OUR MISTARES ABOUT EACH OTHER .- No

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TERMS

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accuracy and at the shttler totice.

# Boetical.

#### A LESSON OF THE WAR.

[Captain Stone, of a Massachusetts Regiment, being wounded in an engagement, lay for three days upon the battle-field, and was saved from starvation only by a wounded robel, who shared his rations with him.]

Fiercely raged the tide of battle, Fiorcely rang the wild hurrah, Strains of martial music blonding With the clarion sound of war. On the blood-red field of conquest Lay the hero spirit brave, - While a comrade's obbing life blood O'er him poured its crimson wave.

Day had passed, and night had faded, Morning's sunlight dawned again, Still amid the dead and dying Lay the hero in his pain. Oh, that long, long night of anguish, Ah, what careless lips shall tall? Many a bleeding form around him

Gave to earth a last farowell!

Say what dreams of loved ones On New England's rocky shore. Mingled with the wilder fancies Of the cannon's fearful roar. Who shall say what mother's kisses On his brow in fancy fell? Who shall speak the tender yearnings Lingering round some old farewell

Morning broke in glowing splendor O'er that field of carnage red, Fiercely poured the sunlight glery O'er the piles of mangled. Fiercor grow the feverish butnings, Breathing low he lieth still, Battling with the fiend starvation, Father, shall it be Thy will?

Pole and wan with fearful anguish, Breathing forth one carnest prayer, Drinking in the golden glory, Hovering over earth and air, Drinking in the low-toned whispers Of his dear one's last farewell : Wildering fancies thronging o'er him,

Thoughts no human tongue can tell! Hark ! a sweet toned voice of succor; See ! a hand extends him food. Comrade! brother! blissful music-Brother ! though of Southern blood! Hand clasps hand with gontle pressure

Saved, oh Father! by Thy will! Yet a nation vainly yearneth For Thy blessed " Peace be still." Dying heroes, weeping mother, Ere Thy voice shall calm the tempest

Breaking hearts, oh God! how long And the right replace the wrong? God of mercy-light eternal-From the gracious Throne above, Smile upon our severed nation-Fold the North and South in love.

### JERSEY BLUE. UNCLE JOE IN COURT.

BY COL. DUNLAP.

Joe Bassett was a queer genius - Uncle Joe' everybody callled him and, though possessing but very few of the goods of this world, yet he was one of the most useful men in town. If anyone wanted an odd job done, he was the man to do it. In short, he was a sort of universal 'Man Friday,' and for a consideration he would perform any work which might be called for. He was a happy old fellow; as full of fun as an egg is full of ment, and he could crack some very hard jokes without hurting anybody. He owned a little hut over back of the village, to which was attached a few acres of good land; and beside this he had a cow, and some other items of stock. He lived quite comfortably,

items of stook. He lived quite comfortably, and the impression had gone abroad that he had managed to lay up some money.

Capt. Daniel Lober, who had recently settled in the town owned a fine piece of land adjoining Uncle Joe's lot, and he was not long in making himself very disagreeable to our good Man Friday. He was a proud, selfish person, and a little mean withal. Uncle Joe had some geese and they ran upon Lober's land; upon which the indignant captain threatened to shoot them if he caught them there again.

them there again.
'Ef ye'd make yer fence tighter my geese wouldn't git through,' meekly suggested poor

Joe.
'My fence is as tight as the law requires,' answered the doughty captain; and with this he walked away.
So Uncle Joe had to go at work and tighton the fence, and put larger yokes upon his

He swore that he would shoot them if they were not kept out of his lot. Joe built a therein; but it was a sore trial to him, and people sympathized with him, though they could not help him.

One season Capt. Lober plowed up his land—sympathy access of its and could it.

