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Boetical.

SNOW FLAKES.

The snow flakes so prettily falling, And dressing all Nature in white, Seem sweetly, yet silently calling Our thoughts from rude darkness to light.

The feathery crystals descending On breezes that waft from above, Are emblems of happiness tending Their lustre to friendship and love.

Their stendy and graceful advancing From woodland, o'er valley and field, Presents us a scene more entrancing Than art to our vision can yield.

The bushes and trees dressed in splender, Enrapture our souls as we gaze; While Winter-kings little and tender, Chirp snow flakes in heart-thrilling prais They tastefully glisten around us

Like costly gems, sparkling and rare; And while we're admiring thy crowns With clusters as lovely and fair. And see! they are ever concealing

Each spot and each stain from our view, But never the least fault revealing, That seemeth unkind or untrue. Like the snow flakes so kindly ensurining

Each object in bright purity, And pleasure with life thus entwining, Dear rander, I'd have thee be. May it over be thine thus to gladden

The wearisome spirit with rest; To drive away shadows that sadden, And cheer with the hopes of the blest. OI then will thy life be of pleasure,

Though cft by its storms thou art driven, For every kind act gains a treasure Thou'lt share with the blessed in heaven.

Miscellaneous.

THE POUR WASHERWOMAN.

I declare, I have half a mind to put this ailt into the wash to-day. It does not ly need to go, either; but I think L'l

Why will you put it in, Mary, if it does nt need to go?" asked her good old aunt in

"Why, you see, nunt, we have but a small wash to-day; so small that Susan will get through by one o'clock at the latest, and I shall have to pay her the same as though she worked till night; so -- "
"Stop a moment, dear," said the old lady

gently, "stop a moment and think. Suppose you were in the same situation as poor Susan a were in the same situation as poor a were in the same situation as poor the kindly.

| A were in the same situation as poor the kindly.

| Compared to the woman's eyes as she will be will be woman's eyes as she will be woman's eyes as she will be will be woman's eyes as she will be woman's eyes as she will be will be woman's eyes as she will be woman's eyes as she will be will be woman's eyes as she will be woman's eyes as she will be will be woman's eyes as she will be woman's eyes as she will be will be woman's eyes as she will be woman's eyes as she will be will be woman's eyes as she will be williked by will be w wash tub six days out of the seven, for the are necessaries of life, would you not be glad, once in a while to get through before night, to have a few hours of daylight to lamight, to have a few hours of daylight to labor for yourself and family, or better still, a few hours to rest? Mary, dear, it is a hard, hard way for a woman to earn a living; begridge not the proposed for the grudge not the poor creature an easy day.—
This is the fourth day in succession that she s risen by candle light and plodded thro he cold here and there to her oustomer's uses, and toiled away existence. Let her go at noon if she get's through; who knows have come from the sick but that she may have come from the sick bed of some loved one, and counts the hours, es, the minutes, till she may return, fearing that she may be one too late? Put it back on the bed and sit down here, while I tell you what one poor washerwoman endur- did more; they gave what the poor so seldom and you wrate one poor washerwoods a sour would to because her employer did as you would to have, time to woop, which is the wash." And the old woman "Oh, Aunt," said Mrs. M. with tears in took off her glasses and wiped away the tears that from some cause had gathered in her

han that of Ada R. None ever had higher opes; more blissful anticipations. She married the man of her choice, one of whom any roman might be proud. Few, few, indeed, ad a sunnier life in prospect than she had. "And for ten years there foll no shadow on her path. Her home was one of beauty and real comfort; her liusband the same kind, oving man as in the days of courtship; winning laurels every year in his profession; adding new comforts to his home, and new joys to his fireside. And besides these blessngs God had given another; a little crib stood by the bedside, its tenant a golden-baired baby boy, the image of its noble father, and dearer than ought else could offer. But I must not dwell on those happy days, my story has to do with other days.

