VOL. 47.

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Boetical.

TREASURES OF THOUGHT.

If thou hast thrown a glorious thought Upon life's common ways Great thinker often thou shalt find While folly plunders fame,
To thy rich store the crowd is blind, Nor knows thy very name. What matters that, if thou uncoil The soul that God has given, Not in world's mean eye to toil, But in the sight of Heaven? If thou art true, vet in thee lurks For fume a human sigh; To Nature go, and see how works That handmaid of the sky.

Her own deep bounty, she forgets, Is full of germs and seeds, Nor glorifies herself, nor sets Her flowers above her weeds She hides the modest leaves between She loves untrodden roads Her richest treasures are not seen By any eye but God's.

Accept the lesson. Look not for Reward; from out thee chase All selfish ends, and ask no more Than to fulfil thy place.

AN EMBLEM.

A little brown seed. Very ugly indeed, seep in the cold, wet ground; And the bleak winds blew, And the dead leaves flew And all winter long The tempest, its song, I dismally o'er its bed; But the slumb'ring seed Gave it no more heed

But the April came, And the winds grew tame; yens made love to the earth; One stray sumbeam Broke thre, the dream Of the seed, in its lonely dearth

if it were utterly dead.

It started at first, ers in grateful glee heaven's immensity.

I am like that seed-As ugly, indeed, Unable to feel or to see; Life's bleak winds blow. Its clouds hang low,

Miscellaneous.

A BAD NAME.

I do not know why—except that I wore a great beard and seldom left my rooms—but when I retired to Stepchester to write a book, people thought I was mad Heedless of all around me. I worked on. day after day, week after week, month after month, and on the 31st of April I walked into my lit-

the garden, and if I did not feel exactly as roud as did the great historian. Gibbon, when completed the Rise and Fall, I nevertheless Henked Heaven, from the bottom of my heart, at the business was at an end. the following morning I rose in high

rits. It was as beautiful a day as ever was . I had now leisure to admire the flowers were blooming around me and perfuming air and to watch the wanton birds on the ig, chasing each other from bough to bough. ave orders for the hair-dresser to be sumd; after a brief delay he came. He was thin man, with a long, red nose, and a you. very Liquorish eye. His manner was so nerhim to shave me, and I was not a little glad en the operation was over-his hand tremdiso violently, and he looked at me in such trange and terrified fashion. Whilst he all that I could extract from him was, sisir, O yes, sir; you are quite right, sir."
when I asked him a question—for in-"Have you any idea how far it is from Hastings by water?" his only response

"He may be, sir, for all I know." gle with the world. It occurred to me that I said he remembered Mr. Erskine, afterwards And it is to be hoped that you will not take said he famous Lord Erskine, who used to come offence, because the people here had the same puld, in the first instance, call at the shops the tradespeople with whom I had dealt, ess to them some few words of compliment. of pourse, took it for granted that they knew

sir," said I, crossing the portal. The butcher, whose size was about double asked. hat of mine, eyed me with some concern; and, pe bad just been using, and then, in a someat confused manner, he made his exit me? through a back door, leaving me in sole pos-session of the shop. I waited a reasonable

My next visit was to the baker's-a very respectable man with a very intelligent counterally rushed-into the street, and n the opposite side thereof. There was on at which I could arriveale, that the baker was as mad as the

grover, into whose shop I next went, years my senior. For a long time no one But amongst some of the rising generation

not see any more of my grocer, of whose sani-ty I then entertained but a very indifferent

Opposite to the grocer's shop was that of the hookseller and stationer, who had supplied me cage of the cliff where the flagstaff now is, and talk by the hour—sometimes for two and evinced by my manner that I wished to be served. But, in vain. The more I smiled, the more solemn became the expression of their countenances. Becoming impatient,

Wondering what on earth the people meant, that would suit me; that he would go and see. He did go. But he did not come back again. I then went up the yard, and called out "Ostler!" several times at the top of my voice, (rather a loud one,) but as I received no answer, I deemed it useless to remain any longer, and made my way to the hotel opposite, where I asked for a pint of Canterbury ale.— I was served by a very pretty and engaging young lady, to whom I desired to pay a moddignified compliment. But, alas! no sooner had she placed the ale before me than door after her. When I had drunk the ale, I rang the bell.

the floor with my heavy walking stick. To no purpose. I opened the door of the coffee sant spoken man when he is calm, should be room and looked into the passage. There so mad! Whereupon the young gentleman was no one there. I called aloud, Waiter!— roared with laughter, and then let the cat out There was no reply. I could hear no one; not a sound; the house was seemingly empty. I left a sixpence and a piece of honeysuckle near the empty tankard, and walked away in

