From the Philadelphia Press.

Dirge for a Soldier.

Close his eyes; his work is done!
What to him is friend or foeman,
Rise of moon, or set of sun,
Hand of man, or kiss of woman?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

As man may, he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavor;
Let him sleep, in solemn night,
Sleep forever and forever.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

Fold him in his country's stars,
Roll the drum and fire the volley!
What to him are all our wars,
What but death-bemocking folly?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

Leave him to God's watching eye,
Trust him to the hands that made him.
Mortal love weeps idly by:
God alone has power to aid him.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

FEMALE COURAGE.

A striking trait of courage in a lady forms the subject of conversation at present in the French metropolis. Madame Aubry lives in a solitary *chateau*, not far from the town of ——. The family consisted only of M. Aubry, his wife, a child about a year old, and one maid-servant. In the little town, every light is out by ten o'clock, and of course the most perfect solitude reigns at that hour in their house, which lies off the road, and is completely hidden by trees. One night last winter, Madame Aubry was sitting alone, reading. Her husband had left her in the morning to visit a friend some six or eight miles off, and, as he expected to bring home a considerable sum of money, he had taken the unusual precaution of arming himself with a pair of pistols. At about six o'clock, the lady went up to her room to put her child to bed. Her apartment was a large room on the first floor, filled up on one side by an old-fashioned chimney, and on the other by a deep and spacious alcove, near which stood her infant's cradle. The night was a gloomy one, cold and dark, and every now and then a dash of rain beat against the gothic windows. The trees in the garden bowed to the wind, and their branches came sweeping against the casement; in short, it was a night in which the solitude of the mansion was more complete and melancholy than usual. Madam Aubry sat down on a low chair near the fire, which by its sudden flashes, cast an uncertain light over the vast apartment, throwing its antique carvings and mouldings by turns into brighter relief or deeper shade. She had her child on her lap, and had just finished preparing it for the cradle. She cast her eyes toward the alcove, to see if the cradle was ready to receive its little occupant, whose eyes were already closed. Just then, the fire flashed up brightly, and threw a strong light on the alcove, by which the lady distinguished a pair of feet, cased in heavy nailed shoes, peeping out under the curtain in front of the bed. A thousand thoughts passed through her mind in an instant. The person hidden there was a thief, perhaps an assassin—that was clear. She had no protection, no aid at hand. Her husband was not to return till eight, at soonest, and it was now only half-past six. What was to done? She did not utter a single cry, nor even start on her seat. The servant girl probably would not have had such presence of mind. The robber probably meant to remain quiet where he was till midnight, and then She took up a book of devotion and tried to read, but her eyes *would* wander from the page to fix on those hideous shoes. All at once a thought arose that chilled her to the very heart. Suppose her husband should not come! The weather is stormy, and he has relatives in the village he went to. Perhaps they have persuaded him it was unsafe to travel at night with so large a sum of money about him: perhaps they have forced him, with friendly violence, to yield to their urgent invitations to wait till morning. It is striking eight—and nobody comes. The idea we have alluded to, appears to her more and more probable. After two hours of such agony, the unhappy lady, whose courage has been kept up by the hope of final rescue, feels her strength and hope fail her. Soon she hears a noise under the window, and listens doubtfully. This time she is not mistaken. The heavy outer-door creaks on its hinges, and shuts with clamor; a well-known step is heard on the stairs, and a man enters—a tall stout man. It is he, it is he! At that moment, if he had been the worst of all husbands, he would have been perfection in his wife's eyes. He has only taken off his wet cloak and put away his pistols, and delighted at again seeing what he loves most on earth, opens his arms to embrace his wife. She clasps him convulsively, but in a moment, recovering her self-possession, puts her finger on his lips, and points to the two feet peeping out under the curtain.

If Mr Aubry had been wanting in presence of mind, he would not have deserved to be the husband of such a woman. He made a slight gesture to show he understood her, and said aloud, "Excuse me, my dear, I left the money down stairs. I'll be back in two minutes." Within that time he returned, pistol in hand. He examines the pistol carefully, walks to the alcove, stoops, and while the forefinger of his right hand is on the trigger, with the other hand, he seizes one of the feet, and cries in a voice of thunder, "Surrender, or you're a dead man!" He drags by the feet into the middle of the room, a man of most ill-favored aspect, crouching low to avoid the pistol which is held within an inch of his head. He is searched, and a sharp dagger found on him. He confesses that the girl was his accomplice, and had told him M. Aubry would bring a large sum home that night. Nothing remains now, but to give them over to the authorities. Madame Aubry asks her husband to pardon them, but the voice of duty is louder than that of pity. When M. Aubry heard from his wife all she had gone through, he could only say: "Who would have thought you so courageous!" but in spite of her courage, she was attacked that night with a violent nervous fever, and did not get over her heroism for several days.

