

Story of a Cuttle Fish.

The cuttle fish is the largest of molluscous animals, specimens having occasionally been met with, full six feet in length. It belongs to the class of cephalopods, whose feet, or arms are arranged about the head. It has a broad laminated shell, of a friable calcareous substance, known in commerce as cuttle bone, or pounce, and used for polishing soft metals. To one who for the first time sees one of these animals, it is an object of curious interest. Radiating from around its head, are eight arms, and two long tentacles. The latter are provided with suckers, with which the animal seizes its prey, and they also serve to moor it to any object. The suckers hold so fast to objects, that the limbs will part from the body before they will let go. The arms are used in swimming, and the creature also walks upon them on the bottom with its head downward. The animal has large eyes, and as a means of defence is furnished with an ink bag, from which when attacked, it ejects a fluid which darkens the water, and enables it to escape in the obscurity it has thus created.

The idea of a child being seized and carried off by such a monster, is frightful, yet we find in one of our exchanges the following story, said to be narrated in a late letter from Cuba.

It seems that several children were playing near the shore, and coming upon the cuttle fish, a few rods from the water, began to throw sticks and stones at it. The fish at once retreated towards the water, the children following in great glee, and raining missiles upon the creature, the like of which they had never before seen. As soon as the cuttle-fish had got to the water's edge it threw one of its long arms upon the arm of the boy nearest to it, and to his and his playfellow's horror, began to drag him into the sea. The poor child struggled agonizingly, and some of the larger boys rushed to his aid, but too late. His body was almost instantly dragged out of sight beneath the foam; and from the well-known voracity of the cuttle-fish, it was of course understood that the wretched child was speedily devoured.

RESPECT THE BURDEN.—Napoleon, at St. Helena, was once walking with a lady, when a man came up with a load on his back. The lady kept her side of the path, and was ready to assert her precedence of sex; but Napoleon gently waved her on one side, saying, "Respect the burden, madam." You constantly see men and women behave to each other in a way which shows that they do not "respect the burden," whatever the burden is. Sometimes the burden is an actual visible load, sometimes it is cold and raggedness, sometimes it is hunger, sometimes it is grief or illness. If I get into a little conflict (suppose I jostled) with a half-clad, hungry-looking fellow in the street on a winter morning, I am surely bound to be lenient in my constructions. I expect him to be harsh, rude, loud, unforgiving, and his burden (of privation) entitles him to my indulgence. Again a man with a bad headache is almost an irresponsible agent so far as common amenities go; I am a brute if I quarrel with him for a way, word, or an ungracious act. And how far, pray, are we to push the kind of chivalry which "respect the burden?" As far as the love of God will go with us. A great distance—it is a long way to the foot of the rainbow.

TEN MINUTES OF HISTORY.—The metaphysicians say that time is naught—is but a category of thought; and I think it must be so, for into ten mortal minutes this morning was crowded an age of action. Ten minutes of the figment men call time, and yet that scant space decided a battle! There are a thousand details, ten thousand episodes, but the essential matter is this, that the first rush of advance carried our whole front butt up against a line of works, which we were unable to break through, or, breaking through, were unable to hold. Conceive of this in the large, the fierce onslaught, amid deafening volleys of musketry and the thunder of artillery, and the wild, mad yell of battle, and see the ranks mown down, and the lines break here and there, and the sullen obstinate retreat, every inch contested, and we shall then be able to descend to some of the points of action as they individualize themselves along the line.

Be Benevolent.

That man may last, but nevelives,
Who much receives yet nothi gives—
Whom none can love and nor can thank—
Creation's blot, creatiën's bla!

WE clip the following complimentary notice of a former inmate of this Hospital from the "Soldiers' Journal," a new, and promising paper, published at *Rendezvous of Distribution, Va.*—

Mr. UNIAC, whom we formerly sticed as a prominent member and speaker of the "Temprance Union" of this camp, returned from New York for the purpose of being mustered out of the service, his pers not having been forwarded to the mustering officers that city. Mr. U. has busily employed his oratory while North, making several political speeches for the Union candidates in New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, of which the local papers speak very highly. He also delivered temperance addresses in Philadelphia and Washington, and seems to be doing good wherever he goes. We are sorry that his health is but little improved, and that he is still troubled with the fever and ague. He has the well-wishes, wherever he goes, of hundreds of friends in this camp, and his own peculiar and natural eloquence and uprightness will welcome him in any position of duty which he may have to fill.

The Mason's Cave.

In all ages the bodies of the Mœnic dead have been laid in graves dug due East and West, with their faces towards the East. This practice has been borrowed, and adopted by others, until it has become nearly universal. It implies that when the Great Day shall come, and He who is Death's conqueror shall give the signal, *his ineffable light shall first be seen in the East*; that from the East he will make his glorious approach; will stand at the eastern margin of these graves, and with his mighty power—that grasp irresistibly strong which shall prevail—will raise the bodies which are lumbering therein. We shall have been long buried, long decayed. Friends, relatives, yea, our nearest and dearest, will cease to remember where they have laid us. The broad earth will have undergone wondrous changes, mountains leveled, valleys filled. The seasons will have chased each other in many a fruitful round. Ocean-lashed into fury by the gales of to-day, will to-morrow have slunk like a spoiled child to their slumber. Broad trees, with broader roots, will have interlocked them, and knobbed as they are, above our ashes, as if to conceal the very fact of our having lived; and then, after centuries of life, they too will have followed our example of mortality, and long struggling with decay, at last will have toppled down to join their remains with ours, thus obliterating the last poor testimony that man has ever lain here. So shall we be lost to human sight. But the Eye of God, nevertheless will mark the spot, seen with the everlasting verdure of faith, and when the trumpet's blast shall shake the hills to their very base, our astonished bodies will rise, impelled upward by an irresistible impulse, and we shall stand face to face with our Redeemer!