It was with them as it has often been with others; just when the cup was the sweetest it was dashed away. A sories of misfortunes and reverses occurred with startling rapidity and swept away from them everything but nel.

love and their babe. Spared to each other and to that, they bore a braye heart, and in and to that, they bore a braye heart, and in while than force? War is entirely inefficient to the state of and to that, they bore a braye heart, and in a distant city began, a new fortune. Well client in redressing wrong, and multiplies in and strongly did, they struggle, and at length lessed of the indemnifying losses."—Thomas began ones more to see the sunlight of pros-perity shine upon their home. But a little while it stayed and then the shadows fell.— The husband siekened and laid for many months upon a weary couch, languishing not only with mental and bodily pain, but often times for food and medicine. All that she could do, the wife performed with a faithful hand. She went from one thing to another, till at length, she, who had worn a satin garment on her bridn! day, toiled at the wash-tub for the sonntiest living. In a dreary winter, long before daylight, she would rise

smoky and gloomy and toil there at rubbing' rinsing and starohing, not unfrequently wading knee-deep into the drifts to hang out the clothe that from a year and had fortuned. oths that froze even ere she had fastened them to the line. And, when night came with her scanty earning she would grope thro' the cold and snow to her oftimes light less and fireless home, for her husband was too sick to attend even to the fire, or strike a And oh, with what a shivering heart would she draw near fearing she would be too late! It is a fact that for six weeks at one time she never saw the face of her hus-band or her child, save by the lame light, except on Sabbath. How glad she would home beguiles the hours made hideous along have been to have had, once in a while, a the picket line in front, no one can truly tell

"Ada," said he, almost in a whisper, "I

want you to try and come home early to-night, be home before the light goes, Ada l'"
"I'll try," answered she, with a choked

"Do try, Ada, I have a strange desire to see your face by daylight. To-day is Friday; I have not seen it since Sunday. I must look upon it once again."
"Do you feel worse?" asked she anxious-

ly, feeling his pulse as she spoke.
"No, no, I think not, but I want to see your face once more by sunlight; I cannot wait till Sunday."

Gladly would she have tarried by his bedside till the sunlight had stolen through the little window; but it might not be. Money was wanted, and she must go forth to labor. She left her husband. She reached the kitchen of her employer, and with a troubled face waited for the basket to be brought. A smile played on her wan face as she assorted its aontents. She could get through easily by two o'clock; yes, and, if she hurried, perhaps by one. Love and anxiety lent new strength

The lines of the two armies are so near to the two ar o her weary arms, and five minutes after the clock struck one she was just about emptying the tubs, when her mistress came in with a couple of bed quilts, saying: 'As you have a small wash to-day, Ada, I

think you may do these yet."

After her mistress had turned her back a cry of agony, wrung from the deepest fonn-tain of the washerwoman's heart, gushed to her lips, Smothering it as best she could she set to work again, and rubbed, rinsed and hung out. It was halt-past three when she started for home, an hour too late! and the

aged narrator solbed.

"An hour too late," she continued after a pause.

"Her husband was dying; yes, almost gone! He had strength to whisper a most gone! He had strength to whisper a you'd been there?

"Union Picket — What kind of a ball?" how he longed to look upon her face; that he could not see her then, he lay in the shadow of death. One hour she pillowed his head upon her suffering heart, and then he was at

of striving to make her day's work as long as of striving to make her day's work as long as may be, shorten it, lighten it. Few women will go out washing daily unless their needs are pressing. No woman on her bridal day expects labor in that way; and be sure Marry, when she is constrained to do so, it is the last resort. That poor woman laboring now so hard for you, has not always been a wash-She has seen better days no erwoman. doubt, and I know she has passed through ter-rible trials, too. I can read her story in her pale face. Be kind to her; pay her what she and let her go home as early

"You have finished in good time to-day Susan," said Mrs. M., as the washerwoman,

"Yes, ma'am, I have; and my heart is re-lieved of a heavy load. I was so afraid I should be kept till night and I am needed at

"Is there sickness there?" said the aunt

answered: I left my baby almost dead this morning; he will be quite so to-morrow.—

And, grasping the money she had toiled for, while her baby was dying, she hurried to her dreary home. Shortly after they followed her; the young wife who had never known sorrow and the agec matron whose hair was white with trouble; followed her home! She was not too late. The little dying boy knew his mother. But at night he died, and then kind hands took from the mother the lifeless form, closed the bright eyer, straitght-ened the tiny limbs, bathed the cold clay, and folded about it the pure white shroud; and

her eyes, "if my heart blesses you how much more must Susan's. Had it not been for you aged eyes, and then with a tremulous voice she would have been too late. It has been a related the promised story.

"There was never a more blithesome bridal to the poor washer woman. But Annt. was the story you told me a true one, all true, I mean.?'

menn?"
"The reality of that story whitened this head when it had seen but thirty summers, and the memory of it has been one of my keenest sorrows. It is not strange, therefore, that I should pity the poor washerwoman."

