used,) THREE INSERTIONS, $1; for each subsequent insertion, 20 cents. The number of insertions must be marked on all advertisements or they will be continued until ordered out. Contracts will be made with advertisers by the column or fractional parts thereof, at liberal rates. Transient advertisements to be paid in advance.

For all Probate advertisements, excepting notices of applications to sell Real Estate, and for Commissioner's Notices, $1.50 each for three insertions.

For notices of Liberations, Estrays, the formation and dissolution of Copartnerships, &c., $1 each for three insertions. If sent by mail the money must accompany the order.

For BUSINESS CARDS in the first column from $3.00 to $8.00 per year according to the space they occupy.

Curiosities of Evidence.

The question whether any one was killed by the firing from Sumter has become important, from the persistent hardihood and pertinacity with which some of the Northern journals adhere to statements of great slaughter with apparently satisfactory references to names and particulars. Slaughter, or even utter extermination of the attacking force was desired by the North, and we doubt not was fervently prayed for, as such incarnate demons pray.

With reference to the authors and original reporters of these tales, we must in charity say that there is some slight excuse for their first statements, and that we need not conclude that they were wilfully fabricated.

Some frightened non-combatants and fugitives who fled from the neighborhood of Fort Moultrie after the first few rounds, brought fearfully harrassing tales of slaughter. The rumors of course grew, and before the first message had arrived from the fort, rumor had killed more men than were in the fort.

Some persons who heard these rumors, in all probability left the city before the truth was ascertained.

Whatever explanation may be given, however, of the first thick, flying and unfounded rumors which always go abroad from an action of this kind, there is no excuse for the editors. It is their duty and privilege to investigate and inquire, and they have for some weeks now enjoyed full opportunities for ascertaining the truth.

The truth is that no one was killed and no one seriously wounded in or near any of the forts or batteries which opened against Fort Sumter, and the only loss of life that attended the bombardment and surrender of Sumter was that caused by Major Anderson's ill-timed and ill-omened salute.—*Charleston Courier.*

CAPTAIN JOHN TYLER.—The meanest state in the Union, at this time, is Virginia—what there is of it east of the mountains; and the meanest man in Virginia, is John Tyler; whom the old whig party once made president because they could not help it. But the men who made him president of the late Peace Congress, at Washington, must feel a glow—of satisfaction, or something else—when they see the fantastic tricks the old rogue has played since he went back to his negrodom.

SMOOTH HANDS FOR DISHWASHERS.—Keep in a saucer corn meal with vinegar, and when work is done, and a trifle of soap has done its office, rub your hands faithfully with a teaspoonful of this mixture. Rinse off, and rub your hands till dry, and the softness of your hands will repay you. Should Blue-beard suggest the idea of the waste of meal, suggest in return the argument that you can hem his cravat in half the time, and I'll warrant you he'll lay back into his easy chair, and puff composedly his five dollar meerschaum.

PUT IN THE SEED.—However other pursuits may suffer, farming will be good business this year. War makes a great demand for food, and diminishes the production of it. Every thing that can be eaten will command high prices, and the farmers should take advantage of the time to get all that they can out of the land. Hard work now will be rewarded by hard dollars when the crops are gathered. The supply of early vegetables from the south will be cut off, and as soon as any crop is ready for the market, it will find plenty of purchasers, and the great crop will be in full demand, and at high prices. So, put in the seed.

SELECTIONS FROM VANITY FAIR.—*The only Motto of Ellsworth's Zouaves.* Fire.

Arms for S. C. Privateers. Yard-arms.

Ohio's War Cry. Wade-in.

A "Crooked Stick." The Baltimore Marshal Kane.

Important to Flying Artillery. The art of gunnery.

Not Unlikely. They do say that privateering is very catching.

What the "Chivalry" Want to Meet. A Foeman worthy of their Steal!

By a Citizen of Yonkers. Will the artist sent to the wars by our illustrated papers Draw their rations?

The Art likely to be most popular in the "Confederate" Army. "Ah Dinner forget!"

Tit for Tat. The South threatens the North with her Beauregard. New York will meet her with her Bowery Guard.

By Van Amburgh. Did Mr. Lincoln let his whiskers grow for the purpose of Bearding the secession lion in his den?

Just About So. Before this quarrelsome couple, North and South, can effect a Union, we fear a long engagement is necessary.

AN EDITOR IN DISGUISE.—Wm. H. Clark, the editor of the Mendal (Illinois) *Clarion*, loves a good joke, and never lets an opportunity slip, that promises a dish of fun. Here is his last:

"We have got a new suit of clothes, and no man could be more effectually disguised. We look like a gentleman. Upon first putting them on, we felt like a cat in a strange garret, and for a long time we thought we were swapped off. We went to the house, and scared the baby into fits; our wife asked us if we wanted to see Mr. Clark, and told us that we would find him in the office; went there and pretty soon one of our business men came in with a strip of paper in his hand. He asked if the editor was in; told him we thought not; asked him if he wished to see him particularly; said he wanted to pay that bill; told him we didn't believe he would be in; business man left. Started to the house again; met two young ladies; one of them asked the other, 'what handsome stranger is that?' In this dilemma we met a friend and told him who we were, and got him to introduce us to our wife, who is now as proud of us as can be. The next time we get a new suit, we shall let her know beforehand."

The most appropriate emblem yet suggested for the piratical vessels sent out by Jeff. Davis to prey upon lawful commerce is a black flag, bearing in the center the immemorial death's head and cross-bones, and underneath the letters "J. D.—HIS MARQUE," accompanied with the popular refrain:—

My name was Jeff. Davis,
As I sailed, as I sailed;
And most wickedly I did,
As I sailed.

It has been said that "the battles of the American Revolution were gained by the rifle." The British soldiers were not then instructed to shot at a mark; but these days are all past forever. At the battle of Vittoria, in Spain, 800 balls were fired for every man that was killed. At the battle of Cherubusco, in Mexico, 125 American balls were fired for every Mexican that was killed; this was better firing than that of the enemy, who fired 800 balls for every man killed on our side. This, however, will not do now. In England a party of 30 skirmishers can destroy a battery of light artillery, at 800 yards distance, in one minute.