

so small a man should make so large a noise. His description of life in Andersonville impressed me with a more real sense of its desolation, its hopelessness and misery, than any other that I remember to have heard. The marked feature of his life among us, which was very short, was his zealous Christian spirit. Every gathering for prayer found him present, and his voice was always raised in exhortation. 'In season and out of season,' he was laboring for the good of his comrades. His nurse relates that the first time he left his room, hardly able to walk about, he borrowed a suit of clothes to go to a meeting in the Chapel.

I have heard from his own lips the story of his capture by the rebels, as related in the daily papers, and was fully convinced that the frail looking body held a dauntless spirit. The wretched assassin, in the reckless desperation of his mind, his fiendish courage, was almost honored in meeting death from such a hand. But we may be satisfied in the sickening details of his last moments. Revenge can ask nothing more of mortal suffering for the cowardly assassin, and the hereafter will fully reward both the infamous name of Booth and the pure name, and brave true heart of Boston Corbett.

We take pleasure in publishing a letter received by the lady in whose wards he was sick. His grateful acknowledgments of kindness will speak as well for him as I can do.

Vienna, Va., March 8th, 1865.

To Miss G—: Many times I have thought I would write a letter to you, acknowledging the kindness shown me by you and the other good ladies of the Hospital to us poor soldiers, when we were brought from Savannah, Andersonville and Millan. I remember with gratitude the first kind words expressed toward us, and how strange and good they sounded, after being so long deprived of them. Although they might not seem much to the giver, yet I believe they will live in the memory of many of us soldier boys, long after the war is ended.

I remained in Hospital three weeks, and then got a thirty days' furlough, which I enjoyed very much in New York, and then returned to my regiment, stopping a few days at Camp Parole and Distribution. Upon reaching the regiment I found myself promoted to Sergeant, and all seemed glad to see me. Now we are all rejoicing over the great things that God is doing for us, at Richmond, Petersburg, and the surrounding country. May he bring the whole matter to a glorious and speedy end, as I believe He will.

I desire to be remembered to Miss H., who was very kind to me. I can never forget how much was done for us all, on our return from prison to Hospital; but many thousands lie under the soil of Georgia and other Southern States, monuments of the cruelty and wickedness of this rebellion, the head of all the rebellions of the earth for blackness and horror. Those only can feel the extent of it who have seen their comrades, as I have, lying in the broiling sun, without shelter, with swollen feet and parched skin, in filth and dirt, suffering as I believe no people ever suffered before in the world. But, thank God, these things have I hope come to an end. May they never exist again in the good land.

With kind regards to all, I will now close.

Yours truly,

BOSTON CORBETT,

Co. L. 16th N. Y. Cavalry.

A Letter to the Soldiers.

DORCHESTER, MASS., April. 30, 1865.

Inmates of Navy School Hospital.

DEAR SOLDIERS:—Having read with interest, in some paper which by chance came to my notice, a letter from one of the invalid heroes of your hospital, I thought that perchance it might amuse you, or help some dreary hour to pass less slowly, to receive an answer to that letter, addressed, as you see, not to the writer, or to any person in particular, but to all of you; and I trust that you will excuse the liberty I am taking, and listen while I tell you of the interest and sympathy that we at home feel towards the brave men who, maimed in our defense, are doomed to pass these bright, spring days in suffering within the confines of a military hospital; for even those of you who are able to walk around and enjoy the fresh breezes of the

Chesapeake, the sunshine, the flowers and the birds, and interest yourselves in the exciting, momentous events which are transpiring in the outer world, must still have many an idle, weary moment, and many a restless longing for home, with its familiar scenes and loving faces.

But never despond. You, who, by your noble sacrifices and your deeds of valor, have won so bright a fame, and gained for yourselves not only the respect and gratitude of this generation, but of every future generation, down to the remotest posterity!

It has been very sad here the past two weeks. The people, elated with victory and wild with joy over the prospect of speedy peace, were ill prepared to bear such terrible news; and the sorrowful expression on the faces of those you met, and the unusual hush that has everywhere pervaded, have more strongly testified the public grief than the lowered flags and the draperies of mourning that everywhere meet the eye.

The surrender of Johnston's army and the fate of the assassin seem alike to produce little effect.

Oh! what a splendid day. It does not seem as though it was ever one half so lovely out of doors before; everything looks so fresh and bright, and the air is so fragrant with the perfume of so many flowers. It is utterly impossible for me to remain within doors, and I must bring to a close the letter, whose length, even now, I fear, will weary you.

If you should deem it worthy of notice, I should consider it a favor, I assure you, to write you again; for it is really very little we can do towards affording you any diversion from the pains and discomforts of your present life, and it should be, as it is, a pleasure to us to do that little.

So hoping that you will all have a pleasant May Day to-morrow, and many a pleasant one in the future, I am,

Yours respectfully,

A SOLDIERS' FRIEND.

Monahan, the Traitor.

