

VOL. 32.

## "OUR COUNTRY-MAY IT ALWAYS DE RIGHT-DUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY."

# CARLISLE, PA. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1845.

THE AMERICAN VOLUNTEER, Is published every Thursday, at Carlisle, Pa., by BRATTON & BOYER, upon the following conditions, which will be rigidly adhered to:

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. 

RATES OF ADVERTISING. One square, one insertion, One square, two insertions, One square, three insertions • . • A liberal discount will be made to those who advertise by the year, or for three or fix months.

OFFICE.-The office of the Interior Folunteer is in the sec-net story of James II. Graham's new stone building, in South lanover street, a few floars from Burcholder's luted, and deona story of James II. Graham's new stone building, in South Hanover street, a few gloars from Burkholder's hotol, and ds-retly opposite the Post-office, where these having buildes will please call.

## Poetical.

As appropriate to the season, we quote the following exqu site peen, by the fate Willis Gaylord Clark, a poet who has never been surpassed in this country, for sweetness, harmon

and pathos.	1					
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BY THE LATE WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

Solemi, yet benutiful to view, Month of my heart! Thou dawnest here With sad and hadel heaves to strew The summer's melancholy bier. The moning of thy winds I hear, As the red sumset oles aftir, And bars of jourple clouds appear, Obseuring every western star.

Then solemn month! I heat thy voice-t tells my soul of otherdays, When but to live was to replore – When but to live was to replore – When carth was horely to my Taze? Where an there living rapt are soon Task my split a carticle powers-I ask my pale and faver d brow I

I use my nate and teter a new i I host to nature and headbald My life's dim embernis gestling round, In hars of crimeon and of goli-The year's dead honors on the ground-The year's dead honors on the ground-And sighting with the winds. I feet, While their low pinions nurmar by, New much their sweeping tones reveal Of life and human cestiny.

When Spring's delightful moments show, They crune in zephyrs from the west, They bore the wood lark's melting fone, They stirred the blue lake's glassy breast; Through summer, futuring in the locat, They lingered in the intest shade; But changed and streactheand now, they blat In storm, 6'er mountain glen and glade.

In storm, Octa transports of the hereast, When like these transports of the hereast, When like is freesh and joy is new, Son as the help(yp) 4 down y next, And transient all as they are trace. They stir the leaves in that bright month Which hope about her forehead twines. This Greef's hot sights around it hreathea-Then Pleasure's high its smiller resigns.

The dramatic and the superscenario of segme Alas for Time, and Dental, and Caro, What gloom about our way they flingt Like cloud's in Antumn s gusty are, The burial pageant of the spring. The dramat flatt each successive gear Seemed bathed in hars of mighter parks, At last like withered learces uppear. And sleeps in darkness side by side.

MEMORY.

MEMORY -When backward, through departed years On memory's wing we strat. How off we find hat founts of tears Along the wasted wav! The heart wit's using seek the light That result with year he force. And sady term to mourn the blight Of all it loved of yors?

Or an it lotter of yore? We watch for fosterper that have come 'To breather the twilight yow, We listen for the silver tone Of yoince allent now; We gaze on old familiar things, "And marvel that they hear". Allot marvel that they hear . No gladness to car spirit's wings Like that of old was there? Even thus, when through departed years, On memory's wing we stray, We find, atas! bat founts of icars Along the wasted way.

Misceltancoùs.

to break silence to break silence. "You don't like me," continued he abruptly.— "Accustomed to the smoothness of flattery, truth ap-pears, in comparison, rudo and offensive." "Nay, sir, I do not dislike you; and I do like unty accusted break badda.

"Nay, sir, I do not dislike you; and I do like truth," replied Emily, boldly. "Pilen tell me what you think of old Efint." Emily blushed deeply as she summoned up cour-age to reply; "I think him, sir, a very sincore gen-theman with very, odd notions." "Very good!" "And I think he is rather unreasonable in requi-ring other people to conform to his peculiar ideas of what is right."