My watch required regulating; but I could not get into the watchmaker's shop, for he had ng the summer there. What could be the meaning of the trades-

people's conduct was a question I put to my-self, over and over again, on my way to the pier, for I now intended hiring a boat for a sail. But the fact, was, I could not get a boat. Every one of the men to whom I spoke made some excuse or other for not taking me on the water. One said that the wind would And, what was even more provoking still, I these amphibious animals, who listened to all court, before the judges and the regularly I said with much eagerness, though upon each sworn jury; and such a crowd as there was face there was a broad grin which struck me as of lords and gentlemen, to be sure!" very meaningless.

I retraced my steps to my cottage-men women and children avoiding me, as I passed through the few streets of the little town—and summoned my man-servant Robert, to whom I mentioned what had taken place, asking him f he could possibly account for such demean or. Robert smiled, and replied:

"O, yes, sir!"
"Then do so," I said to him.
"The truth is, sir," he went on to say, "that all the people hereabouts think you are a madman, and that I am your keeper."

"What!" I exclaimed. "It is quite true, sir; and, as neither mysolf nor my wife could disobey your order, we could not tell the people who you were and what you were, and what you were doing .-All they could judge by was what they saw; and sometimes, when you were walking about the garden, and talking aloud to yourself, you certainly did look rather queer, sir. By at least forty or fifty people have I been asked if you were harmless. "Harmless?" 'Yes! said; "and there's nothing the matter with him-he ain't mad." But they only shook their heads at that. I had, at one time, to go round to the parents of the little boys and wirls who ran about the streets, and prevent them allowing their children to shout after

'Shout after me!" "Yes, sir. After you passed them they would follow in a body, shouting out, "There goes the mad'un!" You did not notice them, of course?"
"And you mean to tell me," said I, "that

subting my hair I began to talk to him; all the people in the place thought me insane all that I could extract from him was, and thinks so still?" "Yes, sir; all, with only one exception."

"Who may that be?"
"An old man, sir, who is eighty-nine years of age. Passing the cottage one morning, when you were walking about the garden, the old man said, "Folks think your master mad; but I know better, for I have listened to him pression on my mind was that he was insane; and kindimated as much to Robert, my man servant; but he only smiled, and remarked, "He'may be, sir, for all I know." ervant; but he only smiled, and remarked, else that he is a lawyer working up some old smuggler, "that at first you all thought great case that is coming on for trial." On asking him how he came to think that, sir, he "Yes; and was very much amused at it. of the tradespeople with whom I had dealt, down here often, and stay for a few days in the agency of my servants, and ex-

stands." To have a conversation with an old man my name, and that I was one of their custo-mers, and that I was one of their custo-mers. Who could recollect Erskine, and answer my questions anent that illustrious orator and ad-The butcher's shop was the first that I was vocate, would indeed, I thought, be a great taken suddenly ill; and I sent for the doctor,

"His name is Carding, sir. He was, in afore replying to my salutation, removed from former days, a bold smuggler; but he has now an independence on which he lives." "Do you think he would come and see

"I am sure he would, sir."

erect, and whose faculties were in excellent preservation. His eyesight was good, he was ore him, I came to the point by saying:

"I am told you remember the late Lord probably have tendered unto you the most

"Remember him well, sir." was his reply; Reader such was the case? and I never en-"knew him long before he was the great man joyed myself more than I did at that little that he became. He was about nine or ten watering place during the ensuing summer.

behaved far better than either the butcher or knew who he was, and he used to go by the the baker, for he talked to me for at least five name of the Rampant Madman. Most people minutes. At the expiration of that time, how-were frightened at him, and the mothers used into the street, and turned the corner. It is ed in this very place where you are now. He perhaps needless for me to state that I did never stayed long at a time, but he paid us a

