

"But, before we leave the scene of our joy and sorrow," I said, drawing Josephine's hand in mine, "may I not beg you, dear Joe, to fulfill the promise you so lately gave, and be my bride?"

The proposal came unexpectedly, but to Josephine it was, as it had been to myself, a welcome thought; we had been so long alone together in that remote cave that it was better for her sake than before any of the story was known she should be my wife.

So there was a strange wedding just in the entrance of the gloomy cave, as my darling Josephine, still in her boy's dress, stood by my side, while Mr. Weston read the solemn service, my sister standing near Josephine, as sole witness, beside the friendly rocks that had guarded us so long, and the stars that shone in the clear heavens above.

It was but two days' journey to the line of the Federal pickets, and the distance thence to Nashville was easily travelled. One of the first persons I saw on entering that city was our faithful Ben, who fell into an ecstasy of delight on seeing us. The poor fellow had been captured by a scouting party, and carried to Knoxville, but had managed to escape, and was lingering at Nashville in hopes of hearing of me.

"For I thought you'd die, Massa Roginald, sure, if you didn't have no nigger to tend you; and now you and Miss Mary is bobe safe, bless de Lord!"

In Nashville Josephine dropped her boy's attire and adopted that which was her proper dress, and I had never known how lovely she was till I saw her in the flowing robes that set off so well her lovely figure, and contrasted her beauty with that of other women, all of whom were inferior to my peerless darling.

We went as soon as possible to New York, where were Josephine's friends, and there for the first time I learned that my wandering bride was in reality no inconceivable heiress. We are very happy in our lovely home on the Hudson, where I have been busy all summer in raising recruits; but even in our most blissful hours we love to talk of our strange life on the mountains.

THE OLD FLAG.

BY JAMES MORTIMER.

Sung by S. C. Campbell, Bryant's Minstrels.

God bless our brave Old Union Flag!
In the smoky air, and mountain range,
From river, vale, and mountain range,
It lights to victory!

It is the emblem of our nation's pride,
The symbol of our nation's life,
The banner of our nation's hope,
The flag that leads us to the strife.

Written for The War Press.

LETTER FROM HOSEA HORN.

To Sergeant Timothy Ochope, Nephew.

BELOVED SERGEANT: That noble instrument, the elective franchise, is a thing of the past, the honorate past, Timothy boy; and your uncle, by dropping his silent though voiceless ballot, has sustained the Administration. He has strengthened and invigorated its hands, and they will now return to their duties in the Custom house and the departments, inspired with the sublime determination to do or die!

In regards to the elective franchise which has just elapsed, Timothy boy, your uncle would find fault in a stirring episode which may serve to teach the American people that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, at present quotations. On reaching my sunny, sunny homestead, beloved Sergeant, I found, to my unqualified dismay, that in your address the boon of the elective franchise (which alone distinguishes man from the lower species of animals) had made one of those fatal mistakes to which all of us are more or less infallible. Instead of the regular ticket which would have preferred Timothy boy, your uncle had accidentally deposited a bill of fare which had carelessly picked up at Willards' to wrap up an all-prize lottery ticket in. It specified mittens, Ochope, including pommes de terres, framages, castes de visste, almonds, and numerous other essentals of high repute; and it was as heavy load to the Contemplative Mind. If they count the w.a.s.

desserts, and interludes separately, Ochope. Scattered will roll up a handsome majority. But to resume my sketch—this incident, Sergeant dear, be a admonition to you henceforth to act understandingly in the promise—or tenement, as the case may be. Let me oburgate your plastic mind to habits of due discrimination. You are young, beloved Sergeant; you are thoughtless as the shiny butterfly, or as the bounding doe in his antlered jungles. You will have need of a Gnome, to which you may lean upon that of experience which the world vouchsafes to but a chosen few. The Contemplative Mind will be to you that Gnome, Sergeant dear—washing and lodging to be extra. It is currently sephered in presidential circles, Ochope, that the Paternal Aba has executed another bon mot, which, like Humphrey's specific, challenges competition, and courts lynx-eyed scrutiny with her thousand tongues. On dit, that a affluent staff officer in the sutler's department called on the P. A. a few sires since, and during his evanescent stay, touched with a commiserating expression of glance on the case of a certain major, who was precipitately ejected from a pair of shoulder straps for intimating in so many words that this potroonily and ungentelemanly rebellion would not be pulverized one of these fine mornings.

