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Pamphlets, Blanks, Labels, &c. &c., execu-accuracy and at the shortest notice.

Boetical.

MY HEART IS WITH THEE. When the breeze with a whisper Steals soft through the grove,

A sweet earnost lisper. Of music and love. When its gontle caressings Away charm each sigh, And still dews, like blessings, Descend from the sky, When a deep spell is lying On hill, vale, and lea, My warm heart is flying. Sweet spirit, to thee

When stars like sky-blossoms Above seem to blow, And waves like young bosoms Are swelling below, When the voice of the river Floats mournfully past, And the forest's low shiver Is borne on the blast, When wild tones are swelling From earth, air, and sea, My warm heart is dwelling, Sweet spirit, with thee.

When the night clouds are riding. Liko ghosts, on the galo, And the young moon is gliding Sweet, lonely, and palo, When the ocean is sobbing When the ocean is soloing In occaseless unrest, And its great heart is throbbing All wild in its breast, When the strong wind is restling With billow and tree, My warm heart is nestling, Sweet spirit, with thee.

When in slumber thy fancies And a thousand romances Are bright in thy dream, When visions of brightness Like young augels start In beautiful lightness All wild from thy heart, When thy calm sleep is giving Thy dream-wings to theo, Oh say art thou living, Sweet spirit, with me?

A LYRIC.

How many thoughts I give thee ? Come bither on the grass, And if thou'll count unfailing The green blides as we pass; Or the leaves that sight and tremb To the sweet wind of the West, Or the ripples of the river, Or the subcams on its breast, I'll count the thoughts I give the

I felt that she had paintresponsive chord. ed the future which I needed; but would it For five weeks we were traveling togethe ever come? I had never yet seen a man whom and this our honeymoon was a happy one. I could look up to and trust entirely—fearing nothing earthly so he was mine. Kind and good as Lizzie's husband was, I could never times I tormented myself with the fear that have married him. I had never seen the man there might have been some charm in the den conversions, single moments which change could have married. It was not likely, I carlier days of my husband's first msrriage, the whole tone and current of a life. Mine for me-what and where? I looked listlessly I had little opportunity for such gloomy rom the window. A man was coming up the thoughts. walk, dusty and stained with travel, carrying

face, a face expressing dignity, kindness and much power—the ability to command himself and others. 'Who is it?" I asked, beckoning Lizzie to the window.

"No other than Hiram Woodbury, the Docexpected to see to-day. He's always welcome ringe?" to Dick, though, and of course that makes him so to me. I ran up stairs to smooth my tangled hair,

and make my costume a little more presen-table; and when I came down, Mr. Woodbury was engaged in an animated conversation with the Doctor and Lizzie. He was a tall, powerful man of thirty-five, with lightish brown hair, bold and somewhat massive features. and eyes of Saxon blue. I learned afterward that he was a remarkable mechanical genius and had realized a handsome fortune by some of his investments; also, that he was a zealous reformer, leading the van of every noble

I had not known Mr. Woodbury four days, before I felt in my heart of hearts that here was a man whom I could entirely trust and stone h reverence; nay, whom I could entirely love. Still I was proud, and I strove to retain my affections in my own keeping. I did not feel suro that he was interested in me, but sometimes there seemed a language in his eyes l dared not trust myself to interpret.

By the time he had been there a fortnight, we knew each other better than we could have done in a year, had we met solely in society. It was on the fifteenth day after his coming, that he told me he loved me, and asked me to be his wife.

We were alone, sitting under a clump of pines at the west of the house, where he had gone to see the July sunset. We had watched the clouds silently as they changed from gold and crimson to the softer shades of rose and her any where, from her likeness to her mother's picture. She had the same innoazure, until they were all gone. Then I looked up and saw his eyes were looking at me very cent, appealing blue eyes, the same trans-parent skin, the same features; only the gold of the hair was lighter and sunnier than the mestly, with a strange tenderness in their picture. It lay about the child's head in light rings, such as you have seen in paintings of cherubs. My husband stepped from the car-riage, and only paused to hand me out be-fore the little creature was clasped in his but you are already dearer to me than I can say. Do you think you could ever love me

well enough to be my wife?" "Ido," I answered, struggling with a strange sensation of fullness at my heart, which scemed almost to choke my utterance arms. her ask, as he put her down. He nodded. "God bless you, Agatha. You are what my

oul needs." Ilis words were strong and fervent, and he

"Surely." She came up to me, a little timidly. I bent gathered me close in his arms to his heartover her and received her caress passively, but the kiss I gave her was a very cold one. Selfish heart that I was, I could not love me, an orphan since my earliest recollections, and realizing now, for the first time, what it was to be intensely loved 'by any human be-

hand clasped in hand, feeling how utter was rival. happiness and sai staction of each in th

'May I kiss her ?"