When Frank Flint called upon him, he welformed him heartily; but when, in the course of conversation, the Angio-Indian expressed his opinion that he you have done use the hour to pay un," said Mr, if "must he put to it" to rupport so numerous a family, and thought that, before entering into matrimonial engrgements, it was prodent for a man to calculate this means of maintaining the "heirs of his loins," Mr. Stephen Flint replied shortly:
"I did calculate unclei, and as a proof that I was prodent for a man to calculate this means of maintaining the "heirs of his loins," Mr. Stephen Flint replied shortly:
"I did calculate unclei, and as a proof that I was prodent for a man to calculate the last game, sir? If you have time, I shell the happy to give you an opportunity of having your rearche.
"I'n you'r maself and family decently. I'n you'r man," said Flint, folding up his gloves, and throwing them into his hat.
"I'n you'r maself and family decently. I'n you'r man," said Flint, folding up his gloves, and have given them all a good, plain education, that will enable them to provide for themselves, as their, father has done bofore them. I owe no man a peny, and I ask no patronage from the rich; and, so long as I possess the blessing of health, they will never want. I'm yet in the primoef life, and hoop in the ourse of nature to see them all respectably settled."
"I'l dime with you tomorrow," said Flint.
"I'l dime with you tomorrow," said Flint.
"You ware a relation, I shall be glad to receive you-flint.
"Make it two, end I'm your man," said Flint.
"I'm glad of it," replied Flint.
"Make it two, end I'm your man," said Flint.
"I'm dike it two, end I'm your man," said Flint.
"I'm dike it two, end I'm your man," said Flint.
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"I'm dike it two, end I'm your man," said Flint.
"I'm dike it two, end I'm your man," said Flint.
"I

ine at one o'clock." "Make it two, and I'm your man," said Flint. "If you were my master, I would not," replied tephen, "t'would derange the economy of my house-

Stephon, hold. Desides, report says you're a wealthy than, and a compliance with your wishes would appear like flattery, and I never flatter anybody, and I'm no where the same set of the same set of

Stephen Flint, however, did unconsciously like his nele, and was much gratified by the amusement and

A DOWNFALL, "My dear," said Mr. Foresight to his wife, "

patience, is a ruined man. I passed his house this morning, and there was actually a carpet at the door,

legacy hunter.

"What of that?" said old Flint. "Throw my sis-"Uncle," said Ensity, buysting into teers, "I pity you, and I love you better than over I did; and, if yound, if love you better than over I did; and, if service to you, you shall have it?" and as she spoke, she pressed his hard right hand in hers will be off forver and sincerity-ythat it isseemed to hurt the old man, for the tears started in his eyes. "Don't play the fool, girl," said he, kissing her forchead, and, lowering his gray and shaggy brows, abruptly quitted the house. "THE MINISTER."

[A Homely Ballad,-altered from the "Old English Farmer."] lere's a health to the Farmer who tilleth the land, the heat and the wises on or earth, he his land, may roam the wile world, but there's hought to b tean rival the American Farmer, I ween. Derry down, down, Derry down, down.

THE AMERICAN FARMER.

What life is so sweet? he's up with the sun-Ito henra the day's music so suverity began By robin, and swallow, and lark and cucked, And sees the green lawn beeprinkled with dew. Derry down, &c.

While sluggards in cities, 'nil tumult and strife, Jose all the best part of this quick fading life, He breathes the free air at morning's first ray, And lives twice as long as they do, each day. Derry down, &c. He rules every station from castle to cot, By the high and the lowly he's never forget. The poor and the rich man together agree That without him their fives mest wrotched would be.

Derry down, &cc round yon—what treasures his riches unfold, naries filled with those sheaves of bright gold, This grantistics inten with those sheats of bright going. His pens and his pastures all breathing with life. And his home far away from all passion and strift. Derry down, &c

Then a health to the farmer who lives on the land, Made the best and the wisest on earth, by his hand, You may roun the wide world, but there a nought to b That can rival the American Farmer, I wron. Down derry, down, Down derry, down.

• A contrast of the south o your necesse in your hast situation?"
"Two hundred and filly pounds."
"Itamph': this will do, then, as far as the money is fore in the duttes?"
"Any foll can perform them," replied Flint; "and -until:r=of-that F-effillit's ear a good many nicesish kinds of horses of the grant the duttes?"
"Any foll can perform them," replied Flint; "and -until:r=of-that F-effillit's ear a good many nicesish kinds of horses of the grant was a good many nicesish kinds of horses of the grant was a good many nicesish kinds of horses of the grant was a good many nicesish kinds of horses of the grant was a good many nicesish kinds of horses of the grant was a good many nicesish kinds of horses of the grant was a good many nicesish kinds of horses of the grant was a good many nicesish kinds of horses of the grant was freend was a good many nicesish kinds of horses of the grant was the fore the grant was a good many nicesish kinds of horses of the grant was the fore the grant was a good many nicesish kinds of horses of the grant was the money is horder that none and seven of the seven the was the none?" "The nare what?" says he "the grant was the only occasion, throughit hore duties of the grant was.
" My nephery, my lend. Sorry to hord four four four four four the outh horder is anything out of the way with my hosy, is the duties of money." And there, my lend, is the letter of introduction the grant of induction the grant of induction the grant of its the way with my hosy.
" Any new situation of the duties of the second was a good was a guanty need there of its of its continue. As it was, he grant was the only occasion, the outh has the second the sound of the second was the only occasion. As it was, he many nows the family of stephen by the hand, ing with a was the sound the mark of the sound was a grant of the sound was the sound the sound was the sound the mark of the sound was the sound the mark of the sound was the sound the mark of the sound the mark of the sound t

