TERMS.

tor each additional insertion. Those of a great-JOS-PAINTING—Such as Hand-bills, Posting-bills, Pamphlets, Blanks, Labels, &c., &c., exceuted with accuracy and at the shortest notice.

#### Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the Legislature of Pennsylvania, at its next meeting, for the incorporation of a Bank of Issue, with discount and deposit privileges, to be located in the Borough of Carlisle, Cumberland county, Pa., to be called "The Bank of Carlisle," with a capital of one hundred thousand dollars, with the right to increase the same to three hundre, thousand to increase the same to three hundred thousand John B. Parker,

dollars. (Signed.) William Ker, Chomas Paxton, Benjamin Givler, jr. Richard Woods, Villiam Bentz, A. B. Sharpe, John C. Dunlap, Robert Givin, James Hoffer, H. A. Sturgeon, Samuel Greason, Jacob H. Neisley, June 80, 1859—6m

John Noble, Enoch Young, Christian Stayman, John S. Sterrett, Wm. N. Russell, Joseph D. Halbert, John Dunlap, Robert Moore, Robert Wilson. Geo. W. Sheafer, Benjamin Neisley.

#### Notice.

OTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the next Legislature of Pennyivania, to alter the charter of the Carlisle De posit Bunk, located in the Borough of Carlisle, Cumberland county, so as to confer upon said Bank the rights and privileges of a bank of is-sue, and to change its name to the Carlisle Bank; also to increase the capital of said bank which is at present seventy-two thousand dol-ars, with privilege of increasing the same under its present charter to one hundred thousand dollars,) two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

W. M. BEETEM, Cashier. June 80, 1859-6m

#### Hat and Cap Store.

T KELLER'S old stand, North Hanover Street, nearly opposite the Hardware store of J. P. Lyne & Son.

A full assortment fust received, to which constant additions will be made of city as well as home manufacture. The stock now comprises

Moleskin, Cassimere, Beaver and Felt

HATS, of all styles and colors, from the cheapest to the best quality Straw Hats, a large variety of all prices and styles, together with a neat assortment of children's Fur and Straw Hats. : Also, Men's, Boys' and Children's CAPS, embracing every kind now worn, both plain and dress Caps, to which the attention of he public is respectfully invited. Don't forget Keller's Old Stuhd. Carlisle, May, 1859—1y

### Bargains! Bargains! SAVE YOUR MONEY

calling at the store next to Kline's Hotel, North Hanover Street, Carlisle, where you can buy Goods at a saving of 25 per cent., as the subscriber is determined to sell his large and vell selected stock of Domestic and Foreign

# Dry Goods,

without reserve, at cost or city prices. Bleached and unbleached muslius at city prices. Pillow case muslins and Sheetings Apron and Furniture checks Tackings and Penit, Stripes Cotton, linen and woolen table cloths Fancy and black Lawns Lavella cloth and Debeges Bareges and Pongee mixture Plain and figured mouslin-de-lains Challies and Barege de lains Silk Poptins and Alpacas Parasolls and Umbrellas Stella, printed and plain Shawls Fine embroidered collars keleton and other Skirts Swiss Muslin, Cambric and Jaconet Linen Cambric Handkerchiefs Black and col'd Cloth assinteres and Merino Cassimeres Kentucky Jeans and Cassinets Plain and striped cotton pant stuff Plain and twilled Linen

Hosiery and Gloves runks and Carpet Bags Country merchants will do well by calling, as hey will save expenses, and any one wishing to commence business will secure himself by buy-Ing the entire stock—one of the best stands in town. So every one can make money by call-fing on S. L. LEVI. June 23, 1859.

Foreign and Domestic Liquors. YNCH & CO.. successors to Lynch & Wea-land, respectfully announce to the public, that they continue to keep constantly on hand, ind for sale, a large and very superior assort

Foreign and Domestic Liquors, It the old stand South Hanover street, three ors south of Inhoff's Grocery store, and diectly opposite the Volunteer printing office. BRANDIES.

All of choice Brands. WINES.

Thite and col'd Flannels

Sherry, Port, Maderia, Lisbon, Claret, Native. Hock, Johannisberg and Bo-

CHAMPAGNE. Heidsick & Co., Geislor & Co., and

imperial.

GINS.

Bohlen, Lion, and Anchor. WHISKEY,

Superior Old Monongahela, Choice Old Family Nectar, Wheat, Scotch, SCOTCH ALE, Muir & Son's Sparkling

BRAND, for sale low.

Dealers and others desiring a PURE ARTI
DEE. will find it as represented, as their whole the contrary, I could not entirely resist the DLE, will find it as represented, as their whole stention will be given to a proper and careful election of their STOCK, which cannot be surbassed, and hopes to have the patronage of the

LYNCH & CO.

April 21, 1859-6m BARGAINS!