TEXTS FOR PEACE MEN .- "War is the trade

for barbarians."—Napoleon Bonaparte.
"Ours (War) is a damnable profession." Duke of Wellington.
"Put together all the vices of the ages and places, and they will not come up to the mis-

chiefs of one campaign,"—Voltaire.

"The more I study the world the more am I convinced of of the inability of brute force to create anything durable."—Napoleon Bo-

naparte, Romember that no political change was ever worth a single crime, or, above all a single drop of human blood."—Daniel O'Con-

Jefferson.

There never has been and there never will be, a good war or a bad peace."—Benjamin Franklin.

"There can be no such thing as an honorable war, and there can be no such thing as a dishonorable peace."—Charles Summer,

INTELLIGENT DIET .- A wonderful bird has reached Paris from China. It is a new fowl makes men intelligent. If the Emperor of ones of the londy home. Often she had to Emperor of the United States, for his special lately saw a blind man looking with much shook his head determinedly. Emperor of the United States, for his special lately saw a blind man looking with much shook his head determinedly. Shook his head determinedly shook his head determinedly apparent interest at the prints in Coinagal's shook his head determinedly. Look here, my friend; how would you window.

ON PICKET.

BY JEROME B. STILLSON.

The sun has gone down behind the breast, works before Petersburg. The lights have been extinguished in soldiers' quarters, the army slumbers, the camps are still. Darkarmy slumbers, the camps are still. ness, descending upon the closed cyclids of And all the glory and grace you wear, thousands of sleepers, has transformed Dinwiddie county, Virginia, into a land of Clasping you close to my bo som and heart,

A land of dreams! How blest the dreamers are for whom, perhaps, some vision of home beguiles the hours made hideous along but those awake and listening. Bang! badg! bang!-here and there the boom of a cannon-here and there a longer thicker rattle of musketry—the firing never ceases until dawn. Beyond the dark lines of earth-works that the "long roll" can people in five minutes with thousands of "rmed men, a ohain of sentinels is strung whose task is not confined to simple watching. They stand beside no smouldering fires; they pace with musket at the shoulder, in no romantic paths, musing on faces and hearths at home. Crouching behind redoubts of logs and earth, they peer above these fastnesses along the barrels of loaded weapons, and fire, and load again, and fire. Answering discharges rat-tle in the darkness before them; responsive bullets hum about their ears. It does not matter. The business of the picket is to shoot, to guess at a mark when they cannot see it, to guard against surprise, to keep the enemy constantly informed that we are on the alert. If it were not for this all-important necessity, more powder might be considered wasted every week than would suffice to win a respectable battle. The average of wounds and deaths resulting from all this

The lines of the two armies are so near to-gether in some places that the pickets can esther in some places that the places and easily toss a hard tack from one to the other. "Fort Hell" (properly Fort Sedgwick) and Fort Morton are among the nearest points. These works are approached from the rear by covered ways. The whole region round about is open to the enemy's bullets, and the apprehension of treachery and surprise existing on both sides is such as to induce both to keep up an almost constant firing. Occasionally the firing ceases, by a tacit understanding. Then both the Union and rebel pickets emerge from their holes and exchange

Rebel Picket: Uninon ball!

A day or two ago the rebel pickets in front of one portion of the line appeared, waving Richmond papers in their hands, and offering rest."

"Mary, Mary, dear," and there was a soul touching omphasis in the aged woman's words, "be kind to your washerwoman." Instead of civiling to make lar day's real callogs.

to the slight thus given.

That strange variability of human nature which is daily manifested, along the picket line, in the perfect readiness of a soldier to shoot a man with whom he has had a pleasant and bantering conversation only a few moments before, is one of the facts shocking to all accepted creeds of moral philosophy.

MARRYING AT BARGE.

At Buffalo, recently a Justice of the Peace city and marry a couple. Putting on a clean collar, and slipping a marriage certificate in his pocket he started far the festive scene.-Arriving at the house under the direction of Susan," said Mrs. M., as the washerwoman, Arriving at the house under the direction of with her old cloak and hood on, entered the pleasant room to get the money she had earned.