visit pretty often."
"What did he do, that people thought him

"Do sir? Why, he would stand at the very and talk by the hour-sometimes for two with pens and ink, and other little matters.— and talk by the hour—sometimes for two dimes for One Dollar, and twenty-five cents for each saw the bookseller and his wife—partners in would be speak at times that you might hear alarm—steping at most handle to the saw the bookseller. alarm—staring at me through a small glass | him a quarter of a mile off, his right arm mo window. I smiled blandly at them, bowed, | ving about above his head, and his left hand ving about above his head, and his left hand clenched firmly on his hip." (The old man stood up and imitated the great orator's atti-tude.) "At low wafer he would go and stand on those black rocks out yonder and talk seemscowled, whereupon the bookseller and his ingly to the waves. When he once began he wife retired altogether. Wondering what on earth the people meant, seen the perspiration running down his fore-I directed my steps towards the livery stable head, even in cool weather. He never kept keeper's, where I intended to hire a horse, for his hat on while he was speaking; but as soon the purpose of taking a canter in some of the quiet lanes in the vicinity. The livery stable the period in the politest manner imaginable—but keeping at a considerable distance from his could not divulge to his fellow-creatures; me—said he did not think that he had a horse and yet he did not seem to care who heard him speak. I and several other young men have been within six or seven yards of him, and, although he saw us, he took no more notice of us than if we had been a parcel of sticks or stones, and went on just the same. He had years before it was known that he was the fa mous barrister Erskine, and then it was only by accident that we knew he was not mad.'

> "On one Saturday afternoon he brought sooner had she placed the ale before me than down with him a young gentleman of about she rapidly vanished, and shut the coffee room twenty years of age, who walked about the pier while Mr. Erskine was making a speech out upon the rocks. One of the men on the It was not answered. I then made a noise on pier remarked to this young gentleman, What a pity that such a fine man, and such a pleaof the bag by saying who his friend was. It was afterwards that I and several others then here, but now gone to their account, came to know him so well. And a right merry gentleman he could be, too. Lord bless us, sir! swift as time flies, it seems only as vesterday that he would come down here and say to us, bolted his door when he saw me approaching. as he made his way to the cliff, with his hands It was the same at the circulating library, to which institution I was anxious to subscribe, for during the winter I had grown to like this little watering place, and resolved on spend-little watering place, and resolved on spend-little watering place. a most beautiful thing it was to listen to him.
> One minute he would make you laugh heartione minute he would make you laugh heartily, and the next minute he'd bring the water into your eyes, by the tender way in which he'd allude to a fading flower or a sickly child. There was one case in particular, I remember. It was an action brought against a Mr. Some-kody or other by a lord's eldest son, for carrying off the wife. It was most beautiful ing off the wife. It was most beautiful-a soon shift, and we should not be able to get, we told him when he asked us low we liked back that night; another told me that his mast it. Blest if he didn't make out as how the was sprung; a third, that the paint was not defendant was the ill-used party, and not the velling was in those days, five of us went up found myself surrounded by at least a score of to London to hear him speak that speech in

> > "And did he speak that same speech?" I "Yes. In parts it was a little different, and some things were added; but it was, in the main, just what he said standing out on them rocks yonder. There was no silly pride about Mr. Erskine, sir. As soon as the case was over, and he was coming out of court, his quick eye caught sight of us; and up he comes, outs out his hand to each of us, and says, "What! you here, my lads? Well, follow me." And he walks off to an old public house near the court, called the Chequers, and orders two bottles of port wine for us; and, while we were drinking it, explained to us as how and that all the effect his speech would have, would be to reduce the damages. He was mighty pleased to hear himself praised, and seemed just as proud of our approval as of anybody's else. "I don't tnink, sir," continanybody's else. ued the old man, "that Mr. Erskine felt any of the fine things he said in his speeches. It I think so. One day he was walking along the sands, spouting of poetry out of a book—
> > he was learning of it, for he read it over and
> > over again—and while he was doing so he It was a most serious sort of poetry. It was something about Farewell the drums and fifes, the banners and the big guns—and the plumes and the feathers, cocked hats and swords, and the virtuous wars and the fair

fair women—honors, decorations and rewards! O farewell everything! Alas! the poor fellow's occupation's gone!" All of a sudden, sir, he shuts up the book, claps it under his arm, whistle's a jig, and dances to it, and remarkably well, too, did he come the double shuffle. Another time, when he was reading out poetry, I saw him work himself up till the two minutes afterwasds he was playing at rounders with all the little boys on the beach." tears actually rolled down his cheeks; and not

"And did.Mr. Erskine know," I asked the Ruth said, with difficulty.

opinion of yourself."
"But, my good sir," I remarked, "they are still laboring under the impression."

"Very true," he rejoined; "but it will be all right in a day or so! On the following morning Robert's wife was ing and I looked in. "Good morning, treat.

"Who is the old man? What is he?" I like man. He came; and, after seeing his like man. He came; and, after seeing his patient, and assuring me that the case was not one of a serious nature, we entered into conversation upon general matters, during which I mentioned what had happened on the pre-

vious day. The doctor laughed, and said: "I hope you will not be offended, but do you know that only till the other day, when, significant the shop. I waited a reasonable "Then bring him here."

