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Boeticul.

MY OWN FIRESIDE.

Let others seek for empty joys At ball or concert, rout or play; Whilst, far from Fashion's idle noise, Her gilded domes and trappings gay, T while the wintry eve away. Twixt book and lute the hours divide; And marvel how I c'er could stray From thee-my own fireside!

'My own fireside ! Those simple words Can bid the sweetest dreams arise, Awaken feeling's tenderest cords, And fill with tears of joy mine eyes. What is there my wild heart can prize, That doth not in thy sphere abide; Haunt of my home-bred sympathics, My own-my own fireside!

A gentle form is near me new; A small white hand is clasped in mine I gaze upon her placed brow, And ask, what joys can equal thine? A babe, whose beauties half divine, In sleep his mother's eves doth hide Where may love seek a fitter shrine Than thou-my own fireside!

My refuge over from the storm Of this world's passion, strife and care, Though thunder-clouds the skies deform, There fury cannot reach me there. There all is cheerful, calm and fair; Wrath, Envy, Malice, Strife or Pride Hath nover made its hated lair-By thee-my own fireside!

Shrine of my household doities! Bright scene of home's unsullied joys; To thee my burdened spirit flies When fortune frowns or Care annoys! Thine is the bliss that never cloys; The smile whose truth has oft been tried What, then, are this world's tingel toys To thee-my own fireside !

Oh. may the yearnings, fond and swoot, That bid my thoughts be all of thee; Thus over guide my wandering feet To thy heart-soothing sanctuary Whate'er my future years may be Let joy or grief my fate betide, Bo still un Eden bright to me My own-my own fireside!

Miscellaneous.

A Born Machinist.

Henry Maudsley, one of the most eminonit of English mechanics (whose doath is reportrd to us among the news brought by the last foreign steamer) had this mechanical instinct strikingly developed. His father was a car-penter, but young Maudsley himself was ing off to an adjoining smithy. He urged so hard for the change that when fifteen years old, he was transferred from the carpenter's to the blacksmith shop. Here he became an expert worker in metal, and was soon quite noted for forging "trivers" with great speed and skill the old experienced hands gather-They had in this shop—which belonged to the naval works of Woolwich—a very accommodating superintending officer, who would blow his nose in a peculiar manner when approaching, so that all forbidden jobs, and making," trivers" was among them, was put out of the way by the time he appeared.

Robert?" ing round to admire him when at this work put out of the way by the time he entered the shop. When a boy has the innate love of his trade that Maudsley had, and thousands of American youth all over the country to-day, he does not remain at the foot of the ladder. Take a boy-there are plenty such -who has no particular predilection for anything, and put him at a trade, and he will ays remain a mere workman. But buys like Maunsley, almost without knowing it are urged on to something better. At this time Brahmah, the lockmaker, had great difficulty to find mechanics skillful enough to make his boks with the neat procision he wanted...
Young Maudeley was suggested to him, and
on being sent for, the Woolwich blacksmith came to London. He was then but 18 years. old, strong, muscular, tall, and remarkably But both Brahmali and his fore man thought he was too young to be put in the shop with old workmen. A worn out yied bench was laying near by, and Maudsley seeing his chances were in danger, asked permission to go right to work and fix it up. He did so, and the job was so splendidly excepted the beauty of the contract of the c ccuted that he was at once engaged, and he became as much a favorite in this as his former shop. As before said he was extremely handsome—an Apolo among Vulcans; and his personal advantages, with his mental ac-tivity, had their effect on his fellow workmen, who tacitly acknowledged him as their lead er and superior. He rose in position, and became foreman. In 1797 he opened a shop of his own and he and his wife (for a pretty girl had a little time before accepted the and of the handsome blacksmith) clearing the hired shop of the dirt and rubbish left in it by a former tenant. His first custome was an artist, who gave an order for the iron frame of a large easel; and thenceforth Maudsley's shop had plenty of work. His next success was the invention of the slide rest with which his name is usually identined, an invention, too, which all familiar with the use of the turning lathe, now consider indispensable. Maudsley subsequently became a famous manufacturer of machinery; but even when he employed numbers of men and found it necessary to labor more with the head than the hands, he used to go often his art. In time his shop became as it were a college of mathematical art, from which the bottless meghanics were proud to graduate.

| Coll. A petroleum spring has been distributed before you were let her be driven to extremities. Before long it was known in Brighton that covered about seventeen miles from Austin, bust meghanics were proud to graduate. best mechanics were proud to graduate.

THE RUNAWAY MATCH.

