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e, 1852 L

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

By telegraph in him NO. 22.33

nothing of the sort to sell, so that he may be

perfectly free to praise or condening anything according as it may be valuable or worthless

Mr. Jones-The twentieth volume begins

Jan. 1st, but all who send in the dollar now,

et the remaining numbers of this year, in

addition to the whole of next-year's. "So, it you subscribe now, you get fourteen months

papers. The proprietor also offers some val-

good premiums in this way during two years.

Mr. Smith-What does he charge for them!

Mr. Smith-I'll try it a year, any way; if

half what you say is true, it will be a good

Mr. Jones-You'll find every word I have

said true.

Mr. Smith—I'll sond this very night, while

in the spirit of it.
Mr. Jones Do it, and you'll always thank

me for this talk: Good day, I must hurry to digging my potatoes, I've such a lot of them

Mr. Smith—How did you say I should direct the letter containing the dollar?

Mr. Jones—To Grange Judd, 41 Park Row,

A TOAST WELL BUTTERED: On the first of

ptember, at Blissfield, Michigan, an ok

ndy, one of the Mothers in Demogratic Israel

presented to the Democratic club of the vil-

lage, a Douglas banner, wrought with hon

whose father was a soldier in the Revolution

thanks to a hint in the Agriculturist.

New York City,

Tick.

AMERICAN VOLUNTEER. PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

Subsciption .- One Dollar and Fifty Cents, paid in advance; Two Dollars if paid within the year; and Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, if not paid within the year. These terms will be rigidly adhered to in arages are paid unless at the option of the

ADVERTISEMENTS - Accompanied by the CASH, and PERTISEMENTS—Accompanied by the CARH, and According one square, will be inserted three for One Dollar, and twenty-five cents for each dipulets, Blanks, Labels, &c. &c., executed with

Poetical.

AN HOUR AT THE OLD PLAY GROUND. BY HARRY MONFORD

I sat an hour to-day, John, Beside the old brook stream When we were boys in the olden time,
When manhood was a dream.
The brook is choked with fallen leaves, The pond is dried awaywould know

scarce believe that you wou The dear old place to-day. The school-house is no more, John, Beneath our locust trees;
The wild rose by the window side,
No more waves in the breeze; The scuttered stones look desolute, The sod they rested on Has been ploughed up by stranger hands Since you and I were gone.

The chestnut tree is dead, John, And what is sadder nov The broken grape-vine of our swing Hangs on the withered bough; I read our names upon the bark, And found the pebbles rare, aid up beneath the hollow side, As we had piled them there.

Beneath the grass-grown bank, John, I looked for our old spring,
That bubbled down the alder path,
Three paces from the swing.
The rushes grow upon the brink,
The pool is black and bare,
And not a foot, this many a day,
It seems, has tredden there.

ook the old blind road, John, That wandered up the hill; is darker than it used to be, seems so lone and still oirds sing yet among the boughs, There once the sweet grapes hung, the a voice of human kind iere all our voices rung.

I sat me on the fence, John, That lies as in old time,
That lies as in old time,
The same half-premel in the path
We used so oft to climb—
And thought how o'er the oars of life,
Onr playmates had passed on,
And lettene counting on this spot

Miscelluneous.

"LOST, STOLEN, OR STRAYED."

ON THE NOTE-BOOK OF A MEDICAL STUDENT The following strange event was related to when a student in -hospital, by a houseservant of the name of Anne Fairly .came into the hospital to be cured of a ase to which her class are peculiarly liaa white swelling of the knee. She was th this person's first place was in the ca-ity of housemaid to a nobleman's family, head of whom I shall call the Marquis of erry, a personage of some celebrity, coned-and not remotely-with royalty.erhaps it will be better if I tell the story in berown words, exactly as I put it down at the

