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

TERMS. Subscription.—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 every instance. No subscription discontinued until all arrograges are paid unless at the option of the Editor.

and exercise mental and a state of the context of t

JOB-PRINTING—Such as Hand-bills, Posting-bills, Pamphlots, Blanks, Labels, &c. &c., executed with accuracy and at the shortest notice.

Poeticul.

LOSS AND GAIN.

BY ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR Thou hast done well to kneel and say :

Since He who gave can take away And bid me suffer—I obey. And also well to tell thy heart

That good lies in the bitterest part, And thou wilt profit by her smart, But bitter hours come to all: When even truths like these will pall

Then I would have thee strive to see That good and evil come to thee As one of a great family.

And as material life is planned, That even the loneliest one must stand, Dependent on his brother's hand. So links more subtle and more fine Bind every other soul to thine, In one great brotherhood divine,

Nor with thy share of work be vexed; Though incomplete, and e'en perplext; It fits exactly to the next.

What seems so dark to thy dim sight May be a shadow, seen aright, Making some brightness doubly bright,

The flach that struck thy tree—no more To shelter thee—lets Heaven's blue floor Shine where it never shone before, Thy life, that has been dropped aside

Thy ery wrung from thy spirit's pain May echo on some far-off plain, And guide a wanderer home again.

May teach another full success. It may be that in some great need

Thy heart might throb in vast content, Thus knowing that it was but meant As chord in one great instrument,

That even the discord in thy soul From out the great harmonious whole.

It may be, that when all is light, Deep set within that deep delight Will be to know why all was right;

To hear life's perfect music rise, And while it floods the happy skies, Thy feeble voice to recognize.

Then strive more gladly to fulfil Thy little part. This darkness still Is light to every loving will.

And trust-as if already, plair How just thy share of loss and pain.

Is for another fuller gain.

I dare not limit time or place Touched by thy life; nor dare I trace Its far vibrations into space.

ONE only knows. Yet if the fret

Then thou may'st take thy loneliest fears.

The hitterest drops of all thy tears, The dreariest hours of all thy years. And, through thy anguish there outspread

And thus thy soul shall learn to draw

Sweetness from out that loving law, That sees no failure and no flaw,

Where all is good. And life is good, Were the one lesson understood Of its most sacred brotherhood.

Miscelluneous.

FOOT PRINTS IN THE SNOW

A NEW-YEAR'S STORY. BY CHARLES A. MUNGER.

(Concluded.)

Browning then continued: The rest you may have gathered. She refused to name the author of her disgrace, nor could threats or entreaties for or induce her. She claimed she was a wife; but said she had promised not to declare her husband. was the true woman in her suffering; my own sweet daughter Susy, spoiled and dishonored as she was; and my father's heart was wrung and strained to the utmost. I told her of it : she saw it and knew it. But when her strength had been perfectly restored. and 'twas but this afternoon, I led her to the door and showed her the wide, wide world.

HEAVEN has delt sorely with me and my wife, Harry; but I will not fall to cursing. Here a knock at the door startled the inwhisper; and Saunders shuddered as he and still its beatings for ever; or if desperation thought of the figure he had beheld beckention has seized upon her, a single moment, som. ing to him. There was no answer to the nay a second, may lose her to them, and summons. In a moment a hand tried the home, and HEAVEN! Ay, let them speed, door. It opened. None of them looked and to be wary lest they miss those foot-prints around, as a man closely muffled up entered. in the snow. But what is it Saunders sees? The newcomer, in his over-shoes, made no There is a broad river yonder, and through noise as he entered; and they all thought it the centre of the enshrouding ice he can see

steps, he can see them faltering down the slope, straight onward to the stream. And Browning saw it, and stopped, and laid one spring from his chair, and with one bound reached the rifle hanging from the joists, and before any one was aware of his purp see pulled the trigger. Its harmless clink, however, announced his intention, and as he advanced upon the stranger with the clubbed stream of the feeling from the clubbed stream of the feeling down the stream. And Browning saw it, and stopped, and laid one hand upon Carson's shoulder, gazing with a maniac-glare, and pointing to the foot-prints of the feeling from the joists, and before any one was aware of his purp see manner in an instant, and breaking away, he ran down the declivity, pursued by his companions. It because necessary, however, insportation of children, had trudged along slowly and carefully, fearing lest he should vanced upon the stranger with the clubbed companions. It because necessary, however, im-