"He got just what he deserved, sir," rejoined the P. A. with a sententious glare at the interloper. "The man who furnishes aid to the common enemy should be repudiated on the spot—if the limb of a tree was handy."

"Aid to the common enemy, your Excellency!" exclaimed he with the alabaster brow, in astonishment; "what aid?"

"Garrison aid, sir," thundered the Administration, in no unequivocal tone. At these unfeeling words, Ochope, he of the raven tresses took up his late from the gondola, snapped the silvery cords asunder with a wild despairing sweep of his fist, and sallied forth to a lonely glade where the spirit of mortal should not be proud—and a man may get hurt if he goes in a crowd.

To be candid, Timothy boy, the raids of the conglomerate cruiser 2 40 (printed by erratum 2 90 in the numerous editions of the day) have not been altogether without effect upon the stock market at large. A number of inquiring fingers had been dealt in stock marketing, have realized largely of late in losses. As for specie, beloved Sergeant, it is so distant that it may be said to be in its apoplexy; counterfeited quarters are now quoted at five per cent. premium, and a number of bar-room counters which I casually frequent have nothing but the projecting nail heads now. [His deplorable condition of affairs is not soon ameliorated by missionary efforts or otherwise, the banks, to a man, will let out their vaults for purposes of internment, and yet withstanding the uxorious interest on gold, the precious metals are not, to say scarce, Ochope beloved. Chancing to deploy into an auction mart one evening, your uncle bought a bran new Omally lever, virgin gold, for two dollars and a half. He has not succeeded in getting it open yet, Timothy boy, as he has mislaid his oyster-knife, and being now the component works are stiff. But he can hear them ticking plainly on still nights, Ochope, and as their gentle chirping recalls his childhood days, a manly tear steals down his nose upon his heaving bosom like one who treats some banquet hall deserted, and finds the table cleared away. What is those beautiful lines about tears from rugged men, beloved Sergeant? I would I could recall them. But a truce to these sad broodings. I have made it up with the Well Informed Circle, and we are friends till death do us part. Had it not been for his unremitting energy I might have secured my time-piece for the scanty pittance I have named. To divert the suspicion that your uncle was eager to clutch the precious bauble, it was arranged that he should assume an attitude of easy, careless negligence, and enter into frivolous converse with the Circle, who should bid against him. The ruse de guerre succeeded, Timothy boy. The assemblage was intimidated, and there was not a bid polled against us! Success in the affairs, and especially in the concerns of this mundane existence, depends, not as the herd tell you, on good luck, but on the ability of the inner man to cope with the treason, stratagems and spoils among which it is thrown, Sergeant dear. With tempora mutantur for our motto, and an unflinching determination to catch the present moment as it flies, Ochope, we may escape from the wilderness of this life's thralls, and make that wilderness blossom as the rose.