My lady had an intimate friend, Lady ill—a countess she was, and a very fair, l utiful woman to look at, pleasant spoken, and not in the least haughty. The lady often on a visit to Lady Cornberry, and visits mostly lasted a very long time; for Earl, her husband, was employed a great in Parliament, and having no children, dy Mosshill felt dull. So she used to tell sa, my lady's second maid, who attended hill when she visited at my lord's, ve her ladyship from bringing her own !

ve months the housekeeper sent for us of servant's hall, one morning, to come all ther to her room. We wondered a good what could be the matter, but gradually

mble, my lady has lost some of her dia-

was a general exclamation. At last llen on any particular individual, former and Mile. Theresa, my lady's own at-sormer and Mile. Theresa, my lady's own at-syndants had desired their drawers and box-things?' said Mrs. Merry, in a voxed tone, things?' said Mrs. Merry, in a voxed tone, debeen done without any result affecting

for I kept my lady's room clean, though isomaid; and knowing that, have died sooner than have taken the nds, I was very vindictive. I got se-rebuked by the house-keeper. To one is accused, she said, in reply to

gry defence; 'but some one has taken y couldn't go without hands, that i They are very valuable, and my lad annoyed at their disappear-

hold, my father did not offer the violent oppo-sition which might have been expected from "I wish she would leave her room,' said I,

a wonder to me, now, that I was not at once away, and packed ready for departure. The

"Things were thus coming round, when my Lady Mosshill came again to pay my lady a visit of some length. Mademoiscile Thoresa risit of some length. innounced it some days before her ladyship's

coming, Anne,' said the French girl, in her broken English. She hated my lady Mosshill, as all lady's maids hate those on whom—no being their real mistresses—they are forced to she is vat you call the beast in the sty -cochon not pick up from do street, she said, as she ran up stairs; and, to say truth, I was far from being ill pleased at Theresa's spite, for I liked,

or. They were, indeed, the dearest of friends, and any one, to see them walking in the grounds together, their arms around each oth er's waists, their hands clasped, would have taken them for two of the veriest boarding school misses, brimful of sentiment and ro mance. It was in conversion always iny love and my dearest, and they could scarce y be a moment apart. We could hardly help laughing in the servants hall when we talked After I had lived at my lord's for about of the sentimental friendship which existed between these ladies, neither of them much less than furty-one of them, my lady, the mo-

ther of grown-up daughters, Lady Cornber found ourselves all collected in the house-per's room. Mrs. Merry's speech was a ning, my lady's bell rang as if the house were

and of course suspicion falls on the as white as ashes; she went into the houseas white as ashes; she went into the housekeeper's room. I must tell the truth—we all
up quite alert, though she had been fainting
followed to the door of Mrs. Merry's apart—
a few minutes before, in the fear that I was a
tavern; so he landed, and walked straight gain; there is some loop left for them to hang en one-requested to know if suspicion had ment, in hopes of hearing something; and lunntices and harmonic particular individual, something we did hear, for Miss Dormer had 'the My 'Notas yet,' Mrs. Merry answered. Miss left the door ajar, and was speaking in loud, I'll follo

things? said Mrs. Merry, in a voxed tone, "That Heaven only knows,' said Dormer, characters of those two young persons, half crying; but one thing I know, innocent people, Mrs. Merry, are not to have their characters taken away every moment in this we got to Lady Mosshill's apartments. I uncharacters taken away every moment in this locked the bed-room door, brought my lady to the taken away every moment in this locked the bed-room door, brought my lady to what I shall do. Some devil's in this liouse, had broke into it) opened it, and asked my said the lady's maid, stamping her foot violently, for she was by no means remarkable for a moment from amazement, and I believe

for mildness.

household.

"I believe now, that I had what is usually called too much spirit for my station in life—perhaps I ought rather to say too much temper. I was no more individually suspected than any of my fellow servants; but I had a steady honestness of soul, and it galled me terribly to think that honesty should be suspected. I frequently declared that I should never rest till the real thief was discovered; and, to say the truth, my restless and suspicious vigilance rendered me as good a detective as if I had been trained to the business.

