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Poetical.

LIFE AND DEATH.

Spring was busy in the woodlands, Climbing up from reak to peak, As an old man sat and brooded, With a flush upon his check.

Many years pressed hard upon him, And his living friends were few, And from out the sembre future Troubles drifted into view.

There is something moves on strangely. In old ruins gray with years; Yet there's something far more touching In an old face wet with tears.

And he sat there, sadly sighing O'er his feebleness and wrongs, Though the birds outside his window Talked of summer in their songs.

But, behold! a change comes o'er him: Where are all his sorrows now? Could they leave his heart as quickly As the gloom clouds left his brow?

Up the green slope of his garden,
Past the dial, he saw run
Three young girls, with bright eyes shining,
Like their brown beads, in the sun!

There was Fanny, famed for wisdom : And fair Alice, famed for pride; And one that could say "My uncle," And said little else beside.

And that vision startled memories, That soon hid all scenes of strife, Sending floods of hallowed supshine Through the ragged rents of life.

Then they took him from his study,
Through long lance and tangled be
Out into the shaded valleys,
Richly tinted o'er with flowers.

And he blessed their merry voices, Singing round him as he went,
For the sight of their wild gladness
Filled his own heart with content.
And, that night, there came about him
Far off meadows pictured fair,

Miscellaneaus.

Grant's Discoveries.

Captain Grant, Nile discoverer, has been giving the public some more details of his experience among the African tribes. He.

Many curious barbarous customs prevail in Uganda. One is that if a page does not convey properly the king's orders, or mism, the poor boy has his intellect sharpened by having one or bot; ears cut off. Maimed boys and handless men, not while he lived. 'This promise,' says my friend Col, Williams, 'he faithfully kept,' and said the judge to him, 'from that day has for the most trivial offences—a common saying being that he never looks bright, or no business can be doner till the day has commenced with a few being led to execution. ommenced with a few being led to execution. Not a day passed without our hearing of or actually seeing some poor victim. A from the palace gate might be seen walking own the road perfectly alone and unheeded y passers by, wailing nya-wo, &c., mother, the most bitter, agonizing tones, perhaps leeding from a spear wound, and mournfully following a single palace guard, walking fifty yards in front of her to the place of execution; others would have a whip-cord found the wrist, and follow the man along like a dog; while others pull. I have seen most reluctantly, against the cord by which they are being led to death, screaming most cruelly. Princesses by birth had several privileges—they could not be executed like and the king's sister, the handsomest girl in the palace, had the privilege of being his wife. The gallant Captain also narrated the fol-

wing incident which occurred while the party were staying in the territory of a very friendly prince: The king had a little child, to distinguish his grave from that of others, save a diminutive Confederate flag, not larger than a lady's handkerchief.

"This tiny ambles is from the content of the cont and Captain Grant, for its amusement, cary imself, and sent a carpenter to cut down a ree for Captain Grant to make a similar toy size of life. Of course the Captain said at this was rather beyond his capabilities, rnished as he was with a penknife only. ptain Speke also carved a toy representan elephant drawing a piece of artillery; than artillery man seated on the gun. expressed his surprise that elephants (c) hich there were many wild ones in his rovinces) could be turned to so good account. Captain Grant told him that this was sample of the ingenuity and prowess of cans. The king hereupon said that had an old gun—a six pounder—and askaptain Grant to make a gun carriage for This the Captain was again obliged to

18.—In August, 1861, a German, whose me we forbear mentioning at the request our informant, left this city as a volunteer, ng behind him a wife and a house-cat h ght much of. He made his wife promise until his return. Faithfully the in has kept her word, and this forenoon, we saw ourselves, has about her house in hird Ward, in which she lives, in & adjoining, and racing about the premthe old cat and her children, grand chiln, great grand children, etc., etc., to the er of two hundred and nine cats, cattets, kittens .- La Crosse Democrat.

man can burrow in his couting from en or twenty of the best years of his tile of a mole as when he went in-

Rebel Women.