The balloon reconnaissance attached to the reservoir of the Inevitable Greens, made a early ascent this morning, Ochope, while yet Aurora's purple flecked the eastern horizon, for the purpose of ascertaining Colonel Gay D. Seaver some relaxation from the sedative monotony of a warrior's life. The rebel tents could be plainly descried, Timothy dear, and an obese major general might have been observed in one of them eating buckwheat cakes apparently spread with a good quality of molasses. There were no traces of salt to be seen. This is a important point, Ochope, for it shows that the conglomerates must be starved for food and clothing. For if the salt had lost its savor, by whom shall it be saved? You will scarcely credit it, Ochope, when you hear that one conglomerate had actually been starved to death, and as could be plainly seen, buttoned behind his back. In regards to the major general, happening to have a army biscuit in my watch-pocket, I gently dropped him a curtsy. It struck fairly on his bald pate and created a profound sensation in the camp. By dropping another biscuit in the same way, Ochope, we drew in one of their forks into the earth almost up to his neck, and reparation was exarvated. It was the general impression among the conglomerates, Ochope, that a portable cup of brandy had struck him. Colonel D. Seaver opines that all the enemy's pickets can be driven in the same way, as they are mostly as in his rails, and their camp is on a swampy elevation. When this is accomplished the grand army will advance. I hear a plaintive murmur that it would have moved long ago, but it could not find a house to suit it for the same rent. Meanwhile it has not been lying supinely on its back until the enemy bound it hand and foot. Never! Methinks it was but yesterday that the gallant Greens made a impulsive attack on the rebel vignettes, and succeeded in carrying a bridge, though at a cost of gore, crimson gore. After carrying the bridge some distance, finding it rather heavy they concluded, rather than let the enemy recoupery it, to stack arms beneath it and set the whole on fire, which was accomplished without loss of life. For this gallant and meritorious conduct they received a congratulatory order from Col. D. Seaver, who chanced to hear of the affair on the following day. The victory was overwhelming and complete, and on the whole our forces had the advantage. They succeeded in bringing off a good portion of their wounded, leaving the artillery behind with the intention of sending a flag of truce after it. While engaged in their humane avocation the rebel cohorts exchanged shots with them, but the Greens boldly refusing to reply, started homeward with a sneer of contempt illumining the visage of their manly countenances. Show an antagonist that you despise his puny malice, Timothy boy, and he will desist, if his bosom contain one spark of manly consciousness, or throbs in union with the music of the spheres. Once more, Timothy boy, let me caution you against believing the gargled newspaper report that the army is advancing. I am happy to be able to state, that both in the noble and popular organization can be found in this noble and popular heroism, and all who mendaciously assert otherwise are hereby branded as infamous rascals—eye, as Jacobus. My authority for this statement is, as auster but trustworthy chaplain, who formerly had the group, and who now has a family of six children dependent on him. He is a being of many talents, and could have no motive for telling a base anachronism.

Among the philanthropic schemes of the day, Timothy boy, your uncle would briefly but succinctly allude to a humanitarian effort now being made in philological circles to improve our mother tongue, so that it may be more symmetrical than at present. As the gentlemen composing the cabal

set with closed doors, on account of the coolness of the weather, I am only able to present you an outline of the new system of American grammar. It was proposed by a gentleman who lives not more than five hundred miles from the metropolis, to convert the following nouns into adjectives of the positive and comparative degrees, respectively:

Positive degree. Comparative degree. Superlative degree.
ham hammer
lick liquor
figure figure
leaf leaf
rig rig
lard larder
pillard pillard
pillar pillar
dollar dollar
moth mother
quarter quarter
broth brother
porter porter
taper taper
cent centre
rod solder
nitre nitre
peat Peter

and so on indefinitely. Timothy boy, the next change which these radicals propose refers simply to the gender of the nouns not convertible into adjectives. Thus:
Masculine. Feminine.
butter buttress
mattor mattress
rodier redress
digger digress
eager egress.

Another important change, which it is sephered in on the tapis, is to express alterations of gender by a simple change in the spelling, Timothy dear. For instance, something in this style:
Masculine. Feminine.
hero heroine
Hebrew shebrew
heeseh sheeseh
helot shehelot
hemisphere shehemisphere
hebrides shebrides.

I have not heard what other sweeping reforms are meditated, Ochope, except that the annexed substantives will, on and after January the first, 1863, be classed as proper nouns: Annalyzer, Mag nanimous, Hugh manly, Silly kate, Charlotte an, Mike rometer, Mathew matos, John juq, Jo ram, Sarah mony, Nancy mander, Sally vate, Ella mentary, et cetera, Sergeant dear.