In less than half an hour Robert returned with the nature of your avocation, I too shared with old Mr. Carding, who was still very ed the opinion of the inhabitants of the town? tions, and of the groundless alarm that you had created. However, I have taken the librespectible man with a very intelligent countries and he spoke with a rapidity had created. However, I have taken the library when I spoke to him, and to my as him to be seated, and after he had drank a their erroneous idea; and you will find that mishment, when I casually took up a half-glass or two of the sherry which I placed be-when you next pay them a visit, you will apply them a visit, you will meet with a very warm reception, and most

the original impression still holds, I fancy, the with them," said the lady. "I suppose ever, he asked me, very politely, if not abjectly, to excuse him for a few minutes; and,
putting on his hat, he took a hasty departure mad gentleman," they used to say. He stay"Come you here, Polly! Don't you see that

The Missing Bracelet.

No, Walter, there can be no doubt about her guilt. I am positive that I laid the barcelet with my other jewels on my dressing table; none of the servants come into my room except Ruth, and the bracelet is gone."

thing."
"You can't think I am willing to believe it; I am forced to. You know I shall miss Ruth sadly; but I think I know my duty to myself and other servants too well to allow a thief to remain in the house."

Mrs. Maybury stood by her dressing-table meditating several minutes after her husband had left her; and then, with mouth and eyes settled to a cold sternness; she rang the bell, most need and it was great. She had lest and seated herself to await the answer to her her husband, a comfortable, though humble Mrs. Maybury was not hardsummons. refinements and safeguards of a happy and elegant home, she had no sympathy for those who, exposed to so many and great temptametimes are overcome; and she had little of that charity "which thinketh no evil."
Ruth soon made her appearance, and stood waiting her mistress's commands.

"Did you ring for mo, ma'm?" "Yes, I rang for you," and the cold eyes will be done." vere fixed, in a searching gaze, upon the girl's face. She returned it an instant, wonderingly, and then her eyes fell, and a faint flush mounted to her forchead. "I see you" cannot bear my scrutiny. Guilt is ever cow

ou know what I mean. You will do well to ay aside all hypocrisy now, for it will not

In the afternoon you tell me that your mother s worse, your brother has come for you, and give you leave to go to her. In the evening I open my drawer, the key of which I have had in my possession since you went out, look for the bracelet, and lo! it is gone!" She paused and Ruth stood pale, trembling and tearless. She almost believed herself guilty,

the evidence was so strong, and only ejacula ted hopelessly, "I did not take it." "Ruth, I am sorry for you, and if you will return the bracelet, I will keep you, on trial as a lower servant. Of course, I could not trust you as I have done. Will you do it?" "I cannot," she gasped; "I have not got it—I never had it—I did not see it with the

other things." Mrs. Mabury's face grew cold and hard again. "Well, then, you must go, and I must think of you, whom I have trusted and befriended, as hardened and ungrateful .--Here is the money that is due you, and I hope you will not go on from had to worse. Good

Ruth's hand opened and closed on the money, and she turned and left the room without word. Mechanically she went up stairs and gathered her scanty wardrobe, tied on her rusty black bonnet, vrapped her thin shawl about her, and stood on the sidowalk, vas all acting with him; and I'll tell you why all without any real consciousness of what she was doing. The cold, damp air, sent a chill through her frame, and then the question came, where should she go? Not home to her mother; oh, no, not to her sick mother, turned up his eyes, shook his head, and stretched forth his right hand in such a way that She would believe in her innecence, but the od forth his right hand in such a way that you might have taken him for a street parson. It was a most serious sort of postry. had left, but of one near by—to recover her stunned senses, and to consider. Mrs. Chapman-she had been very kind to Ruth's moth er, and always had a kind word for Ruth. when she saw her at Mrs. Mabury's. She must do something—she would go to Mrs. Chapman; perhaps she would believe her innocent. She got up from her seat and made her way to ____ street, and rang the hell at a handsome four-story, brown front house, and soon stood in the presence of Mrs. Chapman. "Why, Ruth, what is the matter? You look as if you could not stand. Sit down,

'. I have left there—have been sent away,"

"You have been sent away, Ruth, for what, pray! It must be something very serious that would make Mrs. Mabury part with you."