B. F. T., army correspondent of the Caica-go Journal; in one of his letters from Tennes-

I shall never be done admiring the patri-otic faith and undying devotion of the loyal women of the land, but I must tell you that the Rebel women of the South are worthy in everything but the sacred cause of their Northern sisters. There is nothing they will not surrender with a smile; the gemmed ring, the diamond bracelet, the rich wardrobe.— They cut up the rich carpet for soldier's blankets without a sigh; they take the fine linin from their persons for the bandages. When 400 of Longstreet's men came up to Nashville, prisoners of war, about the stronest, dirtiest, wildest fellows the sun ever hown on, and a flight of stairs in the building they occupied fell, killing and wounding a large number of them, you should have seen the fair young traitoresses come forth from the old aristocratic mansions, bearing estoratives and delicacies in their hands,

mingling in the dingy crowd, wiping hway the blood with their white handkerchiefs, and uttering words of cheer; should have seen them doing this, with hundreds of Union soldiers all around, and smiling back upon the rough blacckguards of rebels as they left. But in all there was a defiant air, a pride in their humanity strange to see.-Of a truth they carried it off grandly. And almost all these girls were in mourning for dead Rebels, brothers, lovers and

friends, whom these same girls had sneered billowed all the South with their graves, and the least they could do was to wear black for them and flaunt black from the window Clothed be their souls in sackcloth I said they were worthy of their sisters at the North, in all but a righteous cause, but I said wrong. There is a bitterness, there are glimpses of the Pythoness, that makes you shrink from them. But they are fearfully in earnest; they are almost grand in self-sacrince. Oh, that they were true and loving daughters of the old flag!

A Wife's Influence.

Judge O'Neal, in the Yorkville Inquirer, tells the following of Judge Wm. Smith, of South Carolina:

He had the rare blessing to win the love of one of the purest, mildest, and best women, whose character has ever been present to the writer. He married Margaret Duff. In his worst days she never upbraided him by word look or gesture, but always met him as if he was one of the kindest and best of husbands This course on her part humbled him, and made him weep like a child. This sentence, it is hoped will be remembered, was the lan-guage of Judge Smith to the friend already named, and to those who knew the stern, un-bending character of the Judge, it will teach a lesson of how much a patient woman's low and devotion can do, as he himself told it: dman's love

'The evening before the Return Day of the Court of Common Pleas for York District a client called with fifty notes to be put insuit.
Mr. Smith was not in his office—he was on
what is now fashionably called a spree—thena frolic. Mrs. Smith received the notes and sat down in the office to the work of issuing the writs and processes. She spent the night at work-Mr. Smith in riotous living. At daylight, on his way home from his carousals, he saw a light in his office, and stepped in, and to his great surprise saw his amigble wife, who had just completed what ought to have been his work, with her head on the table and asleep, His entry awoke her. She told him what she had done, and showed him her night's work-fifty writs and pro This bowed the strong man, he fell seemingly disgraced, were, therefore, not at all uncommon; and on seeing my hand, it at on his knees, implored pardon, and then at once struck him that I had been a page, while he lived. This promise, eave my

noble promise. 'No better ellogy could be pronounced on Mrs. Smith than has just been given in the words of her distinguished husband. The eformation of such a man as William Smith s a chaplet of glory which few women have een permitted to wear. To the people of South Carolina, and especially of York District, certainly no stronger argument in favor of temperance, total abstinence, need be

STONEWALL JACKSON'S GRAVE,- Bury me at Lexington, in the valley of Virginia.' ese words are said to have been uttered by that great, good lamented man, General T. J. Jackson, just before his death; and in accordings with his sacred command, all that is mortal of the most renowned and suctelesful hilltury genius that the war, or prob-ably modern ages have produced, now lies interred in the walls of the Presbyterian cemetery, located in the south western suof this delightful village. Nothing

more than two feet long, and placed at the head of the grave, and there waves, as if to illustrate the modest pretensions of the great hero of the valley of Virginia. Close by his side a small grave is to be seen which contains the remains of his child, who died a few years ago, and not far distant is the grave of his first wife. 'Elinor, the daughter of George and Julia Junkin,' with a plain marble slab at the head. His late residence is situated near the end of the town. and like everything else planned by him, is modest and unpretending .- Rebel Paper.

A BEAUTIEUL FIGURE. - Life is beautifully compared to a fountain fed by a thousand sterams, that perish if one be dried. It is a silver cord, twined with a thousand strings, that part asunder if one be broken. Frail and thoughtless mortals are surrounded by innumerable dangers, which make it much more strange that they escape so long that they almost porish suddenly at last. We are encompassed with accidents every day to crush the mouldering tenements we inhabit. t whenever his favorite cat had kittens she ald not kill them, but keep them, and their stitutions by nature. The earth and atmosphere, whence we draw the breath of life are impregnated with death. Health is made to operate its own destruction, the food that nourishes containing the elements of decay; the soul that animates it, by vivifying first, tends to wear it out by its own action; death lurks in ambush along the paths. Notwithstanding this is the truth, so palnably constanding this is the truth, so palpably confirmed by the daily examples before our eyes, how little do we lay it at heart! We see our friends and neighbors die among us; but how seldom does it occur to our thoughts that come at that time.'