Scene in Charleston.—Our officers who were imprisoned in Charleston are familiar with the character of Mr. I. I. Monahan. He was employed as a spy and policeman by the rebel authorities, and had the opportunity, by the position he held, to aid our prisoners in escaping. He was paid by the Union people to do this work, pocketed their bribes, and then betrayed our officers in order to secure the reward offered for their arrest. He was sent for, the other day, by Col. Woodford. When his turn came for an audience, he was received with 'the most distinguished regard,' and the following conversation took place:

Col. Woodford.—'Your name, sir?'

'Mr. Monahan.'

Col. W.—'Ah! I am glad to see you, Mr. Monahan. I have often heard of you from our officers who were imprisoned here—'

Monahan looked aghast, and stammered out:

'Yes, sir; yes sir; what did they say about me?'

'Why,' said the Colonel, 'they told us that you aided them to escape.'

Monahan's face brightened instantly.

'Yes sir,' he rejoined, 'I often helped them to get off.'

'Yes, sir,' said the Colonel, 'and they say you are very shrewd.'

'Yes, yes,' grinned Monahan, 'I'm pretty smart.'

'Yes,' said the Colonel, 'and they tell me that when you got our prisoners out, you sold them to the rebel authorities.'

Monahan turned pale, and looked as if he would sink through the floor. He did not utter a word.

'Now, sir,' added the Colonel, 'I have a little hotel where men of your stamp are boarded. Orderly!'

The orderly came into the room.

'Orderly, take my friend, Mr. Monahan, to Castle Pinckney under guard!'

Queer, isn't it, how things work in the world. John Brown's daughter is now keeping a school for negro children in the old mansion of Henry A. Wise, in Virginia.

A Point of Order.

One of the members of the Lower House of New York rejoiced in the name of Bloss. He had the honor of representing the county of Monroe, and if his sagacity as a legislator did not win for him the respect of his associates, his eccentricities often ministered to their entertainment. One day, in the midst of a windy harangue that had become intolerable for its length and emptiness, a 'gassy' member from the metropolis stopped to take a drink of water. Bloss sprang to his feet and cried,

'Mr. Speaker, I call the gentleman from New York to order.'

The whole assembly were startled and stilled; the member from New York stood aghast, with the glass in his hand, while the speaker said—

'The gentleman from Monroe will please state his point of order.'

To which Mr. Bloss, with great gravity, replied—

'I submit, sir, that it is not in order for a windmill to go by water.'

It was a shot between wind and water; the verbose orator was confounded, and put himself and his glass down together.

BELIEVING, BUT NOT UNDERSTANDING.—'I will not believe anything but what I understand,' said a self-confident young man in a hotel one day.

'Nor will I,' said another.

'Neither will I,' chimed in a third.

'Gentlemen,' said one well known to me, who was on a journey, and who sat close by, 'do I understand you correctly, that you will not believe anything that you don't understand?'

'I will not,' said one, and so said each one of the trio.

'Well,' said the stranger, 'in my ride this morning I saw some geese in a field eating grass; do you believe that?'

'Certainly,' said the three unbelievers.

'I also saw pigs eating grass; do you believe that?'

'Of course,' said the three.

'And I also saw sheep and cows eating grass; do you believe that?'

'Of course,' it was again replied.

'Well, but grass which they had formerly eaten had, by digestion, turned to feather on the backs of the geese, to bristles on the backs of the swine, to wool on the sheep, and on the cows it had turned to hair; do you believe that, gentlemen?'

'Certainly,' they replied.

'Yes, you believe it,' he rejoined, 'but do you understand it?'

They were confounded, and silent, and evidently ashamed, as they well might be.

PUZZLE.—Any one who can read the following may be considered smart at puzzles. It is very ingenious. Try it:—

Mistress to Servant:

If the B m t put:

If the B . putting:

Servant to Mistress:

How can I put: when

There is such a -der?

MACHINE SERVANTS.—'Cornelius O'Dowd,' in *Blackwood's Magazine*, thus rhapsodizes upon servants: 'Why can modern mechanical genius do nothing for us? Oh for a steam butler and a self-acting housemaid! Oh for a cook that a man could wind up like an eight-day clock, and never think of till the end of the week.'

DEATHS.

Corp. Charles Miller, co. K, 5th	N. H.	Vols.
Priv. Levi Wood, co. I, 5th	do	do
do Peter Cole, co. H, 5th	do	do
do Charles Nicholas, co. A, 45th	Penn.	do
do William Wolf, co. K, 7th	N. Y.	do
do Patrick Fitch, co. E, 61st	do	do
do Isaac Robinson, co. I, 2nd	do	M. R.
do John Burke, co. A, 2d	R. I.	Vols.
do George Bussum, co. D, 5th	Wis.	do
do James Miers, co. M, 4th	Tenn.	Car.
do James Laughner, co. G, 9th	do	do
1st Lieut. Wm. Slater, (Rébel) co. B, 1st	Va.	Émil.