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## AMERICAN VOLUNTEER.

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## Poetical.

### MY OWN FIBRESIDE.

Let others seek for empty joys  
At ball or concert, rout or play;  
Whit, far from Fabian's idle noise,  
How gilded dances and trappings glow,  
I while the wintry eve away,  
Twixt book and lute the hours divide;  
And marvel how I e'er could stray  
From this—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 its sphere abide;  
Hither of my home's sympathies,  
My own—my own fireside!

A gentle form is near me now;  
A small white hand is clasped in mine,  
I gaze upon her placid brow,  
And ask, when joy is equal thine?  
A babe, whose beauties half divine,  
In sleep his mother's eyes doth hide,  
Where may I seek a sister's bliss,  
Than this—my own fireside!

My refuge from the storm,  
Of this world's passion, strife and care,  
Though thunder-clouds the skies do form,  
Their fury cannot reach me here.  
There all is cheerful, calm and fair;  
Wrath, Envy, Malice, Strife or Pride  
Hath never entered his hallowed air.  
By this—my own fireside!

Shrine of my household deities!  
Bright scenes of home's unsullied joys,  
To thee my burdened spirit flies,  
When fortune frowns or care annoys!  
Thine is the bliss that never eases;  
What, then, 'tis this world's faded joys,  
To this—my own fireside!

Oh, may the yearnings, fond and sweet,  
That bid my thoughts be all of thee,  
Thus ever guide my wandering feet,  
To thy heart-soothing sanctuary!

## 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 do you mean to say, father, that you are in favor of runaway marriages?" asked Robert, breathless from the shock he had received.

"Why, no, my son," the old man answered. "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."

"I take it," said Robert, "that you are in favor of a runaway marriage—oh, mother?"

Robert looked from one to the other. On the one hand, faded cheek of his mother's a faint blush was glowing and a soft light was in her eyes. The old man's eyes were fixed on his father, who was shaking with suppressed laughter, and his eyes twinkled with mirth.

Tracy on the eighteenth of April. Squire Evans had spread the report, and preparations were being made for the wedding.

"I should have been very angry if any one had called me a scoundrel. I did not feel like being so treated as one."

"I, of course, had no thought of doing any more good or secret. I went to the square the very next morning after the delicious summer evening that had witnessed the plighting of our vows, and, as the phrase went in those days, 'asked his consent.'"

"I disliked the task I had to perform, not that the time for it had come; but it must be done. And, after all, I reasoned, there could not be any harm in it."

"I cannot but be glad to see you," said the girl, who had been waiting for him in the garden, and who was now standing before him in the porch.

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"OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG OUR COUNTRY."

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## TERRIBLE TRAGEDY IN CANADA.

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

It seems that a man went to Cook's house on Sunday afternoon for the purpose of being shaved; but, on knocking, could not obtain any answer, and he waited some time for the neighbors, who then recollected that they had not seen or heard anything of Cook or his family during the morning.

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## ONE STEP MORE.

"Had I better get in and row across, I wonder? Nobody would ever know my 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 sail."

"Of course, nothing could happen to me, for grandpa said to mamma the other evening, when she went down to the mill.

"Why, Helen, Harry's a natural-born sailor. He can manage the boat as well as I."

"Oh dear! I wish he'd never seen boat," said mamma. "I expect it will be the death of him yet."

"Well, he didn't inherit his natural taste from you, that's certain," laughed grandpa; "but women are always nervous about the water."

"And that's all. It's just mamma's nervousness; and I now nothing would happen to me; getting in there, and having a little sail; and it would be so nice this afternoon, and the river looks away up by the bridge, like a picture."

THE INDIANS AND THE TELEGRAPH.—It is a noticeable fact, that in all of the Indian troubles in the Northwest, the telegraph lines have not been disturbed.

MANUFACTURE OF TAR IN PENNSYLVANIA.—Perhaps in no State in the Union have the resources of the earth been more largely developed than in Pennsylvania.

LIVE NOT FOR YOURSELF.—No wonder men are happy in the world. There is always something to be done, and the work is never done.

A Pious old gentleman, one of the salt of the earth sort, went out into the field to catch his mare.

Statistics published in the latest Liverpool papers show that nearly seven vessels are now on the way to England for the Army of the East Indies.

A movement is on foot in New York to send fifty thousand turkeys to Gen. Grant for a Thanksgiving dinner for the Army of the Potomac.

Miscellaneous.

A Born Mechanist.

The Blind Young Princess.

A Roman Feast in Adrian.

A Thrilling Story.

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