"as you value your eternal peace; for I they reached the river. The tracks led on to shall hold that man my foe who shall dare to the ice. They followed them toward the "Fred," said Susan, "I am so glad you stand between me and my reveneed." atand between me and my revenge!"

me in my heart of heart, comes he back to Anventusements—Accompanied by the cash, and coil and hiss around his victim? Hal ha! hal but you have missed it. Look in the other conditions one square, will be inserted three hal but you have missed it. Look in the other conditions of the highways and hedges for her. Go! the world is wide enough for us both, and beware

tereafter how you cross my path!"
"Mr. Browning," said the young man,
whose name was Frederick Carson, "I do not comprehend all this. Of whom, or what absence to see your daughter Susan. Is she

"Here ! Ask the winds where she is. Ask soil and wearied wings, and soar away to the ravens that feed her. What! you a royal bird of prey, stooping to such garbage!"

"Good Goo! what does all this signify!

Susan is my wife _____"
"Thank Heaven!" shricked Mrs. Brownfor that, Fred Carson. I knew she could not lie. I knew we wronged her, husband." "And here I am come to make her public-

ly my wife, and to keep the happy New-Year, and you tell me she has gone in shame and dishonor. Has she become a mother, and concealed our marriage? or has she told you, and you have not believed? Alas! we must all suffer enough without suffering in-"You say she is your wife," said Brown-

ing; "what evidence is there save her off-'My own avowel. If you need more, the

certificate and witnesses. have done her!" said the father, with a knew them, and followed them. For a short choked utterance: "hat she passisted in distance to the father with a knew them, and followed them. For a short choked utterance: choked utterance: "but she persisted in distance the tracks diverged to the shore, and naming no one, and turned away from all enther they turned and led to the water again. "'Twas my fault," said Carson, "'twas

mine. A few days before I left for the South. giri—tell me where she is, old man. I de-mand her at your hands." was already scaled.

And now the mod

I am a bruised reed now, Fred. Demand oning to him over the glittering snow, through

her father's return. Oh! if she has died three: but she heard it not, for that fearful this cold night, we are her murderers!"

Let us go back about it this moment. We the agony she had undergone, the dishonor shall doubtless find her at some of the neighthat had fallen upon her, and the scorn that bors. Let us disperse at the forks of the would point its slowly-moving finger at her road, and inquire at the house till we find as she should weep through the garish would?

checked them, saying:

"There is something which tells me we awakened, would say, "Pence, be still!"

shall find her in no house to night. She want "Poor, poor girl!" said S forth, to my idea, in desperation; and if we was the first to discover her. do not follow hard upon her, something terrible will befal. There has been rashness on

"Sir," said Carson, " it is too late to blame | printed a kiss upon her pallid lips. Still she now. Had we dared to correspond, or had needed him not. A deep sleep was falling not sickness detained me, this had been averted. She has been too faithful to our secret. lethargy, or a deeper slumber, one in which But how shall we follow her, except from there are no dreams, would fall upon her. neighbor to neighbor?"

trace them by the mounlight."

Through the fields, then. Come on!" said struck its cheek, it opened its eyes and com-Browning.

So saying he turned to the back-door, followed by the other two. They could distin- father and husband then drew the girl from guish with ease her foot-prints in the light her hiding-place, and shook her very roughly. snow. It was a small, delicate foot that had Finally she opened her eyes, and their wild gone that unusual way, and, by the unequal and wonderous light met the gaze of Saunders. distances between the prints, they saw that Then he knew who it was that had beckened

it had borne a weary frame. ful suspense began to harrow up and chill faster they urged her on toward the house, their spirits. They kept on in silence. The Saunders following with the babe. They keen air smote their cheeks, the snow chir-ruped under their feet, and over them rolled when Carson, who narrowly watched her on the descending moon. Let them make haste, for the pale orb will not much longer pour her light for them; and if sware of it, she broke from her father's hold, awdre of it, she broke from her father's hold, and shricking, "Fred!" threw her arms sunk in her journeying, the terrible Frostsaid Browning, in a King will lay in his icy hand upon her heart Good evening !" said a deep-toned, musi-steps, he can see them faltering down the the glitter of the dashing waters; and those

them. Oh! the agony of that husband. Oh! the depth of that father's despair. Oh! life, hereafter; and we will live together what a scene, as they stood gazing upon the joyful and contented, in charity with all—will vanishing foot-steps, with clasped hands; as they stood there on the ice by the glittering What n waters, in that winter night, under the descending moon. This was the New-Year's Eve. Would the New-Year's Day be more cheerful to those two men? Would their hopes and joys kindle with its rising beam?