The Tragedy of Arnold. The following facts relative to the treasonable acts of Benedict Arnold, and the providential frustration of his nefarious designs, we copy from a speech, delivered by Rosentr DALE OWEN, at New Harmony, Indiana, Feb. 22, 1810 :----

NO. 20.

The public events connected with Benedict Ar-

placed the fatal despatch in his hands, and then giv-ing way to an ungovernable burst of feeling-fell on his friend's neel, and sobled alond. The offect pro-

"No where," answered the boy doggediy. "No where?" echocol the master, assiming a very wise, look, and casting his eyes around the room to see if the boys noted him, his custom always when about to utter any impressive remarks. "That, no where must be a great place, for a good many boys go there; I find. But how came you to go there, "Becense," replied the little delingment. "I had no

"Because," replied the little delinquent, "I had no "Because, replace the there." A loud laugh from the whole school followed, in which the master heartily joined.

THE CRUSTY OLD UNCLE.

BY ALTRED CROWQUILL. head, he said,

- INTRODUCTION "Emily, my love," said Mrs. Foresight, "it is es "Binily, my love," caid Mrs. Foresight, "it is es-sentially, necessary to our interests that you should be very circumspect in the presence of my uncle, the pleasure of whose company to dinner we expect to-day. We have nained six O'clock, and, depend on it, i.e. will be here punctually to a minute; therefore, I beg you will be ready to receive him. Put on your plain muslin, and wear no ornaments; and dress your hair in ringlets, instead of *a laveine*—for he is so par-ticular." e ridiculous?

put out of order to gratily this humorist." "Hush, my dear." said Mrs. Foresight; "remem-bor 'walls have ears, -and be satisfied, we have an object in our submission. You have no reason to fear any remarks from any of the party; for I have only invited Mr. and Mrs. Dumps and their daugh-ters, and our cousin Shooks—a set that we must be bared did some and the set of the set ters, and our cousin Snooks—a set that we must be bored with now and then, you know; and they are a about him. At present there's too much of the na-bob peeping out now and then to please me exactly. We'll see." good sort of people in their way, although we cannot sk them to meet our numerous distingue acquain

tances." "Very well, mamma, as you please," replied Emi-ly, not at all convinced by the political arguments of information he enjoyed in his society.

hy not at all contained a respectable house on the fashionable parent. The Foresights tenanted a respectable house on the borders of the aristografic part of the town, and have some very disagreeable tidings to impart. The rich uncle who has put us to so much inconvenience, and whose favor we have cultivated at such a cost of succeeded so well in gushing themselves into good society, that they were really considered "somebody." "The Court Guide," "The Book of Etiquette," and "Gresterfield"s Letters to his Son," were the chief study of the parents; and, although all letters were generally addressed to Frederick Foresight, with a catalogue include watched to it! I was so shocked that I could not enter the place; I, however, to make sure, sent Smithers (cautioning him to be very cir-cumspect and quict in his inquiries) to gloan what information he could. And what do you think the Lequire, some people were constriute another of the second information he could. And what the foolish, headstrong old man has been doing 7---integt-ing all his hard-narned money in a bubble mining company, and he is rained--ruined past rodomption. There is no such mine as the West Waggabon Tin and Copper Company, and the Board of Directors are nobodies!" \* Mrs. Foresight held up her delicate hands and weet: Emily retired to her own room to shed her

that he sattlifted many real conforts to the vapid folly of "keeping up appearances." Be this is it "may, they were very agreeable peo-ple, and initiated admirably; and certain it is that Mirs. Foresight's uncle was a rich man, lately return-ed, front the East Indies, and they, were both very zealous to turn him to account; and make "much of him." Unfortunately, they had to struggle with any difficulties; for Frank Flank are accuss, tet-by, straight-forward, plain-speaking; old bachelor, "the haded all fashionable "fal-lats and nonsonse," spoke so bluntly on every occasion, and holsonse, spoke so bluntly on every occasion, and had so ny peculiar notions and ways of his own, that he considered by his modish nephew and niece te unrepresentable to the cream of their circle."