One season Capt. Lober plowed up his land—some ten acres of it—and sowed it with wheat. The grain came on finely, and the owner used to take men out there to show them his field. It was acknowledged to be the best piece of wheat in town. But the the best piece of wheat in town. But the captain was destined to a piece of ill fortune which he had not thought of. This land was at some distance from his dwelling, and when busy at other points a week or two might pass without his visiting it. One afternoon he came to see his wheat and when he reached the adgreed the field he stood aghast at ed the edge of the field he stood aghast at the sight which met his gaze. The tall, stout grain was trodden and trampled down over half of the lot, presenting a scene of havon and destruction truly horrible to behold.— And the astounded owner was at no loss toaccount for the desolation, for near the cen- dear that he was going to break up housetre of the lot he saw a horse. It was a jaunt, keeping and go to boarding.

and the control of th

heavily-built animal, of a dingy white color; and though evidently well stricken with years yet he capered and frisked about with marvelous spirit—now cropping a few of the well-filled wheat-heads, and anon trampling

away upon the devoted grain, as though he were treading the wine vat.

I should not dare to tell all the caths which Capt. Llober then and there poured forth; but they were terrible ones, and the white foam stood upon his lips as he raved. As soon as he could collect his thoughts he started for Uncle Joe's. He knew that Joe must have seen the horse in there—for the animal could not have been less than three Sam was not a temperance man, nor nor. Sam was not a temperance man, nor did he belong to the church, but he was a particular friend to Uncle Joe, and didn't end to Uncle Joe, and didn't

think much of Daniel Lober.

'Mr. Warner, cried the captain, trembling all over with rage, does Joe Bassett own a horse?
'Yas, Believe be does, Squire,' returned

Is it a white one?'

'Kind o' whitish.'
'How old is it?' 'Wal—'taint very old nor very young— But it's kind o'shaky around the knees.' Captain Lober posted off to Uncle Joe's cot, and found the old fellow at work about the

premises.
'Mr. Basset,' he said, with awful meaning, 'do you own a horse?'
Wal—I rather calkilate as haow't. dew, Squire, answered the old fellow.
'And did you know that your horse had

destroyed more than half of my wheat?'
'Je-rew-sa-lem! You donn't say so, Squire!'
exclaimed Joe, in terror. exclaimed Joe, in terror. \*\*

It is a fact, sir; and now you may settle it, or suffer the consequences.'
But, 'Squire—railly—I can't believe it.
My hose is sich a quiet critter.'
'Are you willing to settle it?' oried the

captain, madly.

But—'Squire—railly—I couldn't pay ye noth'g—sartin I couldn't.'

'Then you'll pay somebody else. You know that your horse has been in my field?'

I couldn't swar' 'at he hadn't that's a fact.'

\*That's enough. And with that the captain went off. He went to one of the assessors, from whom he learned that Joe owned some two or three hundred dollars' worth of property; and then he went to a lawyer's, and had Joe Basset sued, setting the damages at one hundred dollars. The lawyer sent Joe a letter, but the old fellow refused to take any notice of it, and the case was carried in-to court, Captain Lober having swora that he would push Uncle Joe to the last extrem-

The court was in session, and the day for the trial arrived. The room was crowded, for a whisper had gone abroad that Uncle Joe would get the best of it. Finally the case was called on, and Lober's counsel made a statement of the cause which had led to the suit, enlarging upon the damage which had been done to his client's property, and explaining how little the transgressor had

eemed to care for it.
What is the defence? ' Nebody seemed to know.

Is the defendant in court? All eyes were turned upon Uncle Joe, and 'Are you the defendant in this case, ask-

' Me?' returned Joe, with a vacant stare. ' Yes-you.' · He is, your honor,' said Lober's lawyer.

'Have you got counsel, sir ?' the judge reumed. "Not's I knows on,' replied Joe, with

Notes I knows on, replications, what a half foolish, half wicked look.

'You are probably aware of the reason why you have been called here, pursued the court, seeming to pity the man's foolishness.' 'I s'pose it's for some kind of complaint, Captain Lober's been a making.' 'Exactly,' said Lober's counsel. 'Your horse has destroyed much property belong-

ing to my client.

'Guess not, 'Squire, returned Joe, 'cause that's on possible. My hose couldn't do no sich thing.' What do you mean by that?'