"I would not condemn them so sweepingly, Robert, my boy."

Robert looked up in surprise, and the old father gave a meaning glance at his old wife, sitting opposite him, and chuckled audibly. What I do you mean to say, father, that you are in favor of runaway marriages?" asked Robert, breathless from the shock he had received. He had been declaiming with that intense satisfaction one feels in the con-

sciousness of being able to talk well, and the certainty of carrying his audience with him. igninst all claudestine matches. The mild sheek of his father's words was like a peal of hunder in his cars.
"Why, no, my son," the old man answer-

ed. "I object to sweeping assertions of all kinds. As a rule, perhaps, the fact of a clandestine arrangement of this kind argues the existence of something wrong. But there may exist circumstances perfectly and fully justifying a runaway marriage—oh, mother?"
Robert looked from one to the other. On the wan, faded cheek of his mother's a faint flush was glowing and a soft light was in her dimmed eye. The big, portly figure of his father was shaking with suppressed laughter, and his eyes twinkled with mith. Robert had just graduated at and was now about to enter the Theoligical Seminary. He was a good scholar, and an carnest, practical young man. He had a most exalted opinion of his vocation and of himself. He was accustomed to being listened to with much deference, and he by no means relished being laughed at. He got up and stalked out of the room with most impressive trend and head considerably eleva-ted. He was about equally novaled and an ted. He was about equally puzzled and angry. The joyous ha! ha! of his dear old father's voice followed him as he strode away and made him somehow angrier. But angry at his parents! Surely that was wrong. He must go back! he must humble himself to ask their forgiveness; he must not indulge in such sinful feelings a minute longer. So, without going into the garden, as he had intended, he turned about and entered the room

His father and mother had nover hear ashamed to seem to love each other in the presence of their children. And now he found his mother, where he had often seen

his son, in a few hesitating but manly words had signified his penitence for the anger he had displayed. "It is not strange for young had displayed. "It is not strange for young people to believe their theories better than old people's experience. Your mother and I old people's experience. Your mother and I in the hard school which degraded the honeat can readily forgive you for differing from us in opinion, especially as ours has the most substantial foundation, and has already with stood the tempests of well nigh fifty years.—
Look, my boy! Here are we, a hale and happy old pair, and a living exemplification of my doctrine that people who run away to get married are not always either wicked or marriage with his daughter that I asked for living respectively.

had passed, serene and loving, undismayed by the storms of life, untouched by its temptations, beloved, honored, respected. Their life had been rich alike in household joys and was respected almost more than the law.—Mrs. Thorn was a "mother in Israel;" a

centle minister in all things that concerned the material as well as the spiritual welfare of her vast circle of acquaintance. Wisdom and purity and kindness had been the law of those gentle, beautiful lives now drawing to their close. It was hard to believe that this much fonder of working in-iron, and would aged pair had signalized the outset of their often excite the anger of the foreman by steal of their joint existence by an act which he, their son, had just designated as "one of the insanest folly of which human beings are ca-He drow a long breath and sat down bewildered.

"I can hardly believe it yet, father," he said, feelily.

But it is true, nevertheless, my boy; and lest you should be tempted to despise your

This was the most violent exposiulation that good, gentle Mrs. Thorn ever uttered; and after that, if Mr. Thorn signified that he did "think it best," she acquiesced placidly, perfectly satisfied that he must be right. This was an ancient household jest, to pre-

tend to fancy the mild little woman frightening somebody, and putting the family in mor-al terror for daring to dispute her will. It put them all in good humor with themselves

your father was a rayonous wretch, going about the world seeking whom he might deyour, in the shape of richly endowed dam-sels with more money than brains. Nor do you think your mother, who, I can testify, was really a very passable looking girl when in he teens, never flirted and read novels, after the fashion of those eilly Miss Sedneys down at the mill village. Nor were we either of us, persons of that class. I was the son of a poor widow, who worked and strove to keep and educate me while I was a shild, and I worked and strove to lift this and all other burdens from her shoulders as soon as son of a poor widow, who worked and strove to keep and educate me while I was a shild, and I worked and strove to lift this and all I was old enough. Treally had no time to roam about in search of even such delicious food. And Patty, there, though her father was a wealthy farmer, she had to spin, and bake, and brew; and I romember the summer she was sixteen she was one weed in mer she was sixteen she was engaged in weaving a web of linen to be made into table cloths for her own outfit. She had spun and prepared the yarn, and after she had woven'it (was it the lemon peel or the bird's eye, Patty?) she bleached it, cut it into lengths, and sewed it with her own hands. That is

I was a great awkward lad of twenty, that summer. For two winters I had taught the school in the log school house on the hill, had promised to marry me, and my mother and all the summers I worked for one or other or of the rich farmers in the neighborhood.