I made no answer, but her words touched wicked eyes looked out of mine now and looked at me for a moment; then she knelt down and murmured a little prayer, whose then. For five weeks we were traveling together, words pierced me like a sword: "O, Father, up in Heaven, please let dear

new mamma get better, and make her love little Laurie. I believe since that hour there may be sud-

thought, that I should see him. If not, I must which was wanting now. But his joy was was changed then. I opened my eyes, my do something myself. What path would open so evident, his tenderness so constant, that arms, my heart. "Come up here, little daughter," I whis-pered, with such tenderness as she had never

After our bridal night until the day before heard in my voice before. · She crept up beside me, and I drew her to a heavy portmantenu-a man not handsome we were to go home for the first time, I had . She crept up beside me, and I drew her to exactly, nor graceful exactly, but with a good not alluded again to his first wife on his child, my bosom-a mother's loving bosom to her It was while I was packing my trunk preparforever more. For a few moments I wept atory to an early start the next morning, and over her silently—I could not help it. Then he was talking to me of my new home, that I I told her my sorrow.

he was talking to me of my new home, that I lo ked up and asked— "Where is little Laurie? How has she passed the time while we were getting ac-took it from me. Your mother and my baby tor's fast friend, and certainly the last man I quainted, and those weeks since our mar- are doth in Heaven; will you be my little girl on earth in place of the dead?'

Her eyes brightened. She cried engerly, I suppose he interpreted the question as a I suppose he interpreted the question as a sign of an awakening interest in his child, for he bent over me and kissed me before he an-"Oh, I love you, new mamma, I always did! Will you love ma too, and let me be

"Thank you, Agatha. I am glad that you your little girl?" "Forever, my darling whom God has given

think of Laurie sometimes. She has been spending the summer, so far. at my sister's, When my husband came in, half an hour will be there to welcome us to-mor but she afterward, he found mogasleep, with Lauris row. I have taken care that she should be

haught to love her new mamma." watching me. "New mamma loves me-loves me dearly," It was a beautiful home on the east bank of the Hudson, to which we went the next she whispered joyfully; and her father's tears, which fell on her face and mine, awakened A handsome carriage met us at the day. boat landing, and the drive wound from the

There was never any jealousy in my coul river along the ascent of a wooded hill, every moment revealing new glimpses of beauty. A short turn brought us in sight of a stately bury's love satisfied every longing of my heart, and Laurie was as dear to me as him one house, "With the battlements high in the fush of the air, I sometimes think the institutions of child-And the turrets thereo nood are deeper than the lore of the philoso-

phers. It was Laurie's childish faith that I had not been prepared for so splendid "the Heavenly baby," sy she always called my lost one, had been given in charge to her

sight. It was a perfect architectural inspira-tion. The eminence on which it stood com-manded a fine view of the river, flashing in the sunlight. The rocks, left as Nature had derly, as I nursed her child below. It was hewn them out, were gay with climbing vines, and the air was full of the odorous breath of a child's conceit, but it has dwelt pleasantly in my heart, Laurie is growing toward her sweet woman

sweetscented flowers. "I never saw anything half so beautiful," I whispered ecstatically to Hiram, who sat en-A wnispered eestatically to Hiram, who sat on-joying my surprise. As the carriage stopped, a little girl ran out upon the piazza. I think I should have known her any where; from her likeness to her have been dearer to me than the sweet daugh ter of my adoption.