"Yes, ma'am, I have; and my heart is resorry and plump, her blue eyes rolling out

> 'Matter?' said the girl, 'dat Gotlieb went off and wouldn't marry me. Ain't it matter

The justice said he supposed it was, and intimated that he had come to marry some one, and requested the old lady to bring on the lambs to the sacrifice. The old lady

A Dare vos no lambs. Gotlieb ish run'd off and will not marry mine Katrina.'
Well,' said the justice, Gotlieb isn't the only man there is. Send for some other man

to marry her.' At this Katrina's face brightened up, and

she ejaculated—
Yah—dat is good—send mit Hans.'
Hans was sent for, but unfortunately could not come. When her messenger returned. Katrina, determined not to give up, said-

'Send mit Shoseph.' Shoseph was sent for, but he couldn't be Katrina's heart fell at this news, and the ustice was growing impatient. Just then Katrina looked out of the window, and saw

short thick young German going by when Fritz! Fritz!'
Fritz shortly made his appearance at the

oor, when Katrina's mother said:
Fritz, you lofs my Katrina? Fritz allowed he did, more as sour crout. Then stand up here!' thundered the jus

And before Fritz could realize his position, he was man and wife, and Katrina's arms were around his neck, and her lips pressed to his, she crying between the calisthenics-'Mine husband-mine Fritz!"

Our duty as a direct historian compels us to say that Fritz hugged back as well as he knew how,
The justice, with his hend erect, stepped smilingly out, leaving the lovers to them-selves, and walked away immediately, a holy

calm stealing over his massive proportious, the consciousness of having done his duty gleaming in his eye, and honor, honesty and ectitude in his footsteps. A sailor was called upon the stand as

witness. 'Well, sir,' said the lawyer, 'do you know the plaintiff and defendant.

I don't know the driff of them words, an-

swered the sailor.
What 1 not know the meaning of plaintiff and defendant! continued the lawyer; 'a Can you tell me where on board the ship it was that man struck the other one? Abast the binnacle, said the sailor.

Abaft the binnacle, said the lawyer what do you mean by that?

A pretty fellow you, responded the sailor, come here as a lawyer, and don't know what abaft the binnacle means.'

A writer in the London Examiner

A LYRICAL GEM.

[The following lullaby is sufficiently tender and nusical to make every woman who reads it wish for a baby to sing to:] Come to my arms, you bewildering olf! Let me gather you, body and soul, to myself; A thing of my holiest boing a part ;

Crooning a song in olden rhyme,

Tender and sweet as a vesper chime.

Sleep, baby boy; The little birds rest, Downy and soft, . In the mother bird's nest; The lambking are safe In the Shapherd's warm fold;

The dow drop's asleep In the buttercup's gold. The vielet nots To the daisy's dream ; The lily lies hushed

On the lap of the stream And ho'y and calm, Like motherly eyes, The stars look down From the silent skiest

Slebp, baby boy, My birding, my flower, My flily, my lambkin, My den drop, my dower! While heart against heart Beats soffly in time To the murmuring flow Of my tender old rhymo.

> [From Waverly.] FACTS AND FANCIES. BY PAUL LAURIE.

'Ah! is that you, Paul? I am just looking for a fellow about your size. I want you to come down to our choir-meeting to night.—Will you go?'

I had been stumbling along the crowded

that been stuffing about—well, I don't know that I am bound to tell that—when I ran against my friend, Porter Corwin. I looked in his laughing eyes, and, as I felt the pressure of his hand. I forgot my little troubles; that glance of his had brought back the sun-

shine to me.
You know I am not much of a singer,

What's the difference? come along, and I'll introduce you to some fine girls. Why don't you stir out, and not keep in your shel like a cold-blooded tertoise; do as I do, go it while you are young; go with lively company, and you'll grow as fat as—me:

Porter is rather spare; I confessed the last inducement was tempting, very; but I was not a taking fellow, and I begged to be excused. He gave one of hiz pleasant laughs

and replied -

ad replied - You are not aiming at me, Paul; but I must go; good bye! I'il see you again."

And I was left alone; for, although people
thronged past nic, there was none among
them that knew me or thought of me. And, them that knew me or thought of me. And, as I resumed my walk, I thought of the time when my childish fancy associated happiness with age; how I that unto imagined that to be a min was to be happy; for I had an idea that even the avil me himself. tle thus successfully with a man; and now that I am fast growing to thanhood myself, it was singular that thould think childhood and innocence more able to resist the tempations of the evil one than man in his printe. How far my thoughts might have led me, iad I not been interrupted, is more than I can at present determine; but here a hand was placed upon my arm, and a trembling, though sweet voice now asked—' Could you direct me to the Telegraphic Office?' while a pair of magnificent eyes flashed on me like a moon-beam over a dark water. I looked an

nswer, but the lady, fearing I had not unerstood her question, repeated it. derstood her question, repeated at, Yes, I am going that way; we will be there in a minute.' She walked by my side until we reached the office, when she attered a feeling, thank you, sir; the door closed on her, and on I. walked wondering to myself where I had met those eyes—yes, I had certainly met that face before. I ended my walk, and, seeking my room, three myself into a chair, and in

moment was secondating as to the probability of my ever meeting that face again.

