

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 8, 1863.

NO. 30.

Timely Scrubbing.

ABIGAIL ! water - soap - towels - quick !

-a brush-get me his tooth brush, nail-brush, scrubber, anything! Oh! fill his mouth-plaster it in-the nasty, filthy stuff! 'Hold

him. James ! hold his mouth open, head' back -fast, James !' and all this in a perfect tem-

VOL: 49.

MERICAN VOLUNTEER. PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY

JOHN B. BRATTON.

TERMS.

CREPTION .- Two Dollars if paid within the superior de la construction de l gimed until all arreerages are paid unless at ention of the Editor. ADVERTISEMENTS-Accompanied by the CASH, and

respecting one square, will be inserted three ges for One Dollar, and twenty-five cents for each alitional insertion. Those of a greater length in

Joa-PRINTING-Such as Hand-bills, Posting-bills, paphlets. Blanks, Lubels, &c. &c., executed with rearacy and at the shortes notice.

THE CIRRIER'S ANVUAL ADDRESS TO THE PATRONS OF THE

feet.

AMERICAN VOLUNTEER. yow do we smile who wept before. We'lift our hearts up and we say Kindred and friends, we wish you all A happy New-Year on this day ;" Ind swift the answering echo flies, Manpy New-Year I my neighbor cries.

To will forget that pain and ill, That crime and death do curse the carth, e will remember levely still Is life and joy, and hope and worth.), seul lare not thy praises due Toffina who maketh all things new?

The little child whose sleepless eyes Kept watch to see the sunshine rays of this first blessed morn arise. Folds his plump hands and softly save. Who good shall be New Year's first day, He good shall be New-Year alway."

he gentle maid with shining head Resting on dreamy pillow, weaves blooming chaplet out of thought All fashioned into buds and leaves, Whose thrilling language is for aver 'I love you !" (Told this New-Ye

And old age by the fireside sits With memory a-dreaming too, Whilst the long buried Past flits by His soul in pictures till the dew ftears is falling. Hear him say With fading smile, " That New-Year day."

sculd have hovels where the winds frow hungry only looking through bir crevices, behold the moor-A Jesus' image look to your Hod grant indeed New Year to day !"

patriot with soul a fire

into that gloomy hole.' 'What will you have then ?' A TOUCHING STORY. 'O, I ask nothing ; but the truth is, if I was able to reat a little more comfortable ' Ten cents ! ten cents !' murmured old Roglodging-' 'What would you fancy ? 'Twill do no er Johnson; fumbling the bit of silver in his palm. 'Ten cents,' he repeated childishly, a harm to talk.' iceble smile flitting over his lips, with a sick-ly glare on his haggered features; 'tisn't 'I am well aware that only the genuine civilized way of living is to have a house of one's own-but that of course I am not foolmuch, but it will buy me my supper--break fast, dinner, supper-all in one-and God be thanked for that I God be thanked for that !' ish enough to think of.' • But supposing you were to have a house, what sort of a house would you like ?'_____ His words died away to an inaudible whis

OLD ROGER JOHNSON.

per, as hugging his tattered garments around him, he tottered along the street It was at the close of a rude winter's day. The evening dusk had fallen, and a few flakes of snow fluttered down out of the dark, gray clouds that floated over the city. As Old Ro ger picked his way carefully across the icy slabs, a gay young lamplighter passed on his evening round, set his ladder against a post close by, mounted smartly, and touched with a match the enger jet of gas, which cast a live here and have my own way a little, I'll

give this house to be your home as long as ellow radiance all around the old man's you live. Old Roger Johnson opened his eyes wider 'IIn !' said Roger, with the very ghost ' a laugh flitting airily from his numb, cold lips, that's a good onen. Light, light, gold-en light, too, all over my poor old ragged shoes. So in my life I have been groping, with wonder. Lt shall be as if you were my father,' said the eccentric Mr. Upton. 'Everything I have shall be at your service. You shall sit with me at the table and enjoy three meals a though Heaven knows I capered as gaily as day my buker, my tailor, my servants, are yours. 'Twill be worth halt my fortune to any schoolboy once, and walked as proadly as any youth, afterwards -till now the cold

have a happy man in my house. What do winter night is setting in, and it's all powerful you say to that?' dark before me-so dark, and chill, and Now you are mocking me,' said the old threatening! But there will come a gleam man, deeply troubled. soon, just like this which brightens all around 'So you thought at first ; but I'll teach me-and-and-' The old man was mumbling again, with a you that I was never more in carnest in my life ('But I can never pay you.'-

sort of childish, dreamy glee, when, setting his fost incautiously upon a piece of ice, he slipped and fell helplessly upon the frozon You will pay me, I tell you, by being perfectly happy.' It is too much, too much !' ' Hillo, old man-you hurt ?' cried a merry