A TRIBUTE.

What to say, and how to say it. When to speak, and when to be silent. These are questions of sufficient importance to every human being; but of what vital interest are they to clergymen. Called as he is, at every hour of every day, either to rejoice in the new-fledged happiness of his flock, or to soothe their sorrows—feeling his way, as it were, among so many diverse temperaments, and different degrees of mental and moral culture, how necessary to him that discriminating tact, which will save him from collision, and that large, loving, all-embracing heart, which shall irresistibly gather to itself, all that is best and purest in every nature, for heavenly guidance and direction.

How comprehensive is the Spiritual expression, "The Man of Sorrows!" It must needs be he who has had a many-sided personal experience, to be able to look, with charity and healing into the windows of other men's souls. Else we might as well expect the safely housed landsman, amid whispering trees, soft skies, and the waving meadows, to measure the fury of the ocean-tempest, or the despair of the struggling crew, amid engulfing waves. As well might we expect to judge of the rending fury of the wild beasts of the desert, from the young cub, tamed and enervated by the overfeeding and warmth of artificial life, as to expect him, who has never struggled with himself—for the mastery of himself—to comprehend the fearful throes between good and evil in every human soul. Oh, how should the

FROM THE THIRD OHIO.

From a private letter addressed to a gentleman in this city we make the following extracts:

CAMP NEAR MURFREESBORO, TENN.,
January 10th, 1863.

* * * Since the 23d of Dec. Gen. Rosecrans has been putting us through. Our advance commenced skirmishing with the enemy on the 26th, and kept it up until the 31st, when a general engagement ensued. The enemy surprised our right and drove them back more than a mile. Our battalion was at work cutting down the banks of the river for a ford, at the time. We were called up and run into the very hottest fire. Our brigade supported the Chicago board trade battery, and drove the enemy back, and slaughtered an immense number. Our battalion laid flat on the ground nearly all day, shells, solid balls, minie balls, deadly missiles of all kinds imaginable flying around us as thick as hail. You can have no possible idea of a battle until you get into one. We held this position all day of the 31st, and that night we were out all night on picket without blankets or fire, and nothing to eat. We had to keep very quiet, and we nearly froze. On New Year's morning we were moved from the right to the centre, which position we held under a heavy fire all day. We were relieved about 11, P. M., and moved to the rear to get something to eat, and, if possible, a little rest, but in this we failed, for about daylight of the 2d they commenced shelling us in camp. We got out as quick as possible, and moved to the left, where we remained, exchanging shots all day. About 3 P. M. the enemy moved on our left in line of battle, nine columns deep, and as far as you could see each way. They drove our men back about 11 miles, but we got the best of them and drove them back two miles. In looking over the ground, I think we butchered them five to one; for, we played them a lively game with grape and canister. After dark, about 9 P. M., our company was called on for picket duty. We got within one hundred and fifty yards of the enemy, when bang! whiz! zip! came the leaden hail. It seemed to me that ten thousand bullets were whistling around my ears. They came so close that a ball struck my cap and knocked it off. I got down on my hands and knees, and, with my gun strap in my mouth, got back to camp on all fours. I did not stop to hunt my cap. We were relieved about 11, P. M., and sent back to build a bridge, which we finished yesterday. Gen Rosecrans says the Pioneer Brigade saved the day twice. He complimented us very highly. Our medical director estimates the wounded on our side at 5,500; the killed at 1,000; and, I suppose, about 1,000 prisoners. The Rebs' loss must have been much greater, for we had ten pieces of artillery to their one, and all did good execution. Olstot and Myers came out all right; also Lawson, Wing, Swazey, and Ramsey. Patterson fell, on Saturday night, and ruptured himself—I don't know how bad he is, for I have not seen him since. H. K. Bennett, of Columbus, was killed; also George McElvaine—the only ones, I believe, from Columbus. The 3d is badly cut up; one more battle would about finish it.

JANUARY 11, 1863.

* * * The Company only reports 18 men now. Company C and F report only 12 each. The Regiment is badly cut up. The country is deserted for miles around this place. I was in town yesterday; it is nothing but one vast hospital, containing as many Rebs as Union men. Bragg's splendid army is perfectly demoralized. They are scattered everywhere. Our cavalry bring in squads of them every day. It is untrue about their being so miserably clad, for I have seen a good many of them, and they are all well-clothed, and have plenty to eat.

The typhoid fever has broken out among our wounded, and in most cases has proven fatal.

G. O. McD.

Future Drafting Unnecessary.

The operation for a draft for soldiers is necessarily harsh and productive of suffering. Almost any other recourse would be preferable to a general conscription. Fortunately, we need not again re-