And then slowly, and amid sobs and tears, which burst forth for the first time, Ruth told poor girl's distress and moved almost to say,
"Ruth, I believe you are innocent. I will
give you a home." But that would not do. give you a home." But that would not do. Mrs. Mabury was a lady whose friendship she prized too highly to risk losing it by taking under her wing one whom she had pronounced unworthy, and who, after all, might be really guilty. So her kindness and sympathy spent themselves in words, and Ruth went forth into the street more-utterly desolate than ever, but still shrinking from the idea of going home to pain her mother with her tale of woe; though she longed to hide herself and hor shame from all but that same loving, gentle mother. She must make one more effort to "find a place," and there was but one re-Yesterday evening I heard of your peregrinasort, the "Intelligence office." With falter-tions, and of the groundless alarm that you ing step and burning cheek she joined the motely group who were sitting and standing near the desk. "What sort of work are you seeking?" said a sweet voice, and Ruth looking up to find herself addressed by a kindlooking lady, with a little girl by her side.
"I should be glad of anything, ma'am,"

Ruth answered.

"You look as if you would be kind and gen-

inasmuch as two years ago I was walking you have references from your last place?"

down one of the back streets—meditans nugaand how she grew almost faint with dread

"No, ma'am, I have none."
"How is that?" asked the lady, looking at Ruth with surprise, as she noted the quicken ing breath, and the color come and go. "Did you leave of your own choice?'

"No, ma'am." "You were sent away?"

dren who is not well recommended," and she

turned away.

Ruth turned too, and as quickly as her "Well, I can only say, don't do anything rashly. It would be a serious thing to send a young girl out into the world with such a new than the serious than the such a new farther effort, she bent her steps toward any farther effort and the step that the s trembling limbs would allow, left the office. "Oh, mother, mother," was the cry of her taint upon her character. Good morning, my home. A very lowly home it was, a single room in a tenement house; but it contained Ruth's mother and little brother, her only

most need, and it was great. She had lost home, and had suffered from sickness and nearted, but like too many, surrounded by want. But her faith had not failed; and she believed that her friend would, in his own time and way, lead the child, her earthly upport, to trust in his care as she did. it thus, through such a flery trial, that her prayers were to be answered, she thought, as Ruth, having told her griefs, lay sobbing by her mother's side. "Only give her strength, and let her love the Giver, and then, "Thy

"It is well we cannot see What the end shall be."

Ruth's mother had reason to bless the loving hand which drew a veil between her and with a hundred other patriots, and put through the sad future. She had prayed with heart the manual of exercises, which consisted "Guilt! what can you mean, Mrs. Mabury?" exclaimed Ruth, in a startled tone.
"Your downcast look told too plainly that and found her still able to breathe those words and found her still able to breathe those words of submission. Through long days and nights the mother herself ill, kept her auxious watch "Oh, what have I done? Indeed you are by the bedside of her child, as she tossed with fever and pain, and raved wildly of guilt, disputable. I am innocent; and Ruth passed fever and pain, and raved wildly of guilt, disputable. I am innocent; and Ruth passed fever and pain, and raved wildly of guilt, disputable. I am innocent; and Ruth passed fever and all the events of that terrible day. Successful in the last named drill receiving her hand wildly over her eyes, as if to rouse grace, and all the events of that terrible day. herself from a painful dream. Something days of quiet consciousness, when Rith could like pity and misgiving stole into Mrs. Mabu-At last the fever spent itself, and then came listen to the soft tones of her mother's voice, as she told her, in simple language, of a Sa-

sprit, and no sadiess uringle with the joyous strains of her ever-swelling song.

"By the way, Mrs. Mabury," Mrs. Chapman said to her dear friend, during a morning call, "did you ever find out anything about Ruth stole?"

"Oh, she did not steal it, my dear. I ne-

left here, and begged me to take her into my the nearest bar.

employ."
"Did she tell you why she left?" asked Mrs. Mabury, quickly.
"Yes, she told me the whole story; but of course I could not take her under the circumstances. Is she with you now?"
"No; the fact is, I had been so positive as to her guilt, while Walter believed her innote to keep up strength and enthusiasm. The last to keep up strength and should, in his mannood, tovingly provide for her who watched over him in his helpless infancy. It was a noble pride that made his mother love him, if it were possible, more cent, that I could not acknowledge myself so

pose I shall some day, but I may as well give him time to forget how carnestly he pleaded sently rising to take her leave. With sincere regret for her selfishness and indifference, and letermined to make all the reparation in her power, Mrs. Chapman went at once to what better imagined than described, when she found—not Ruth in need of her tardy kindness-but a mourning mother and brother. She listened, with an aching heart, to the ac-

count of Ruth's sickness and beheld with something like awe, the holy resignation so apparent in the stricken mother's looks and words, as she talked of her child. Humbly asking permission to visit her again, and to supply her with comforts while she was sick, once more Mrs. Chapman drove to Mrs. Mabury's house; and interrupting her friend's lively expressions of surprise at seeing her cintions. again so soon, and regardless of Mr. Mabury's presence, she said, "I have been to see Ruth, but I was too late—she is dead." "Oh, no! you cannot mean it:" and Mrs.