Just received and for sale at reduced prices, a large lot of Silk dusters, Shantilla and French Lace Mantillas, Napoleon Bareges, Lawns in the face, and with a terrible how he darted off into the forest variety of style chart Politics (Minitals, Napoleon Bareges, Lawns in the repair washes, did not even stir, so him Drive him on that, hosses!" great variety of style, cheap; Delaines, Chintzes, sound was his repose.

Brilliants. Embroideries at less than city prices, "After that I did not feel much inclined to Lace mitts, Sun Umbrellas, Douglass & Sher-wood's unequalled Skirts for Ladies, Misses and Children's wear, Hoslery of every descrip-

Please call at Leidich & Sawyer's new store,

MANTILLAS. Those in want of a Mantilla will find the largest, and cheapest assort-

ment at the cheap store of June 28, J. A. HUMERICH, Jr. mort notice.

# American Molunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

"OUR COUNTRY-MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT-BUT RIGHT OF WRONG, OUR COUNTRY."

AT \$2,00 PER ANNUM.

VOL. 46.

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1859.

NO. 25.

## A SUNG OF LIFE.

Poetical.

A traveller through a dusty road Strewed acorns on the lea; And one took root and sprouted up, And grew into a tree.

Love sought its shade at evening time,

To breathe its early vows;
And age was pleased in heat of noon,
To bask beneath its boughs; The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore; It stood a glory at its place-

A blessing evermore! A little spring had lost its way Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well
Where weary man might,furn;

He wall'd it in, and hung with care A ladle at the brink,—
He thought not of the deed he did, But thought that all might drink; He passed again—and lo! the well,

By summers never dried, Had cooled ten thousand parched tongues, And saved a life beside

A dreamer dropped a random thought, 'Twas old, and yet 'twas new-

A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true;
It shone upon a genial mind,
And lo! the light became
A lamp of light—a beacon ray— A monitory flame;
The thought was small, its issue great— A watch-fire on the hill— It shed its radiance far adown,

And cheers the valley still. A nameless man, amid the crowd That thronged the daily mart, Let fall a word of Hope and Love, Unstudied from the heart;

A whisper on the tumult thrown— A transitory breath— It raised a brother from the earth, It saved a soul from death. O germ! O fount! O work of love! O thought at random cast! Ye were but little at the first,

But mighty at the last.

# Migrellaneous.

# "WALKING THE PLANK."

The history of the West is one long record of loody and atrocious deeds. Not the least in he dark and interminable catalogue is the little event we are now about to lay before our kind readers. We heard the story from the lips of one who professed—and we had no reason to loubt his word-to have played a prominent part in the thrilling occurrence, and we give it to the reader just as we heard it.

nothing more, we started upon our perilous journey; for that it was perilous we were fully ware, and every reader will admit.

and many dangers, we found ourself in the wildest kind of a region, many miles distant from it. passed through enough to have discouraged could see no way of finding out what had bemost of men, but we were young and full of come of him. blood, and not easily put out or frightened.— "After a w This was particularly the case with my companion, whose name was Andrew Huff.

"Both of us were perfectly healthy, as strong as iron, and considerably experienced in the use of such articles as rifles, pistols, and bowie knives. In all these respects we could hold our own with the best; had it been otherwise, we uld never have lived to reach the point at

which we finally arrived. part of July, after a hard day's tramp, we halted for the night. A darker, deeper, lonelier despair, and let the old hag go.

without uttering a single word, and almost without moving. I was thinking of home and absent friends, and it is only reasonable to sup-

pose that Huff was similarly occupied. "After the lapse of some time, our fire burnt low, and I arose to replenish it. The bark of a wolf startled mo, and I involuntarily addressed

"Huff did not answer me, however, but, without noticing the circumstance I threw a had barely time to greet each other, and say quantity of faggots on the fire and addressed

"Take a few hours rest, Andy, and I'll keep watch," said I," and after that you can do the same by me.'

"Still I got no answer, and then I began to notice my companion's unusual taciturnity.
"Anything the matter, Andy? said I, re

No answer again. "That's a little strange," I muttered, moring over toward my companion.

Huff was sitting facing the fire, with his head bent upon his knees I shook him without arousing him. Finally, I raised his head, and at once became conscious that he was soundly,

deeply askep.

Laughing off the fears which had for a few moments oppressed me, I left Huff to enjoy his nap, and settled myself down as comfortably as Edinburgh, Allsopp's East India Pale Ale, moments oppressed me, I left Hu Tennet's Brown Stout. Also, a large lot of Monongahela Rectified Whiskey, PARKER'S the circumstances would permit.

"I was dreadful drowsy, and despite our pe overpowering influence of sleep. Occasionally I started up suddenly, and found that I had been dozing. The last time I was aroused, I was awoke by the bark of a wolf. Jumping to my feet, I beheld the fierce animal not a dozen paces distant, his ravenous eyes glaring upon me from the darkness. Seizing up a brand, I flung it at the rapacious monster with all my

sound was his repose.

"After that I did not feel much inclined to sleep, though nothing more was to be seen or heard. I examined my rifle and pistols, piled him with their rifles, but he refused to stir.