'Not a jot too much, old man. And take my word for it, it won't be long before you schoolboy. 'Re's down there looking after a pin,

think of something else necessary to full and leughed another, sliding by with a sled at his beels. The boys passed on, and the old man strugright?

gled to regain his feet. But he was feeble and rheumatic, and the full bidd well nigh shaken the life out of him. When he came a little to himself, he observed that a kind gentleman was assisting him with cherry by words: 'No, I am not much blamaged,' shid Bager, gratefally. 'Thanke you, sir; it, wouldn't

have been much matter if I had broken my neck. I ain't of much repound in the world -nobody would miss old Roger Johnson." ' Have you far to go?' asked the stranger. 'Not to night, thank Heaven. I live or child ? rather stuy right round the corner here, third door up the alley.' Well, good night to you. Mind and keep

your legs under you,' cried the stranger. He passed on, and the old man, dragging his sinking limbs into a provision shop on the corner, purchased a loaf of bread with the bit own house and treat the magnetist to my own house and treat the magnetist own people ought to be treated. Edith was our third child, and all the dearer because she came are to fill the places of one brother and of silver to which he had clung tightly all the while, then creeping with unsteady steps ato the alley, entered a dark, dilapidated doorway, with his supper under his arm. As he was stumbring up a dismal old stair-

case, a sharp feminine voice cried out to him When she was thirteen years old, a failure of from the floor of the first landing : Is that you, Johnson ?* a large firm in which my fortunes and my reputation were staked swept away every-'I suppose it is, though I sometimes more hing I had carned, and left me penniles than half believe I am somebody else, re-In the midst of the trouble my poor wife ilied the old man. died, and necessity compelled me to commit Why didn't you speak ? I'd opened the Edith to the care of her grandparents." door so you could see.' cried the other. Where does that light come from ?' asked 'Oh, the sorrow of that time !' said the Roger. Do you indulge in lamplight before. old man, weeping again. ' To forget it, and to retrieve my fallen fortunes, I made a voya d v dark. Mrs. S me?" Come in here and you shall see. There, age to the East Indies. It would take all night to tell you what chances befell me on the sea and land. Let all that pass. It is you did not expect such a fire as that, did you, Johnson ?' "Bless you, woman, that I didn't. You enough to say that, after an absence ore as warm as toast here. How jolly it is to see a stove all of a glow like that! Where did your coal come from ?' 'Oh,' said Mrs. Stone, 'Sydney brought her grandparents had been dead many years me three dollars to day; and the children -she had been thrown upon the world. I were all a shivering and a chattering on the could find no one to tell me what had become little wood fire; so I took it in my head that of her; no one remembered her. even.' And is it so necessary to your happiness these three dellars should go to getting us all warm once, if we never got warm again in our lives. So what did I do but go and ordthat you should find her ?' asked Mr. Upton. Consider how changed she is by this time, if indeed she still lives. er a quarter of a ton of coal, and the young 'I have thought of that,' sighed Roger: 'but, oh; she was the sweetest girl! If I could but find her as I left her, still a child, ones have been as merry as crickets ever since. They're quite content to go without their supper, so there's a good fire for them to cuddle down by. Come in ; it's a free warm, Johnson. As long as the coal lasts I then my cup of happiness would be full.' The merchant arose smiling, noble-browed radiant with inspiration that filled him. want everbody to enjoy it that can. You shall sit with us this evening-your room is "Have faith !' he cried ; ' have faith, and miracles may yet be performed. I have a awful dreary; Johnson. The frozen tears thawed in the old man's power to do you good beyond anything yet conceived. Speak the word, and it shall be done. Shall I restore your child ?' eyes, but his voice was so choked that he could not express his thanks. Seating himself He looked and spoke like a prophet. The in a rickety old chair, he warmed his cold shins, and rubbed his shriveled hands over the stove. old man was thrilled and awed. Ilis lips natted the children's heads, and ending by moved with a feeble murmur; and on the in lividing the larger portion of his loaf among stant open flew a door at the merchant's them, reserving but a scanty fragment for touch, and into the full flood of light which himself. streamed from the astral lamp stepped the graceful form of a young girl, fresh and beautiful and glad, with bright curls rippling Mis. Stone did mean him indeed, an Mrs. Stone remonstrated against his gene rosity. But the children solzed upon the food so engerly that the grateful old man deover her head and neck. My own child-my own Edith !' cried clared, with tears running down his cheeks, that it did him more good to see them eat the wonder-struck old man. But it cannot than it would to sit down to a most bountiful be,' he faltered, sinking back upon the chair from which he had risen in the excitement of The meagre meal was soon concluded, when the moment, 'it cannot be.' heavy footsteps were heard on the stairs. The 'Look at her,' said the merchant, 'and poor woman's heart almost ceased to beat. She turned so pale that the old man observed have faith. The old man looked again. Those melther change of countenance even in that dim light. ing blue eyes, that sweet and cherry mouth, those dimpled cheeks, the fair, white brow, It is father ?' whispered the children. and demuie chin, every feature was his child's-his Edith's. Yet it was not his At that moment an angry voice demanded with an oath why she did not hold a light. child that stood before him, else she was 'Hush !' said Mrs. Stone to the cowering something more than human; else she was an apparition that might at any time vanish little ones. She opened the door, and presently a shabinto thin air. by, frost bitten, middle aged man, came blustering into the room. It was the woyour words-'Old Roger Johnson-'Who are you, darling ?' he asked, in broen accents. 'I am Edith Johnson,' said the child, with man's husband, who always, when he had money to spend, deserted his family for the grog shop, and who returned to them for shelter. bashful smile. pelled to come back and look for you. The old man took her in his arms, and bowel his face over that fair head, and So the old man was put into a bath; then sobbed out his emotion. barbered by a fellow skillful with razor and 'I understand it now,' he said, speaking mistake.' shears; and finally clad in garments that would have been respectable on 'Change. with an effort, ' this is my child's child-my Edith's Edith-the woman, the mother ooor and in need of assistance.' Then Roger sat down in the easy chair where is she ?¹ which Upton placed for him before the grate,