It was strange but I was satisfied that those eyes were once familiar to me. Who could it be? There was something serious the matter, for she had an anxious expres sion; and then her tremulous voice! I wished that I had known more about her, for a something in her manner told me that slie was no ordinary woman; and with such thoughts as these I very nearly foll asleep, when a timid rap came at my door; then the door was thrown open, and a curly head

hrust half way through. What is it, sis?" Mother says she wants you to be pleased o come down; somebody wants you.

e there. As I was going down stairs I heard my andlady.
O! Mr. Laurie, what is this you have

Done ! madam ? I don't understand you. Why, there's a police in the parlor—the first police that's ever darkened my door ! and he says he's got a warrant to arrest you for stealing. r steaming.
Oh! is that all? there's a mistake; he is

after some one who rejoices in the same · Well, for my part, I think there is precious little to rejoice at.'
And my landlady turned away in a sulk. entered the parler, where I met a sneaking

looking fellow, whose hands were evidently; great annoyance to him.
'You are Mr. Laurie?' 'They call me by that name.', Paul Laurie?

You. Lau-r-i-e? taking a dirty piece of paper out of his pocket and spelling the name

slowly.
Confound it, yes; what do you want? Well, you see I was put into the costs once for arresting the wrong man of the same name; so I want to make it sure; so arresting the wrong was sure; so the same name; so I want to make it sure; so the will be wrong without honorable to them and they be the same name; so I want to make it sure; so come along with me; I have a warrant here for you.' Let me see iti'

He handed it to me reluctantly. It occur ed to me that I might knock the man down; but a second thought banished all ideas resistance from my mind.
Go on; I'll be at the office immediately.

Look here, my friend; how would you his friends, for "300,000 more."

like it if I were to throw you out of that window, advancing towards him; and assum-ing a savage attitude.

'Well, well, I'll trust you;' and giving mo

Well, well, I'll trust you; and giving me a malignant look, he left the house.

I put on my hat in no very pleasant humor, and walked towards the Mayor's office. There I was accused of picking a lady's pocket. According to the statement given, I had relieved her of two thousand dollars—

by the way I never owned a fourth of that sum—while walking by her side.

'Of course you regard me as guilty,' said I, addressing his honor, the Mayor; 'but when the lady has seen me, you will see the blunder at once.

The thought occurred to me that I had said something very foolish the moment I had done; the more so because my speech brought a smile of contempt from the worthy Mayor. Just at this moment a police officer followed by a lady, closely veiled, entered the office I thought I had seen that form before; where could it have been? The mayor brushed back his hair, picked up a stumpy quill, and addressing the lady—
'I am ready to listen to your charge,

The lady advanced a step, cast aside her veil, and she whom I had directed to the Telegraph Office steed before me. My chocks burned with indignation. I listened

in silence to the charge. 'About three hours ago I met this man on street, and asked him to direct me to the Telegraph Office. He said he was going that way, and I walked by his side to the office where he left me. After the clerk had written a dispatch out for me, I put my hand into my pocket and found that I had lost my purper. I am positive that I had it when I mot this man, for I had just made a purchase, and had placed the purse in the right pocket. This man walked on that side; but I did not doesn't that he was other than he and et. This man walked on that side; but I did not dream that he was other than he appeared to be;' and here the magnificent eyes gave me anything but a kindly glance.

Is that all?' 'Yes, sir. Here his Honor turned towards me within Well, Mr. Laurie, what have you got to

'I have nothing to say, except to ask that you would send word to Ex Gov. S—, to Judge P—, and the Rev. Jus. R—. He looked at me very intently, but with ess severity. 'Mr. Studds, just take this note to Gov. S.

tol) the reader in such, a common, vulgar

In about fifteen minutes Gov. S-Judge P entered. They advanced to-

way, was surely enough to put a saint out of

wards me with a puzzled expression.

'How is this, Paul?' said Judge Paside to me.
Indeed. I am as ignorant as yourself about it; either the woman has lost her purse or lies; but I can scarcely believe the latter. Pshaw vou are a simpleton. Quite likely she took you for a wealthy chap and thought you would compromise the matter, enthor than have it become public. my word for it, she is not what she seems.' As he said this he bent a scrutinizing look upon the lady. Then stepping towards the nayor, he whispered something that the dis hand, it are prevented me from hearing. I only heard a deep drawn ah! from the mayor, who cast a curious glance at the lady. I followed his glance, and I remarked that the lady was ill at ease; her hands were toying with the fringe of her cape with a nervous

trembling.