### A DIALOGUE.

Do you spend nucli time in thumming and squal-of <sup>19</sup> said ôld Flint; laying his hand upon a hand-mo upright plano, which stood "showing its teeth," adjumporting a music book, opened at an Italian which was quite the "rage." "Arr" said Emily, coloring to the very eyes; and "Marr" said Emily, coloring to the very eyes; and "Marr" said Emily, coloring to the very eyes; and

vant, could, utter a syllable, the unwelcome visitor fact hung his hat on the usual peg in the "hall," or passage, as he always persisted in calling it. "Not at home!" he replied. id sing a little" sive and useless, remarked Flint, "a trap I play and sit Ach beaux-get married, and then forgotten, who to sing or play, and its always, 'Really on since I touched the instrument.'-Pah!" sit to

iled. make a pudding, cook and carve a fowl ings, scrub a floor, or sow a button on -darn'

in husbany's wristband?" I date say I could, sir, If I were to try, and there "I dare say I could, sir, if I were to try, and there re a necessity, for it," replied Emily. "Learn," shortly added Flint, "useful first, ornal and give mo a chair".

Old Flint seemed for once to have met with his matried man, would have been conter-

match. It is best at a moment, muttered a few unintelligible words, and finally, elapping his broad-brimmed white hat, turned up with green, upon his "Indeed, sir; in what respect?" "You made yourself too agreeable to a young lady of my acqueintance, for whom I entertain the highest esteem." The blood mantled on Mr. Selwyn's pale brow a "I'll be with you nephew, punctually," and took

ne most manner on off. Schwyn's pale brow as he falteringly demanded the lady's name. "Nonsense!" said Flint. "You know who I mean, well enough-(give me a light)-Emily-Emily Foresight-" his leave without further coreinony. "Jane," remarked Stephen to his spouse, "I real-ly think the old boy wishes to turn the house out of the windows—but he shan't. This house is my cas-

"No Sh. "I'm glad of it," replied Flint. "Wherefore, sir?" "I should have entertained a very bad opinion of

something in your conduct, which, if you had been

Einity Foresight—" "I hope, sir, you have never observed anything in my conduct that could be misconstruct." "Not at all, Parson," said Flint, pitching the che-root into the fire, for it would not 'draw,' and suple, old girl, and no man, rich or poor, shall rule the oast here. Remember, Pill have no display—beef, judding, and ale. Pil not stoop to the whims of any nan. What! because he happens to be rich, shall I The "old boy," however, did come, and made him-

root into the fire, for it would not 'draw,' and sup-plying himself, with another. "I'll tell you what; I've seen a little of the world, and know a hawk from a hand-saw as well as any man, and I'm as positive you've a sucaking kindness after that girl, as she thinks about you; and that's not a little." "I hope, sir, you will exonerate me from any at-tempt to win the affections of the daughter of a gen-fleman who does me the honor to invite me in confelf so very agreeable, and related so many anecdotes of clephant and tiger hunts, and other Indian sports and pastimes, making the time steal away so rapidly, that it was rather a late hour before he lighted his "What a nice gentleman he is!-how amusing!" tleman who does me the honor to invite me in confi-

observed Jane. "That's just like you women," replied Stephen: "I thous 'I fiddle-de-dee!—a gontleman! A gen-"it takes time to know a man. The old fox is, after all perhaps, only playing a game. But he shan't govern me or hine. This time two years, if the ac-guaintance should last so long. I'll tell you more the shart of the shart of the shart of the shart of the should be shart of the shart of th

Surviving Naval Herobs. War was declared in June, 1812: Peace was sign-ed at Ghent, December 24, 74814, and proclained by the President, February 19, 1815. There were fifteen naval actions between British and American vessels of war. In cloven battles, fought by single ships, the Americans conquered; in four only the British triumphed; two of which were by single ships, viz: Chesapeake, of 47 guns, taken by the Shannon, 52: and the Argus, 16 guns, taken "You can't, so don't make a merit of it." "You can't, so don't make a merit of it." quite so selfish as to sacrifice her prospects to my passion, even had I the hope of accomplishing such