newer and nobler flights, with its full-orbed splendor? Alas! alas! The scene was too solemn and affecting for Saunders, and he walked down the river,

Would their faith and charities plume their

er, kept a look out upon them, as we as upon the stream, to notice any traces of the suicide's death-struggle, which might be visible. He had proceeded but a short distance, How her thoughts went out into the night ble. He had proceeded but a short distance, when he again discovered that same small seeking for her girl; how many prayers she when he again discovered that same small foot-step leading from the water, with the current, and apparently to the shore. Like an arrow he sped to his companions, shouting: The track! I have found to the shore track! I have found to the shore her. Their clashing of one

The twain started up, and rays of hope flashed over their pallid countenances like lightning. They joined him, crying: "Thank of the twain started up, and rays of hope flashed over their pallid countenances like lightning. They joined him, crying: "Thank of their eyes were blinded with tears; not they who saw it not, for language, with all the glory that imagination this way, this way : come!" Goo! we shall find, we shall save her yet!" language, with all the glory that imagination they arrived at the place where the foot-

What! had she repented of her last resolve, and indeed sought refuge from her woes in the cold and glittering element? No she had we were privately married; for I feared my but hasitated there for a short while. In a parents, and she feared you. We promised little ways the direction of her path changed never to name each other as husband and to the shore. But what, if in that bitter but hositated there for a short while. In a wife, till we meet again, until I might claim night, instead of drowning she had frozen! her without fear, and she me without re- How the terrible alternative obtruded itself. proach. And here I am now, and she, noble upon their minds; for if she had sunk, her fate

And now the moon was dipping behind the western hills, and they would lose the her of the winds."

There was a pause, and Saunders, who had let go of the subdued Browning, saw again in long line of chesnut and oak that skired the his mind that same day wild phanton beck-high bank of the river. They reached the ming to him over the glittering snow, through shore, and tracked her along under the shelv the keen moon-beams.

"" Can you nottell me where I may find her?"

Where did she go from here?"

Mrs. Browning replied: "She has been here to-night. So cold, and pale, and pitiful, with her sweet baby! But she dare not stay for her father's return. Oh! if she has died

his cold night, we are her murderers!"

"Heaven and earth!" exclaimed Carson; cold was creeping over her. A little later and you no guess whither she has gone?" and they had found her a stiffened corpse! "No," said the mother; "she went out Yes, there she sat on that cold winter night, the back-door, through the fields. Her heart pressing her child to her breast. Oh! deep, what were all the pangs she had suffered, r." Nothing, nay, less than nothing, while the "Yes, I shall little deserve her love," said smile of her little one should gladden her; Carson; little requite her faithfulness, if nothing, while in its eyes she could behold I waited till morning, Come on, my friends, we shall celebrate the happy New-cternity; nothing, nothing; for despite all the pitiless peltings of the mortal storm, They were about departing through the those cherub-hands would pour oil upon the front-door, when Saunders again saw in his troubled waters of her soul. True, there mind that weired plantom beckening to him would be times when her vexed heart would through the moon-light, over the snow. He fret, when reproach would lift up the waves of hate, but mother-love, like the MASTER

"Poor, poor girl !" said Saunders, for he bent over, clansed her in his arms, and im-They carefully unwound her arms, which "By her foot-prints in the snow, We can ace them by the moonlight."
"You are right, Saunders, you are right. little one was warn, and as the cold air menced crying. Saunders covered it and stilled its complaining; for he held it. The vals, she must, with a breaking heart, have the small pallid face, the same lurid lips conturned and stood looking at the home she was fronted him: that same dark and soul-thrillleaving. No red-man of the forest could have watched more narrowly or judged more to her, but she understood him not. She orrectly of those tracks than the father and was, however, alive and awakened; and suphusband; and a groan escaped them as, one porting her on each side they compelled her after another, the evidences of the wander- to walk. The influence of the exercise was er's agony were revealed to them. They magnetic; slowly her muscles relaxed, and

> "Fred, you have come at last!" Carson, som. "Thank Heaven, Susy, your are ye

> Suddenly recollecting, she disengaged her self, and inquired for her child. "Tis safe, dear Susy," said her father. "Father, is it you speaking? O father am a poor, sinful girl, and have not loved

gun, Saunders rushed up behind and seized him.

"Unhand me, Saunders," cried Browning.