This year I had hired out to Squire Evans my mind was made up, and T found, means to be a summer of the rich farmers and to be a summer of the rich farmers in the neighborhood. to the forge and work enthusiastically with the sledge hammer, just from sheer love of his art. In time his shop became as it were

not much time for novels or flirtation either.

gusty passions, and given to harsh words if Tracy on the eighteenth of April. Squire people or other things displeased him. But Evans had spread the report, and propara-Patty had been my scholar the two winters tions were already making for the wedding. I had been teaching, and I made up my mind that I could get along with her father for the sake of being where I could see her every day. So I closed with his offer, and went and was immediately locked lato, her cham-

there to live, though Deacon Thompson had ber in consequence of this reballion...

Gered me a dollar more a month.

It must be supposed that T was on the I should have been very angry if any one had called me a servent. I did not feel like one, nor was I treated as one. I sat at the I was an acknowledged equal—labor did not the village near the line in New York, and degrade me; but poyerty placed me lower in the social scale than the farmer and his family.

Protty Potty did not feel this (You may)

Pretty Patty did not feel this. (You were pretty then you know, mother.) I think that, in fact, she rather looked up to me. She ad learned the trick of obedience as my pu pil, and she was as gentle and vielding the as I have always found her. It was not long before I found courage to tell my love, and had the delight of listening to her confession that it was reciprocated. I felt a sort of indefinite fear of opposition, but I did not imagine it would not amount to more than a man-date of delay. That I thought myself prepared for. I must prepare a home, and com-mand the means of supporting a wife before I took one. We were both very young, and quite willing to wait till we could marry with comfortable prospects for the future.
I, of course, had no thought of doing anything mean or secret. I went to the squire the very next morning after the delicious evening that had witnessed the plighting of our vows, and, as the phrase went in those days "asked his consent." I remember this scene so well that it seems to remember this scene so wen that it seems to appear tangibly before me as I speak. The great barn, with the fragrant hay piled in mows each side, and the squire looking at this odious wealth with a sort of grim exultation. Grain barract was to denument of the state tation. Grain harvest was to commence the next day, and I fancy he was wondering where lie was to bestow the golden sheaves which, before the week's end, would be there. In truth, his barns were overflowing

"I disliked the task I had to perform, now found his mother, where he had often seen her befere, sitting by his father's side, and listening with a well-pleased smile to some very lover-like talk. And she neither looked nor felt ashamed, though she had heen a wife almost fifty years, and it was already planned to celebrate the golden wedding the following 'spring.

"Never mind, Bob," the father said, when his sen, in a few hesitating but manly words had signified his penitence for the anger he moment to propose my poor self as a son-in-law of this rich man, exulting his wealth, But I was young, and had never been taught in the hard school which degraded the honest

Robert looked from his father's smiling for! What a towering passion he fell into! How he raved and scolded! And, finally, how fiercely he brandished the pitchfork, as had passed, serene and leving undiament.

of her father's voice, as well as some words in worldly honor. Spuire Thorn was the ar- | had reached her ears, left me nothing to tell bitor of all the country round and his opinion But she put her arms around my neck, and was respected almost more than the law.— kissed me on the check, which she baptized with her toars; and then she tried to smile as she bade me good bye, and exerted me to be of good courage! 'Father loves me betbe of good courage! Father loves me bet-ter than anything else in the world, and I can bring him round. Don't go home to your mother; to tell her would only be to distress her, but go into the field and work. Father is short of hands I heard him say this morping and he will only be more angry with you if you leave him now.' But, said I, he drove me out of the barn with the pitchfork, and ordered me nover to show my face on his premises again.' And then Patty smiled up. in my face, and said, 'Trust, John, I know father better than you do, and I know for does not really want you to leave.' Can't you stay for my sake!'

Very well the little minx knew that I would have done much for her sake; and

much as I disliked to meet the Squire again, I promised to stay, and immediately betook

myself to the field.

The squire never alluded to what had occurred. He treated me much as he had done before, but I felt myself watched. It was very seldom that I could get access to Patty, and though living in the same house, I was

as effectually separated from her as though miles of space had intervened. Matters went on in this way all the sum mer. Occasionally, we met for a few hurried words, But Patty's mother or her maiden aunt, were close upon her track at all times, and these hurried interviews only seemed to nad each other.