"Nonsense !" said Tlint. " I'll tell you what it is, "Nonsense !" said Tlint." "I'll tell you what it is, "Nonsense !" said Tlint." "I'll tell you what it is, "Nonsense !" said Tlint." "I'll tell you what it is, "two to one and four to one against us. During the kceping up appearances to be able to give the girl a portion. Men with money won't jump at a bait now.a.days, unless it be double.gilt; if she were my daughter, I would give her to you, and thank you into the bargain !" The whole number captured by the Americans were 31.—The British took from us and destroyed at

vho achieved victories are Jacob Jones, who took the Frolie in 1811.

ugh's victory.

"I am much obliged to you, sir, for your favorable

in soon." A disinterested friend.

wept; Emily retired to her own room to shed her tears unseen; for, strange to say, there had lately "Oh! you are 'at home,' I see,", said old Flint, en-ring the parlour of his-nepbey Stophen. "I foar no duns, uncle, and I never deny myself,"

tears unseen; for, strange to say, there had lately-arisen a mutual understanding and esteem between hor and old Flint, which had actually ripened into a confidential friendship, and her grief, at his downfall was caused by feelings very distinct from those of her worldly parents. Mr. and Mrs. Foresight, thought the most prudent step they could take, under the afflicting eitcumstances, was to dony themselves; and not be at, Jonne whonever, the old gentlemselves; and not be at, how whonever, the old gentlemselves; that they had not the means of 'offering him any ne-tina they had not the means of 'offering him any netering due no duns, uncle, and A novel with the line of the state of t tunes, that they could not hear to see him, knowing that they had not the means of offering him any pe-cuniary nid—at least this way their excuse. In a few days the old man did call, "Not at home?" said he, surprised, for he had in-variably found them at that hour; and before the ser-

"What do you mean to do now?" "Live upon my means, to be sure. I don't come to beg. I've enough to live on. What do you think of me for a lodger?" "On what terms?"

"Sixty pounds a year; feed with the family, play-ill the children, and make myself at hone." "Ill give you an answer tomorrow," said Stephen The following day Frank Flint became a member

"Humph!-- and pray is Emily at home?" said he "Miss Emily, sir?", said the man, who had not that not one of the parties concerned regretable arrangement. "Thought you invariably dined at one?" Stephen Cassin; of the Ticonderoga, in Macdo

theat. A sarey, independent, went net ser, we as pretty, well as they like with me; and all staunch.
Unirch and State men."
Well, old Brown's leg was a gununy round thing yet.
Well, old Brown's leg was a gununy round thing yet.
Well, old Brown's leg was a gununy round thing yet.
Well, old Brown's leg was a gununy round thing yet.
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Well, old Brown's leg was a gununy round thing yet.
Well, old Brown's leg was a gununy round thing yet.
Well, old Brown's leg was a gununy round thing yet.
Well, old Plug's. "There," says 1, "Therean is to say that them bone stickin" outlike a froe's elbow a source of the say that them bone spavins." "O dear," says 1
The fact yas, old Flint's 'break up' was a mere fare. It is true, he had sold up his town residence, with the intention of retiring to his large estates in the country, when the fidea of trying his friends entered his head, and he' carried the jeke out, as we the clap what owns this hoss, I'll help you trade with him. We can put him through and make a good thing out of a bad one." "Well," says he, "you start after him." Of I goes to the tavern, for other all crishished in a house more in accordance with the tradifiered circumstances, he departed to look after his trantry, and ciclebrato the return of his.
I herdship's son.
A few weeks afterwards a living in his gift became. 

"Yes," says he. I winked to old Jim to close up. "Well," says old Jim, "I shall trade." We shifted party quick, I guess; and I never felt safe till I saw his halter on Old Brown. "Just as he sufe till I saw his halter on Old Brown. "Just as he was goin' off, he turned, round, and says to me, "When 'you 'put that colt, in your wagon, set zell back for hall kick it all to picces ?" and oh, how he laughed. Two hearn folks laugh, and I'vo hearn them ory, but I nover lear any-thing before or since that come over me as that did. I felt as if 1'd lived on raw barberries for a work, and exercised myself wheting saws. Old Jim 'laughed' as though he'd 'split' " Where's that Y?" says he, and then he'd back. I hird's heard out the colt in the

apple . I hired a hoss-cart and put the cell in ; he got to kickin', and there! he kicked it all to pieces in no time, his hind legs wont like a null race; them ore gambols war't made for nothin', I'l tell, you he kicked the cart all to flitters, and I had to pig