THE PASSION FOR DISPLAY.—The world is crazy for show. There is not one person a thousand who dares fall back on nothing but his real simple self, for power to get through the world, and extract enjoyment as he goes along. There is too much living in the eyes of others. There is no end to the acting, the mimicry, the false airs, and the superficial arts. It requires rare courage, we admit, to live up to one's enlightened convictions in these times. Unless you consent to join in the general cheat, you are jostled out of reach. There is no room for you among the great mob of pretenders. If a man dares to live within his means, and is resolute in his purpose not to appear more than he really is, let him be applauded. There is something fresh in such an example.

A young lady once married a man by the name of Dust against the wishes of her parents. After a short time they lived unhappily together and she returned to her father's house, but he refused to receive her, saying, "Dust thou art, and unto Dust thou shalt return."

THE BROTHER OF TOSPY.—During the last winter a "contraband" came into the Federal lines in North Carolina, and was marched up to the officer of the day to give an account of himself, whereupon the following colloquy ensued.

"What's your name?"
"My name's Sam."
"Sam what!"
"No sah; not Sam Watt. I'se jist Sam."
"What's your other name?"
"I hasn't got no oder name, Sah. I'se Sam—that's all."
"What's your master's name?"
"I'se got no massa now; massa runned away—yah! yah! I'se a free nigger now."
"Well, what's your father and mother's name?"
"I'se got none, Sah—neber had none. I'se jist Sam—ain't nobody else."
"Haven't you any brothers and sisters?"
"No, sah, neber had none. No brudder, no sister, no fader, no mudder, no massa—nothing but Sam.—When you see Sam you see all dere is of us."

AS KEEN AS STEEL.—"A beautiful day Mr. Jenkins."
"Yes, very pleasant, indeed."
"Good day for the race."
"Race, what race?"
"The human race."
"Oh, go along with your stupid jokes; get up a good one, like the one with which I sold Day."
"Day, what Day?"
"The day we celebrate," said Jenkins, who went on his way rejoicing.

TOO PARTICULAR.—The Dundee Advertiser circulates the following story:—On one occasion a beggar wife, on receiving a gratuity from the Rev. John Skinner, of Longside, author of "Tulluchgorham," said to him by way of thanks, "Oh! sir, I hope that ye and a' your family will be in heaven the nicht." "Well," said Skinner, "I am very much obliged to you, only you need not have just been so particular as to the time."

Report of Changes in Division No. 1.

B. A. VANDERKIEFT, SURGEON IN CHARGE.

Admitted:

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS:

Lt. Col. W. B. Wright, 27th Michigan Vols.
Major Charles J. Seymour, 25th New York Cav.
Adj. Charles P. Orvis, 142d Penn. Vols.
Capt. Frank R. Perkins, 22d New York Cav.
do P. C. Bailey, 9th New York Cav.
do Michael A. Stearns, 25th New York Cav.
do F. Cusner, 176th New York Vols.
do J. Humes, 15th Virginia Vols.
do L. M. Marsh, 10th Virginia Vols.
do C. H. Lawrence, A. A. G.
1st Lt. Stephen D. Ransom, 31st Maine Vols.
do Andrew E. Campbell, 7th Wis. Vet. Vols.
do Robert A. Haire, 5th Michigan Cav.
do C. Gardner, 18th Penn. Vols.
do William Kelley, 56th New York Vols.
do George Hanbury, 102d Penn. Vols.
do Isaac Wood, 6th Ohio Cav.
do A. S. Matthew, 31st U. S. C. T.
do J. O. Adams, 30th U. S. C. T.
do R. Baylis, 5th Michigan Cav.
2d Lt. Jack Thompson, 142d New York Vols.
do Benson Couklin, 9th New York Art.
do Thomas J. Burns, 1st New York Drag.
do L. F. Brahm, 184th Penn. Vols.
do E. Earp, 1st Mass. Art.
do E. Pollard, 24th New York Cav.
do E. N. Munson, 106th New York Vols.
do W. Lawrence, 9th Ohio Cav.
do A. J. Harrison, 126th Ohio Vols.
do G. E. Newbet, 1st Michigan Vols.
do William Dunham, 1st Vermont Art.
do A. Easton, 43rd Penn. Vols.
do S. Dellingham, 8th Maine Vols.
do W. L. Robertson, 110th Ohio Vols.

Transferred:

Col. Robert W. Withers, 42d Virginia Vols.

Returned to Duty:

Major A. Comstock, 13th Conn. Vols.
Capt. Thomas C. Webber, 1st D. C. Cav.
do G. W. Hooker, A. A. G.
1st Lt. J. Ralph, 25th Ohio Vols.
2d Lt. Thomas J. Burr, 1st New York Cav.
do E. Earp, 1st Mass. Art.
do B. Couklin, 9th New York Art.

Discharged:

Major Harvey M. Brown, 36th Wisconsin Vols.
Capt. Thomas B. Eaton, 169th N. Y. Vols.
do R. Williams, 6th Maine Vols.
do H. Daniels, 2d Michigan Vols.
2d Lt. Thomas B. Chambers, 20th Penn. Cav.
do — Dougherty, 100th Penn. Vols.
do J. M. Sutton, 143rd Penn. Vols.

Died:

1st Lt. Allen M. Hulet, 6th Michigan Cav.
2d Lt. E. R. Hillyard 122d Ohio Vols.