My friends gave bail for my appearance my triends gave bail for my appearance; his Honor smiled courteously; bowing with deference to my friends; and the moment after I was walking homewards beside Judge The next morning, as I glanced over the

paper, the following paragraph caught my "ARREST OF MADAN SWAIN, alias JANE ORE, McFadden, alias Josephine G. Griswell, etc.—This notorious inposter is in a fair way to receive her deserts. Yesterday well, etc.—This notorious inposter is in a fair way to receive her deserts. Yesterday afternoon a young man named Paul Laurie was addressed by a lady like personage, who requested to be directed to the telegrap office.

Mr. L.—, who is an obliging young man, walked by her side till they reached the office, where he left her. Some ten minutes afterwards the lady laid an information before his honor, the Mayor, charging Mr. L.— with stealing her purse containing two thousand dollars; and being a stranger in the city threw herself upon his Honor for protoction. Mr. L.— was immediately arrested, and, upon entering the office, recognized in city threw herself upon his Honor for protection. Mr. L.— was immediately arrested, and, upon entering the office, recognized in the lady the famous Madam Swain. He without its counterfeit. The ourtain falls upon a view of the editor's dollar rapidly changing hands. The ourtain falls upon a view of the editor's dollar rapidly changing hands. The ourtain falls upon a view of the editor's dollar rapidly changing hands. Big Thino on Ics.—Miss Flora M.Quillayor's office, when, in the complainant Judge P.— recognized Madam Swaim, who has altered considerably, but still retains much of that beauty and easy self-possession which the strap of my skate has much of that beauty and easy self-possession that hands start for dinner, leaving the editor (who had somewhat recovered his senditor (who had somewhat recovered his senset) examining the bank-note to ascertain whether it is counteffeit.

The ourtain falls upon a view of the editor's dollar rapidly changing hands?

Big Thino on Ics.—Miss Flora M.Quillen and Charles Agustus Shoddy on the Poild.—There—the strap of my skate has one loose. Kneel down and buckle it, you much of that beauty and easy self-possession that created the morbid sympathy expressed by the public at the time of her trial."

"Well," I exclaimed, mentally; "eatoh me recting people after this." I have taken "Well," I exclaimed, montany, cuton in directing people after this." I have taken thinks herself pretty—What enrontery—volume friend Porter's advice, and have been mus on the half-shell skates. I mus on the half-shell skates. There, is a man staying at us. I allowed myself to dwell on a pair of magI allowed myself to dwell on a pair of magI allowed myself to dwell on a pair of magLook—there's Lizzie Crawford with an Look—there's Lizzie Crawford with an

ly to a respectable lawyer for legal advice.

After dotaling the circumstances of the case,
he was asking if he had stated the facts exactly as they had occurred. "Yes, sir," re-plied the applicant. "I have told you the plain truth; you can put the lies to it your-Something the same of the state of the same of the sam

1 A letter writer from Cincinnatti, Ohio, says that the common people of that city are those who kill pigs now. The aristorney are those whose fathers killed pigs, and whe Touch the question of pigs to them and they bristle up immediately.

The difference between a well-bred diatetely attracts your liking, the other your aversion. You love the one till you find reason to hate him; you hate the other till you find reason to love him.

AN EDITOR'S SANCTUM.

BY N., C. B. 8.

Tun scene of the following play, which. with slight variations, has a 'good run' at 'all the principal country printing offices in the United States and elsewhere,' it is laid in an editor's sanctum—by the way, not such a set apart place as its name may indicate; but usually (especially in country places) separated from the office proper merely by that which is so much talked of by geographers, astronomers, and higher mathematicians, viz:—'an imaginary line' running from a point situated entirely in your eye, to another point equally tangible. (However, there is frequently a more get at able separation, in the form of a rivulet, produced by teditorial labors, laid out upon a small quantity of the protein freed) ty of the narcotic weed)

But we have the 'stage effect' now for our characters. First comes the editor, sented at a pine ta-ble, with papers and periodicals lying thereof 'adlibitum,' also a few sheets of writing paper, and the other requisite materials for reper, and the other requisite materials for reducing stray thoughts into a readable shape. His 'position and 'posture are easily given. He is sitting and cogitating his thoughts nowhere (or, more properly, anywhere,) striving to put something on the paper before him that will answer for a leader for his next issue. By his side is the saturic accomments the property of the paper of paniment of every office commonly known and recognized among men as the 'printer's devil.'