clothing will be sufficient to carry happiness | daughter lay in his arms and his hot tears rained down upon their heads. store for you yet; no man is without that, you How is it that I have never found you beknow. 'How is it that I have never found you be-fore, dear father?' asked Mrs. Upton, for she was the merchant's wife. 'How I have hopes, sir-rainbow colored some of 'em

longed to hear from you-to know if you are too. But it's all delusion. My castles were still alive. I thought you must have are built in the air, and they are forever died in some foreign land; but when my tumbling down about my ears. I know what good husbrud here can't how this even ing would make me happy, sir; but what's the and told me he had seen an old man calling himself Roger Johnson, something said to me, have.'

deep in my soul, that it was you. I told him 'Speak out, friend Johnson,' cried the of this scar upon your cleek; he observed it stranger. 'But be careful not to place your and no longer and any doubt that you were expectations too high. The gods love modeshat sort of a house would you like ?' and ma longer and any doubt that you were 'If you mean just such a house as I would indeed my father. How I wished to go with ty, you know.' 'Well, sir, it is just this-nothing more 'If you mean just such a house as I would indeed my father. How'l wished to go with like-why, I'd say some such a house as this of yours. Everything seems so comfortable here ! A man ought to be as happy as Adam in an Eden like this.' or less than three meals a day !'

'Three meals a day !' 'I know you'd call it extravagant,' said Roger, with a faint smile. But I would not twow, I'll tell you what, old man,' cried the enthusiastic merchant, 'I can't think of tarning myself out of doors, even for the sake of philosophy; but if you will be the sake of philosophy ; but i mind your rich dishes; only give me plenty of bread and potatoes-with now and then a man-'O, God be thanked !' "Amen !' responded the generous-hearted-

merchant, looking on with glistening eyes. 'Don't weep, father,' pleaded Edith, weep-ing herself the while ; 'Your trials are now not another in creation. 'And haven't you as much already ?' cried the astonished stranger. all over. "You have every wish of your heart, and

all you have to do is to be perfectly happy," added her husband. "Yes, yes !' said the old man ; 'but why,' patting his grandchild's neck with tender playfnlness, 'why did you tell me your name was Edith Johnson ?'

'That is my name,' replied the young girl.-'Edith Johnson Upfon. And if you are my grandfather, I am so glad! I shall love all this wasteful city is it possible that one One, too, whose happine-s would be so cheapyou so much !' I shall be afraid to go to sleep to-night,'

mused the old man, for fear that when Roger. 'I have the money, and by all that's preawake I shall find myself in Mrs. Stone's attic, and this will be all a dream that has passed. But if it isn't a dream, there is one hat will afford you this royal bliss.' thing more required to give me perfect peace 'O, sir, don't jest with me

of mind." of mind. Ho was a brutal, tyranical man, floorly he had not always been so, in south south the appearance was the signal for general fromble and fear. It made poor old Roger John-son's heart burn in his bosom to hear Jacob Stone demand money of his wife, and curse Stone demand money of his wife, and curse covered from his amazement to realize his her because she had that day spent all of their oldest son's carning for fuel; and when for a field of the snatched from the hands the unfeeling father snatched from the hands of a sickly child the crust that had been giv-, procured. The sympathetic stranger—who, by the denotion. This had been with the stranger—who, by the

dignation. This led to a sharp quarrel, and he was driven with oaths from the room. Jacob slammed the door after him, and the feeble lodger crept darking up to his cold