This is a serious matter, Timothy boy, and I call on the American people to rise as one man and see Smith about it. If necessary, I could give the names of fifty opulent publishers engaged in this Altona scheme; and who hope that it will necessitate a entire change in the public school text-books. But I have confidence in the spirit of the North, Sergeant dear, and feel tolerably certain that it will rise from its lethargy, as the shepherd routes at the sound of the sultan, and shake off our mistle which the hordes of sympathizers in our midst have attempted to rivet on its graceful limbs.

The military graft came off in Snuff Centre yesterday was a week, Timothy boy, and a number of our most respected yeomanry embraced the opportunity to be present. On of 'em carried a bundle of papers under his arm, which I was pleased to see glancing at the title of the document. The Sergeant heard the shrill hurrahs, where he beheld in step was keeping:
By one of the willow trees on,
That you, in tears, appear as seated I.
He saw a little maid at weeping.

"And how is this," he gruffly said,
"A moment passing to regard her;
A woe-worn thought, my little child?
And then she only cried the halder.

"It's very grand, I know,"
The little girl, with a bright eye,
And Father, Mother, Brother, too,
All say "Hurrah, while I am crying."

"But think—O, Mr. Soldier, think,
How many little sisters' brothers
Are going to the wars,
And may be killed, as well as others!"

"Why bless thee, child," the Sergeant said,
His heavy hands her curls caressing,
"Thy lot for little ones like you
To find that War's not all a blessing."

WASHINGTON AND THE CORPORAL.—During the American Revolution, it is said, the commander of a little squad was giving orders to those under him relative to a log of timber, which they were endeavoring to raise to the top of some military works they were repairing. The timber went up with difficulty, and on this account the voice of the little man was often heard in regular vociferations of "Heave away! there she goes! heave ho!" An officer, not in the military costume, was passing, and asked the commander why he did not take hold and render a little aid. The latter, astonished, turning round with the pomp of an emperor, said, "Sir, I am a corporal." "You are, are you?" replied the officer. "I was not aware of that," and taking off his hat and bowing, the officer said, "I ask your pardon, Mr. Corporal," and then dismissed him. When the work was finished, turning to the commander, he said, "Mr. Corporal, when you have another such job, and have not men enough to do for your commander-in-chief, and I will come and help you a second time." The corporal was astonished. It was Washington who thus addressed him.

A LYRICAL GEM.

The following lullaby is sufficiently tender and musical to make every woman who reads it wish for a baby to sing it to:
Come to my arms, you bewildering elf,
Bury you in my bosom and nest to myself,
Bury you in my bosom and nest to myself,
And all the glory and grace you wear,
From twinkling feet to golden crown,
Clasp you close to my bosom and heart,
A thing of my bosom be a part.
Crowing a note in olden rhyme,
Tender and sweet as a weaver's thime.

Sleep, baby boy,
The little bird's nest,
Downy and soft,
Turn to the slumbering bird's nest,
In the shepherd's warm fold
The dew-drops' asleep
In the butter-cup's gold.

The violet looks
To the daisy's dream;
The lily looks
On the lap of the stream;
The blue-bird looks
Like motherly eyes,
The stars look down
From the silent skies.

Sleep, baby boy,
Let me kiss thy flower,
My lily, my lamkin,
My dewdrop, my dower;
While heart against heart
Beats softly in time,
To the murmuring flow
Of my tender old rhyme!

JEALOUSY.

If sunlight from the dial he
But for one moment banished,
Turn to the silent plate and see
The hours themselves are vanis'd.

He thought that from his lures time eyes,
My jealousy has tried;
The light of cloud across the skies
Has darkness for the dial. [Sir E. B. Lytton.

GONE TO HEAVEN.

She was beloved by a, my lassie,
And ever she loved me,
An' took her from us a',
[Alan Cunningham.

WIT AND HUMOR.

PICCIOLA.

[The following is from the last paper of "Orpheus" in the N. Y. Sunday Mercury, where it appears amid the most unctuous fun, showing how clearly the pathetic and humorous are allied.]

It was a Sergeant old and gray,
With silver streaks through his locks and hair,
Went rumping in an army's wake,
Along the turpentine of the village.