"My father, who was a shoemaker in the image of the house, which a six months passed away in peace and quiet—in the well-and I should in the commotion died away again, and it great grief, my leart relented, and I

"My father, who was a shoomaker in the six months passed away in peace and quiet that great grief, my leart relented, and I lage where my lord's principal country research was, was a very violent rural political borry's house, went to Paris for the winter.

"Lord Cornberry desired I would tell Lord"

for a 'parlor, kitchen and hall'—over a pipe and a tankard; for, with all his violence of a party spirit, my father was no pot-house frequenter. He was like many Englishmen of his class whom I have since observed: a fierce decrier of the vices of the aristocracy—their, pride, arrogance and extravagance—and yet, hands, packed a small valise with a few new house for the server was the truth. I felt as if I were not for nauk deserted me, and I told the whole from first all the morning, superintended the packing by Maulle. Theresa; and finally, with her own of Mosshill's valise. When I had concluded, my lord every me to the truth. I felt as if I were not for nauk deserted me, and I told the whole from first to last, concealing nothing, not even my curiin his heart of hearts, a secret admirer of a lord. It must have been owing to the latter way home with some peer, whose name I for the III Bible. And I was dismissed, sorfeeling that, when my lady expressed a gracious intention of taking me into her house-

one of his radical opinions. Some resistance not in a vory good humor; all my work is only gratifying my revenge, to expose the lady on his part certainly occurred; but the shall thrown back by these ladies keeping their to strangers by the violent manner in which

sent away for impertinence and sauciness; valise stood on a chair close to the toilette; els: They were returned, with an epistle to but Mrs. Merry, the housekeeper, was some and I noticed that though the key was in the my lady horself; that Miss Dormer said would what inclined that way herself, so I suppose padlock, yet it was not locked. I stood, broom have touched the heart of a tigress to show she had a fellow-feeling.

I suppose in hand, and strange thoughts, for which I mercy. But for her bosom friend my lady slie had a fellow-feeling.

in hand, and strange thoughts, for which I mercy. But for her bosom friend my lady
"I took a particular spite against Lady could never account, came over me. To this had none; she said matters had gone too for Mosshill on the first occasion my lady had us day I hardly can tell what prompted me to to be concealed—that my lord, in his first all into the drawing-room, and Lady Mosshill look in Lady Mosshill's valise. I cannot exwrath, had sent for his solicitor, and revealed was present. She were, the whole time of my cuse the action; but an impulse, uncontrolla-all! At the same time, Lord Mosshill receives lady's lecture and exhortation to confess the ble and unaccountable, prompted me so powtruth, a cold, sneering smile, that might have critilly that I could not resist the temptation. better sat on the features of a fiend than of a I placed my hand on the top—Lady Mosshill's len jawels.

living woman.

I placed my hand on the top—Lady Mosshill's len jawels.

"Whoever set the matter after a small basket;" "Whoever set the matter after a small basket;" night-robe came first; then a small basket; "I was the more irritable, because, having and, further down, a case of morocco. How

father, the Marquis of ——.
"If a doubt for a moment disturbed my mind it was soon dispelled; I knew those jewdoubt long. Now, after the lapse of years, proceeding in their carriage to a splendid fere perhaps the wish that I had noted otherwise to Palace. Some stoppages occurred in comes across me now and then; but at that that was young, somewhat vindictive, and was looking about her. Suddenly her eyes rival. doubt long. Now, after the lapse of years, "Dat mauvaise sujet, my ledi Mosshill, is perhaps the wish that I had acted otherwise poor: I threw down my broom, and replacing attend. It must be dat you get her rooms the jewel case where I had found it, I went ready, ah—bah! but I hate her so moosh— out of the room, locked the door, and flew down out of the room, locked the door, and flew down the great staircase, regardless of the servants —ah—cochon—cochon? and Theresa stamped who were passing to and fro. The family were her little kid-shod foot, and ground her white all assembled in the drawing from for the teeth. 'She give to me an old robe vat I vould half-hour previous to dinner; not knowing or heeding if visitors were present, I opened the door and walked boldly in. It is more than possible that such a breach of duty would have