' Have you gone to bed. Johnson ?'

ver matters. Roger hesitated.

get warm.'

other.

funished Roger himself. Still the old man was unable to realize that and windy attic. He sighed as he sat theig in the gloom on he was to have the luxury of such living eve-ry day. It seemed so much like a fairy story, the uninviting bed. The comfort he bad just the unnerting bed. The zomfort he bad just tasted, made the present cosolation more hit-ter by its contrast. The fold man huddled himself together, with the futtered bed-cover-ing wrapped around him, and sobbed like a little child. It seemed the darkes to fall the dark, dark hours he had yiet known. Al-ways, until now, he had yiet known. Al-hope, when the gloom ways backest, but in the present inguish nothing to derive the fuxury of such here; this is my business card. You ought to know me-perhaps you do. I am rich enough to afford any little caption of this kind, as you will here Roger began to be convinced. By this time the stimulus of food was having its of foot, and the happiness found expression in

die. Once the old man started up and cursed himself for a fool. He was half-familed in winter correct and the reflection that he perfectly happy? asked Mr. Upton. 'Three fect, and the happiness found expression in himself for a fool. He was half-famished in -all the world has that, but I had given away to the greedy ones of Jacob meals a daydon't know two really happy men. Isn't there something else you would like?' 'I forgot my clothes,' said Roger. 'I Stone nearly the whole of his last loaf, fired Stone nearly the whole or mis taken the him with indignation at his own folly. 'I deserve to starve !' he muttered. world is all selfishness, and he who give an-should like a good warm coat, and warm ything is a dull dolt; let him suffer! But, trousers and shoes, for this cold weather; but oh, this hunger and cold ! Have I deserved | then if I have plenty to eat I can manage to keep myself warm. There were others well fed and warmed 'The clothes you shall have,' rejoined the that night. Roger thought of them; he saw other. 'I had forgotten them myself. Waiso much ?' happy families, with smiling faces, sitting ter, call a hack for me. You shall go to my around glowing hearths. Then he wept house, friend Johnson, and I'll look over m wardrobe this very evening, and see if I can' gain-not now with envy or remorse. He furnish you with an outfit. thanked God that there was comfort in the The old man's heart leaped with joy .-world, although his lot was to suffer. He

'But you have some idea of happiness in | were rigid and chilly. She did not shriek or sob or shed a tear, but with a feeling of awe she turned her eyes upward, and, with elapsed hands murmured:

"O God, thy will be hone!" Her prayer of the previous night had been answered-not he by had hoped. No more earthly sorrow, fudeed, could the old man know. A happy door had been opened to him in his last mortal hours, and through that his spirit had passed into the blessed

peace await us. Edith felt this when her pious heart repeated, with earnest faith and trust :

SCALING THE ALPINE PEAKS .- The only Swiss mountain, and sole peak of the high Alps which has continued to defy the ability and daring of man to scale it, and which of bread and potatoes—with now and then a top is still white with virginal snow, is that bit of cheese, or sult fish, or may be a moi-sel of dried beef or smoked bacon. Make mo sure of that day after day, as long as I live, per, an English member of the Alpine Club. He reached a higher point than bad hitherto been reached; but an accidental fall, which io that I can keep clear of the Alms-house, and you'd see me a happy man, if there is may be truly described as one of the most miraculous escapes from instant death on record, caused him to abandon all further assaults on

had found it so difficult to get work that win-ter, and it was so painful for him to ask alms, alone, was compelled in one place to so that his subsistence had not average the terms of the subsistence had not average to subsi that his subsistence had not averaged half a no further difficulty of that kind to be feared, meal a day. Good Heaven!' exclaimed his friend; ' in he left his hatchet behined him, and on returning from his baffled attempt to mount, he man can be found reduced to such extremes? found, to his horror, that his steps were gone. The sun had melted them away. As his intehet could not be recovered he leaned y purchased—three poor meals a day l' nutchet could not be recovered he leaned 'Cheap, if one had the money,' suggested over the precipice and began to prod at the ice with his alpenstock. Some snow gave way, and he rolled over the ledge, grazing ious, I will devote so much of it to a pension his face and body on the rocks and ridges crash, crash, down the sides of a chasm 800

feet deep 1 By a happy chance he was caught 'I am not jesting, friend Johnson! To how you how earnest I am-waiter, cook for in a rough bed on the crest of a precipice scarcely equaled in the Alps, and there re-mained for an instant stunned and bleeding, this man the choicest steak you have. Or would you prefer mutton chops, or anything though not seriously hunt. He is slowly reelse on the bill? Speak for yourself.' As soon as the old man had sufficiently re covering from the shock and from his wounds. good fortune, he made choice of some cold placed at his disposal, and he set off full of fowl, with hot biscuit and coffee, because confidence and conrege But the and again he risked his life. Higher than