Well, I thought I'd make the best of a bad job so Well, I thought I'd make the best of a bad job, so I bought an old cripple for ten dollars to draw my wagon; and tied the cold behind; and corse him he wouldn't, go there, but Went to pulling hack and here on y new wagon. Well, thinks I, I'll put up and try again in the morning; but I hadn't seen the worst yet, for they wouldn't put him up no how; they said he was glandered; and so he was; the chap had blowed powdered alum; up his noise so it dian't show, and I was so carnest to pick up a flat I hadn't looked to see any thing. And that was the end of my "finery frade." I gave the colt'away after two days, for he wouldn't a fichled me a pint of cider. It was a good, *cal* for to not be end though for my school master, used to

Bainbridge, who took the Poccock; February, 1813; Burrows, who took the Borer, Sopt., 1813; Blakoly, who took the Reindeer, June, 1814; also the Aron, Sept., 1814.
 Com, Porry, of the Lawrence; Almy, of the So-mers; Conklin of the Tigress; Senatt, af the Porcu-pine, of Som. Perry's squadron.
 Macdonaugh, of the Stratoga; and Henley, of the Eagle, of Com. Macdonough's squadron, that cap-tured the four British vesses on lake Champlain, Sept. 11. 1814.

a fulched me a pint of cider. It was a good deal for inc in the end though, for my school master, used to say, that hour's work bred me circumspection. And from that day to this, T've never took a sudden sline Philadelphia. The surviving naval commanders in the last war

Luwis Warrington, who took the Front and Cyane; Charles Stewart, who took the Lovant, and Cyane; with the Constitution, in 1815. Josse D. Elliott, who commanded the Ningara in Perry's victory? D. Turner, who commanded the Scorpion.

Eaby Talk. Where is the baby? Bess it's heart, Got sweety chicky boney?. Step, wipe its handay pandays, now 1 hs neg-so, that's a honey? Now, just one kiss-there run along,-Well, really now, I do think 

"Game to the last." The Bay State Review relates the following un. A friend being at the house of a neighbor'a

short time since, the crowd concluded to amuse them selves by telling "yarns." After several pretty tough one's had been told, Joe H----, was called upon; when with great gravity he gave the following: and about the house, and the boys had, by foolin with him, learnt him to "butt" as hard as a mule could him, learnt him to "butt" as hard as a mule could kick-and "butt" he would at every thing that eams in his way, tuntil it seemed as if he would "buttin" overy thing off the lot. So uncle Josh concluded to see if he could not give "him his fill of butting. Out he goes and takes a big hickory maul, and liangs it pretty well up in an oak tree, letting it hang just low enough for Mr. Buck to take fair erack at it. He knew that he would make at any thing pushed towards him, taking such move always as a banter. Uncle Josh waited patiently until the buck camo round, when he gives the signal, and here he comes with such a "yim," that it would have knocked down a bull. Away flew the maul and back bounded the buck. "Go it my old fellow," sings out uncle Josh;

buck: "Go it my old fellow," sings out uncle Josh; "if you can whip that may your head's a hard un." "Scong the-motion for the may is at connuenced its roturning swing; the buck met it again dion; the 

but here in the stand and the stand and the stand stand in your head if you stand another lick, certain.". But here comes butt and maul again, with nearly the same result as before, except that the blow did not seem quite so heavy on the part of buck. "At shine, again my hard head," sings out under Josh "the diake your fill of butting," and at him again the lit-the follow mat and they many the fill under Leck "take your fill of billing," and of him again the lit-tio fellow, went, and kept repeating until uncle Josh, hogan to think Satan was in the head of the sheep, sure enough: "But back went mail, and billt went buck, and to the stonishment of uncle Josh, the back showed no signs of quiting, still. "Well," says he; "if you choose to but your own brains out, why go inhead.", "Whack! whatch' went head and, mail. By this time it was nearly night and no sign of quit-ing; and uncle Josh left. Next morning he got up early and looking out, saw the mail "nd the bucks" tail hopping at it, being all that was left of the but-ting, "Buck."

ting, "Buck." Brauriput. Figure. Life is beautifully, compared to a fountain fed by a thousand streams that pe if one be dried. It is a silver cord twisted wit thousand strings that part asunder if one be broken." Frail and thoughtless mortals are surrounded by in-