three strange visitors.
"My lady rose up from her chair. "What does this mean, Anne!" she said. "I was too eager to exonerate myself and my fellow-servants, at that minute to have much regard for the noble presence I had in-truded on, not being indeed at any time overawod by contact with great folks, from whom I had seen a good many little actions; there-

fore I said : "Please, my lady, will you listen to what have to say? "Good Heaven! said her ladyship, hold ing her scent-bottle to her nose, and turning ern. Just at the landing there lay a big raft to my lord, who stood on the hearth, 'is she deranged, do you think?'

what could be the manner. When what could be the manner. The could be the manner. The could be the follower end, and began and our stairs as he got started, the raft started formula to a ming, my lady, who's the follower end, and began as he got started, the raft started formula to a my lady, who's the follower end, and began as he got started, the raft started formula to a my lady, who's the follower end, and began as he got started, the raft started formula the follower end, and the true cause of your servants, and the true cause of your servants. "No, my lady,' said I, I am not mad, if you mean that; but you accused us, my lady, in the servants' hall, of stealing your diamends. I said the servants'

> I'll follow you!' as in poor servants. We nover stopped till wood-pile, and a corresponding circus-bill a we got to Lady Mosshill's apartments. I unlocked the bed-room door, brought my lady to the tayern keeper was fond of fun, and achad broke into it) opened it, and asked my lady if those were her jewels. She was silent

for mildness,

"Go, Mrs. Merry, pray go to my lady," she
continued; 'there's her bell again."

"The portly housekeeper bustled up stairs
to my lady's room, scolding, as she came out,
because we were idling there, she said, listening to what was no business, James, the second
footman, said, 'if anything was wrong again
with my lady's diamonds; we had been sus-

rankling, in every dependent of that noble my lady, because I had been brought up in a things were sent to Milberry after her. Then ten minutes coming here, steppin' over the household.

The Theorem in the plant of the minutes coming here, steppin' over the we heard my lord at the same time had write blamed logs at that."

where my lord's principal country residence was, was a very violent rural politician, and a fierce upholder of what he called the 'Poople's Rights.' I used to hear him harangue his neighbors, hour after hour, on evenings, when his work was done, and they met in the kitchen—which served our family, met in the kitchen—which served our family.

"We saw nothing of her ladyship, who had been loud in her remarks about the missing jewels, till the ensuing spring, when she arrived on another visit, intended to be a length—I was, and the cause of great sorrow to him, took my hand and adjured me solemnly, as I to know it to Roth which served in the kitchen and held where the sorrow to him, took my hand and adjured me solemnly, as I to know it to kn

regard to Lady Mosshill's rank and station, but I certainly was overstepping duty and

on his part certainly occurred; but the shallowest observer might have seen it was assumed more for the sake of consistency than for any dislike to my living with 'real nobility.'

"However, I had imbibed enough of his going to my Lord Varden's to dinner, and my superiors—a proceeding for which I was often scolded, and not unfrequently threatened with dismissal. On the occasion of my lady's loss, my irritable and chafed spirit vender to the high lord's family belonged. It is a wonder to me, now, that I was not at once a way, and backed ready for departure. The and found all Lady Comberry's missing jew all! At the same time Lord Mosshill received my lord's letter, he received one also from

the lawyer, demanding restitution of the sto-

means a happier woman for the knowledge. About five years after her banishment from the British Court, Lady Mosshill returned. els again too well to be deceived; I did not My lady and her daughters one night were fiercely sensitive about the honesty of the fell on a lady who, sitting in a balcony, half concealed by flowering plants, was watching sadly the gay cavalcade of splendid equipages. The eyes of the ladies met. My lady uttered a slight shrick, and sank back in her carriage; the lady in the balcony fainted dead away.—
She was taken thence to her bed, from which she never more rose.