The scene vanished as before—a change and come out as much of a man and as our knell shall, perhaps, give the next fruit-

THE VEILED MIRROR: PICTURES OF THE NEW YEAR.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR. The Old Year was fast drawing to a close. But a few hours and the advent of his suc cessor would be hailed by merry shouts and joyful gratulations, mingling with the merry chime of bells ringing out a noisy welcome

from church towers and steeples. Adam Hathaway, a wealthy merchant, sat in his counting room, striking a balance between his gains and losses for the year which had nearly passed. From the thing that lighted up his countenance, as he drew near the end of his twin its mineral street. the end of his task, it might safely be inferred that the result proved satisfactory.

He at length threw down his pen, after

ooting up the last column, and exclaimed forfully: Tive thousand dollars net gain in one year. That will do very well—very well, indeed. If I am as well prospered in the year to come, it will indeed be a Happy New Year.

His meditations were interrupted by knock at the door. He opened the door and saw standing before him a man of ordinary appearance, bearing under his arm some-thing, the nature of which he could not conture, wrapt up in brown paper.
'Mr. Hathaway, I believe?' was the stran

ger's salutation.
'You are correct.' Perhaps, if not particularly engaged, you will allow me a few minutes' conversation with you?'

'Yes: certainly,' was the surprised reply; though I am at a loss to conjecture what can have brought you here.'
'You are a wealthy man, Mr. Hathaway, and every year increases your possessions. May I ask what is your object in accumulating so much property?'

This is a very singular question; sir,' said the merchant, who began to entertain doubts as to his visitor's sanity, 'very singular. I suppose I am influenced by the same motives that actuate other men—the necessity of providing for my physical wants, and so con-And this contents you? But your gains are not all devoted to this purpose. This last year, for example, the overplus has amounted to five thousand dollars.

'I know not where you have gained your aformation, said Mr. Hathaway, in surprine. However, you are right.'
And what do you intend to do with this?'
You are somewhat free with your ques-

However, I have no objection to answering you. I shall lay it up:

For what purpose? I need not tell you that maney, in itself, is of no value. It is only the representative of value. Why then do you allow it to remain idle? How else should I employ it? I have a omfortable house, well fiurnished-should I purchase one more expensive? My table is purchase one more expensive? My table is well provided—should I live more luxurious—ly? My wardrobe is well supplied—should I dress more expensively? To these questions I answer 'No.' But it does not follow, because you have a good

use, comfortable clothing, and a well-suplied table, that others are equally well provided. Have you thought to give of your abundance to those who are needy; to promote your own happiness by advancing that

"I must confess that this is a duty which I have neglected. But there are almshouses and benevolent societies. There enable be huch misery that e-capes their notice, said Mr Hathaway.
You shall judge for yourself.

The stranger commenced unwrapping the package which he carried under his arm. It was a small mirror, with a veil banging before it. He slowly with Irew the veil, and

A change passed over the surface of the nirror. Mr. Hathaway, as he looked at it listently, found that it reflected a small room, scantily fornished, while a feint fire flickered in the grate. A bed stood in one corner of the room, on which reposed a sick mail .== By the side of it sat a woman, with a thin shawl over her shoulders, husily plying with her needle. An infant boy lay in a cradle not far off, which a little girl, called Alice, whose wasted form and features spoke of want and privation, was rocking to sleep. . Would you bear what they are saying?

asked the stranger, The merchant nodded acquiescence. Intmediately there came to his ear the confused noise of voices, from which he soon distinguished that of the sick man, who asked for We have none in the house,' said hi

wife. But I shall soon get this work finished, and then I shall be able to get some.' The husband grouned, Oh, that I should be obliged to remain idle on a sick bed, when I might be earning money for you and the children. The doctor says that now the fewer has gone, I need nothing but nourishing food to raise me up again. But, alas! I see no means of procuring it. Would that some rich man, out of his abundance, would supply the with but a trifle from his board. To him it would be nothing—to me everything.