"Now, Bob," the old gentleman, commented, "I take it for granted that, notwithstanding your objection to a runaway match, you are inclined to think tolerably well of your parents. You've no idea that in his youth less. What if she should be influenced by her parents, and cease to love me. The few hurried words exchanged in our church mootings hardly sufficed to keep the flame of lope burning. We both felt and and disheartened And so the months folled on. Then there suddenly came to me rumors

that old Dr. Tracy's son and heir, from Had-field, was often seen at Squire Evans'. Ev-erybody said he was courting Patty, and some

had been several conflicts of will. But no time was determined on as yet, and she deeided to leave home and try to carn her owr living in some way if he persisted. We were interrupted at this point and parted.

I went straight home to my mother and the way girls did in those days, and they had told her all, and she advised me to interiere, to prevent this unhappy sacrifice. Tracy had nothing to recommend him, but his riches.

watch; and this circumstance goon came to my knowledge, and I prepared myself ac-cordingly. We were not far from the State line, and on the night of the seventeenth of one, nor was I treated as one. I sat at the same fare as same table and partook of the same fare as my employers, and I was lodged as well as they. I retained my self-respect, and was respected by them. But there still was an intangible line of separation. In one sense it was an acknowledged equal—labor did not the village near the line in New York, and degrade me: but noverty placed me lower in

> beneath my mother's roof.
>
> Patty's cousin, Abby, who had been locked up with her on the night of her escape, and had in fact, been our accomplice received her meals, and our escape was not known in Brighton till the following evening. Then, as may be supposed, the wedding did not take place for want of the bride. There was much confusion on the discovery of our escape, and Squire Evans vowed he would never forgive either of us. But he did before the evening was over; and learning that Patty was at my mother's he sent his carriage to bring us all to his house; and, then, finding, I suppose, that it was useless to attempt any farther opposition, he gave us his blessing and foreiveness

forgiveness.

We had our wedding feast, after all, and

a very happy and pleasant time of it.

Tracy behaved like a good fellow. Finding that he could not have Patty, whom he fully forgave, he transferred his suit and affections to Abby, who accepted them and made him an excellent wife; for she was a good girl, and loved him, which Patty did not.

Squire Evans never did things by halves. His forgiveness was full and entire, and from that hour until the day of his death, he was a good friend and lather to me; and in after years often avowed himself glad that we had taken the matter out of his hands, and made ourselves happy in our own way, which at last came to be the way of his approval after

And now, Robert, you have the story of one runaway maich that proved a happy one, and I trust it will be a lesson to you hereafter against all sweeping condemnatious.'

The Blind Princess.

The blind young princess of wa presented to the Empress Eugene at Schwalbach a few days ago, and the utmost interest and sympathy were excited by her story. The lady is well known all over Germany; her princely domicil is visited every year by crowds of strangers. The beautiful portrait by Cornelius in one of the salons is examined with much interest, and every one departs little dreaming that the large and soft blue eyes seeming to look from the picture so full of sweetness and bonevolence have in life no power to return the glances of sympathy and kindness directed towards them.

The story of the princess is perhaps the the barn!
I went to the house, hopeless and dismayed
Patty had been lingering near, and the tones
from the gardens of the very chateau she own enjoyment, had suffered her master's child to stray towards the river, and in an swer to the frantic appeals, and the search nade in every direction, no rign of the in fant's presence could be discovered, it was concluded that she had fallen into the river and got drowned. The despair of the mother was beyond description; but the idea of the child's death, accepted by all besides, was rejected by her. The river had been dragged trace of the corpse had been found, and she gave up the domain into the hends of her she gave up the domain much that do not her horother in-law, and set out upon a strange pilgrimage all over the continent, fully convinced that she would find, one day or other the object of her search. The sums of money spont in the pursuit, the time, the toil, the auxiety, absorbed upon every high road, need not be described. During the embassy of Prince Talleyrand, she came to London, and vas received by Queen Adelaide with the ut-

most kindness and sympathy.