The sympathetic stranger—who, by the any one has ever been up the peak he crept way, was a fine looking man of forty, with and clinibed ; higher than Mr. Whimper, asteful whiskers, and an exceedingly pleas-int eye-scemed to enjoy the meal, although but the steepness of the highest peak repuls ed him, and the undaunted but unsuccessful ie had tasted nothing, quite as much as the mountaineer left the Matterhorn unscaled.

DON'T CROAK !- No ! no ! friend, whatever weak and unmanly things you do, don't croak. It's a bad habit, a useless habit, a pernicious habit, and in a period like the present, positive-

swered it for him. IIe'll say, Willic, that he is ashamed, morified, that a child of his should do such a man who works hard, is always cheerful and won't believe handself fruined. If a man ima-

curbstone, and goes to blubbering over his bacco, should go contrary to his wishes, and "bad luck" instead of exerting himself brave-He'll be surprised, perfectly astonished, that, ly and cheerfully to surmount the obstacle and change the "luck," he eatnot of Edursc after what was said upon the subject only the other night, you should slyly and deceitfully expect to succeed. Such a man not only fails himself, but discourages his neighbors, commit such a fault. Willie, lie'll under-stand now, and so shall I, why you did not and helps to pull them down. Croaking is join the society in school, and why you were as contagious as the measles, and twice as destructive to manly vigor and health. No not willing to remain and hear your teacher's lecture. O Willie! my son, my dear child, I man has any more right to introduce the would not have believed it possible that you one malady than the other. Society instinctvely shuns a sour face, and always feels kind should have acted so wickedly.' The mother was silent, and her face was sad. Willie ly towards a pleasant one, - and society is stood looking earnestly into the fire, the big. ANT PUBLICAN riaht. tears rolling down his cheeks. INTELLIGENCE AND LIBERTY .- The Phil ROMANTIC LOVE SCENE .- 'Tis past the adelphia Daily News in closing an article in nour of midnight. The golden god of day, regard to the rebellion, says: when yesterday drove his emblazoned chariot "It should have been the care of the intelthrough the heavens, has ceased shining on ligent and it fluential among us, that in every the earth, and a black pall reigns over the lower section of our city. Nothing is heard save the distant step of the melancholy bill part of the Union the people should be thoroughly educated in all the duties of citizens. noster as he pursues his homeward way! Sud-denly a sound b.eaks the stillness—it is the and made to know how to enjoy and exercise those rights, which Constitutional G vern-ments are intended to secure to every one. voice of Frederick William calling in plain-Intelligence and virtue are the chief pillars tive tones upon his beloved Florence Amelia. 'Throw open the lattice, love, and look of the Temple of Liberty; and virtue are, undown upon the casement; for I, your dear Frederick am here:" less they be diffused through the whole land, and made to influence the sentiments and action of all men, how can we hope to perpetu-'What brings thee at this time of the night, when all is till and gloomy? I come to offers thee my heart. Upon my ate our free institutions? It has been well and truly said that ' Righteousness exalteth a nation ;' and it is only by correct deportsoul I love thee-truly. Wildly, passionately love thee. Dost thou reciprocate? The maiden blushed as she hesitated, ment and the exercise of truly Christian feeling that we can hope to prosper, and to those who shall come after us worthy ' Ab,' cried he, and the face of our hero lit make of the heritage of freemen. up with a sardonic smile, ' thou lovest anoth-

pest of excitement; and hastily throwing a towel around the boy, and rolling up her sleeves, she entered upon the cleaning operacountry where alone perfect happiness and 'Good gracious! Miss Osborne, what is the matter? You're goin' on drefful,' snid Abi-jail, hardly knowing whether to laugh or to

cry at the strange catastrophe. 'Has he hurt himself, Miss Ogborne ?' ven-'O God, thy will be done !'

tured to inquire James, holding the strug-gling boy in his firm grasp. 'Has he got the toothache? What ails you, Willie?' 'Tobacco! James; tobacco!' engerly re-'sumed Mrs. Osborne. 'Our boy our Willie; chewing pig-tail !--- had his mouth full-teet 1

all black-tongue all drty-breath-ahl pah! shall I ever get it clean ?' And in went the soap and the dipping brush, until the child's month looked like a shaving pot, and he was nearly strangled in his efforts to re-

sist the offensive application. • Hold still, child, hold still,' she exclaimed; 'sonp's clean, but tobacco isn't ! Ah ! the dir-ty poison staff !' Hold still ; I'll scrub it off I can. There, now, rinse your mouth; rinse it well; gargle the water in your throat; and the mother, suffering the flurry to sub-side, sank into a chair. The three witnesses stood by amazed.