BEARDS .--- Most of the fathers of the Church wore and approved of the beard. Clement of Alexandria says," Nature adorned man, like a lion, with a beard, as the mark of strength and power." Lactantius, Theodoret, St. Augustine, and St. Cyprian, are all cloquent in praise of this bharacteristic feature; about "And is it that new mamma?" I heard which may discussions were raised in the early ages of the Church, when matters of disci-pline engaged much, of the attention of its léa-ders. To settle those disputes, at the fourth Council of Carthage-A AD, 252; Can. 44-it was enacted ." that a cleric shall not cherish his hair nor shave his benrd." (Clericus nec comam nutriat nec barban radat.) Binghum quotes an early letter, in which it is said of

ing. We did not talk much about our emo-tions. I think we both liked best to sit there, reminder, so I felt, to her father, of my dead man. "His habit, gait, and modest, coutenance and discourse, were all religious, and I should blush to describe all the incidents *areeably*: to these his hair was short and his other's presence. At length he suid— of the year which followed. How patiently "Iknow that Ishall be giving a good mother the poor little motherless girl—motherless beard long." A source of dispute between the Roman and Greek Churches has been the subof the year which followed. How patiently o my little Laurie. I should be cruel, were I still, though I had taken her mother's name ect of wearing or not wearing the beard. gallop to forget her in my joy. I could not at first divine his meaning. I How cold I was to her. I neglected none of The Greek Church has adhered to the dccisions of the early Church. and refused to adher bodily needs, but to the little heart which mit any shaven saint into its calendar, and asked me for bread I gave only a stone. Not once, in all those twelve months, did I gather thereby condemning the Romish Church for the opposite conduct. And on the other hand, her into my arms and kiss her; not once did the Popes, to make a distinction between the I bestow on her any voluntary caress. I won-Eastern and Western decisions, made statutes De radendis Barbis, or shaving the beard. some, however, believe that faith and nature might be reconciled. The leading English died five years ago, and my Laurie is just five years old." What could I say—I, who had said so often father love it half as well as he loved Laurie? and German Reformers wore their beards, with an exception or two. Most of the Protestant martyrs were burnt in their beards. A NEW PATENT CANTEEN FOR THE ARMY. all the troops that have thus far left for the eat of war, were but indifferently provided with receptacles for water; having in all cases been furnished with the old inshioned oval canteen, which at the least pressure opened lieved me noble and generous. He had be selfish and exacting. Yet I do not believe his great, noble heart ever, for a moment, failed toward me in tenderness and patience. He bore with my waywardness, as one bears with the faults of an irresponsible child. Perhaps be never lock his failt in grouper position, but shifts of the soldior. Some mechanical genius, how-ever, has obviated this difficulty, by invention the seams, and let out the water. Besides ever, has obviated this difficulty, by inventing he never lost his faith in my regeneration. I think Laurie suffered beyond what I had a canteen which also serves as a coffee and tea pot. The object is to provide a canteen which may be carried with greater facility, husband. Better freeze than warm one's be-ing at such a fire. I had suid all this, and yet I had wedded Hiram Woodbury. When no other choice. And yet I had thought to for a mother to love her as she had seen other no other choice. And yet I had thought to for a mother to love her as she had seen other vet. I had wedded Hiram Woodbury. When no ther choice. And yet I had thought to for a mother to love her as she had seen other vet. I had wedded Hiram Woodbury. When no ther choice. And yet I had thought to for a mother to love her as she had seen other vet. I had wedded Hiram Woodbury. When no ther choice her choice her as she had seen other vet. I had wedded Hiram Woodbury. When no ther choice her choice her as she had seen other vet. I had wedded Hiram Woodbury. When no ther choice her choice her as she had seen other vided with a filter which car be readily atsupposed a child's capacity for purely mental vided with a filter which can be readily atchildren loved. For many weeks before I "You are my love, Agatha, my dear, true came she had been told that she was to have tached to the spout, thus making brackish we! You will be Laurie's mother, will you what she most graved a new mamma all to water fresh and sweet. The improvement consists in constructing the canteen of a curved form in its horizontal position, so as to confirm to the shape of the body, and in provihad never been deliberately cruel before, but ding it with an introduction or filling opening I was now. All Laurie's gay vivacity was gone. She seemed all the time fearful of dis-tube and filter. The canteen may be turned Song or BIRDS .- Song is the bird's mys tery, and its different degrees are almost ondless; some think they understand these sounds. What a range of tones between the into a coffee or tea pot; the tea or coffee being pleasing me. She moved and spoke in a slow, placed in the canteen through the funnel, and quiet way, that I could see it was exquisitely pouring boiling water upon it, and closing it painful to her father to behold. I do not know cawing of the raven and the voice of the with the cork. To the spout is attached a small sieve which prevents the grounds from how it was that his love for me was not utterly nightingale of the mocking-bird! The shrill ory of the osprey is terrible as he swoops quenched, his patience all worn out. Perhaps coming through. The Garibaldi Guards, Col. Blenker's regihe thought that I was not well, and that the sweet new comer, for whom we hoped, would is the cooing of the turtle-dove! Wonderful are the accents of a single bird's voice-now ment, and several other New York State troops are already provided with this canteen .- N. Y. Commercial.