Soon afterward she went ones more to the South, still bent on finding her lost child. One day, the carriage climbing slowly up one of the steep hills in the neighborhood of Ladsanne, she was accosted by a beggar woman, holding by the hand a poor blind girl, for whom she was imploring alms. The girl looked gentle and sweet tempered, resembling in no way the harsh vixen whom she called mother. The inmate of the carringe had fallen into a dose, and the woman bade the girl sing to arouse the lady. The song was a vulgar ditty belonging the district, with no romance to maure attention and ret it woke the lady from her trance; someyet to woke the hady from nor trance; something in her voice reminded her of a sister lost many years before, and slie stopped the postillion while she questioned the girl as to her origin. The day and hour were come at last; every word uttered by the maiden confirmed the suspicion of identity. Memory was confused—it had vanished with her sight -but by dint of threats and promises the purchased the girl when quite an infant; from a beggar woman like herself, who owned to having deprived her of sight in order to excite compassion. The locality whence the child had been taken was proof sufficient of

The princess returned home with the noor. blind companion, and devoted her whole life to the prospect of ours as she had done be-fore to that of discovery. But all attempts failed, and the mother gave herself up entirely to the education of her helpless charge. In this she succeeded perfectly, and the princess is considered one of the most accom-plished recitors of Uhland and Schiller in all Germany. Before dying, her fond mother reaped her reward in the marriage of her daughter with the young prince, her nephew, and this consolation is the greatest which could be felt by her friends.

The young princess recited, with the most exquisite clearness and pathos, two scenes rom "Count Egmont" and "The Diver" on ho visit to the Empress, while the imperial lady listened entranced, and the large tears rolling down her checks as she gazed on the wreek which the wickedness and cupidity of man had made of one of the most beautiful works of God's own creation.

TERBIBLE TRACEDY IN CANADA.

On Sunday afternoon the inhabitants of the quiet and picturesque little village of Old Winsdor were herrified by the discovery of a dreadful crime, involving the death of four persons, which had just been committed in the liouse of a man named John Cook, a barber at Old Winsdor Green.

It seems that a man went to Cook's house on Sunday afternoon for the purpose of heiner.

on Sunday atternoon for the purpose of being shaved; but, on knocking, could not obtain any answer. This attracted the attention of the neighbors, who then recollected that they had not seen or heard anything of Cook or his family during the morning. The assistance of a police constable was at once obtained, and on the house being entered and the various, rooms being scarched, the evidence of a frightful and cold-blooded murder. Well, he didn't inherit his natural taste were revealed

In the front room the bodies of three little

girls, aged respectively about four, six, and soven years, children of the man Cook, who soven years, children of the man Cook, who had, it is believed, poisoned the little innocents with sulphuric acid or vitriol, diluted with tea—were discovered undressed and laid out. These, from the appearance of the bodies, bud been dead several days, probably a week. In the front room up stairs—a bedroom—Cook himself was found with his threat ies, had been dead several days, probably a week. In the front room up stairs—a bedroom—Cook himself was found with his throat cut in two large gashes, he was still alive and undressed, while lying by his side with her throat out was a little girl, his daughter, night works of see alve live. eight years of age, also alive. Proceeding to eldest daughter, a girl twelve years of age, who had been poisoned with the sulphuric acid, but was still living, while in the down We had our wedding feast, after all, and stairs back room was found a pail containing Patty slipped up stairs and put on her bridal blood, over which Cook had evidently held bis head while attempting to commit suicide.

Altogether we had The discovery of the murder was made about three o'clock, and a messenger was immediately dispatched to Winsdor for the assistance of Dr. E. Pearl, High Street, who hurried over to Old Winsdor, and did all that medical science could administer for the surviving

> The girl whose throat was cut was removed alive. The eldest girl, who was promoved to the Winsdor infirmary, and is or was still alive. The eldest girl, who was poisoned, remains at Old Winsdor, and was likewise living. Cook, who was about thirty-eight, expired about 7 o'clock on Sunday evening.—Although the three youngest children would appear to have been murdored nearly a week. appear to have been murdered nearly a week back, it seems that Cook did not attempt to take away the lives of the two eldest children till about Friday last, while the murderer himself was seen in the village, as it is understood on Saturday, so that it would appear that Cook had hesitated till the last moment before he attempted to commit suicidé. The raizor with which this miserable man cut ais own throat and that of his child, together with a vessel containing a mixture of vitriol, en and treacle, the remainder of the poison which had destroyed the three youngest chil-

sufferers.

dren have been found. No motive has, as yet been ascertained for the commission of the murder. The house boro signs of poverty, though food—bread and butter—was found. A subscription had, it is understood, been raised in Cook's behalf. which, it is stated, is not exhausted. , Soveral County Court orders, and a "notice to quit," were, however, discovered, and this, coupled probably with the death of the unfortunate man's wife, which occurred in July, may have effected his mind.—Montreal Gazette, Oct. 21.