"Carry the man!" shouted the leader madly. more faggots on the fire, and kept on the move, my eyes and cars open for any more nocturnal

he sound of a man's voice:—
"Hello, fe'lers, how d'yer do!" were the words which fell upon my ears, and aroused me the bare recollection of it.

more brawny, flerce looking desperadoes. It dy whirled down into the seething depths bewas a complete surprise, and on spur of the low. Despite the gag in his mouth, the pool full of em!" Job Work done at this office an more brawny, flerce looking desperadoes. It dy whirled down into the seething depths be-

moment, I yelled aloud:-"Andy, Andy, wake up!"
"Yes, wake up, Andy!" echoed the outlaws oudly and derisively. " Aroused at last, my comrade sprang to his

feet, and the next moment was standing by my ··· Instantly a dozen or more rifles were leveled at us with deadly aim.

"Yer ain't goin' to show fight, ar ye!" de-manded one of the outlaws, a brutal looking wreich, and the leader of the band, as it afterwards appeared.

give you all the trouble we can."

"Yer won't now, will yer?" rejoined the desperado, tauntingly. "Guess ye'll have yer hands full ef yer try that sort uv a game." "Well, what do you want here, anyhow?"
I demanded, boldly, fully satisfied in my own mind that if we got out of our present scrape we had to fight it out.

"What do we want har?" was the rapid reply. "I guess the forest's as free to us as it is to save him. to any one else. Don't kalkelate that you're ooss here, stranger, do yer?". "No!" was Andy's quick reply, and he took

the words out of my mouth, "nor are you.— But that's not to the point!" he added; "what

"Yer money an' yer traps! Uunderstand that sort o' talk, don't yer?" "Yes. we understand that you're a gang of thieves and cut throats!" resended Andy, fiercely; 'but if you get anything from us you've got to fight for it, though we are but two against a dozen. Give 'em a shot, comrade!' added the fiery fellow, addressing himself to me, "We can't make the matter worse!" "I thought so too, and raising my rifle, An-

dy and myself fired simultaneously.
"Immediately two of the outlaws fell dead to the ground, and the rest uttered a concerted vell, that sounded more fearfully than the howl of the wolf I had so recently driven away. "Now, give 'em the pistols!" shouted Andy.

his whole soul in the deadly conflict. "Each of us carried a brace of double bar-reled pistols, which gave as eight shots between us, and quick as lightning we were discharging the loads in the faces of the outlaws. Six more of the brigands fell before our aim. while we remained unmjured, notwithstanding a number of scattering shots whistled around our ears and

"Now charge upon the thieves! yelled Andy, in stentorian tones. "I followed my comrade's lead, and together we charged upon the remaining five outlaws, for that number were left. A fierce and bloody we charged upon the remaining five outlaws, had energetic salutations, expressing force and for that number were left. A fierce and bloody fight ensued. Andy performed miracles, and I Quid facias? What do you? or, What make did double duty; but as fate would have it, we you?" were both rendered hors du combat, my comrade by a pistol wound in the side, and I by a bow-

part in the thrilling occurrence, and we give it to the reader just as we heard it.

"Some years ago," said the narrator, "a friend and myself agreed to take a tramp, hunter fashion, through the great wilderness of the Northwest. Having provided ourselves with was not long before I disagreed that the cave with what things we thought actually necessary, and the fashion of the robbers. This, much I found I was in the fashion of the robbers. This, much I was the fashion of the robbers. This, much I came to myself I could see nothing the bright light of day seemed never to pene trate that dismal cavern. It was the gloomi-"After encountering innumerable hardships est, chilliest place I was ever in, and from the bottom of my heart I wished myself well out of

"I thought of Andy, you may be sure, but

"After a while, however, an old and ontrace ously ugly Indian Squaw made her appearance. She brought me food and medicine, a porary light. My wounds had entirely been dressed. Of course I was eager to question her "My good woman," said I very pleasantly 'I should like to know where I am -will you

tell me ?" "She shook her head negatively, and to all hich we finally arrived.

I could say or do I got no other answer. I inquired about Andy, and other matters, but received no satisfaction. Finally, I gave up in

"A week passed, and I was comparatively solitude than that which surrounded us, it would be hard to imagine. Silently we built a well. About the expiration of that time, the would be hard to imagine. Sugnity we statist. Worn little fire and supper; silently we ate it. Worn out, and for the time being slightly dispirited, me to follow her. Having no reason to refuse virtuous, and respected? There is Mr.—
we were in no humor for conversation.