THE CHARGE OF MURAT AT EYLAU. Effect of War on California.

California is likely to be among the most secluded parts of the Union, in the coming It is at Eylau that Murat always appears in his most terrible aspect. This battle, fought in mid-winter, in 1807, was the most impor-tant and bloody one that had then occurred. contest between the sections. So far as home interests are concerned, the newspapers of San Francisco have few expressions of regret at the changed condition of public affairs. France and Russia had never before opposed such strength to each other, and a complete They anticipate that the shipments of trea-sure will be suspended, chiefly on account of victory on either side would have settled the fate of Europe; Bonnparte remained in pos-session of the field, and that was all; no victhe hazards of transportation on the Atlantic

coast, and that in consequence the precious tory was ever so like a defeat. The field of Eylau was covered with snow, metals will remain at home to stimulate in dustry. The San Francisco Herald says:--"Close up the Golden Oate for treasure ship ments only for one year, and we shall have the agreeable little sum of from forty-five to fifty millions of gold, without counting our silver, for home expenditure and seeking employment in the various resources of our State." Manufacturing, too, from the difficulty of continuing importations, is expected o receive a new impetus. As the manufac ture of beet sugar was commenced in France and afterwards grew to an interest of the first

importance, owing to the necessity of pro-ducing at home what could not be procured abroad, pending the war with Great Britain, so California may possibly learn to depend on her own resources for the supply of a large variety of articles now obtained clsewhere-

such as hardware, woolen goods, tobacco, &c. California may also be tempted to embark more largely in commercial pursuits on her own account, directing attention to China and Japan, Australia and the Pacific coast; and perhaps a considerable number may seek her shores for a refuge. But this is the best side of the picture. Every part of the country must share the prostration of industrial in-terests while the conflict continues.—Journal

Don'T CARE A BIT .--- An Irishman going to aarket met a farmer with an owl. "Say mishter, what'll you take for yer big yed Turkey ?' ished farmer:

"Devil a bit do I care whether it is old or

Whittier, a New England machanic, now HISTORY OF THE "COLTS."-The real inventor the orignal invention, and got his patent. He immediately, commenced the manufactre

prostrated by a fire, which distroyed all his stock and machinery, and left him poor and unable to start afresh. In 1851, he procured a renewal of his patent, and in the same year d it for \$2000 to Henra B. Bsach and samuel

up to its present great renown, and to whom it has returned on immense fortune: A. DISAFFOINTD DARKEY .--- An old darkey,

Some gentlemen, who were fishing near him, were about to offer their congratulations at his lack; before they could do so, however, the darkey had detached the quivering beauty from his hook, and flung him again into the Odds and Ends.

NO. 3.

Comming-The 4th of July.

CEnlistments for the navy are briskly oing on in the maritime cities.

TA good man is kinder to his enemy han bad men are to their friends.

DA glorious camp meeting that at Fort-

D-Who wants a better 'National Him, han General Scott?

BerOut of six thousand oil wells in Pensylvania about three hundred pays

The peach crop in the vicinity of Cininnati has been entirely cut off.

1 The times are hard' wife, and I find difficult to keep my nose above the water."

10 The number of applicants for situa-ion in the New York Custom House is over twelve thousand.

"You can ersly keep your nose above wa-ter, huband, If you didn't keep it so often above brandy?