Mabury sank pale, and nearly fainting, into a chair.
"When did the poor girl die?" asked Mr. Mabury, and Mrs. Chapman described in a

few words her visit to Ruth's mother. "Walter, I want to speak to you-you will despise me, but I must tell you all;" and Mrs. Mabury, in faltering tones, and with many tears, told of her harshness, her concealment, her story. Mrs. Chapman listened, in won-der and pity, moved almost to tears by the fierce displeasure; and his wife's anguish was too great for him to add to it, by one word of blame, though he could say nothing to alleviate it. Mrs. Chapman had quietly withdrawn, and we need only add that the two riends never forgot the severe lesson taught them by the illness and death of the unoffending Ruth.

CURIOUS SIMILE.-Henry Ward Beecher delivered a half-sermon, half-political haranu-gue at his church in Brooklyn on Sunday night, in which he used the following curious

As men grow rich they grow mean. Why I know men—pious men—who actually per-jure themselves about the value of their propjure themselves about the value of their property that they may save what is justly due the city for taxes. They are as mean as—well—meanness has tunneled them from end to end, and the biggest one lies through the heart, and the Devil daily runs his train through and through. through and through.

Don't you think I'll get justice done have a ver' bad pain in my portmanteau. "Can you take care of children?"

"Oh, yes, I think I can, I am very fond of think you will," replied the other, "for I see two men on the jury who are opposed to hang-

A Politician's Experience.

Messes. Editors: I have realized in the short period of my political career the truth of the old saying, that "Republies are ungrateful." Unlike many of my political brethren, who nurse in silence the recollection of anrequited services, I have come to the deliberate conclusion to anticipate the verdict of posterity, and give to the world a history of my wrongs.

There was a fellow once stepped out of the door of a tavern on the Mississippi, meaning to walk a mile up the shore to the next tavern. Just at the landing there lay a big raft, one of the door of a tavern on the Mississippi, meaning to walk a mile up the shore to thenext tavern. Just at the landing there lay a big raft, one of the door of a tavern on the Mississippi, meaning to walk a mile up the shore to thenext tavern. Just at the landing there lay a big raft, one of the long.

Well, the fellow beard the landlord say the raft was a mile long, and he said to himself, "I will go forth and see this great wonder, and let my eyes behold the timbers which the hand of man hath heven." So he got on at

and child in a neat cottage in the suburbs, but left me a surplus, as I hoped, for a rainy day. Moreover, I had a pew in church, and had charge of a class in the Sabbath school, was addressed by the minister as brother Muggins, and, in short, for aught I know was in a fair way to become an exemplary citizen, if not a true Christian. Thus matters stood in July, Anno Domini, one thousand, eight hundred and sixty, when I received a note from Bubbles, an ambitious young acquaintance of mine, informing me, that in view of the critical exigency of the times, and the "impending crisis" in our national affairs, it behaved every lover of liberty and true

the "Stentorian Worm Fence Ciuo, or which he was President and generalissimo. I lost er. "It's when the truth settles so firm in a "It's when the truth settles so firm in a a large building over a drinking saloon. I was furnished with a lager beer Zouave cap and oil cloth cape, and a pole with a conl-oil lamp at the top, and was drawn up in line with a hundred other patriots, and put through "Thy will be done," while that movements by files of four, six and eight, in open order, at the distance of ten feet apart, I'm just as good for myself as for a loss, and which was explained to me as intended to better for that than any man you ever did see. magnify our numbers in presence of an enemy, practising in blows from the shoulder, and other artistic movements of the manly an overloaded Injin gun if I've been more in a constant and other artistic movements of the manly an overloaded Injin gun if I've been more in a constant artistic movements of the manly are overloaded Injin gun if I've been more in a constant artistic movement are also seen to be a constant and the constant artistic movements of the manly man you were account. the post of honor in parades and at public as

semblages.

My first night's experience may be thus summed up: "Was diverted, then telt outhuall, and Ruth be innocent? No, there were the circumstances, and they were all against her.