There is Mr.—
obedience, I complied with her directions, and all his boys are profligates, while his daught of dark passages are patterns of propriety and goodness." after traversing a number of dark passages found myself in the open air. It was a bright

"Assembled on the spot I beheld a gang of ever encountered and in the midst my friend and comrade Andrew Huff. Andy looked which bring them into intimate relation to have suffered much worse than myself. We ty every where. All the vices of men appear 'God bless you, comrade!' when we were suddenly and roughly seized and gagged. At the same time one of the outlaws, whom I at once recognized as the leader of the party which we

dressed us. "Now, cuss yer!" cried he, passionately, "we'll make you pay for your handywork t'other night. Strip 'em'"

"In a few moments we were stripped to the skin, and we had neither the power to resist or expostulare. "Out with the plank, hosses!" yelled the

same fellow. "Fust show 'em the way they're goin' to travel." "We were separately led to the brink of a chasm near, and made to look down into the almost unfathomable depths. A stream of water dashed along over the rocks at the bottom. It

"A plank about a dozen feet long and a foot wide was then brought forward and placed half way over the precipice. My blood run cold at On one end of the plank two men stationed

"Now, drive the chap forward!" shouted the

"Every effort was mide to move Andy, but

"Despite his struggles, Andy was picked up and carried to the plank. As the outlaws let him down they gave him a violent push which Please call at Leidich & Sawyer's new store, East Main St.

Los Main St.

Some time passed quietly, and I began to June 30, 1859.

TO BE HAD ATEBY'S Grocery Store, some laxed, and a drowsy torpor gradually stole over laxed, and a drowsy torpor gradually stole over the precipice. Andy swayed from side to side, and a drowsy torpor gradually stole over the precipice. Andy swayed from side to side, and a struggled wildly to regain his balance. He failed, however, and fell over, in his fall desper the precipic of the ground, when I was suddenly aroused by invited to call and examine them and judge for invited to call and examine them and judge for the ground, when I was suddenly aroused by the sound of a man's voice:

Feb. 24, 1859.

Visitors.

Visitors.

Some time passed quietly, and I began to grow insufferably weary. Every muscle relaxed with a profound feel-lated him forward to the end of the plank over the precipice. Andy swayed from side to side.

Gentlemen, it is not a subject of derision. I appeal to you in all candor to say if it is not at struggled wildly to regain his balance. He failed, however, and fell over, in his fall desper the precipic of the precipic

"Let him go!" shouted the fiendish leader. "I looked around in bewilderment. Our little camping ground was encircled by a dozen or more brawny. Geree looking deposed in the plank jumped off, and plank and Annuary brawny. fellow uttered a loud and terrifying shrick be-fore he disappeared from eight forever. The cry rings in my cars now, though years have passed since then. I shall never forget it.
"The outlaws sprang to the edge of the clift, and with a savage exultation watched Andy's

'Now fur t'other one!' shouted the leader after the lapse of a few minutes.
"At that instant a loud report of firearms suddenly reverberated far and near, and half of the bandits, at least, felly dead to the earth.— The balls whistled around me as thick as hail,

"That depends on circumstances!" responded Andy, unhesitatingly. "We're two good men, afraid of neither man or beast—and if your intentions are hostile as they appear to be, you may take my word for it that we'll them remained alive, though they fought like incarnate devils.

"In the first moments of the melee I go away out of the reach of harm. Pinioned and gagged. I would have been of no use to myself or anybody. After the conflict was over made my appearance and gave a statement of all that had transpired. From the trappers I learned that the cry of Andy had directed them to the spot but, poor fellow, they came too late

"I thanked God and the mountaineers for my own preservation, and quitted the scene with a sense of relief mingled with a feeling of sadness.

"Gentlemen, that was about the worst situation I was ever placed in, and may you never have a similar experience."

# SALUTATIONS.

The expressions used as salutations among

different nations, have something characteris-tic and interesting, even for the actual obser-In the East, some of these expressions savor, in a more or less degree, of the Scriptures and of the serene and patriarchal sentiment of the inhabitants. The salutations used by the Arab, "Salem," means peace, and is found in the word Jerusalem. The Arab salutes his friend thus: "May you have a happy morning."
The Turks have a formula which can only be used in a sunny clime-"May your shadow

The climate of Egypt is feverish, and perspiration is necessary to health, hence the Egyptian, meeting you, asks, "How do you per-"Have you eaten? Is your stomach in good order ??? asks the Chinaman, a touching solici-tude, which can only be appreciated by a nation

f gourinands. d cheer," says the modern Greek, in nearly the same language that the ancients were wont to greet their friends. The Romans, who were robust, and laborious,

you?"

The Genoese, of modern times, say, "Health dwelt also, the peace that God giveth to those and wealth," which is very appropriate for a who love him.

and wealth," which is very appropriate for a commercial people.

The Neapolitan devoutly says, "Grow in sanctity." The "How stand you?" of almost all Italy, forcibly indicates the nonchalance of the sunny land.

"The Sponiard, graws, thoughts, and indiffer out, wishes you "Good morning," to which we respond, "At your service, sir."

The ordinary salutation of the German is, "How goes it?" To bid one adieu, he says, "Live quiet and happy." This last plainly exhibits his love for the simple joys of life.

The travelling Hollander asks, "Hoe waart's

The travelling Hollander asks, "Hoe waart's go?" "How do you go?" The thoughtful, Obeying the promptings of a warm, impulactive Swede, demands, "O, what do you sive heart, she went to her and laid her hand good deed."

that some great sorrow had smitten the girl.