Dogs are said to speak with their tails. Would it not be better to call a short-tailed log a stunip orator.

mer The New York board of alderman ave appropriated \$8,000 for the celebration of the fourth of July.

DPaper parchment, it is said, may be roduced by immersing paper in a concentrated solution of chloride of zine.

Show us the man who says he has no confidence in woman, and we will show you villian and a libertine at heart.

tor The New York Post says there has been a remarkable decrease of crime in that city since the war commenced.

Md., has been appointed U. S. Consul to Rotterdrm.

The Cincinnati Press publishes a sermon by Rev. M. D. Conway, of that city, on the "Horrors of Peace."

The Lyons newspapers state that the French officers are comming to the United States to take service in our armies.

100 Major General George McClellan, next n rank to General Scott, is only thirty-three years of age.

There is a man in Albuny, haling from New Hampshire, whose right hand repro-sents, perfectly, the head of a snake.

37 A bachelor editor, who had a pretty sister, recently wrote to another be equaly fortunate—Please exchange.

tor The Richmond Whig of the 1st says, Virginian will be put in the Confederate cab-inet, vice Secratary of War Walker.

Dr A regiment of Wisconsin cavalry, un-der command of Carl Schurz, is confidently

expected to arrive at Harrisburg in a few

There are two classes of disappointed

lovers, those who are disappointed before

100 A Scotchman asked an Irishman why

The who combats his own evil passions

and desires, enters into the severest battle of

ife; and he who combats successively; obtains

"Don't get above your business," as a

Der The proprietor of a bone-mill adver-

Dull authors will measure our judg-

ment not by our abilities, but by their own conceit. To admire their vapidity, is to have

superior taste: to despise it, is to have none.

The British volunteers now enlisting

n New York, the other evening, at their

neeting gave three cheers for the Queen of

I Happy Folks A child with a rattle -a schoolboy on a holiday two lovers walks

ing by moonlight-and a boy sucking cider

alf-farthings were coined in England? The

marriage, and more unhappy ones who are

disappointed after it.

he greatest victory.

"Ahl the con-tunderstood you differently. They supposed that the discourse canne from catch fine fish, you must not throw your bait directly at him. Young Ladies may take

answer was: to give Scotchmen an opported

1 ady said to the shoemaker who was meas-to to grass l' said a mother to her uring her ankle in order to ascertain the size

of her foot.

nd dispatch.

England

notice.

and the little poids that lay scattered over it were frozen sufficiently hard to bear the ar-

tillery. Seventy-one thousand men on one side, and eighty-five thousand on the other, arose from the frozen field on which they had slept the night of February, without tent or covering, to battle for a continent. Augurea, on the left, was utterly routed in the morning.

Advancing through a snow storm so thick he could not see the enemy, the Russian cannon mowed down his ranks with their destructive fire, while the Cossack cavalry, which were ordered to charge, came thundering on, almost hitting the French infantry with their long lances before they were visible through

the storm. Hemmed in and overthrown, the whole di-

themmed in and overthrown, the whole di-vision, composed of 16,000 men, with the ex-ception of 1,500, were captured or slain. Just then the snow storm clearing up, revealed to Napoleon the peril to which he was brought, and he immediately ordered a grand charge by the imperial Guard and the whole caval-way by the caval-Nothing was further from Bonaparte's

wishes or expectation, than the bringing of his reserve into the engagement at this carly afterward. The fullness of Hiram Wood- stage of the battle, but there wes no other resource left him.

Murat sustained his high reputation on this occasion, and proved himself, for the hundredth time, worthy of the great confidence Napoleon placed in him. Nothing could be more im-posing than the battle field at this moment. Bonaparte and the Empire trembled in the balance, while Murat pepared to lead down his cavalry to save them. Seventy squadrons, making in all 14.000 well mounted men be gan to move over the slope, with the Old Guard marching sternly behind.

Bonaparte, it is said, was more agitated at his crisis than when, a moment before, he was so near being captured by the Russians. But as he saw those seventy squadrons come down on *a* planging trot, pressing hard after the white plume of Murat, that streamed through the snow storm far in front, a smile assed over his countenance.