A Roman Feast in Adrian.

visible through the guards at the portals and the crowd of Sicillian cooks, pantonimists and slaves in the outer hall. Guided by the hum itself. Here on semi-circle the coenacu-lum itself. Here on semi-circle coucles, re-cline the Emperor and his guests, their hair redolent of fragrant cintments, their fingers covered with rings, and their jewelled slippers lying beside them on the floor. Each man holds in his left hand a napkin with a gold and purple fringe. On the table stand small images of the gods. At the lower end of the prince, her husband, had released her of the room is an elevated stage, on which a from the obligation to remain in the chateau, party of buffoons are performing a comic prolude. The visitors play dice between the courses. Now and then, through revolving compartments in the ceiling, flowers and nerfumes are showered down upon the feasters, while slaves stand by, whose duty it is to fan away the flies and bring fresh towels and scented waters to the guests after every

dish.

The feast begins to the sound of trumpets, and slaves carry round cups of Falerwine flavored with honey. Then came cysters from the Lucrine lake, cray fish from Mischium, mullets from Baix, lampress, and perlaps a sturgeon, which is weighed alive at the table, allowed to expire before the eyes of the guests and then carried off to the kitchen, presently to appear again control with a rich sauce of wine and pickles. Then come dishes of nightingales, thrushes, and roasted shrimps, African cockles, Melian cranes, Ambracian kid, and a boar from the

Next come jars of rate Massic and Chian wine are opened, a libation is poured out to the gods, and the Emperer pledges his guests. Then onter four musicians, playing on double the entertainment—a peacook with its plum-ago displayed, on a salver garlanded with carried the colonists thither in the case which murmurs of applause, and salute the Emperos. The buffons now retire, and a couple of gladiators make their appearance upon the stage, armed with hemlets, bucklers, greaves, and short swords. The serious busindes of supper being now over, and dessert in various places, and formed into a thou about to be brought on, the feasters have leisure to enjoy this more exciting amuse-

wines are handed round, the tables are cleared, fresh cloths are laid, the guests loan back, the Emperor gives the signal, and the gladiators begin the combat. Now pistachio nuts; dates, Venefran olives, Matin apples, pears, grapes, dried figs, mushrooms, sweet-cakes, preserves, and all kinds of delicate confectionery moulded into curious and graceful devices are placed upon the table. Conversation becomes animated. A gladia-Conversition becomes animated. A gladid-tor falls mortally wounded; the spectators ory aloud "habet!" A fresh combatant re-piaces him, and the Emperor himself deigns to bet upon the victor. Thus, amid blood-shed, dioing, wine and feasting, the hours pass by, and the entertainment draws to a close. Valuable presents are presented to the guests. One gets a precious ring, one a robe of Tyrian dye, another a sketch by Parry-land sun had not time to remove! The Dangs guzed upon the spectacle with trembling eyes, They knew not but the scene, might be their

ONE STEP MORE.

Had I better get in and row across, I won der? Nobody would ever know any thing about it; and there the new boat lies rocking on the river, and there are two oars in the bottom. It's only a mile down to the bridge, and I could row down there and back in a little while; it would be such a splendid

Of course, nothing could happen to me, for grandpa said to mamma the other evening, when he went down to the mill. 'Why, Helen, Harry's a natural-born sail-

or. He can manage the boat as well as I!' O dear! I wish he'd never seen boat!

frem you, that's certain, laughed grandpa; but women are always hervous about the vater. And that's all. It's just mamma's nervous water.

and I don't believe there's any harm in it. But, then, there's my promise to mother; there's no getting around that, as it was the last thing she said to me before she left home

on Thursday.
She called me to the carriage, and bent over one side, and smoothed my hair as she always does when she talks to me. 'Now, Harry, my boy,' she said, 'I want you to promise that you won't get inside that ont until your father and I get home again.'
No, mamma, I won't certainly,' I answered, though I hated to, bad, enough - that's a

And I think it's too bad that such a big boy as I am can't have his own way in such things. O dear! dear! the longer I look the more I want to go. It seems as if I must.
One more step and I shall be in the boat but there—my promise to mamma!

And how shall I feel when she comes and

looks in my face and calls me her darling boy, and puts her arms arround my neck and kisses me over and over again? She won't ask me whether I've been in the ont, because I promised her I wouldn't, and never told my mother a lie in my life. And

Mamma came home last night. Such a hugging as I had? 'Has Harry, been a good boy?' she said,
'and not done a single thing his mother
would disapprove of?' 'No, I guess not mamma, I said; but I was thinking about the boat, and didn't speak very

Mamma held me away, and looked in my

You guess not; Are you quite certain,
Harry? she asked.
'Well, mamma, I haven't done anything,
but I've thought about it.'
She threw her arms around me and held
me close to her.'
'Tell me all about, it, Harry,' she said...
'Mand then I did, I told her about going to
the river Saturday afternoon and hew near

The then I dill, I told her about going to the river, Saturday afternoon, and how near I came to getting into the boat, and rowing down to the bridge, and what a terrible temp-tation it was, and how it was, and how in one step I should have been in; but the memory mediately conscious of his wickedness, ho of my promise to her, and the though that God saw me, held me back, when there was word into a note of triumph. only one step betwixt me and the boat. And when I had done, I found mamma's tears falling like rain drops on my hair.