Shame-remorse-humiliation self punished the crime of Lady Mosshill; a crime aggravated by her attempt to cast it on never before knew shame—for the injuries inhard still (especially now years have made me a sadder, wiser woman,) to forgive myself!

an no athe divalking a flufte discusse

Thoro was a follow once stepped out of the door of a tayorn on the Mississippi, meaning to walk a mile up the shore to the next tayone of the regular old-fashioned whalers-a

my lady, being wronged,
"When I said diamonds, my lady jumped he got to the end of the sticks, he found they into the bar-room he'd come out of. The gen- an advantage on; something that will redound "My diamends?" said she, "Lead on, girl; oral sameness of things took him a little to their particular glorification or profit. aback, but he looked the landlord steadily in the face, and settled it in his own way.

They are splendid managers of benevolent inthe face, and settled it in his own way.

cordingly said it was just so.
"And, publican, have you among your dry

They took the drinks when the stranger of Crawfordsville, Ga., the native place of besides, trayeled all over the country to see

"Publican, that twin brother of yours is a: Alexander H. Stephens, a leading member of what was doing. Then he has several assofine young man—a very fine man, indeed, the present Congress, the Commissioners pass-ciates—Farmers, Cardners, and Housekeep But do you know, I'm afraid that he suffers a ed an ordinance prohibiting any juggler from ers, who know what they write and amon

Fright in the Catacombs of Paris. The catacombs of Paris extend beneath

considerable part of the Faubourg St. Ger main, and especially the Rues St. Jacques de la Harpe, de Tournon, de Vaugirard, the Theatre del' Odcon, the church of St. Sulpice. the Pantheon, Valde-Grace, the Observatoire etc., and they go beyond the fortifications to Monrogue. In them, as is known, are deposited the bones which were collected from different burial places of Paris, on the suppression, in the time of the Revolution, of cemeteries within the walls; and these ghastly objects should be read by every one.] are piled up in such a way as to form galleries or streets, which extend for miles. It is recorded that at different times numerous persons have lost their way in these dreadful regions, and have died of hunger and terror. From a French paper we learn that four

men have recently escaped, almost by miracle, from this terrible death. M. Katery, one of he keepers of the catacombs, having occasion to change a lock of the door of one the galleries, went, on the previous afternoon to the hog-killers couldn't supply brains enough for spot, accompanied by a locksmith named Chathis ten aere field.

bral, that man's apprentice, of the name Moron, and M. Ozanne, an architect's pupil. Increase in the properties of the name of the control of the contro den puff of air blew out the ngm.
the guidance of Katery; they attempted to find their way back; but notwithstanding his good as anybody's.

Mr. Smith—So did I mine, and they are as good as anybody's.

Mr. Jones—Ah! there's the trouble. You have all moves of I don't, and so I get all moves of I don't, and so I get all moves of I.

they did shout, but for hours more their cries remained unheard amid the din of the noise above. Nor was the night more favorable ity at night. At length, towards ten o'clock bor. in the morning, a journeyman printer named Phillippart, employed on a journal, was re-turning to his residence, 10 Rue Duguay Tro-

poor men were of course warmly congratulated on their escape from a dreadful death, and

"John Brown, dead, will live in millions of carts. It will be easier to die in a good cause. wen on the gallows since John Brown has hallowed that mode of exit from the troubles and temptations of this mortal existance. Then, as to the 'irrepressible conflict,' who does not see that this sacrifice must inevitably intensify its progress, and hasten its end? being ill pleased at Theresa's spite, for 1 fixed, as I before said, Lady Mosshill very little better than did my lady's French fenime de chamnot been for my pale face, wild looks and excited manner. There were present, my lord bre.

| Description of the provided manner of t disgrace inflicted on those who grateful for the privilege of living in a world nover before knew shame—for the injuries in-flieted on innocent sufferers—I can only say she scarce deserves forgiveness; but I find it hard still (especially now years have made niche to Old John Brown."—[Horace Greely. "I tell you fellow-citizens, the Harper" Feory affair was the legitimate consequence of the teachings of the Republican party!