"as you value your eternal peace; for I they reached the river. The treaks do not a start as you can. If they reached the river. The treaks do not they proceeded.

appearence and the death-gurgle, the subst-dence of the waves: all these passed before them. Oh! the agony of that husband. Oh! has wrought a change. I shall lead a better

What more they said on their way home it matters not. It will a happy, happy walk. Now Saunders, sensible of the great responsibility resting upon him, gloried in his journey; stepping along so cavefully that he did not once awaken the sleeping infant.

Mrs. Browning, when the men left for the search, laid her babe upon the bed, and stood in the door watching their retreating figures. When they had disappeared, the scarcely aware of the heaped the wood upon the fire

aware of it, heaped the wood upon the fire till it roared and crackled like a huge fur-"Thank Heaven!" shrieked Mrs. Brown-leaving the two standing there. He, howev-furnace. She then sat down at a distance ing, staggering forward. "Thank Heaven er, kept a look out upon them, as well as from the blaze, and awaited the rigurn. She

this way: this way: come!" The track! another, their weeping upon me another, the ineffable rapture and overflowing of was joy in the house that night, or rather that morning, for now the New Year, had begun. In a moment Saunders, entered with the babe. Susan received it from his hands, and handed it to Fred, who gazed upon it, kissed it, and gave it to her again. The exitement beginning to die away, Susan sank an hour she was sleeping calmly and quietly with baby by her side. The old Dutch clock in the corner struck four, when

Browning, gathering the other three about the fire-side, rendered thanks to Heaven for the sovereign mercies bestowed upon him and his family; and, in a few moments after, the whole house was hushed in slumber.

CLEAR, cloudless, and benutiful came the day. How the sun poured upon the house of Browning its gloiden shower and gladness! How it clasped the old weather the walls in its great arms of light; how it crept into every nook and cranny, and fell in glory through the windows, on the floor, alling the silent room, even up to the great hearthstone, with a flood of warmth and exultation! The light in the window of the all blacksmith. The light in the window of the old blacksmith was relumed, and the fire on his yearth re-kindled. Yea, and the all bounteous and life-giving orb smote with his swift beams that thin, light snow, and it melted; so that the cleaners avose to the music of a food will be our refuge and defence," still was relumed, and the fire on his hearth rethe back-door, through the fields. Her heart was breaking?"

"Let us search for her," said Browning, and abiding mother-love! What "Let us search for her," said Browning, and abiding mother-love! What the world bring her back, and ask her forgiveness. "and bring her back, and ask her forgiveness."

Through she has not been filial, she has been to her, in comparison with that little life?—

Through she has not been filial, she has been to her, in comparison with that little life?—

The mother is set with the heart; when the sleepers arose to the music of aged robin hanging in the window, those said the mother; and at length, with low, of every patriotic heart.

With patriotic heart.

We shere she sat on that cold winter night, when the sleepers arose to the music of aged robin hanging in the window, those said the mother; and at length, with low, of every patriotic heart.

With patriotic heart.

With patriotic heart.

We shere she sat on that cold winter night, falls below two tong for the Good will be our refuge and defence, still hen on the reservation of the Union and the preservation of the Union and the pre of the inmates of that house, were all wrongs,

> ever. They thanked HEAVEN for it. from all care and pain, and they know when she awoke she would be fresh and fair, and hate as ever; save in respect of fatigue, and the effect of mental suffering. The children, who had seen her depart the night before. glad to learn that she had returned, would just open the door and peep through to see of snow. sister Susy as she slept, and then come away. It was on tip-toe clapping their hands, but so softly that they made no noise. Mrs. Browning bustled about with the greatest importance, for there was to be a New Year's dinner in the house ere night-fall; and there was the Carson saw and sprang to her call- bestroom to be swept, and set in order for compaing her na. e. She heeded him not. He ny. There were chickens and turkeys to roast. Then Mr. and Mrs. Carson (so Fred, who had been to the village for various articles,

and purchased presents for the children, said) were to be there in the afternoon—and they were the richest people in town. Susan awoke about noon, quite well, and dressed herself. There were traces of her sorrow that with her utmost care she could not efface. She wished, noble girl, that not a single trait or lineament should remind her loved-ones of what had passed; and so she felt stronger than she was, and went about the house singing snatches of her old songs, and pleasant and funny ways. But strong as she thought and said she was, by two o'clock it was necessary for her to keep her chair. At about three o'clock, Mr. and Mrs. Carson in' them niffers?"

The said the solution with respect to the said she was, by two o'clock it was necessary for her to keep her chair. At about three o'clock, Mr. and Mrs. Carson in' them niffers?"