Obeying the promptings of a warm, impulactive Swede, demands, "O, what do you sive heart, she went to her and laid her hand good deed."

that some great sorrow had smitten the girl.

Mary, who put it into your heart to do this good deed."

that some great sorrow had smitten the girl.

Obeying the promptings of a warm, impulactive swede, demands, "O, what do you sive heart, she went to her and laid her hand good deed."

Are you happy ?" The English have the "Good-by," a corruption of the words, "God be with you," and some others; but that which exhibits best the character of the English. is. "How do you do?"

The comment "your porter yous?" of the French, "How do you carry yourself," is equally characteristic of the free and easy French-

# Our Sons and Daughters.

that so many young men make shipwreck o their hopes, when their sisters become useful all his boys are profligates, while his daughters

are patterns of propriety and goodness."

This remark touches an important subject. sunny morning, and despite my situation, I in-baled the pure atmosphere with delight. Let us reply to the interrogative. The answer is not very difficult. It is a very clear case. is not very difficult. It is a very clear case. Sons are early brought into contact with the a score or more of the worst looking men I had world. In their youth they form companionships in the streets, and engage in pursuits frightfully pale and emaciated, and appeared to wicked men. They meet temptations of sociefrom time to time, and all the coarser pleasure of life to lure and destroy them. To this they

yield and go to ruin.
It is not so dangerous with daughters. They are within doors at home most of their time had first encountered, stepped forward and ad- A different class of employments occupy their time and thoughts, and they live under a mo ther's watchful eye from year to year. Among the large number of girls who are cast house less in the streets of our populous cities, a few only, come out of the severe ordeal as gold tried in the fire. It is doubtful if there v be more sons than daughters ruined if both

were equally exposed to the temptations of the Here, then, is the difference. The watchful care and blessed influence of home saves the girls, while many boys are destroyed. made me dizzy to look down. We were then stationed a few feet from the brink, with a guard over us. I began to comprehend that some frighful death awaited us, and my feelings were seemed to their social nature! Second, the restraints and influences of home are indispensible to preserve the characters of the young unsullied. Home-home-there is nothing like it, if it be a home of the right

> ought to be. - Happy Home. LEGISLATIVE ELOQUENCE.—Some years ago, in the New Hampshire Legislature, a new member, somewhat noted for "pumping thunder," is not so bad, if it's only turned. And, I am made a speech—it was upon a bill for taxing bank dividends—in which he attempted to be thinking. No, you must go without the clock

stamp, to make sons and daughters what they

"Yes, Mr. Speaker," he exclaimed, with indignant energy, "the gentleman from Dover, who introduced this bill, deaf to the cries of per orphan children, would strip the widow-" But before he could conclude the sentence, he was interrupted by a laugh. Astonished, but

place, and he spoke no more during the ses-

"What animal has the most brain?" "The hog. He has a hogshead thick, yellow curls.

# SONG OF THE NEWSPAPER.

I am a Newspaper;

I carry the new To all of your dwellings-Wherever you choose; A more faithful servant Can hardly be found-

Almost omnipresent I'm scattered around. Like stars in the heavens, And sands on the shore; Like leaves that have fallen

When summer is o'er,.
I fly o'er the land, I pass o'er the sea. I brave every danger-It's pleasure for me. I gather the news from

The steamers and cars,
And telegraphs, sparkling
Will trace, peace and wars;
I fill up my mission, Defending the Truth,
And teach useful lessons

#### For old men and youth The Wife's Sacrifice.

band in the world," and she lifted up her sweet

face beaming with smiles, as a June day, with sunshine. "Thank you, thank you, for the very flatter ing words. And now dear, I want you to have a cloak by next Christmas. I'm anxious to know how you will look in it."

"But, Edward," gazing anxiously at the shining pieces in her rosy palm, 'you know we' are not rich people, and it really seems a piece of extravagance for me to give thirty dollars for a velvet cloak."

"No, it is not, either. You deserve the cloak. Mary, and I've set my mind upon you having it. Then, it'll last you so many years that it will be more economical in the end than less expensive article."

It was evident the lady was predisposed to conviction She made no further attempt to refute her husband's arguments, and her small fingers closed over the gold pieces, as she rose up, saying, "well, dear, the supper has been waiting half an hour, and I know you must be

ungry. Edward and Mary Clark were the husband and wife of a year. He was book-keeper in a large establishment, with a salary of fifteen hundred dollars. His fair young wife made a little earthly paradise of his cottage home in

Mrs. Clark came into the sitting room suddenly, and the girl lifted her head, and then turned it away quickly, but not until the first glance told the lady that the fair face was swollen and stained with tears.