The earth groaned and trembled as they passed, and the sabres above the dark and an-gry mass below looked like the form of a seawave as it creats on the deep. The rattling of their armor and the muffled thunder of their tread drowned all the roar of the battle, as with firm, set array, and swift, steady mo-tion they bore down with their terrible front

on the foe. The shock of that immense host was like a falling mountain, and the front line of the Russian army went down like frost-work bethe cavalry action at Echmubic The clashing of steel was like the ring of countless ham-mers, and horses and riders were blended in wild confusion together; the Russian reserve were ordered up, and on these Murat fell with his fierce horsemen, crushing and trampling them down by thousands. But the obstinate

of Commerce.

"It is an owl, ye baist," replied the aston

oung, price the bird ye spalpeen." f the now world-famous Colt pistol is Otis W.

working by the day in the railroad and machine shops of Harrisburg Pa. It was in 1837 while living in Enfleld, N. H., that he made

of the arm, but at ihe end of two years was

Woodruff of Hartford, who in turn sold it to Samuel Colt, by whome it has been worked

whom Capt. Jim Francis knows very well fore it. Then commenced a protracted fight, went out one day to catch catfish. After of hand to hand, and sword to sword, as in catching two or three small fry, be hooked a fine pike.

water. "Why under the sun did you do that for?"

Mr. Smith you said you once officiated

"Me sir! I only throwed a little light upon

"No. levity, Mr. Smith. Crier wipe your

She answered— "It is elixir asthmatic, it is very aroman-

nose and call the next withess."

presented him a cup of medicine.

"What is it ?" he asked.

in a pulpit; do you mean that you preached. "No sir; I held the light for the man that

My beautiful, my best. And I'll count the joys I owe thee, My beautiful, my own.

## Migrellaneous.

### MY HUSBAND'S CHILD.

A SECOND WIFE'S STORY.

I had a little daughter, And she was given to me To lead me gently backward, To the Heavenly Father's knee.

I had married a widower. How many times I had wondered, blamed, laughed at such mar-riages. How many times said that I would remain single, if Fate so pleased, to the end of the chapter, but never, never marry one whose first love had been given to another— who offered me the ashes of a heart. A second hand garment, I had said, was bad enough; still, were it a choice between that and freez-ing, one might wear it; but not a second-hand yet I had wedded Hiram Woodbury. When I first met him, however, I did not know that be the first love of the man I married." he had ever been married.

I was staying with my old schoolmate, Eliza-both Simms, now Mrs. Dr. Henshaw. I had

ing house in the city, where I lived, in three rooms and a band-box, with my guardian and his wife, to Lizzie's pleasant and spacious cerned. I will love her if I can. If I cancountry house, with the wide, handsomely laid out grounds around it, and the free range of thought, at first, that I should presently weary of the monotony, but each day of the seven of the monotony, but each day of the seven had grown more and more charmed, until I had began to believe myself in love with na-

ture. "I like it," I said to Lizzie, throwing myself down, after a long morning's ramble, in the easy chair in her sitting room. She looked at me fondly, with her kind blue eyes.

"It was with such an understanding as this, "It was with such an understanding as this, solf in the glass, Agatha Raymond. See that strong, well rounded form, those great, black, earnest eyes—the forchead with more brains earnest cycs—the forchead with more brains than beauty—the dark face with the crimson blood glowing through its olive! Does it look his fonder this estimates and mine, and made blood glowing through its olive! Does it look his fonder this estimates are as a second of the reasoning blood glowing through its olive! Does it look his fonder this estimates are as a second of the reasoning blood glowing through its olive! Does it look his fonder this estimates are as a second of the reasoning the second of the reasoning blood glowing through its olive! Does it look his fonder this estimates are as a second of the reasoning the second of the rea blood glowing through its olive! Does it look his fondest kisses seein cold. to you like the face and form of one to be contented with confinement, and sloth, and fashion?" I laughed

"I never had the means to be fashionable,

here fill your heart. It is a good, honse, true heart, it hough it is proud and waywardi I know it well. I can see just the kind of fin I know it well. I can see just the kind of fin I know it well. I can see just the kind of fin I know it well. I can see just the kind of fin I the series of the financi series provide and waywardi I know it well. I can see just the kind of fin I the series of the financi series provide and waywardi I know it well. I can see just the kind of fin I the series of the financi series provide and waywardi I the series of the financi series provide and waywardi I the series of the financi series provide and waywardi I the series of the financi series provide and waywardi I the series of the financi series provide and waywardi I the series of the financi series provide and waywardi I the series of the financi series provide and waywardi I the series of the financi series provide and waywardi I the series of the financi series provide and waywardi I the series of the financi series provide and the kin is the provide and the kin and t

looked at him inquiringly. "Your little Laurie?" "Yes! my child, my little girl. You know of her existence, surely."