"Ruth, can you account for the sudden disappearance of a brace? from my dressing table, without hands? From my dressing table, with the post of honor for the loudest yelling. This excited the cover of my comrades, to conciliate the post of honor for the loudest yelling. This excited the cover of my comrades, to conciliate the my dressing table, with the post of honor for the loudest yelling. This excited the cover of my comrades, to awaken in her glorious home, where the cover of my comrades, to awaken in her glorious home, where the cover of my comrades, to awaken in her glorious home, where the cover of my comrades of the post of honor for the loudest yelling. This excited the post of honor for the loudest yelling. The subject of th home; found my wift alarmed at my long It was difficult to walk through the new-fall-absence. Made all right by pleading business engagements as the tause. Went to bedengagements as the tause. Went to bedengagements as the tause. Went to bedengagements as the tause. Went to be described to the mother.

dreamed of nothing but politics; disturbed by the glare of torones, cheers and groans. the bracelet which Ruth-which you thought Next day had several visits from my comrades of the club, with whom, for fear of being thought mean, I drank and talked politics. ver was so sorry for anything in my life, as Thus the first week was passed amid the exthat I sent her away. The very next time I citements of controversy by day and heavy that I sent her away. The very next time I citements of controversy by day and heavy who had once been carried in her arms, but wore my Magenta moire-antique—you know campaign work by night, when the following who had grown up so fall that she could now who had grown up so fall that she could now I wore that to Mrs. Clark's soirce—I found Sabbath found me physically disabled to enter the bracelet in the pocket! I remembered dure the monotony of the sermon, and spirits and to her:

nothing about it, but I suppose it became unually incompetent for the instructions of the clasped in a dance, and I hurriedly took it Sabbath school. My wife for the first time went to church alone. I improved her ab-The poor girl came to my house after she sence by recruiting my exhausted energies at

The first week was a type of the succeeding on me," said the happy boy.

There will be few hours in that child's life.

There will be few hours in that child's life. ones, except as the campaign neared its conwere out twenty-five pair of shoes, three capes to be a blessing and "a staff" to his mothby the friction of the lamp pole, burnt up six er. power, Mrs. Chapman went at once to what had been Ruth's home. Her feelings may be better imagined than described, when she better imagined than described, when she better imagined than described, when she three hundred and sixty hours of sleep, spent as saving of manures, as John Bull is, he all my surplus change to pay for drinks, flags would be a better farmer. No one knows and other decorations; had frequent family until he has seen it how careful English and jars on account of late hours, lost my pew in European farmers and gardeners are of overy-church and my class in the Sabbath school, thing which can be converted into manure. Am minus three teeth, the result of a street And this is one ground of their superiority in encounter with a political opponent; have a agriculture. cracked voice, the result of over-exertion in cheering; and last, though not least, have a that few things are more valuable for fertilizdisagreeable hankering after "brandy smash-es" and "gin cocktails," and a mysterious affinity for drinking saloons and their asse-them up, now, this very month of November,

and the many letters I have written to the and by the fences in every yard. The wood man I have done so much to elevate remain lat should not be striped clean of them; but man I have done so much to elevate remain lot should not be striped unanswered. I am ready for rebellion. Yours indignantly, PETER MUGGINS.

KISSING THE HANDSOMEST GIRLS .- A dis- by sweeping with a large birch broom. Stack tinguished candidate for an office of high them and pack them in a large wagon, addrust in a certain State, who is "up to a thing or two," and has a keen appreciation of life will hardly get too heavy a load. Cart them heavy a whole the way and near them as healthing for cattle and beauty, when about to set off on an election- home, and use them as bedding for cattle and cering tour recently, said to his wife, who was to accompany him for prudential rea-yard; use them to protect tender grape vines,

"My dear, inasmuch as this election is complicated, and the canvass will be close, I am anxious to leave nothing undone that would promote my popularity, and so I have thought it would be a good plan for me to kiss a number of the handsomest girls in every place where I may be honored with a public eception. Don't you think it would be a good idea?"
"Capital!" exclaimed the devoted wife,

"and to make your election a sure thing, while you are kissing the handsomest girls, I will kiss an equal number of the handsom est young men!"
The distinguished candidate, believe, has not since referred to this pleasing means of

A SLIGHT MISTAKE .- A Frenchman, having a violent pain in his stomach, applied to physician (who was an Englisman) for relief. The doctor inquiring where his trouble lay, the Frenchman, in dolorous accents laying his hand on his breast, said, "Vy, sare, I

popularity.

If truth and fearless integrity had no other refuge in the world, they ought to have in the pulpit an unconquerable fortress.

Walking a Raft.

There was a fellow once stopped out of the

"Yes."

"Where did you live?"