The scene vanished, and gradually another formed itself upon the surface of the mirror. It was a small room, neatly, but not exensively, furnished. There were two occuants-a man of middle age, and a youth o bright intellectual countenance which, at esbut, stemed overspread with an air of

Mr. Hathaway, to his surprise, recognized in the gentlettian Mark Addley, a fellow merchant, and formerly, intimate friend, who but a few months before, had failed in business; and, too honorable to defraud his creditors, had given up all his property. Since his failure he had been reduced to accept a

člerkship. 'I din sdrry, Arthur,' said he to his son, very sorry that I could not carry out my ntention of entering you at college. I know your tastes have always led you to think of a professional earest; but my sudden change of direlimstances has placed it out of my power to gratify you. It is best for you to accept the situation which has been offered you, and enter Mr. Bellamy's store. It is a very fair situation, and will suit you as well

Day after to-morrow, I believe-that is with the beginning of the year, New Year's Day being considered a holiday.'
'Very well; you may tell him that I will

passed over the surface of the mirror. Again

light was burning, by the light of which a young man whom he recognized as Frank Durell, one of his own clerks, was reading a letter, the contents of which seemed to agi-

tate him powerfully.

The scene was brought so near that he could, without difficulty, trace the lines, written in a delicate female hand, as follows: 'My Dear Son :- You are not, probably, expecting to hear from me at this time.—
Alas! that I should have such an occasion to write. At the time of your father's death, it was supposed that, by the sacrifice of everything, we had succeeded in liquidating all his debts. Even this consolation is now denied

us. I received a call from Mr. Perry, this morning, who presented, for immediat morning, who presented, for immediate pay-ment, a note, given by your father, for fifty dollars. Immediate payment! How, with a salary barely sufficient to support us, can you meet such a charge? Can any way be devised? Mr. Perry threatens, if the money is not forthcoming, to seize our furniture.—
He is a hard man, and I have no hopes of appeasing him. I do not know that you can do anything to retard it; but I have thought t right to acquaint you with this new calam-

Your affectionate mother, MARY DURELL.

The young man laid down the letter with

'I scarcely know how to provide for this new contingency, said he meditatively.—
'My salary is small, and it requires the strictest economy to meet my expenses. I night ask for an advance but Mr. Hathaway is particular on that point, and I should but court a refusal. But to have my mother's, furniture taken from the houseamount would hardly cover the debt. There is one resource; but, alas! that I should ever think of resorting to it. I could take the money from the till, and return it when I am able: But, shall I ever be able? It would be no more not tess than robbery. At all events I will not do it to night. Who knows the young man blew out the lamp, and left the store. The picture fided. I will show you another picture, somewhat different from the others; it will be the last,' said the stranger.

The next scene represented the interior of a baker's shop. The baker-a coarse feat-ured man, with a bard, unprepossessing as pect—was waiting on a woman, thinly clad in garments more suitable for June than December. She was purchasing two loaves of bread and a few cryckers. There was another customer waiting his turn. It was a gen-tleman with a pleasant smile on his face. 'Make haste,' said the baker, rudely, to the woman, who was searching for her money to pay for her purchases: 'I can't stop all day; and here's a gentleman that you keep waiting.'

'O, never mind me; I am in no hurry, the gentleman said.
'I am afraid.' said the woman, in an alarmed tone, 'that I have lost my money. I had it here in my pocket; but it is gor

Then you may return the bread; I don't sell for nothing.

Trust me for once, sir. I will pay you in a day or two. Otherwise my children must go without food to morrow.

'Can't help that. You shouldn't have The woman was about turning away, when

the voice of the other customer arrested her 'How much money have you lost?' he in

'It was but half a dollar,' was the reply; but it was of consequence to me. as I can get no more for a day or two; and how we are to live till then. Heaven knows. 'Perhaps that will help you to decide the question,' and he took from his pocketa five ollar bill, and handed it to her.

'O. sir,' said she, fier face lighting up with gratitude, 'this is indeed generous and The blessings of those you have befriended attend you?'
. She remained to make a few purchases

and then, with a light heart, departed. The last picture faded from the mirror and the stranger, wrapping it up, simply 'You have seen how much happiness a

triffing sum can produce. Will you not out of your abundance, make a similar experi-The stranger disappeared; and Mr. Hathway awoke to find his dream terminated by

he chimes of the New Year's bells. 'This is something more than a dream,' said he, thoughtfully. 'I will, at all events, take counsel of the mystic vision; and it shall not be my fault if some hearts are not through my means before made happier another sun sets.'