"I had supposed that the Henshaws had told you all my history! Did you not know I had been married? My wife, my Laurie, who might be left motherless as she had been.

that I would wrong no dead woman by taking She is his idol, I said bitterly, to myself-his from her, her husband's love? I could give idol, as her mother was before her; and I, "Tenderly-most tenderly." "And she loved ton days a second place in his heart. Looking back to those days, I really wonder that he loved me at all. I had disappointed him so thoroughly. He had be-

"Tenderly-most tenderly." "And she loved you?" "With all her heart." "She was your first love?" "Yes, the love of my youth. But why these

acstions, Agatha? Are you not satisfied with he love I pledge to you-a love as strong and true as man ever gave to woman?" "I must be," I whispered, in a voice whose calmness startled me; it contrasted so strangely

Our acquaintance came about oddly enough. Nwas staying with my old schoolmate, Eliza-the Silve 1 You will be Laurie's mother, will you what she most craved—a new mamma, all to herself. She had found in me less affection been there for a week, enjoying myself heart-ily. It was a pleasant change from the board-swered honesity.

swered honestly. "I will be Laurie's mother, so far as seeing Laurie's mother before you loved me, por-haps better than you ever could love me." He looked at me sadly, yet trustingly still. | heal my nature of its pride and pain and pas-

"I believe you are better than your own es- sion. in are, I love you."

At last my day of trial dawned. There ere many hours of terrible suffering, during 'It was with such an understanding as this, tered in the tiny wrist-no heart-beat stirred

"How did she look? I wish I could know." the little still breast. The delicate blue-tasked him this question, as we cat alone veined eyelids would never lift; the lily bud

together on our wedding night. Had he heen thinking of her, too. He un- thing was all. Where was the soul? Would Lizzie. My poor five hundred a year has to find me food and shelter, besides garments. Even if I had it all to spend in personal adorn-ment I could only stand in the outer vestibule

Even if I had it all to spend in personal adorn-ment, I could only stand in the outer vestibule of the temple of fashion." "If you had five thousand a year, instead of five hundred, fashion and frivolity would never fill your heart. It is a good, honest, true heart; though it is proud and wayward; The was alter we had dipped it into a the season when the minimula phinted on ivery, into the Infinite Dark? Had God measured, had be cherished in a man's inmost heart; idealized, wrapped around never fill your heart. It is a good, honest, true heart; though it is proud and wayward; in the checks. The was alter we had dipped it into a the season when the minimula phinted on ivery, into the Infinite Dark? Had God measured, had be and to my ery for bread given a stone? My Whenever the bird gets a homp-seed which is too hard for him to crack, he will take it and the brow so white, and the vivid rose bloom the brow so white, and the vivid rose bloom the brow so white, and the vivid rose bloom the brow so white, and the vivid rose bloom the brow so white, and the vivid rose bloom the brow so white, and the vivid rose bloom the brow so white, and the vivid rose bloom the brow so white, and the vivid rose bloom the brow so white, and the vivid rose bloom the brow so white, and the vivid rose bloom the brow so white, and the vivid rose bloom the brow so white, and the vivid rose bloom the heart than when any other music meets

A GOOD BIRD STORY .- The editor of the 

make no remarks-simply to state facts, and let them go for what they are worth. Once before we mentioned our canary, 'Billy,' a pervades the heart, when after the chcerless days of winter the spring sun beams. bird six-and-a-half years old. We then spoke

bird six-and-a-half years old. We then spoke have many songsters already upon our beau-of his invariably taking his dry cracker, and tiful island, and now is the best time to hear wetting it in his water dish, previous to eating the matin song of the year. The spring is it. This was after we had dipped it into a the season when they make the whole country is the season when they make the whole country is the season when the season