'Oh my child! I thank God! I thank God! she said.

And I, too, thanked him, from my heart that I didn't take that one step.—Church

Monthly.

A THRILLING STORY.

As early as 998, Errick Rande, an Icelan-dic chief, fitted out an expedition of twenty five galleys at Sentell, and having manned them with sufficient crews of colonists, set forth from Iceland to what appeared to be a more congenial climate. They sailed upon the ocean fifteen days, and saw no land.— The next day brought with it a storm, and many a gallant vessel sunk in the deep.— Mountains of ice covered the water as far as the eye could reach, and but few galleys escaped destruction. The morning of the 17th was clear and cloudless; the sea was calm, and far away to the northward could be seen the clare of ice fields reflected on the sky. remains of the shattered fleet gathered to zether to pursue their voyage, but the galles

f Brrick Rande was not there. The crew of the galley which was driver further down than the rest reported, that as the morning broke, the large fields of ice that covered the occur were driven by the current past them, and that they belield the galley of Brrick Rando borne by resistless force and speed of the wind before a tremendous field of ice; her crew had lost all control over her Umbrian forests, roasted whole and stuffed with beef and veal. This is carved by the agony. Scarcely a moment had clapsed ere carptor, with pantominic gestures, to the sound of music. the whole mass moved forward and was soon beyond the horizon. That the galley of the narrator escaped was wonderful; it remained however, uncontradicted and the vessel of Er rick Rando was never more seen.

Half a century after that, a Danish colony

hills that stretched to the northward; they vast and interminable field of ice, undulating sand grotesque shapes.
They saw, not far from the shore, a figure

nient.

Additional cushions are brought, spiced stead of musts arrising from it. Curiosity wines are handed round, the tables are prompted them to approach, and they beheld cleared, fresh cloths are laid, the guests loan a dismal sight. Figures of men in every attitude of wee were upon the deck, but they were icy things then; one figure alone stood erect and with folded arms, leaned against he mast. A hatchet was procured and the ice split away, and the features of a chieftain disclosed, pallid and deathly and free from

deeny.
This was doubtless the vessel, and that the robe of Tyrian dye, another a sketch by Parrian dye, another a bust of Adrian in colored fate, too. They knell down upon the deck marbles; and thus each takes his leave enriched and feasted, and pours a last libation for the souls of the frozen crow, then hurried to the health of the Emperor, and the honor by left the place; for night was gathering around them. around them. The first part of

a noticeable fact, that in all of the Indian troubles in the Northwest, the telegraph lines have not been disturbed. When the line be-tween Forts Kearney and Lamaric, which are 500 miles apart, was completed, the super-intendent of the line made arrangements for two-influential chiefs of the Sioux and Arapaloe tribes to have a talk over the wires, the Sioux being at Fort Lamarie and the Araprohoe at Fort Kenrney. After their talk, which pleased them wonderfully, they started on horseback, and after riding two bundred and fifty miles each, met and com-pared notes, and found their talk of a week was all real and not illusion. Since then no felegraph wire or pole has been harmed by Indian hands.—The Indians know the great

THE INDIANS AND THE TELEGRAPH. - It is

the great power of this discovery, and as they think it has something to do with the Holy Spirit, they dare not tough the lines. This is a fortunate fact for the permanency of telegraphic communication in the Northwest. MANUFACTURE OF TAR IN PENNSYLVANIA .-Perhaps in no State in the Union have the resources thereof been more largely developed than in Pennsylvania. In several of the Southern counties cotton has been successfully cultivated on a small scale, while the growing of tebacco has been made one of the prining of tobacco has been made one of the principal crops of the farmer. Indeed, the importance of tobacco planting has now become of the first character, and its harvest a matter of great, importance. We now observe that in Cambria, Somerset, and the adjoining counties a good quality of the is being manufactured from the knots of the pitch pine. The manufacture of this substitute for North Carolina tax is considered on during a first in security of the substitute for North Carolina tax is considered on during a first size for the substitute of the substitute for North Carolina tax is considered on during a first size for the substitute for North Carolina tax is considered on during a first size for the substitute for the substitute of the substitute of the substitute for North Carolina tax is considered to the substitute for North Carolina tax is substitute for North Carolina tax is substitute for North Carolina tax is substituted to the substituted to the substitute f olina tar is carried on quite extensively, and has already considerably depreciated the price of the latter article. The tar thus produced answers nearly all the requisites as substitute for the original article. - Pettsburg