When the merchant arose on the following norning, it was with the light heart which always accompanies the determination to do right. He was determined that the saluta-tion of 'A Happy New Year' should not be with him a mere matter of lip service;
'I believe,' said he to hittleelf, 'I will go
and see my old friend, Mark Audley. If his

son, Arthur, is really desirous of going to college, what is there to prevent my bearing the expenses? I am abundantly able, and the expenses? I am abundantly able, and can dispose of my moder, it is better way.

As he walked along with this praiseworthy determination in his heart, his attention was drawn towards a little girl who was got zing with eager, wistful eyes into the wind wo of a neighboring sliop, where were displayed in tempting array some fine oranges. He thought-nuy, he was quite sure-that in her he recognized the little girl who figured in the first scene, unfolded the evening before by the mysterious mirror. By way of ascertaining, he addressed her in a pleasant

Your name is Alice, is it not? 'Yes sir,' said she, looking up surprised nd somewhat awed.

And your father is sick, is he not?' 'Yes, sir: but he is almost well now: 'I saw you were looking at the oranges in hat window. Now I will buy you a dozen f you will let me help you carry them home. The purchase was made; and the merchant walked along, conversing with his little con-

uctor, who soon lost her timidity.

Arrived at the little girl's home he found hat he had not been deceived in his presentiments: It was the same room that he had een pictured in the mirror. The sick man vas tossing uneasily in bed when Alice en-

'See, papa,' said she, joyfully; 'see what nice oranges I have for you; and here is the kind gentleman who gave them to me.'

The merchant, before he left the humble apartment, gave its occupants a timely donation and made New Year's Day a day o

thanksgiving.
Mr. Hathaway soon found himself at the residence of his friend Audley, who gave him warm welcome. 'This is indeed kind,'

the merchant looked, and to his surprise, said he. 'The friendship that adversity can beheld the interior of his own store. A faint not interrupt is really valuable.' not interrupt is really valuables'
Mr. Hathaway now introduced the objecof his visit, asking: What do you mean to do with Arthur? He was nearly ready to go to college, was he not?'
'He was; and this is one of the severest

trials attending my reversed circumstances, that I am compelled to disappoint his long cherished wish of obtaining a college educa-'That must not be,' said Mr. Hathaway. If you and Arthur, will consent I will my-

Mr. Andley suppressed his son, and reint

Mr. Andley in a glow of surprise and pleasure, this offer evinces a noble generosity on your part that I shall never forgot. You must let the tell Arthur the good news. Mr. Audley summoned his son, and pointing to Mr. Hathaway, said: 'This gentle-

man has offered to send you to college at his own expense. The eyes of the youth lighted up; and he The eyes of the youth lighted up; and he grasped the hand of his benefactor, saying, simply: 'Oh, if you but knew how happy you have made me!'

'I do not deserve your thanks,' was the smiling reply: 'I have learned that to make others happy is the most direct way to secure mix my happiness.'

cure my own happiness.' Mr. Hathaway took his way to the store. Arrived there, he sought out Frank Durell, and requested him to step into his office, as

he wished to speak to him in private. Your salary is five hundred dollars a year

surprised.
I have come to the conclusion that this

gift-for I must consider it so will remove this terrible necessity. I thank you, sir, from my heart."

You are quite welcome, said the merchant kindly. In future consider me your friend; and, if you should at any time be in

want of advice or assistance, do not scruple to confide in me.'

'At least,' said the merchant, thoughtfully, 'I have done something to make this a Happy New Year, for others. The lesson conveyed in the dream of last night shall not be thrown away upon me. I will take care that many hearts shall have cause to bless. This was, hower the vision of the verled Mirror.'

REMARKABLE LONGEVITY .- We are indebt ed to a friend in Missouri, for the following statement in reference to an inhabitant of Franklin county, recently deceased: Michael Shookman, who died September 3d, 1863, at his farm in Bouf township,

Franklin county, Mo., was born in Loudon county, Va., in 1759, making him 104 years old. He was 16 or 17, July 4th, 1776, when the Declaration of Independence was adopted. He married there and had several children. He then removed to Tenzessee. He came to Missouri about 1830, and has re-

mained here ever since. He has ever been an industrious, goo izen and has raised a large family. He died, leaving 22 children, 82 grandchildren and 30 great gran I children.