Janet Hill was a young seanstress whom Mrs. Clark had occasionally employed for the last say months. She was always attracted by last six months. She was always attracted by her young, bright face, her modest yet dignified manners, and now the lady saw at once

think?" while the Dane, more placid, uses the on her arm, saying, sofily, "Won't you tell German expression, "Live well—Live well."—
But the greeting of the Pole is the best of all:
"Nothing that any body can help," answered the girl, trying still to avert her face, while he

tears swelled in her eyes from the effort which she made to speak.
"But, perhaps I can. At any rate, you \*But, perhaps I can. At any rais, you know, it does us good sometimes to confide our sorrows to a friend, and I need not assure you that I sincerely grieve because of your distress. Hand some sorrows to a friend mords and half caressing lace, and his hands clasped the rough window. movements of the little hand, laid on the seam-

stress's arm, Mrs. Clark drew from her lips the blast found its way through the crevices around sad story. "Why can it be," inquired a person one day, daily labors, and she had one brother, just six-leir hopes, when their sisters become useful, some time a kind of under-clerk in a large respect of his promotion; but he had serious ly injured himself in the summer, by lifting and crept gaily over the logs in the fire-place, some heavy bales of goods, and, at last a dangerous fever set in, which had finally left him now.

n so exhausted a state that the doctor had no hope of his recovery.

"And to think I shall never see him again there, among strangers, in the hospital, with no loving face to bend over him in his last hours, or brush away the damp curls from the forehead which mamma used to be so proud of O-George-my darling, bright faced, little brother George," and here the poor girl broke down in a storm of sobs and tears.

"Poor child, poor child," murmured Mrs. Clark, her sweet eyes swimming in tears .-How much would it cost for you to go to your brother and return?" she asked at last. "About thirty dollars. I' havn't so much money in the world. You see it's nearly four hundred miles off; but I could manage to sup-

port myself after I got there." A thought passed quickly through Mrs. Clark's mind. She stood still for a few mo ments, her blue eyes fixed in deep meditation At last she said kindly, "Well, my child, try and bear up bravely, and we will see what can be done for you," and the warm, cheerful tones

comforted the sad heart of the seamstress.

The lady went up stairs and took the pieces from her ivory port monnaie. There was a brief, sharp struggle in her mind. "Somehow I've set my heart on this velvet cloak," she thought. "and Edward will be disappointed. I was going out to select the velvet this very afternoon. But then, there's that dying baby lying there with strange faces all abo and longing, as the slow hours go by, for a sight of the sister that loves him, and would not this thought haunt me every time I put on my new cloak? After all, my old broadcloth very pathetic in favor of widows who owned this time, and have the pleasure of knowing you've smoothed the path going down to the valley of the shadow of death, Mary Clark." And she closed the port monnais resolutely,

and went down stairs.
"Janet, put up your work this moment—
there is no time to be lost. Here is the money. Take it and go to your brother." The girl lifted up her eyes a moment, almost in bewilderment, to the lady, and then, as she comprehended the truth, a cry of such joy

thick, yellow curls.

He opened his large over suddenly—a flush She was one of those christians, whose "right hoops is one of "Woman's Rights."

# passed over his pallid face. He stretched out his thin arms: "Oh, Janet! Janet! I have prayed to God for the sight of you once more,

before I die.' "His pulse is stronger than it has been for two weeks, and his face has a better hue." said the doctor, a few hours later, as he made his morning visits through the wards of the

.. His sister came yesterday, and watched with him," answered the attendant glancing at the young girl, who hung breathless over

'Ah, that explains it. I'm not certain but that the young man has recuperative power enough left to recover if he could have the care and tenderness for the next two months, which love alone can furnish. How Janet's heart leaped at the blessed

words! That very morning she had an interview with her brother's employers. They had been careless, but not intentionally unkind, and the girl's story enlisted their sympathies. In a day or two, George was removed to a

Incre, Mary—now don't you think I deserve to be called a pretty good husband?" laughed the young man as he dropped down in the lady's hand half a dozen gold pieces.

"Yes you are, Edward, the very best husband in the world," and she lifted up headers. Three years have passed. The shadows of she would pause suddenly, and adjust the snowy blankets around the face of the little slumberers, shining out from their brown curls as red apples shine amid fading leaves in October orchards. Suddenly the door opened. "Sh-sh," said the young mother, and she

lifted her finger with a smiling warning, as her "There's something for you, Mary. It came in an undertone, placing a small packet in her

lap.
The lady received the packet with eyes filled with wonder, while her husband leaned over her shoulders and watched her movements. A white box disclosed itself, and removing the cover, Mrs. Clark descried a small, elegantly cased hunting watch. She lifted it with a cry of delighted surprise, and touching the spring, the case flew back, and on the inside

was engraved these words:

"To Mrs. Mary Clark, in token of the life giving with the angels. she saned." "O, Edward, it must have come from George and Janet Hill." exclaimed the lady, and the quick tears leaped into her eyes. "You know he's been with him ever since that time, and she wrote me last spring that he'd obtained an excellent situation as head clerk in the firm.