Senator Wilson! Mr. Elizur Wright, a prominent Republican of New England, defends John A. Andrew, the Republican candidate for Governor of

Müssachusetts, and says:
"In my opinion, John Brown was glorion ly right in what he did at Harper's Forry; innocent blood,"

SLIPPERY PEOPLE.—There is a class of people who resemble ells in their manner of gong through life. They are your smooth peo nle who slip through the hand when you attempt to catch them, and leave you wondering how they could have escaped. The hand of morals, law or right fails to hold them, and "I wanted no more. Turning round. I ran the face, and settled it in his own way.

"I wanted no more. Turning round. I ran the face, and settled it in his own way.

"Publican," said he, "are you gifted with a twin brother, who keeps a similar sized caught; and if they get caught they manage visitors. Curiosity is as great in fine people tavern, with a duplicate wife, a comporting to slip through—are great on mortgages, lend as in poor servants. We never stopped till wood-pile, and a coversponding circus-bill a money on the right sort of security, and never The tayern keeper was fond of fun, and acordingly-said it was just so. cordingly said it was just so.

"And, publican, have you among your dry goods for the entertainment of a man and horse, any whisky of the same size as your brother's?"

And the tavern man said, that from the And the tavern man said, that from the through to the end, the yell will be lifted and lishes the valuable paper was brought up on a farm, where he learned to work. He has a standard all the books on farming, and exper-

During the first settlement of the town

Agricultural.

logue is that of two farmers on opposite sides of the fence. Mr. Smith, who has beside him of the tence. Mr. Smith, who has beside him a basket of very small potatocs, is leaning over the fence looking wistfully over at Mr. Jones, who is digging a splendid crop of hig potatocs. A picture of the scene was prepared with the original dialogue, and should he here, but we have not the engraving on hand. The dialogue is pleasing and instructive, and

"The potatoes, they are small, Over there, over there."—Old Song.

Mr. Smith—'Pshaw! All the Cincinnati

ordible to relate, they took only one candle and did not even place it in a lantern, and more extraordinary still, did not carry with them any matches. No sooner had they reached Mr. Jones—Providence helps those who help

minute knowledge of the road, they went astray, and spent hour after hour in going up know it all yourself. I don't, and so I get all the outside help I can. I've been collecting

ed, the more desperate their situation appears ed to become. At length, after several hours spent in pacing up and down, they were completely exhausted by fatigue and terror. Then Katery had a happy idea: "Let us shout for help," he said; "perhaps we may be heard!" I made it my business to get at their thoughts; they did shout but for hours more their carries completely exhausted by fatigue and terror. Then Katery had a happy idea: "Let us shout for but I believed others had good ideas, too, and help," he said; "perhaps we may be heard!" I made it my business to get at their thoughts; they did shout but for hours more their carries.

Thillippart, employed on a journal, was re-turning to his residence, 10 Rue Duguay Tro-uin, near the Luxembourg, and, when near sick of the poor show I get for all my work, his door, it seemed to him that he heard eries and am desperate enough to try anything for

"I was the more irritable, because, having to keep clean my lady's suite of rooms, and there down, a case of moreco. How were more Lady — 's., I foll I was more per lady — 's., I foll I was may all you. Allout nincteen years and it cost Lord down in making will was in the newspapers; and it cost Lord down in the case which lady will was in the newspapers; and it cost Lord down in the case which lady was made clubbed together, and one of the same will was made clubbed to be should to make the lady was made clubbed to be should consist mainly of accounts of how different manned the lady and shall was made clubbed to be should to make the lady was

Mr. Smith—But does the practise of farmers on other kinds of soil and with a different kind, and one single parcel I got last year was worth more to me than the price of the

them well in my own head with a mixture of common sense, and then make the application to my fields. In that way I have manured this crop of potatoes with plenty of brains The editor called here last week on his western tour among farmers, and seeing my good crops, he asked mo to write out just how I have treated this field for years past, and I promised to do it as soon as my crops are gathered. He will probably print it, as he constantly prints all such practical matters, and perhaps a hundred thousand persons will read it; and though nobody else may do just as I do, many will got a new hint, and improve upon it, You may read it if you will.