His oldest child is over 80 and the young-

est 8 vents old. He had doubtless more grand children, but the family are so scattered that many of them have not been heard from for years. St. Louis Republican.

LEAD AND WATER. - By taking a strip of clean lead, and placing it in a tumbler of pure water (say rain or soft water,) in less than an hour, by dropping in the tumbler a little sulphide of ammonium, a black precip itate will be thrown down, collecting sulphide of lead—e. g., lead must have been dissolved and held in 30llition in the water, and as the salt of lead happens to be classed amongst some of the most dangerous poisons, we are necessarily led to the conclusion that lend pipes conveying water, if the latter is pure, must be somewhat dangerous. Wathe poison is carried with it. Water drawn in the morning through a lead pipe should never be used for domestic purposes, such as cooking or drinking, and servants in cities should be instructed respecting this particular subject, because they are usually ignor-ant of the nature of lead, and the effects of water upon it. Several metals taken in food or drink accumulate slowly in the human system and ultimately produce disease; but it approaches so steathilly that the danger is not usually apprehended. Some of the s not usually apprehended. Some of salts of lead are poisonous, and the sulphide is of this class. The interior of lead pipes may be converted into du insoluble sulphide of lead by subjecting them for some time to the action of a hot sulphate of sola in sulution, according to the recent discovery of Dr. Schwarz, of Breslau. Those who prepare lead pipe for conveying water for domestic purposes, should test the alleged discovery s it is of the utmost importance that all the safeguards to health should be enforced and

We heard a good story the other night of two persons engaged in a duel. At the first fire, one of the seconds proposed that they should shake halling and make up. The other second said he saw no particular necessity for that, for their hands had been shaking ever since they began!

A loin of mutton was on the table and he gentleman opposite to it took the carver

'Shall I cut it saddlewise ?' quoth he. .. You had better cut it bridlewise, replied his neighbour; for then we shall all stand better chance to get a bit in our mouths!

Useful Quality .- A wag purchased a very fine horse. Returning from a ride a few days afterwards, he said he had discov-ered a quality in his animal which added a few pounds te his value—he shied at a lawyer

The police are after the perpetrator of the following enundrum:—' Why is a love-ly young lady like a hinge?' 'Because she s something to n-door.'

Always fight till you die after doling t five or six times it is just as easy as any-The strongest words are generally the

Death and the sun have this in com. mon-few gase at them steadily.

WAITING FOR A MIN.

Madame D-, who resides at Chaton, was handene D.—, who resides at Chaton, was a lady of the strictest character and of a heart proof against allurements. She prided herself upon her great insensibility, and her profound indifference has repulsed all those gallants who had volunteered to offer their addresses. The country was for her a was only happy in solitude. The charms of a chosen circle, the pleasures of the world, had for her no attraction; and her favorite recreation was that of angling, an amuseme.

worthy of an unfeeling woman. worthy of an unfeeling woman.

She was necessary clears at day to station herself at the extramity of the lonely island of Chaton, and there, with a book in one hand and her line in the other, her time was passed in fishing, reading or dreaming.

A lover who had always been intimidated by her coolness, and who had never ven-tured on a spoken or written declaration, surprised her at her favorite pursuit one day, when he had come to the island for the pur-

pose of enjoying a swimming bath.

The observed her for a long time without discovery, and busied himself with thinking how he might turn to his advantage this lonely amusement of angling. His reveries were so deep and so fortunate that he at last bit upon the desired plan—a novel expedient indeed—yet they are always more successful with such women as pretend to be in vulnerable.

The next day our amorous hero returned to the island, studied the ground made his arrangements, and when Madame D - had surprised.

I have come to the conclusion that this is insufficient, and I shall therefore advance it two hundred dolfars; and, as a part of it may not be unacceptable to you now, here are a hundred dolfars that you may consider major to the success of his enterprise. Ho an advance.'

'Sir.' said Frank Durell, hardly believing his senses, 'you cannot estimate the benefit I shall derive from this generosity. My mother, who depends upon me for support, was about to be deprived of her furniture, by an extortionate creditor; but this timely gift—for I must consider it so will remove the spot where. Madame D—was sitting, he made h, dive, and lightly seizing the hook he attached to it his letter.

Madame D.—, perceiving the movement of her line, supposed that a fish was biting. The young man had retired as he came; he had doubled the cape which extended out into the water separating them from each other, and had regained his spot without the the least noise in his passage under the willows. The deed was done.