The last named personage is at present engaged in veceil erating at the top of his voice 'Copy, sir!' 'In about five minutes,' is the re-Thereupon enters a well dressed young

man, whose chief characteristics are brass and neck tie, with a roll of paper in his hand.—After the usual 'salutes,' he addresses the editor.
'I have brought in a communication for

publication in your widely circulated and useful journal. 'Yes, sir.' replied the editor, taking the 'When is your next issue, sir ?"

When is your next issue, sir ?
Our paper comes out to morrow,'
Thank you. I am glad I shall see it in print so soon. Good day, sir; and he leaves the office with a patronizing air.
Editor, to himself.—'Well, that's cool, decidedly. The young gent did not even say 'if you please,' nor did the idea seem' to have once crossed his mind that the article might not he worthy of arbilication. I urgently and stop in at Judge P—'s with this on your way back. You can sit down, Mr. Laurie, until Mr. Stubbs comes back.'

I gave a slight bow and seated myself.—
The magnificant eyes sat opposite me. Certainly, this was driving away the romance with a vengeance; I had other thoughts to be a story of a fishing excursion, and the principal feature of which is, a fact (?) that inwardly desired their introduction to a warmer climate was I not excusable? To be woke up from such pleasant dreams of bright added that one bull head was conset (in a consett first and the principal feature of which is, a fact (?) that and two suckers! 'Alvery probable yarn indeed,' thought the editor. 'He might have woke up from such pleasant dreams of bright added that one bull head was conset (in a consett first and the article might not be worthly of publication. I urgently recommend him to lunatic asylume in generally and braziers in particular. However, I will look it over.' If o reads it, and finds it to be a story of a fishing excursion, and the principal feature of which is, a fact (?) that in a few hours the writer caught 990 trout and two suckers! 'Alvery probable yarn indeed.' inwardly desired their introduction to a warinwardly desired their introduction to a warwoke up from such pleasant dreams of bright
eyes, graceful figures, silvery voices, and
shower) as he says in his effusion. If now
began for to rain. This will have to go to the dead letter department, said he, as

was placed among the rejected communica Devil-Five minutes more am up, sir ! The editor scratched his head, dips his pen in the ink, and then repeats the process with variations, waiting for an idea, just about as pa tiently as a city sprig waits for an omnibus on a rainy day: Finally, in slicer despair, he seizes the scissors, clips an editorial from an exchange, scratches out two or three dozen words, and inserts others, writes a paragraph

or two and hands it to the imp.

A hanger on of the office, who has for some talking to the ' hired help,' and making himself generally obnoxious, gees to the window, and announces the arrival of the mail. He is despatched to the post office, and shortly

returns with papers letters, &c. Letter No 1 reads

Mr. edditur sur I want you to stop mi paper think it not wurth redin Tou Shooks' The next says—

'Mr. ; I do not wish to take a Switch any longer. You will know what I mean by referring to your last, second page: JAS. BOKURO. On referring to the paper we find the article to have contained a general remark on a certain vice, which happened to his this in

dividual. The editor opens more: One wants lie paper discontinued—another blows him up—a third stops his advertisement—a fourth duns

Len and Charles. Agustus Shoddy on the come loose. Kneel down and buckle it, you study thing!

A young lady who was reading a long to the strap of my skute has come loose. Kneel down and buckle it, you study thing!

Some loss.

Index to the state of the state of the squeeze my ankle!

Look at that stout woman groveling about on those absurd shell skates—I dare say she

Look—there's Lizzie Crdwlord with an English pork pie hat on—Why doesn't she wear a knife and fork in it?

Doesn't want to cut her friends?—Oh!
you anughty man, to make suck a stupid pun!
Well, I declare!—Carrie Hawkins in a bloomer dress—the boldness of some girls!

Lin't it nice?—I wish the pond was tunned over R. which records.

neled over—Be quiet now!

Hold my hands while I skate backwards

Pont puffso—Aurelia Muggius couldn't skate

60 Not even with Aguetine Silverchips holding her hands.

Did you learn on parlor skates?—There?

no skating in Mexico, is there?—I read that ice is four shillings a pound there. Or was it in China?