The said the solution with respect to see the country for a few pieces of silver. But Simon wanted the night many pieces of silver. But silver wanted the night many pieces of silver. But silver wanted the night many pieces of silver wanted the night many pieces of silver. Bu And they saw, too where at short inter-als, she must, with a breaking heart bear. were very shy; but Fred was with them, and a right royal fellow they said he was, and so they were not afraid. He had told his parents of his marriage to Su an, of her faithfulness, and her patient suffering, and of his own love and reformation : and they embraced her, and kindly kissed her, and called her daughter. And old bachelor Saunders was They kept on, saying nothing; for a dread-ful suspense heran to harrow mend only ful suspense heran to harrow mend only ful suspense heran to harrow mend only ful suspense heran to harrow mend only full suspense heran to harrow mend on the heran to harrow mend on th with glee, and blessing his stars that he had fallen on such happy times. Then, in the me when I call him."
great kitchen, where great logs were piled he again called and blazing in the great chimney, the table was spread with all things good of rural cheer At five o'clock they lit the candles and sat down to the New-Year's dinner. Yes, allthe blacksmiths, the children, mother, those grand and formal people, Fred, and Susan in the large rocking-chair—all sat down together. Ye like blazes." Did Browning always say grace so fervently? And while the fire roared and crackled, the was disconcerted for a moment, but instantly knives and forks clicked and rattled; and they eat, and talked, and laugh, and went together : blacksmiths, children, those grand and formal people, mother, Fred and Susan-all togeth-or. So when they rose from the table, old

things had passed away; all was forgiven, forgotten, and confirmed. Thus they kept the Happy New-Year's Day.
And Fred, as he laid his head upon his pillow by the side of his wife that night, felt, as he pressed her to his bosom, that without a fond and faithful heart, wherein all the affect tions may be garnered up, this world is nothing worth; and that pure and fervent love, the one thing Goo like which our first parents brought out of Paradise, is far more, and exceeding all its pomp, power, and magnificence And as she told him of her hopes and fears,

the alternating trust and despair that he came not; how she had
"STRAINED hor inner eyes till dim, the ice. They followed them toward the opening, where the rapidity of the current have come. I dreamed as I grew warm and of her pangs; of the entreaties and threat-

Saunders replied, without relaxing: "You are rush, George. Would you add murder to your misery?"

The stranger, a young man, then came up, and after a little struggle wrested the gun from Browning, saying. "What does all this mean, and what this reception? Explain yourself, Mr. Browning, while I keep this weapon as a pledge of my safety."

Explain I How dare you cross my threshold? Have you come to gloat upon the ruin you have wrought? The snake that stung me in my heart of heart, comes he back to ken and so happily fulfilled; he thanked Gon who had made her his—so good, so beautiful, and so true, and wept like a child. Mingling their tears they fell asleep. So closed the Happy New-Year's Day.

A Touching Incident.

In the champaign of Napoleon in Russia, chile the French army was retreating from Moscow, there lay in a poor low cottage, in a village, an invalid boy. This village, was exactly in the course of the retreating army, and already the reports of its approach had reached and excited the terrified inhabitants. a their turn they began to make preparations for retreat; for they knew there was no hope for them from the hands of the soldiery, seek ing their own preservation, and gave no quarfled; some trying to take with them their worldly goods, some to conceal them. The little village was fast growing deserted. burnt their houses or dismantled them. The old were placed in wagons, and the young

liurried their families away with them. But in the little cottage there was none of this bustle. The poor crippled boy could not move from his bed. The widowed mother had no friends near enough to spare a thought for her in this time of trouble, when every one thought only of those negrest to him and of himself. What chance of flightwas there for her and her young children, among whom one was the poor crippled boy.

It was evening, and the sound of distant

ices and of preparation had died away. The poor boy was wakeful with terror, now urging his mother to leave him to his fate, w dreading least she should take him at his word and leave him behind.