Madame D=pulled in her line, and what was her surprise to observe dangling upon the hook, not the expected "shiner," but an

unexpected letter.

This was, however, trifling; but her surprise became stupefaction when detaching he transfixed billet, she read upon it-her So, then, this letter which she had fished

up was addressed to her.
This was somewhat miraculous. She was ifraid. Her troubled glance scrutinized the surrounding space, but there was nothing to be seen or heard; all was still and lonely, both on land and water.

She quitted her seat, but took away the letter. As soon as she was alone and close-

ted herself, and as soon as the paper was dry-a paper perfectly waterproof and writ-ten upon with indelible ink-she buscaled the letter and commenced its perusal.
"A declaration of love!" Uried sile a the first words "What insolence!" Still the insolence had come to her in such

an extraordinary manner that her curiosity would not suffer her to treat this letter as she had so many others pitilessly burn it without a reading.

No—she read it quite through. The lover ground one, and even two years, before they who had dated this letter from the bottom of the river, had skillfully adopted the allegory and introduced himself as a grotesque inhabitant of the waters. The fable was gracefully managed, and with the jesting

true, serious, ardent sentiment, expressed

She threw her line with a trembling hand, and shuddered he a woman lifter slie per-Is it a fish?. Is it a letter? It was a let-

Madame D-was no believer in magicter standing in a lead pipe for some hours Madame D—was no believer in magic—decomposed the dietal, and when it is run off still there was something strange and supernatural in all this. . She had an idea of throwing the letter back in the stream, but relinquished it.— The most stubborn and haughty woman is

always disarmed in fitte of the mystery which captivates her imagination. The second letter was more tender, mor passionate, more charming than the first .-Madame D-read it several times, and could not help thinking about the delightful mormon who wrote such bewitching letters.
On the subsequent day she attached her line to the bank, and left it swimming in the water, while she withdrew to a landing place the extremity of the island

-and there was the letter. This time an answer was requested. It was fullier presidence; yet the addactous rewas written after some hesitation, and the hook dropped into the stream, charged with a letter that was intended to say nothing, and affect a sort of bandiage-which was nevertheless, a bulletin of a victory gained

watched for a long time but saw nothing.

unapproachähle: Madame D—Häd tod müch shrewdness not to guess that her mysterious correspondent employed instead of magic, the art of a skill ful diver. Scruples easily understood re-tained her from that portlost of the bank where she was sure that the diver would

emerge from the water:

But this game of letters amused her. First it pleased her intellect, and her curiosity became so lively that she wrote;—
"Let its give up this jesting, which has pleased me for the moment; but should compleased me for the moment; but should compleased me for the moment; but should compleased me for the moment; but should complement. tinue no longer, and come with your apologies to Chaton." The lover answered :—"Yes, if you will add Hope."

add 'Hope.'"

The inexorable lady replied:

"If only a word is necessary to decide you, be it so." And the word was written.

The young man appeared and was not is loser. The gift of pleasing belonged to his person as much as to his style, and he had made such rapid progress under water that it was easy to complete his conquest on land. They were married.

If those persons, who are always in earch of news would only read the Bible they would find the very latest news to them. Happiness is like a pig with a greased

A Brief but Eventful flistory.

The history of a Federal soldier named Robert Limes, who entered the service as a private in Loomis' Michigan Battery, has nany features which characterizes it as one many features which characterizes it as one of extraordinary qualities. Briefly summed up it is as follows: After being in that company nearly a year he, was discharged for physical disability. He then returned to Detroit. His stay here was limited, and the next heard of him he was in Mashville, connected with some sutler. Shortly after this he was chief clown in a circus—swallowed the sword and other gastronomic feats of more or less wenderful nature. He then more or less wender'ul nature. He then, according to reports, entered a Kentucky regiment of cavalry, but soon closed his connection with this troop, whether by discharge or desertion is not generally known: When next heard from he was a sergeant in an Indiana regiment of infantry, from which he described to enlist in another in which greatoffering a still larger bonus, induced him to risk the chances again. He did so, and the next heard of him was a prisoner in the Innext heard of him was a prisoner in the Indiana penitentiary, awaiting a court martial for his numerous enlistments. The trial resulted in conviction, and he was sentenced to be chot. The extreme penalty, however, was commuted by the President to one year at hard labor, with chain and ball. Now, there is a petition, signed by the commissioned officers of a Kentucky company of artillery, sent to the head of Executive clemency, praying for a full pardon for the deency, praying for a full pardon for the descrier, that he may receive a Lieutenancy in that company. Verily he is a lucky man, and the officers of that battery are 'a fun by

يومود المراجعة وله دارا One Difficulty Removed.