"At Mrs. Mabury's, No. —, street,"
answered Ruth, with a choking voice, feeling have endured, and the cruel neglect I have in a pretty fair time. But just as the lower end, the raft started too, and as he would not fair the lower end, the raft started too, and as he would not fair the lower end, the raft started too, and as he would not fair the lower end. room except Ruth, and the bracelet is gone."
"Well, it does look suspicious, I confess.

Annette; but the gri has as honest a face as I ever saw, and she is devoted to you; I don't like to believe that the could do such a can have been the trouble? I am sorry you the bracelet is gone."

much as if she were signing her own deathwarrant.

"Ah, I know Mrs. Mabury slightly. It is sympathy in my behalf so seldom shown to the broken down politician.

A few months since I was in possession of he landed, and walked straight into the barhave no reference; I think I should like you, but I ought not to take any one for the chilforded me a comfortable livelihood. The salness of things took him a little aback, but ary not only sufficed me to support a wife he looked the landlord steadily in the face,

and settled it in his own way. "Publican," said he, "are you gifted with a twin brother, who keeps a similar sized tavern, with a duplicate wife, a comporting wood-pile, and a corresponding circus bill, a

The tavern keeper was fond of fun, and accordingly said it was just so. "Publican, have you among your dry goods

for the entertainment of man and horse, any whisky of the same kind of that of your brother' And the tavern man said, that from the riing of the sun even unto the going down of

he same he had. friend of his country to organize for more friend of his country to organize for more fine young man—a very fine man, indeed.

the country would be vastly benefitted by my fine young man—a very fine man, indeed.

But do you know, I'm alraid that he suffers a good deal with the Chicago diptheria!"
"And what's that?" asked the todd-stick-

man that none of it ever comes out. Common doctors, of the catnip sort, call it lyin.' When I left your brother's confectionery, there was a safe at his door, which he swore his life to was a mile long. Well, publican, I walked that raft from bill to tail from his

" Very Prond To-Night."

It was a cold night in winter. The wind blew and the snow was whirled furiously about seeking to hide itself beneath cloaks and hoods, and in the very hair of those who were out. A distinguished lecturer was to speak, and, notwithstanding the storm the villagers ventured forth to hear him. William Annesley, buttoned up to the chin in his thick overcoat, accompanied his mother.

"Couldn't you walk more easily if you took my arm."

"Perhaps I could," his mother replied, as she put her arm through his, and drew up as close as possible to him. Together they breasted the storm, the mother and the boy lean on his. They had not walked before he

"I am very proud to-night, mother."
"Proud that you cant take care of me?" she said to him, with a heart gushing with

clusion, drills and parades were more frequent, often continuing through the greater portion of the night, and taxing the physical week of the campaign found our club swelled to the number of five hundred, less the boys new carnestness, hankful for his devoted much in the wrong. In truth, I have not to the number of five hundred, less the boys told him yet that I found the bracelet; I supwho had no votes, most of whom had been atlove, and hopeful for his future. There is no tracted by the splender of our outfit and par-ade, and the prospect of free drinks. By ref-ed, obedient children. I am sure He that the poor thing's cause. Don't you think so, my dear?" she asked, with a forced laugh.

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Chapman answered, abhundred miles of street, without reckoning of their mother, must look upon such with pleahundred miles of street, without reckoning of their mother, must look upon such with pleahundred miles of street, without reckoning sure. May He bless dear William, and every frequent trips to the interior on special trains; other boy whose heart is filled with ambition

Now, let us repeat, what we have often said To conclude the long story of my sufferings, are abundant everywhere, lying in heaps and have lost my situation as confidential clerk, windrows in the forest and by the roadside, deubtless every farmer's land contains more of them here and there, than he can find time to cart home. Gather them up, by raking, or shrubs and plants, and Winter Strawberry patches will fairly sing for joy under such a feathery blanket. By all means, save the leaves and use them .- Ame. Agriculturist.

> Before the days of the tectotalers, a neighbor of Mr. Bisbee saw him at an early hour of the day crawling slowly homeward on his hands and knees, over the frozen ground. "Why don't you get up and walk?" said the neighbor. "I w-w would, b-b-but it's so mighty thin here that I'm afcaid I shall b-b-break through."

Life.—Though we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are whishing every pariod of it at an end. The minor longs to be of age, then to be a man of business, then to make up an estate, then to ar-

rive at honors, then to retire. A Connecticut editor, having got into a controversy with a contemporary, congratula-ted himself that his head was safe from a "donkey's heels." His contemporary astutely inferred from this, that he was unable to make both ends meet.

There is a man who walks so slow that they say he wears a pair of spurs to keep his shadow from treading on his hoels.