'If ever'l seed sich a time !' said Miss Abigail, as she returned, laughing, to her cook-

ing-stove. 'Soap's healthy; they say it cures bile,' remarked James, dryly, as he proceeded to his ordinary routine of business : ' but I declare 'tain't so pleasant to have it chucked down your throat at that rate;' 'Rinse it well, Willie.' suid his mother;

take plenty of water-three, four, a dozen times.

There was no need of that exhortation, for more rinsings and garglings than could be counted were necessary to take the taste of that strong, coarse soap out of the poor child's mouth. At last, after gaspings and sixallow-ings innumerable, he recovered his speech, while tears of anger, fright, surprise or shame, or perhaps all tsgether, flowed freely down his checks.

' You're too had, mother ; you 'most killed 'Twan't pigtail at all-'twas honeyme. dew.

"Twas tobacco, child, tobacco; that's what it was, and that's enough. No matter how much they honey and sweeten it up; 'twas tobacco, the filthy, poisonous weed, in my Willie's mouth. What do you think father'll

say ?' That was an unanswerable question .--verter them. If business is dull, work the harder and smile the more. Your neighbors will thank you for it, your children will thank you for it, this impossible to ruin a man who works hard, is always cheerful and the structure of the sitting soom, an-

gines every straw that lies in his way an im- course, vulgar, dirty thing. He'll say that passable barrier, or, when his path becomes he is grieved that you, knowing what his really difficult, sits down on the nearest opinion and practice are about the use of to-

complete bliss. I see by your-eye you have already thought of something-am I not 'Indeed.' said the old man, letting fall a car, I can never think of being happy until know whether my child Edith still lives, or what has become of her. ' Ho, then you have a daughter ?' 'I had a daughter to know that I have one, and that she is fair, and good, and hap-

py, would be worth more than all the blessings you so lavishly bestow on me; to know that, is all I ask of Heaven-then I would be content to die.' But how could you lose sight of your

'Oh, it would take a long story to tell you that ! The poor thing's mother married me against the will of her family, who hated me ecanse I was poor. But I was fortunate in my business, and in the able to invite my wifes erse of time I was deparents to my

two sisters who, one after the other, had been taken from our hearts and laid in the grave,

Cries. " Hope, my country, hope thou on, If ober than highest mountains higher Thy offspring's work shall tower. 'till won Phine ancient laurels, thou shalt see Yet glorious New-Year dawn on thee !"

A soldier on the battle field Stands pensively and looks one way Where the far hills lie white with snow; Looking one way-his comrades say In whispers, " An ! it was not here He thought to be on last New-Year."

O! with most wondrous melody The holy church bells on the air Call to the Christian "come !" He saith " It is the Spirit's voice to bear Longings, that to me soon be given That best, long New-Year up in Heaven."

Smewhere in closely-guarded room, The miser laughs to find his hold All powerless to lift his chests, He counts his future bags of gold-Ab, wretch ! begin in this New-Year To lay up treasures there, not here.

Or pain in hollow whisper speaks-"New-Year? Ah, yes! but not for me-Old weary days, old suffering nights, Old rotton bones, old misery ! Let it be New-Year for the well, But for the sick ! When ? God will tell.

And sorrow by its graves all dumb Will keep its New-Year least, nor give The living ones a single crumb. Know thou, this sleeping dust shall live ! Some New-Year morning yet shall bring The Resurrection on its wing.

And worldly pleasure eats and drinks And shouts in hollow revelry Till all the solemn stars grow dim, Hopeless and God-forsaken he. On that room's wall I see appear These words: "Thou fool! thy last New Year.

And one sweet soul, before the star Of morning, plumed its wing for flight, Sped through death's vale and up the path Of glory to the highest high Of Paradise. The angels say : "Now take etornal New-Year's day."

Let each pledge each in draught divine Of warmest heart-blood, we'll forget Old houds of feuds and high will raise The rainbow token, higher yet! Now each one give a hearty cheer, And cry, Long live the new born-Year.

Happy New-Year ! the carrier cries, Happy New-Year 1 nor shall he speak These magic words in vain : he turns with thankful eye and glowing cheek, With hands well filled to truly say "God bless you, one and all, to-day."

Respectfully,

- THE CARRIER.