LIVE Not for THYSELF.—No wonder men are unhappy in the world. There is always clashing when the machinery is out of gear. There is always trouble when the wheels are "off the track.". Man seeks to live for himself—God made him to live for others. How walls that methan's heart with lay when she swells that mother's heart with joy when she can make, her children happy I. What a thrill of delight comes with that look of gratitude, that tear of joy, and that one of love, which are all the widow and the orphan can render to their benefactor! The cup of happiness is an overflowing cup. It is like a bubbling fountain, ever pouring forth its blessings to refresh the weary and fainting, and made pure only by its own overflow. It is like, the quiet meadow rill, fringed all along with flowers, yet concealed by the very exuberance of beauty and verdure itself doth nourish. ourish.

A pious old gentleman, one of the salt of the earth sort, went out into the field to catch his mare. He shook a measure of corn at her to delude her into the belief that she was to got it, but she was not to be deceived by any specious act. She would come night and then off again, until the good man was fretted. At last he got her into a corner among some hrives and made a desh et her. mong some briars, and made a dash at her, when she bound over the wall and left him sprawling among the bushes. His christian fortitude gave way at this and gathering himself up he cried. "Oh hell." The ejeculation had passed his lips before he thought, but im-

Statistics published in the latest Liverpool pupers show that forty-seven vessels are now on the way to England from the East Indies with eargoes of cotton ranging from eighteen hundred to seven thousand bales can. The aggregate amount is no less than 221,864 bales. All these vessels are at sea, and their arrival at laverpool at difference and their arrival at laverpool at difference and their arrival at laverpool at difference are real to the season and their arrival at laverpool at difference are real to the season and their arrival at laverpool at difference are real to the season and their arrival at laverpool at difference are real to the season and their arrival at laverpool at difference are real to the season and their arrival at laverpool at difference are real to the season and their arrival at laverpool at difference are real to the season and their arrival at laverpool at difference are real to the season and their arrival at laverpool at difference are real to the season and their arrival at laverpool at difference are real to the season and their arrival at laverpool at difference are real to the season and their arrival at laverpool at difference are real to the season are at the season an periods will keep the cotton mills in opervinter. The new fields seem to be doing

IJA wife in San Francisco lately put a petition for divorce in the Court on the ground that her husband was a "confounded fool." The court would'nt admit the plea, because almost every married man would be liable to the same imputation. Did you ever!

The Pennsylvania coal fields have rielded 230,000 tons of coal per week for the ast three months, making this year's production 1,700,000 tons more than last year's.

The supply is now greater than the demand, and lower prices must result. A movement is on foot in New York

for a thanksgiving dinner for the Army of the Potomac. Fifty thousand barrels of apoles are to constitute the desert. "I say John, where did you get that paler's hat?" "Please your honor," said

o sond fifty thousand turkeys to Gen. Grant

gave me yesterday morning, when you were From a tree that measures about a foot in diameter, belonging to Abraham Hug-gins, of Sheffield, was gathered, this year, 22,-

l apples, averaging nearly 1200 apples per

15 The colored laborers, in number 250, at Maltby's ovster packing house in Bulti-more, have struck because the boss opened another store where he employed white wo

Rev. Henry Bayles, of Fall River has a head of Franklin which was pointed in 1788, by Robert Fulton, who was for a time a portrait painter. His works are very rare.

A Woman, aged 30 years, having five children, died in Haverhill last week of in-emperance and starvation. The money that

ught to have bought bread bought gin. An old widower says: Always pop the question with a laugh; if you are accepted well and good; if not you can say you were only joking. Here's wickedness.

The people in Taunton are dissatisfied eruse the wells don't fill up not notwithtanding the rains. A committee will go to Washington on the subject at once. ..

Look out for your commis. The Cheif Constable of a Canadlan village certified that he had arrested a man "for attempting to marry his wife, being alive." W. W. Wade of the Amoskeng, N. H.

rin, works, Manchester, has, perfected a reech londing ritle which throws fourteen bullets without reloading.

Two-thirds of the product of he-oil wells of America is shipped abroad.