Mr. Smith-I would like to borrow your

Mr. Jones-Better take it yourself, for then you will be more likely to read it. You will own hands, accompanied by the following find hundreds of plain talks about various toast: find hundreds of plain talks about various toast:
kinds of oraps during a single year. One
hint gave five bushels of corn on each acro of the sixteenth century, its infantile movenearly field in a single year.

Mr. Smith—I can't afford to take it this board the May Flower, on the rocks of Ply-

raft a mile long.

and, if he erred at all, he erred by being too will cost. How little a week it costs to supplied, the fellow heard the landlord say the tender-hearted and much afraid of shedding ply yourself and family with a large amount or a cigar, or candy, and that's all the paper of information through any good paper.

> young people get the good reading in that pait easy with the eggs from two or three hous.
> If I was a mechanic or merchant, and had money on the right sort of security, and never 11 1 was a mechanic or more lose, and whichever way they fall, they light only a little garden, I should take the paper lose, and whichever way they fall, they light only a little garden, I should take the paper lose, and whichever way they fall, they light to tell me how to make the best use of the lit-tle plot; and if I had not a foot of land I

The scene of the following interesting dia-

Mr. Smith-How is it, neighbor Jones, that your potatoes are so large and fine, while just over the fence, on similar soil, mine are as

small as pullet's eggs, and precious few at Mr. Jones -- I manured this field with brains.

the door where the job was to be done, than a sud themselves. I used my own brains on this den puff of air blew out the light. Under field.

ness, they could not find any clue to direct other men's brains for my land for twenty them to an outlet, and the further they walk-ed, the more desperate their situation appear
Mr. Smith—Yes, I see the result, but don't

some I found in agricultural books and papers, others I picked up at the county Fairs, by asking how the big things were raised, as few persons pass through that part of the and often I've got a good hint from a neigh-

subscribers. Sond for the paper, and you may afterwards find it well worth while to make up a club. Some 1700 persons have got Mr. Smith-I've always been down on this Some of your German neighbors would join you, perhaps, for the Agriculturist is printed separately in German. I did intend to start a club myself, but I have so many potatous to

puper? Mr. Jones-It doesn't touch politics. It is doors, devoted to such subjects as Field and Garden crops, Animals, etc., and has, desides, a good deal about Woman's Work, which wife says is worth more than ten times the few pounds der and balls, spit in his father's face from of butter it costs to pay for the paper. Then there is also a department for the young folks containing many things which please the children—not mere trashy stuff, such as is too
often printed for them, but information that
will have a good influence on them. I would
sell a dozon bushels of wheat to have my
young people get the good reading in that pain cushioned cars, rides over the ocean in pain cushioned cars, rides over the ocean in paper, but the average price of one bushel pays for it a year. My John says he can pay for

studied all the books on farming, and experimented for years in the laboratory, and has mgus ve scaroned. Stie acceeded to this second a might be suspected again."

"Mrs. Morry angily hade use go about our will remain blameless, and the gritty of misses and the gritty of the search was made, but fruitlessly—searching detective officers; and again, as before, search of discovered.

"And again there was a fine commotion—search will remain blameless, and the gritty officers; and again, as before, search of discovered."

"And again there was a fine commotion—search will remain blameless, and the gritty officers; and again, as before, search was made, but fruitlessly—searching detective officers; and again, as before, search of the search was made, but fruitlessly—searching detective officers; and again, as before, search of the search was made, but fruitlessly—searching detective officers; and again, as before, search of the search was made, but fruitlessly—searching detective officers; and again, as before, search of the search was made, but fruitlessly—searching detective officers; and again, as before, search of the search of the search was made to th

A GOOD DIALOGUE.

to his readers. You would laught to see how he comes down on poor inventions patent manning, and all kinds of humbugs. Mr. Smith—Is the paper adapted to our part of the country?