"The neighbors are just going away; I hear them no longer," he said, "I am so selfish, I have kept you here. Take the little girls with rapidly. Restoratives were applied, and in hour she was sleeping calmly and quietly with baby by her side. The old Dutch "We are all safe," answered the mother, "God will not leave us, though all else forsake

> "But what can help us?" presisted the boy, Who can defend us from their cruelty?-Such stories as I have heard of the ravages of these men! They are not men, they are wild beasts. Oh why was I made so weak-so weak as to be utterly useless? No strength

> even to fly. "There is a sure wall for the defenceless," answered the mother. "God will build us a

"You are my strength now," said the boy; "I think God that you did not desert me. I am so weak, I cling to you. Do not leave me. Indeed I fancy I can see the cruel soldiers hurrying in. We are too poor to satisfy them, and they would pour their vengeance upon us!

ove, charity, forgiveness, from the memories dreaded enemy. The mother and children opened their eyes to find that "a sure wall" all rashness, all blame, all bitterness, all had indeed been built for their defonce. The men were falling thick and fast around him, harshness, and all hardship blitted out for- snow had begun to fall the evening before.— and he himself fearfully wounded, rode along Through the night it had collected rapidly.— Susan still slept; but her sleep was free A high wind had blown the snow in drifts fe death, boys, but disgrace never." With such men in the field, we say, there is hope covered it. A low shed behind protected the way to the out-house, where the animals were, God speed the day, when Northern fanatiway to the out-house, where the animals were, and for a few days the mother and children kept themselves alive within their cottage, shut in and concealed by the heavy barricade

> It was during that time that the dreaded scourge passed over the village. Every house was ransacked; all the wealthier ones deprived of their luxuries, and the poorer ones robbed of their necessities. But the low-roofed cottage lay sheltered beneath its wall of snow which, in the silent night, had gathered around it. God had protected the defenceless with "a sure wall."

A MANLY YOUTH .- Last week the "Crab town Dorcas Sewing Society" held their an nual meeting, and on motion it was voted That our Parson wait on Tony Jones, and the surrender of Lexington, the "freedom

ect of his visit, to which he renlied :-"Parson, I'd let Tony go to meetin' every Sunday, if I only know'd you's goin' to preach. said, "was a thief from the beginning," and But, Parson, there ain't a boy in the village did not besitate to sell his country for a few

The Parson nod led assent. voice to the highest pitch he shouted-The response was quick and equally loud.

"Do you hear that, Parson?" said the man Don't you call that manners?' "That's all very well," replied the Parson

The boy dropped a half-dressed fish, and shaking his fist at his sire, yelled out— (The Parson shook his head.) "Ye miserable, black, old, drunken snob,

I'll come in there in jist two minits, an' maul The Parson was astonished. The old man recovering himself, he tapped the Parson on

the shoulder, saying—
"You see, Parson, my hoy has got gril as well as manners. This chap will make an ornament to your society some of 'em days.'
The Parson shook his head and mizzled. your old umbrella in a news room and carry

away a new one.
Unfortunate Man-One born with cou-Progress of time—A pedler going through the land with wooden clocks. Right Justice—A juror on a murder case Mr. Lincoln. It certainly is not necess r

fast asleep. Independence—Owing fifty thousand dolars which you never intend to pay. Honesty -Almost obsolete ; a term former ly used in the case of a man who paid for his

Valitical.

Republican Intolerance.

The Republican party has had a very brief existence, but brief as that existence has been, it has exhibited more bigoted intolerance to-ward all those who differ with it on questions of National policy, than any other party that ever had an existence in this country. is the more inexcusable from the fact, that it commenced its career with loud professions in favor of the largest amount of liberty to all classes, conditions and races of men, taking into its freedom loving arms 'all the world and the rest of mandkind." It battled

venting abolition fanactics from preaching serenting abolition fanactics from preaching se- ure and thorough culture before seeding down to insurrection, pronouncing it a terrible out-

to insurrection, pronouncing it a terrible outrage on free speech.
Well, this party got into power by gulling
the people with these lying professions. And
now, how do they proceed to carry them out?
By making good their profession and granting
unrestrained liberty of speech and the press to
introduce the liberty of speech and the press to
low—in an unguarded moment happens to
oriticize some act of the administration in power, he is immediately "spotted" as a traitor,
and Mr. Sceretary Seward has him arrested
by telegraph and lodged in Fort Lafayette.
Or if he express the opinion that the Republican party is not the gavest and best party the lican party is not the purest and best party the world ever saw, he is denounced as a secessionist by a pack of newly fledged patriots and "Union Sliders," who never felt a genuine patriotic emotion stir in their breasts. Or of a Newspaper Editor intimates that the management of the War Department under the dministration of Simon Cameron has not geen as scrupulously honest as it might have been, he is put down as an enemy of the gov-ernment. Or if he presumes to suggest, that this is not exactly the right time for inaugurating the "first ball ever given in the White House" he is politely informed by some idiotic fanactic that his establishment is to be torn down by mob violence, and his paper suppressed by the government. Such, render, are a few of the practical illustrations of the Republican dectrines of "free speech