What an exquisite gift, and how I shall value it. Not simply for itself, either." "Well. Mary, you were in the right then, though I'm sorry to say. I was half vexed, with you for giving up your velvet cloak, and you've

"No. I've not had one, but I've never regret-ted it." She said the words with her eyes fastened admixingly on the beautiful gift.

"Nor I. Mary for I cannot doubt that your sacrifice bought the young man's life."

"O, say those words again, Edward. Blessed be God for them," added the good lady fer-

vently. The husband drew his arm around his wife.

# HOME WITHOUT A MOTHER.

BY WARNCLIFF.

blast jound its way inrough the ereviews around the stone chimney. It was a sound you would never forgot; those half-sobbed, half-moaned words—"Mother, mother, mother!" You would have felt that the little heart was ready

the stepmother of Sammy—was sitting placidly before the fire, smoothing the folds of a clean and in a self-satisfied manner stroking a insame asylum. It is said also that Dr. Mrs. Clark," cried the poor girl, with a fresh burst of tears. "To think he must die away tabby cat which lay in her lap.

Her three children were sitting cosily in lit-tle chairs by the fire side, and Mr. Hauntz was

talking with a brother who had just arrived to spend Thanksgiving with them.

The wind blew fiercely without, and once when an unusual tempest scemed to shake the foundation of the house, the father turned suddenly to his wife, and said :

"Where is Sammy?"
"Gone to bed," said she tartly. "What made him go so early?" asked Mr. Hauntz. And in a tone which preclu ed furth- ship: or inquiry, she answered :. "Because he was too lazy to sit up, I sup-

shoulder was talking of what they would do

best and noblest thoughts, and hide them for rapidly round the room, while I meanwhile fear they be called unmanly.

Whether the old adage may be true or not; pable, he wound up at the end of the 29th page. Whether the old adage may be true or not, that "A mother's the same, all the days of her with the two pages in advance which he had a

The morrow was Thanksgiving; and from early morn had Mrs. Hauntz been busy preparing for a big dinner of the coming day: More than two months before, she had partly

hand knows what the left doelh," and whose re-ligion was for the praise of man, rather than the approval of God; and whose judgment L leave for a just Judge to pronounce at the coming

for a just Judge to pronounce at the coming day.

Many a time had poor Sammy had a boxed ear, while the minister looked out of the window, and been sent supportess to bed; while she told the visitors that "he was sick," and while he slept shivering under a few old blankets in the garret she displayed a snug warm bed-room below, as "Sammy's room." Through all Inglehook she was very proverbial as a "model step-mother," and none but he who watches over motherless children, knew of all poor Sammy suffered. No human friends knew of the harsh repressiting all exuberance and joy; and my suffered. No human friends knew of the harsh repressing all exuberance and joy; and the bitterness which grew up in his heart towards all but his grandiather. He was like his mother; and sitting upon her father's knee, he had been told by the old man how gentle and lovely she was, and that she was with the angels new and he a motherless hors.

so the young child's heart clung to the old man who was kind to him, and the greatest holliday of the year was that upon which he could get away from the sound of his mother's voice, and the fear of her hand—when he could leave the chill fireside at home, where he always sat behind the new family group, and would climb upon the lap of old Mr. Lee, and with his soft curls lying close to the white hair of the old man, listen to the stories told of his mother, and then have a nice supper upon the round table drawn close to the fire. This year he had ankiously waited for the dry leaves to drift through the woods in October, and for the first November snow to come, because at Thanksgiving he should visit his grandfather.

And the day before had come at last. He was up before the stars were out of sight and had a blazing fire upon the hearth; the tea-ket-tle boiling, and the "potatoes in." All day long his little teet had pattered busily here and there—to the barn, to the well, down cellar, up stairs, to the pantry, and there surely never was a housewife who needed more waiting upon than Mrs. Hauntz, and Sammy did it all. His fingers smarted with the cold when he picked quict, comfortable private home, and his sister up great baskets of chips; his back ached when installed herself by his couch, his nurse and he lugged in armful after armful of great hard he ligged in armful after armful of great hard-wood sticks for kitchen and "spare room" fro-place; his hungry stomach craved a piece of the smoking pies, which he had to drag from the brick oven; and he longed for one doughnut from the heaping panful he had to carry away. His little feet and slender arms were tired; but he never complained a word, and to all his nother's provoking taunts, and needless fault. finding he was silent; but when all was done, and it was nine o'clock—he could not help asking her if he was to go his grandfather's to-morrow; and when he heard her say, "No! I want you at home," he could hardly totter up stairs,

When there he dropped into an old chair, and moaned, oh, so sadly! "Mother, mother!".

How many childish hearts moan mother,
mother? How many hearts ache and break for want of a mother's love? All over the world orphaned children send up a wail for by express this afternoon:" he said the words Mother! Love! and Heaven! Bitter indeed in the cry; but does not God hear it, and shall he

not at last justly reward the oppressors of little Thanksgiving morning dawned clearly and brightly upon Inglehook; but Mrs. Haunta the poor boy many times, sho went up stairs, and found him sitting, white and chill, by the window with tears frozen upon his cheeks, and his anit hair woven with the frozen work on the

glass.