Oh 'my!—there's Aunt's carriage on the bank—Isn't it a pity Aunty's too old and stout to skate? and has no children to skate. for her no, not even on parler skates—But then four hundred thousand dollars 1—O

diatetely attracts your liking, the other your aversion. You love the one till you find reason to hate him; you hate the other till you find reason to love him.

The fashionable calls Abraham's upon his friends, for "300,000 more."

The four hundred thousand dollars in the fine fou

Rumor. Wit und

THE LAST WORD. We parted in anger; to well the cold world I remember she uttered—the last I e'er

From lips curving proudly and eyes flash-And a heart schooled in firmness, to speak.

its desire.
Farewell!' and we parted, to meet never In the old tie of friendship that bound us of

yoro.
paused on the threshold, she heaved a deep sigh; The tears came unhidden and dimmed that

bright eye; She surned to her pillow in silence to weep, And I walked away stornly-but felt mighty We maliciously enjoyed the dilemma of an organplayer, the other day. An obvi-

ous stranger to the English language, the Italian monster was grinding away opposite a deaf asylum, and went on pouring out tune, evidently wondering to himself that he made no impression upon the establishment. Occasionally he would whistle to enhance the discord, but not a window of the obdurate house was opened, not a servant appeared at the door to pay him for "moving on." When we left, he had been there full ten minutes. and he may be there new for what we know:

"Why do you not present yourself as a candidate for Congress?" asked a lady of her husband, who was confined with the rheumi-

"Why should I, my dear?"
"But I think you should," resumed the wife, "your language and actions are truly parlimentary. When bills are presented, you either order them to be laid on the table, you are supported by the chair; and of ten poke your nose into measures which are calculated to destroy the constitution."

I happened to get into conversation with a young Irishman, who wished to claim for his Emerald Islo the honor of being the birth-place of certainly more than two thirds of the great men that ever lived, and adorned the world with their brilliant minds, or star-

tled it by their wonderful deeds.

The contention was rather spirited, in the course of which I alluded to a paragraph in Mooney's History of Ireland, wherein he says that Napoleon was of Irish descent.

With a resentful look, and an indignant tose of the head, he replied,—, i Well, what of that? There's a good ma-ny Frenchmen Irish:

Little Clara was watching with much curiosity and interest a flock of fowls. as they were sunning themselves, when her attention was suddenly arrested by the gorgeous red

creats of two roosters. "Mamma, what are these red things on their heads?" heir heads?"
"They are combs, my dear."
"Why, how funny! they wear combs!

Maming, are they the women? A venerable doctor, who is as witty as he is benevolent, in carrying out his philan-thropic schemes, has contributed largely to a new wing of a hospital for decayed gentla-women in Liendon. A few days age the committee of management sent thom to him; asking him if he would send his crest and coat of arms to be inscribed on the building. He inclosed a pill box.

Mrs. Boggs says that she observes the people in the legislature have put her poor neighbor, Mr. Crown, on standing committee, which will be a dreadful trial to him, as he yery weak in the legs, and never could keep his feet a longitime.

THE RIGHT OF CHOICE-My mistress used to ask ma: "Well, Zekiel, will you have pud-ding and milk, or roast- beef, for your din-

"Ronst beef," if you please, ma'am, said I.
"I guess you can eat pudding and milk,
she would say," and pudding and milk it was: Long Countship-A friend of ours courted a lady for twenty-eight years, and then mar-ried her. She turned out to be a perfect virago, but died in two years after the wedding; "Now," said our friend, in a self congrat-

long courtship. Sambo, can you tell me what difference there is between a Northern and Southn man?'
'No; Bones.'

ulating tone, " see what I have escaped by a

'Why, the Northern man blacks his own boots, and the Southern man boots his own A German writer, Borne, compares the different stages in the lives of women to milk, butter, and cheese, "Abrirl," he says, 'is like milk, a woman like butter, and an

the style. Reviewing the incidents in her memory

she replied, "the style? the style? O, sir, I've not come to that yet." SUBSTITUTE FOR BUTTER-Marry the nicest girl you know. You will then have her to preside at your breakfast table, and, unless you are a sad dog indeed, you will not require any but he).

any but-hely. By sharp incissions.

And everything proclaims the approach of

Except:provisions A little one, after undergoing the disagreeable operation of vaccination exclaimed, 'now I won't have to be baptized, will I?'

The Chinese have a notion that the soul of a poet passes into a gradiopper feet cause it sings till it starves.

The world is full of poetry, the st the is living with its apprits, and the waves do incate to the music of its melody.