Russians disdained to fly, and rallied again he was asked. "Why, marser," was the reply, "I come a and again, so that it was no longer cavalry charging on infantry, but squadrons of horse cattin', an' when I goes cattin', I wants cat- days. ing through broken hosts that, gather ing into knots, still disputed, with unpurallelfish, and not pike." cd bravery, the red and rent field. It was during this strange fight that Murat

was seen to perform one of those desperate deeds for which he was so renowned. Excited to the highest pitch of passion by the obstacles that opposed him, he seemed endowed with ten-fold strength, and looked mere like a superhuman being treading down helpless mortals, than an ordinary man. Amid the roar of Artillery, and rattling of musketry, and falling of sabre strokes like lightning about him, that lofty white plumo never once went down, while ever and anon it was seen glaring through the smoke of battle, the sta of hope to Napoleon, and showing that his right arm' was still uplifted, and striking for victory.

He raged like an unloosed lion amid the foe: and his eyes, always terrible in battle, burned with increased lustre, while his clear tic, and will make you feel ecstatic." "Nancy," he replied, with a smile, "you and steady voice, heard above the turmoil of are very sister-matic." strife, worth more than a thousand trumpets to cheer on his followers. At length, seeing a knot of Russian soldiers that for a long time daughter.

had kopt up devouring fire upon his men, he wheeled his horse and drove in full gallop Well, then, I'spose I'll have to marry, ejaculated the fair damsel. 'Who so?' inquired the astonished mother. Itses that hose sending their own bones to be Because all men are grass.' The old lady ground, will be attended to with punctuality upon their levelled muskets. A few of his guards, that never allowed that white plume o leave their sight, charged after him. With survived. out waiting to count his foes, he soized his

bridle in his feeth, and with his pistol in one hand and his drawn sword in the other, burst The An old lady walked into the office of a udge of probate and asked-" Are you the in headlong fury upon them, and scattered

judge of reproduces ?" "I am the judge of pro-bate" was the reply. "Well, that's it, I ex-pect," quoth the old lady. "You see my fath-er died detested, and he left several infidels; them as if a hurricane had swept by. Murat was a thunderbolt on that day, and the deeds that were wrought by him will furnish themes for the poet and the painter. and I want to be their executioner.'

atá 2

Every morning we enter upon a new day carrying still an unknown future in its bosom. Thoughts may be born to day, which my never my be extinguished. Hopes may be excited to-day, which will never expire. Acts may be performed to-day, the con-sequences of which may not be realized till upon his prey, but how tender and alluring eternity.

DrEvery girl who intends to qualify for marriage, should go through a course cookery, Unfortunately, few wives are able to dress ITIn a back township of Upper Canada, anything but themselvs. a magistrate, who kept a tavern, sold liquor to the people till they got drunk and fough

in his house. Ife then issued a warrant Porteus changed himself into a lion. apprehending them, and tried them on the A good many of his successors, when they spot, and besides fining them, made them change always make asses of themselves reat each other to make up the quarrel. and no great change, either.

The man overybody likes is generly a fool A newspaper carrier in Layfayette, Ind. The man who nobody likes is generaly a knave. The man who has friends who would die for him, and fees who would love to see who had been corely annoyed by a dog, pui-chased an interest in the animal, and then him broiled alive, is usually a man of some

worth and force. IF "Mr Smith, you said you boarded at the Columbia Hotel six months; did you foot our bill.

"No sir; but what amounted to the same hing-the landlord footed me." Verdict for defendant. Call the next case.

selves."

shot his half.

That was a wise nigger, who in speak ig of the happiness of married people, said,

Dat'ar pends altogether how dey enjoy them-

An old maid in Missouri owns 3,000 acres of fine land on which she employs 30 hands. Why dont the old lady marry ?---

#### rapidly prattling, now drawn out long and soft, then fine with sudden stops, or again shrill and disjointed—expressing, in fact, the feelings of content or sorrow, the tender affec tion of love or the rage of jealousy. Need I here refer to the delight which the earliest greeting of the lark awakens in us? We in stinctively repeat-"Hark, the lark at Heaven's gate sings," and welcome that refreshing feeling which