But, thank God, a better day seems to be dawning upon us, the reign of terror and fa-naticism is rapidly drawing to a close—reason intelligent Republicans now look at things

Department, a Democrate denerals commanding almost every division, we may expect an endanced productiveness. Meadorgetic forward movement, with negro emancipation in the back ground, and the restoracipation in the back ground, and the restora-tion of the Union and the preservation of the Constitution as the Pole Star for the guidance of every patricis heart.

and the gallant Col. John A. Logan of Illinois who, at the battle of Fort Donelson, when his men were falling thick and fast around him. the lines, waving his hat and crying out "suf-

cism and Southern treason shall find a comion grave, when the glorious Stars and Strines the banner of the Union-shall wave in triumph from Maine to Texas, when sectional hate and animosity shall be banished from the country, we trust, forever, and when we shall again "know, no North, no South, no East, no West, but a common bond in a common brothcrhood."— Valley Spirit.

A Hero Wanted. The Republicans are in a desperate strait

or a hero. Since the collapse of Jim Lane,

hey are bleating about like sheep without a remont. He achieved the defeat of Lyon, see if nothing can be done to improve the man-ners of young Tony."

The next day the Parson called upon TonTon joint most commended him to their favor.— When Fremont was retired from command i disgrace, they fixed their hopes upon one Simon, surnamed Cameron, who, it has been in the eyes of the Republicans and they loved "Now, see, I'll call him." And raising his him as they loved their own souls. But Simon is dismissed from the council table which he had disgraced. Just then Jim Lane turned up and the Republican journals turned livery or hotel stable, and see the rubbing, their eyes upon him and saw that he was attention and kind usage given to a hors good at stealing niggers, and they proclaimed that he was to do wonderful things in that ine-it just suited him. But General Jim "What do you mean by far as it goes?—
That boy, sir, always speaks respectfully to me when I call him." Then raising his voice he again called—
"The raising his voice he again called—
"The raising his voice will be the next hero of the Republican jourwill be the next hero of the Republican jourhere. "The varieties and talk conclude that they would feel better for it. There are many farmers, who, if they have occasion, to use their horse during a snowy day in winter, when they reach home, never card or brush will be the next hero of the Republican jourhere. Just suited him. But General Jim. Is desired Jim. Is always gave horses the same talks conclude that they would feel better for it. There are many farmers, who, if they have occasion, to use their horse during a snowy day in winter, when they reach home, never card or brush him down—although in most cases he is blanhere. Just suited him. But General Jim. Is desired Jim. Is always gave horses the same talks conclude that they would feel better for it. There are many farmers, who, if they have occasion, to use their horse during a snowy day in winter, when they reach home, never card or brush him. But General Jim. Is always gave horses the same talks conclude that they would feel better for it. There are many farmers, who, if they have occasion, to use their horse during a snowy day in winter, when they reach home, never card or brush him down—although it has they would feel better for it. nals ?"- Exchange.

A Contrast. Decidedly the most brilliant ident Buchanan was, at that time, Secretary of State, and the late Governor Marcy, Secretary of War. The most extensive means had to be provided for the maintenance of a large army in a distant country, and millions of money passed through the hands of the government officers. But we do not remem-ber that any one of them was ever charged with peculation or dishonesty. Certain it is MODERN DEFINITIONS.—Oversight—Toleave that not a whisper was ever heard affecting the integrity of Mr. Marcy, and he retired from office enjoying the respect of the whole country. The Democratic administration of President Polk, in that campaign, set an ex-ample which might have been profitably fol-lowed by those bolding high places under to the successful prosecution of a war that all concerned in conducting it should turn highway robbers.—Easton Argus.

> A great toper, who had drank nothing stronger than brandy, called for a goblet wards watered, and then grained. By this of water on his death bed, saying, "When a method, they will be healthy, and less liable

onemics.

Agricultural Department. HINTS ON PARM IMPROVEMENT.

Farmers are generally anxious to improve heir farms, or at least to reap the results of such improvement in better crops and greater profits, but very many of them have yet to learn the most direct road to prosperous ag-riculture. It lies rather through careful management of abundant labor and capital, than in stinting these to the lowest possible amount—the saving is in the prudent use of overy means of progress, rather than in the miserly neglect of all which seem to be indirect aids, but which are really the trifles "Free Speech, Free Press, Free Homes and Fremont" as its motto emblazoned on its ban-Let us look at one or the simpless satisfied on the starting of the better farming. "There is no way," says John Johnston, "that land can be so profitably improved as by grass kept in a for freedom. Members of this freedom loving party were seen to turn up their eyes in holy horror, at the idea of Southern men grather abelition forgetties two prenching services abelition forgetties two prenching services are ablition forgetties two prenching services are all over the country.