Little Sammy had gone to hold his Thanks.

Blusphemy and Fanatacism. The New York Tribune states that Ralph

the Cronwellian stamp, says:

For thirty years he secretly cherished the idea of being a leader of a servile insurgection; the American Moses, predestined by Omnipotence to lead a servile nation in our Southern States to freedom; if necessary, through the It was no 'mad idea,' concocied at a fair in

half a lifetime." Such is the testimony of one of Brown's friends and admirers. If this be true, then let "Mother, mother, mother!" sobbed a sweet us hear no more of executive elemency and the commutation of the death sentence. To affirm that "religious convictions," in any proper sense, could have led this unfortunate i concoct a plan for fomenting a servile war, with all its untold horrors, is a shocking perversion. Whatever fanaticism might have had to do with the insane attempt of Brown, religion surely does not recommend wholesale murder. The extreme abolition views of this man have would have felt that the little heart was ready to burst with its unutterable weight of sorrow who had the liardihood to follow him. Inno- and that guiff might be the companion of child- cent men have been murdered, and the guilty nernetrators are awaiting the scaffold. Gerrit ome time a kind of under viera in a large and man grior might be controlled and sparkled, book as well as old age.

The large in the fire place in the fire place.

Below stairs the fire place in the fire place.

Below stairs the fire place in the fire place. for you may find fire-places in Inglebook even was once a man of high respectability, as well now. treme views of abolitionism, then to renounce Cheever, who has wholly devoted his ministry to anti-slavery, is now appealing to the British public for material aid to carry on his crusade. The sad effect of all this is, that the slaves of the South, instead of being benefitted, are no

> philanthrophy .- Presbyterian. GOV. WISE AS A PENMAN. - A letter-writer from Richmond gives the following information in regard to Gov. Wisc's rapidity of penman-

cessarily in a worse condition through this false

"Gov. Wise, in the character of a scribe; For a few moments Mr. Hauntz looked off of rapidity he can only be paralleled in shortvacantly into a corner of the room, and then of-fering a pipe to his brother, seemed to forget print. I had occasion some time ago to copy some writing of his, and I did so page after Eight years before, Mr. Hauntz had been sit-ting by the same fire side with his wife gentle Sarah Lee. Sammy was upon his father's lap, and Sarah with ber head upon her husband's close of the tenth page he was still two in adclose of the tenth page he was still two in adshoulder was taking of what they would do when Sammy was old enough to have a Thanks giving of his own. Perhaps Mr. Hauntz was bringing out those old pictures in a fresh light; and he may have paused to wonder if he had and he may have paused to wonder if he had changed since that wife of his first choice and purest love sat beside him. How it was, no stopped occasionally to mend his pen (he writes one knew. Men are often ashamed of their with a quill pen ) and now and then walked ilie, but a father changes when he gets a new the start. I understand he thinks nothing of wife," we do not pretend to say; but it was a answering 25 or 30 letters a day, or rather within the three or four noirs he spends in his. were apparently first in the thoughts and affec-tions of Mr. Hauntz. ceiving visitors, who occupy much of his time.
What a reporter he would make!"

A MAN WEARING HOOPS .- A person sup; posed to be a female, giving the name of Anna Page, was arrested in Savannah, Ga., on Mon-More than two months before, she had partly promised Sammy that of if he was a good boy, and behaved himself," he might go to his grand-tather Lee's, to spend Thanksgiving. And the motherless child had planned and hoped, and been happy upon the events of the day. He beause he fell asleep thinking of the dinner he should get at his Grandfather's.

Although but two miles away, his step-moth.

Although but two miles away, his step-moth.

He is an exquisite counterfeit, and seems up to proke from her lips, that memory never faded from the heart through all the after years of Mrs. Clark's life.

Although but two miles away, his step-mother seed on allowed him to go there, because as the arts of the sex, assumes the female admiration of the arts of the sex, assumes the female admiration of the lips, as the sister sprang forward to the low bed where the youth lay, his white, sharp-first class member of the church in Inglebook.

The mayor sentanced with the habits of males. The mayor sentanced with the habits of males. low bed where the youth lay, his white, sharpened face, glearning deathlike from amidst his
thick rellaw cond-

Waldo Emerson, in his lecture at the Tremont Temple, Boston, on Tuesday evening, the 8th inst., apostrophized John Brown, the leader of the Harper's Ferry affair, as " the saint, whose fate yet hangs in suspense, but whose martyrdom, if it shall be perfected, will make the gal-lows as glorious as the cross." Such blasphe-my needs no comment. It is characteristic of the rabid fanatucisin from which it emanates. Here is something, however, from a quarter professing to be far less ultra. A writer in the Congregational paper at Chicago, Illinois, speaking of Brown, after calling him a Paritan of

Ohio,' but a mighty purpose, born of religious convictions, which he nourished in his heart for