Mr. Jones—Exactly. Soils and crops and limates differ, but the general principles of ultivation are the same everywhere, and here cultivation are the same everywhere, and here is the benefit of a paper published for the whole country. Every reader gets new ideas by learning what is done somewhere else; and further, I find that the paper has letters from every part of the country, and angeor more associate editors in different sections, so that we get information from many regions and our own too. One thing I must mention particularly. The editor is constantly walning his readers against humbugs, telling how sharpers take the advantage of people. Why, I was just going to send a dollar for an article advertised in glowing colors, when I found it shown up as a humbug in this paper. But I

shown up as a humbug in this paper. Rat I cannot stop to talk more now—I have such a lot of potatoes to harvest.

Mr. Smith—I wish I had. I must try that paper a year, and see what there is in it. I an manage to save two cents a week.)
Mr. Jones—Never fear. If you don't find
t pays, I'll huy your copies at cost, for my

Mr, Smith-what did you say the paper is called? Mr. Jones—The American Agriculturist. It is published in New York City. The edi-

tor though one of our country farmers, and living in the country, finds he can publish it cheaper there, where printing, and paper, and mailing facilities are all convenient; Mr. Smith-How shall I get it? Mr. Jones Simply inclose a dollar bill in a letter, giving your name, Post Office, county, and State plainly, and direct to Orange Jupp, 41 Park Row, New York City.

Mr. Smith—When does a volume begin?

of distress from under the earth. At first he fancied he was laboring under an illusion, Mr. Jones—I'll give you my experience; it but, on listening, he distinctly heard human may aid you. About nineteen years ago, I voices from below an iron slab which covers an orifice opening into the catacombs. He up on farms had clubbed together, and one of the catacombs. He

they, on their escape from a dreadful death, and they, on their part, expressed hearty gratitude to Phillippart, and to the officers who removed the slab.—Methodist.

Winterior Engls.

Winterior Engls.

Winterior Engls.

Why no, not exactly, pernaps.
But then, every thought I get from another, starts a new thought in my own mind, and thus I am constantly improving my own skill and practice. You see, I get all the brains I am practice. You see, I get all the brains I

ear.

Mr. Jones—You would think nothing of gahela, and on the heights of Abraham. The spending two cents a wack for extra tubacco, capricious squalls of its infancy were heard in the Tea party at Boston, in Fanuel Hall, on the plains of Concord, Loxington and Bunker Hill. In his boyhood he ran bareheaded and barefooted over the plains of Saratoga, Tren-Mr. Smith-What are the politics of that ton, Princeton, Monmouth and Yorktown, whipping his mother and turning her out of

"In his youth he strode over the prairies of bohind the cotton bales at New Orleans, whip-ped the mistress of the Ocean, revelled in the halls of Montezuma, straddled the Rocky lace steamers, sends his thoughts on wings of lightning to the world around, thunders at the door of the celestial empty and at the portals of distant Japan, slaps his poor old decrepid father in the face and tells him to be careful how he peeps into any of his pickarooms, and threatens to make a sheep pasture of all the land that joins him. What he'll do the door of the celestial empire and at the in his old age God only knows. May he live ten thousand years, and his shadow never he

The following of a school-master and pupils is too good to be lost: "Joseph, how do people live?" "By drawing."

"Drawing what-water ?" "No, sir; by drawing their breath!" "Sit down, Joseph. Thomas, what is the

Why, sir, it is the horizontal pole running perpendicular through the imagination of astronomers and old geographers astronomers and old geographers "William," "Go take your seat, Thomas. William, what do you mean by an collipse?" "An old race horse, sir.".
"Silence! Jack, what is an eclipse?"

"An éclipse is a thing as appears when the moon goes off on a bust, and rups again the un; consequently the sun blackens the sun ; "Class is dismissed."

implements or fortilizers.

Mr. Jones—Not at all. The editor keeps man died at West Chester on Wodnesday last-