For days and nights the winding host
Had through the little place been marching,
But glancing at the soldiers on,
'Till every throat was hoarse and parching.

The Squire and Farmer, maid and dame,
All took the sight of static stirring,
And hats were waved and staves were sung,
And kerchiefs white were countless whirling.

They only saw a gallant show
Of horse and foot and bannered host,
And in the fierce heroic glow
'Twas theirs to yield but will hosannah.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.
PHILADELPHIA, October 31, 1862.
There is no new feature in the Produce markets, and the transactions of the past week have been moderate for the season, and prices without any material change.

THE MONEY MARKET.

PHILADELPHIA, November 3, 1862.
The week opens with a very steady gold market, operations generally being made at 130 for gold to suit. Old demands were quiet at 126, with no special movement. Government securities continue to advance.

The stock market was rather active and firm, prices generally rising at Saturday's figures. Government securities 1861 rose 1/4, and continued firm. The seventies were firm. New City sixes rose 1/4, the old City sixes were steady at 90 1/2, the coupon sixes at 108.

The following is a statement of the deposits and coinage at the United States Mint for the month of October:
DEPOSITS.
Gold deposits from all sources..... \$366,217 79
Silver, including purchases..... 39,482 61

NOVEMBER 3.—Evening.
The Flour market is dull to-day, there being no disposition to operate for shipment, and prices are generally unchanged, ranging at \$5 25 to \$5 75 for family, and \$5 75 to \$6 25 for fancy brands, according to quality.

THE STOCK MARKET.
The stock market is irregular and unsettled to-day, with more speculative spirit than Saturday. The feeling on the commencement of business was not very bright, and prices improved 1/2 per cent. but at the close the market was quiet. The bond market is comparatively steady at Saturday's quotations.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.
NOVEMBER 3, 1862.
The market opened rather dull this morning, and prices are 25c to 10c below last quoted. The receipts are very large, reaching about 2,500 head, and being at \$2 25 to \$2 50 for four year olds, \$2 00 for fair to good, and \$2 25, gross, for common stock, according to quality.

THE SHEEP MARKET.
The arrivals and sales of Sheep are moderate this week, reaching about 4,000 head. The demand is good and prices are rather better, 1st quality sheep selling at 4 1/2 to 5, and 2d do. 3 1/2 to 4, according to quality. Stock sheep are more plenty, and severally sold at \$2 25 to \$2 50, head, as to quality.

THE HOG MARKET.
The arrivals and sales of Hogs are very large this week, reaching about 7,000 head. The market is active and prices have advanced 25c to 50c, the 100 lbs. net, selling at \$5 25 to \$5 50, and 120 lbs. net, at \$5 50 to \$5 75, according to quality.

THE WHEAT MARKET.
The receipts of all kinds are light for the season, and there is very little alteration to notice in any description. There is less inquiry for New York, and prices are fairly maintained, with sales at \$1 10 to \$1 15 for 60 lbs. City-packed Meek Beef ranges from \$10 to \$12, according to quality. Bacon is in good demand, and prices are 1/2 to 3/4 cent higher, and Hams are scarce and in demand, and sales at 10c to 11c per lb. for extra quality.

THE BUTTER MARKET.
The receipts of cow and small butter, only reaching about 100 head. The demand is rather better, and prices are well maintained, ranging at \$18 to \$20 per head for 100 lbs. net, and \$18 to \$20 for cow and calf. A few old cows are sold at \$15 to \$18 per head.

THE CHEESE MARKET.
There is a good demand for Veal Calves, but the offerings are light, with sales at \$2 00 to \$2 10 per lb. net, as to weight and quality. Hides and skins are selling at \$1 00 to \$1 25 per head, according to quality.

THE SALT MARKET.
The arrivals and sales of Salt are moderate this week, reaching about 4,000 head. The demand is good and prices are rather better, 1st quality sheep selling at 4 1/2 to 5, and 2d do. 3 1/2 to 4, according to quality. Stock sheep are more plenty, and severally sold at \$2 25 to \$2 50, head, as to quality.