Let us look at one or the simpless satisfies the better farming. "There is no way," says John Johnston, "that land can be so profitably improved as by grass kept in a vigorous state of growth." To grow large crops of grass we must have rich drained land—naturally fertile or enriched by man-

and by frequent top-dressing afterwards. It must be drained land—artificially drained if

comes at a busy season, and requires previous attention to provide the requisite composted manure. Hence too many neglect it, even though convinced of its importance and of the greatly increased crops which follow the practice. Our better farmers do not practice economy of labor, striving to get along with as little as possible. They have found that plenty of help for all the operations of the form is the only way of productive and profitable farm management.

A hint or two on getting better grass from our mendows and pastures next season. Let our meadows and pastures heat season. Low no mild weather tempt us to allow a hoof up-on them during the winter. Better buy ad-ditional forage for our stock. Where a mix-ture of clover prayalls we should give a top-dressing of plaster in the party spring-time. It has been found profitable to mix ashes with plaster for this purpose, and we should never sell a bushel of ashes from the farm, but rath-or buy instead. If intended for pasture, let the grass gelta good start before turning on stock ; disproduct will be much larger than when fedelosely during the whole season. intelligent Republicans now look at thruss more calmly and that kind of work is left almost entirely in the hands of a few big boys who reached their maturity at ten years of age.

when feutelosely during the whole season, being pastures may be fed early with less loss, and the pecially any containing the swamp grasses. We have found it good policy to change pastures quite frequently, benefitting With a Democrat at the head of the War both the pasture and the grazing animals. ows should be top-dressed with fine manure

> have dwelt upon them freely heretofore. The farmer, anxious for improvement, is never at a loss for employment, upon his farm in winter. There are a thousand things farm in winter. There are athousand things he can do to enhance the comfort and thrift of his stock, and to increase the amount and value of his manure. And it should not be forgotten that the richer and better our stock are fed, the more rapid and profitable their growth, and the far greater value their ma-

Preparations for the labors of the coming seed time can be largely made-fences, tools, seeds, and, no less important, plans for the work can be got in readiness in this time of comparative loisure. Too many are engaged off their farms at this season,—in work, per-haps, bringing in more ready money—but practically of far less advantage to themselves is farmers. Others idle away the winter to grumble at bad crops and the hurry of farm life during the summer and autumn. With hepherd. Their first hero in this war was over a new leaf" in the volume of progress. - Country Gentleman.

The Care of Horses,

A late number of the Maine Farmer contains the following practical remarks on the Cure of Horses, a matter which we fear is still much neglected by many:

As a rule adapted to general application,

farmers do not take sufficiently good care of their farm horses, although we believe they receive better care than the other stock of the farm. In speaking of care we do not mean to be understood that watering and feeding is all that is required of the farmer in tending his stock; albeit, clear water and good feed that has been driven eight or ten miles, and he would stare in astonishment, ask if they always gave horses the same treatment, and after much questioning and talk conclude that they would feel better for it. There are keted-and with snow upon his legs and ankles put him into a stall to pass the night, military campaign in which our country ever engaged, was the Mexican War, during the administration of President Polk. Ex-President Polks in State of the country expenses of the country ever the country every eve this is about all. If a person thinks this is taking proper care of a horse, let him work hard all day in a rain storm, go to bed at night with wet shirt and stockings, and he will probably arrive at the conclusion is more comfortable to go to bed with dry feet than with wet, and he will find quite a difference between sleeping in good dry bed-clothes and lying down in his own wet garments. The care is an even one. The horse is an animal, the man in this instance, is no more. Both need kind treatment; and the man who goes to bed without humanely at-tending to the wants of his horse, yet not negleeting his own, is only in part a man.

Having alluded above, in a single word, to an error in the care of horses, we now refer when fatigued from hard work. No horse should be fed, either with hay or grain, on being put into the stall after work. They should be allowed to rest at least half an hour, then fed with hay, half an hour after-A witty man can make a jest; a wise man is dying he ought to make up with his to suffer from attacks of disease. Regularity in feeding is by all means indispensible.