Frequently failures are made in cultiva-tion, which are unjustly charged to the seedsman. Seeds are sown, they do not come up, and they are set down as old or im-perfect. While such seeds are doubtless sold by some, our experience is, that respectable scodemen generally send out reliable scode, and that the want of success is oftener the fault of the sower. In treating of the vitality of speed in the February Agriculturist, it was shown that there was no general rule as to the time that see is would keep; so seeds after being sown, differ as to their power of resisting decay if the circumstances are unfavorable to their immediate germination.—
Three conditions are necessary to the growth of all seeds—namely, air, moisture, and a sufficient temperature. Any one of these failing, the seeds will not give. The amount of heat required for germination varies greatly with different seeds; those of the common hick weed will start at a temperature just above the freezing, while those of some tropical plants require seventy five or eighty degrees. The seeds of the plants commonly cultivated germinate at a temperature of fifty to sixty degrees. Mosture is required, not only to soften the seed coat, but to enable the germ to drow, and too little or too much dry, the seed remains unclinaged; and if an excess of moisture is present, the seeds, if delicate, will decay. In well drained soil the proper amount of water is held by capital and the seeds. lary attraction. The third requisite, hir is always present in recently worked soil. All the conditions being favorable, there is great difference in the time that seeds require for permination. Placed under similar circur stances, it has been found that, wheat and millet germinate in one day, beans, radiches, and turnips in two, and lettlice in four days, while nicklons and cucumbers require five or six and parsley thirty or forty days. The gesulinate.

The common causes of failure are: too

deep or too early sowing and excess of moisture. When small seeds are planted too deeply, the vitality of the germ is exhausted before it can reach the light and air necessatrue; gerious, ardent sentiment, expressed with beauty and ploquence.

The next day, Madame D—returned to the island, not without emotion and a trace of fear. on nicely prepared soil, and then lay a hard board upon the surface until they start. When sowing is done too early, the ground is too cold, and many seeds rot before it becomes of a proper temperature to cause gormination. Too much moisture in the soil excludes the necessary air, and thus one of the requisites being wanting, the seeds decay. American Agriculturist.

> How Soon we Forger .-- A leaf is torn from the tree by the rude gale, and borne away to some desert spot to perish!, Who misses, it from amongst its fellows?.. Who is sad that it has gone? Thus it is with human life. There are dear friends, perhaps, who are stricken with grief when a loved one is taken; and for many days the grave is watered with tears of anguish. But by and by the crystal fountain is drawn dry; the last drop cozes out; the stern gates of for getfulness fold back upon the exhausted spring; and Time, the blessed healer of sorrows, walks over the closed sepulchre with out waking a single scho by her footstens.

ARTENUS WARD. I was fizin' myself up nttond the great war meetin, when my daughter entered with a young man, who was evidently from the city, and who wore long hair, and had a wild expression in his eye In one hand he carried a portfolio, and in his other naw clasped a bunch of brushes! over the hard severity of wottlen till then My daughter introduced him as Mr. Sweiber, the extinguished landscope painter from n ladelphy.
'He is an artist, papa. Here is one of his

masterpieces—a young woman gazin' admirably upon her lst born, and my daughter showed me a realy nice picture, dun in ile, is it not benutiful, papa? He throws so much soul into his work.

Doen he! does he?' said I. 'Well, I when the process it needs it. When the process it needs it.

wash our fence; it needs it. What will you oharge, sir, I continued, to throw some soul into my fence?'

My daughter went out of the room in a tery short meeter, takin' the artist with her, and from the very emphatic, manner in which the door slammed I concluded she was sumwhat disgusted at my remarks.

She closed the door, I must say in Halics, I want into the closet and local all likes. went into the closet, and larfed all alone

by myself for over half an hour. Kindness is a language that even the

dumb brutes can understand. A harangue in Parliament or Congress in favour of declaring war may be called a

It is not half the trouble to learn in

youth that it is to be ignorant in old age. How we printers lie, as our devil said tail which every one runs after, but no one when he got up to late for breakfaste