Concerning the drafting of gamblers of asking the favor from you.' for soldiers, Vanity Fair thinks they would 'Speak out, I tell you old man. I know hot he of much service, except in the case of another Indian outbreak. when it would be there was something else.' 'My lodging is cheerless and cold. I and ci.i d forever duite the thing to send a brigade of Black-legs to fight the Blackfeet.

Already a slender female form was kneeling and wept like a child. at the old man's feet; affectionate lips kissed his hands, affectionate eyes bathed them 'What is the matter ?' asked his friend. 'This reminds me of my better days-it with tears. brings such strange things to my memory ! ' Father-father !' muttered the old man. The kneeler looked up. It seemed his

'Is that all? I thought there might be lost wife that had come out of the past to omething else necessary to your happiness.' embrace him there again ! O Time ! O miracle of life ! O wondrous 'Nothing-nothing!'

'Nothing at all l' Are you sure ?' divine law! ever working in the broad day 'Indeed'-a cloud passed over the old man's face-' there is one thing I would like to have mended a little, but I had no thought and in the silence and secreey of the night, when we sleep, the same pushing forward the germ into the plant, from the plant pro-

ducing flower and fruit, evoking new germe, creating all things new, each hour and each moment in the day, parent and child, parent

Still he seemed to be more than half inclined thought of the man who gave him the money that purchased the loaf; of him who had lift-ed him up when he had fallen, and spoken to believe that it was a trick; even after Mr. Upton had taken him with him into a back. ' I've made sure of my supper, at any rate, kind words to him : of the good and patient said roger to himself. 'There's no trick Mrs. Stone, the mother of the children he had fed; and for all his hungry pangs he felt about that.'

They alighted before a hondsome brick richly compensated in the consciousness of dwelling house, with a silver knob on the door, and a silver bell handle, and the name having done one self-forgetting, charitable act, which made him, in spite of his poverty door, and a silver bell handle, and the name and rags, a brother to all the good and noble of Upton on a silver plate—as the old man and rags, a brother to all the good and the saw by a bright gas light that but he saw by a bright gas light that but he saw by a bright gas light that but he saw by a bright gas light that but he saw by a bright gas light that but he saw by a bright gas light that but he saw by a bright gas light that but he saw by a bright gas light that but he saw by a bright gas light that but he saw by a bright gas light gas light that but he saw by a bright gas light gas light that but he saw by a bright gas light gas ligh

night-key, showing that he felt at home on would be possible for him to get warm if he went to bed; when he head a step on the stairs, and presently saw a light shining through the wide cracks around the door. brough the wide cracks around the door.

Ing brightly in the grate. The adventure looked more and more like . It was Mrs. Stone's voice, and the old man a reality ; and when, with his own hands, the roused himself to answer. 'No. I thought I'd try a sitting freeze merchant brought, from an adjoining room, coats, vests, pantaloons and shirts, all good first,' said he, with a sad, playful humor.and whole, some searcely worn at all, and 'An thing wanting?' 'Yes,' replied the woman ; ' there is a man told him to choose what suited him best, Roger chuckled with a deep, inward joy, scarce down the stairs wishes to see you.' 'To see me!' echoed the astonished lodgclouded with a doubt.

"But I ought to have a good wash and Mrs. Stone did mean him, indeed, and he shave before getting into anything respectable hastened to shake the coverlid from his shoul- in the shape of clothing.' in the shape of clothing.' 'I thought of that, so I ordered a warm

ders and accompany her down stairs. All was quiet in her room, Jacob having fr llen bath, which will be ready for you in a few, asleep by the stove, stupified by the heat .-- minutes. I am determined to see if it is pos-The caller was waiting in the dark entry way sible to make one man perfectly happy. ' You've chosen a promising subje helow, and the woman held the lamp while Johnson, with a smile of quiet glee. 'I've a Reger went to speak with him. The old man was tremulous with a vague good-natured capacity that way; and if any

apprehension that something was going to man is suffered to appreciale comfort I can appen him; nor was this feeling entirely set up that modest claim !

"I thought as much,' laughed Mr. Upton. pated when in the person who took his 'Speak it out.' hand, and addressed him with kindly tones, 'Poor Mrs. Stone and her children-some-

e recognized the man that had so lately thing should be done for them. Protect her clped him to regain his footing in the slipfrom her brutal husband, and procure her el perv street. 'I was afraid I should not find you,' said dest son a good situation, where his time and

his talents will bring comfort to that poor the visitor ; ' but from the time that I left, family.' around 'That shall be done if there's any virtue in the corner-third door up the alley,' kept ringing in my cars, and I was finally comnoney,' said Mr. Upton. 'Is there anything

alse? 'God bless you, sir,' articulated the shiv-Nothing-only let me know your history, my Edith.' 'You shall lie down, father, and I will talk ering old man; ' this is an hour I don't know

how I have deserved ; you must have made a to you about myself until you fall asleep. Don't be afraid,' said the young women, ten-'Not at all. I thought you might be very Don't be atraid,' said the young women, ten-derly. 'I will take good care that you don't wake in Mrs. Stone's atticl' So the old man was conducted to a 'tom-fortable chamber; and when he was peace-fully ensconced in the soft sheets of the couch, bit denotes come to him and soft where side' 'True, true, I am poor enough, but-'

Roger's voice failed him, and he began t shake again as with ague. 'You are cold.' said his new friend.-Come, let's step into youder shop and talk his daugher came to him and sat by his side soothing him with a gentlo speech, until all his happiness dissolved, and entered, fantastically mixed and interfused, into the fancies 'They turn me out, sir, when I go there to Then silently calling down bless-'They will not turn me out,' replied the ings upon his head, Mrs. Upton softly withof a dream.

drew from his side, and left the chamber ther. 'So come along.' They entered a common refreshment sa-'O God!' she said, 'may the dear old man loon, and by the countenance and protection never know earthly sorrow morel' of his new friend, Roger was permitted to en-. Late the following morning she went her-self to awaken him. How soundly he slept!

joy a seat near the stove.' 'You look like a man who has seen hard His thin hands were crossed upon his breast; times,' observed the stranger. 'I have suffered almost everything, sir,' there was a smile on his wan lips, but not a freeze there these raw nights ; and I ain't Such thoughts whirled and burned in the replied Johnson, in a subdued, unsteady, motion, not even a breath. Edith touched through e needle's eye age without difficulty.

100 Watty Morrison, a Scotch clergyman, was a man of great wit and humor. On a certain occasion he entreated an officer at

Fort George to pardon a poor fellow that was sent to the halbeart. The officer offered to grant his request if his would in return grant im the first favor he would ask. Mr. rison agreed to this, and the officer immediately demanded that the ceremony of baptism should be performed on a puppy. The cler t' said Mr. Morrison desired the officer to hold up the dog, as was necessary in the baptism of

children, and said : ' As I am a Minister of Scotland, I must proceed according to the ceremonies of the chürch.

'Certainly,' said the Major, 'I want all Well, then, Major, I begin by the ques-

ion-do you acknowledge yourself to be the father of this puppy ?' A roar of laughter burst from the crowd,

and the officer throw the candidate for baptism away:

Nor SHE !- Dean Ramsey tells a story of a Scotch old maid of the last century, who, on being importuned to subscribe to raise sold-iers for the king, indignantly replied : 'Indeed, I'll do noe nae sie thing ; I never could raise a man for mysel, and I'm no going to raise men for King George.

The prayer of deeds is oftener answered than the prayer of words. good mother's face and life.

charity.

lions and tigers, for we can keep out of the way of wild beasts, but bad thoughts win their way everywhere. The cup that is full of good thoughts, bad thoughts find no room to enter.

The camel, whose hump will pass through e needle's eye, can thread the pass-

'No l no ! no !' cried Florence. 'Then why not rush to this bosom that is bursting to receive thee ?' 'Because,' replied the innocent, but still trembling damsel, ' I am undressed !'

WASHINGTON AT WATERLOO .- ' My dearly beloved hearers,' said a very popular preache down south, when harangueing his bearers on the importance of perseverance and fortitude during thepresent war, 'you must do what General Washington done at the battle of Waterloo. In the heat of the skirmish his horse was killed by a British cannon balk-Did Washington give up his horse to the ene-my? Not he. He sung out at the top of his voice, 'A horse, a horse I my kingdom for a

by Frank Marion, and he drove the British rom the field, and secured the liberty of South Carolina.' .

menced the sail making business at Philadel-phia. They bought a lot of ducks from Stephen Girard on credit, and a friend had engaged to endorse for them. Each caught a roll and was carrying it off when Girard' re-

' Had you not better get a dray ?' 'No, it is not far, and we can carry it ourselves.

aving dismissed the question 'where does are go to when it goes out? have get a-new and more exciting one up: when a house is destroyed by fire, does it burn down or burn

Pennsylvania, the members were asked 'how many brethren can you accommodate at your house ?' One lady arose saying 'I can sleep two, but I can eat as many as you will send along.

The Debts are troublesome, as a general rule in these days, they don't give half as much trouble to debtors as to creditors.

[] If you would have a blessing upon your iches, bostow a good portion of them in up? this question. F Evil thoughts are worse enemies than

horse !' A horse was instantly brought him

To Young MEN .- Two young men com-

marked :

'Tell your friend he needn't endorse your

There will probably be a warm debate on

TAt a recent conference meeting in

note. I'll take it without.' The 'Down East Debating Society,'