Why I hain't got no hoss as is capable of doing's so much mischief.'
We'll leave that for others to decide, said the counsel, with a very significant not of the

You own a horse?'

'Why-'
'We want none of your why's! You own horse? But I want to explain. Cap'n Lober, he come to me, a bilin' over with wrath, and axed me did I own a hoss, and I told him yes. Then he biled over more-made lots o'

threats—and went off in a heap o' passion, afore I could 'explain.'
'But do you deny that your horse was in my client's field?'

'It couldn't a been thar unless somebody put it thar.'
That's not the thing. Do you deny that

your horse did this damage?' 'Sartin, I do.'
'Your's is a white horse?'

'Rayther of a yallerish cast, 'Squire.'
- And poor and old?'
A leetle shaky, I think.' Then how do you know that it was not your horse that did this damage?
That's jest the p'int I wanted to 'xplain, Squire, answered Uncle Joe, very earnestly, and with imperturable gravity. Ef any bod

y'd axed me this afore I come up here, I should a' told 'em all about it. The fact is, 'Squire, I never owned but one hoss in the world, and I don't never expect to—an' that ere is a—saw noss!'

The court smiled, and hid its face behind geese.
Liober's next move was against Joe's hens. He swore that he would shoot them if they were not kept out of his lot. Joe built a hen-house, and placed his feathered bipeds therein: but it was a sore trial to him. mand Uncle Joe for this result; but he was so simple and honest on the occasion that all blame fell where it righteously belonged—

> a great noise; and so hot and heavy were the various remarks that came showering down upon Daniel Lober, that in less than a month he was glad to sell out and move. After this Uncle Joe's geese and hens wandered about without the fear of being shot; but his 'old hose' never went away, save when it rode upon its owner's shoulder.

On hearing the song entitled, The dearest spot on earth is home, a married ject was gained we closed the discourse.

[From the Christian Advocate and Journal.] LAY SERMONS TO THE CLERGY.

BY BUZZ

You, my brethern, have pummeled the class I represent all the days of our conscious lives. You have employed both telescope and microcope in the discovery of our sins; sins immediate and palpable, and sins re-mote and invisible. One hundred and four times in the year, besides week-night lectures, you have reviewed and scrutinized our conduring days at the work—and perhaps the depredator might belong to Joe. Just as the captain reached the road, he met Sam Warduct, motives, thoughts, and passions. You secial standing, and, in fact, examined us through and through, to bring to light our hidden faults, until we have not dared to look each other in the face as we sat in church, nor keep company even with our leprous selves. Now of all this we utter no complaint; it is your calling, and you bravely execute your commission. Besides it must be confessed that our spiritual indolence needs stimulation, our self-deception exposure, while our positive sins require rebuke; in fact, we are poor sinners, and deserve the severest Gospel reproof. On the other hand you must admit that we bear it all patiently and without murmuring. Better behaved ter from the chief, than politicians, we never get up during service and contradict any statement; though

> have no foes; or at least they never appear. It is true, we can stand more from the vet erans of the ministry than from the "beard less youth" just from college, perhaps, whose artillery is drawn more from the classics than the Gospel, and who paints our follies with an air of superiority, as though he had none

of his own.

Now, in consideration of our life-long pa tience and uniform meekness, you will bear with us (will you not?) if once in a lifetime we turn upon you and kindly preach you a few sermons. We will avoid harshness, content ourselves with suggestions, in fact will only whisper a few things in your car, with the assurance that your understanding will be less dull than ours, your ear quicker to hear, and your heart softer to be impressed

LONG SERMONS. Much of your pulpit efficiency, brethern is weakened by long sermons. One hour, it is true, is usually appropriated for this pur pose in the service, but generally against the udgment of the people. A quarter of an hour taken from the discourse, and divided into singing and reading, with perhaps responses by the congregation, would tend to enliven the whole service and be a great improvement. Consider, if you please,

1. The hour of your discourse is the only one in the whole week when your congregation are required to sit actually still. Under any circumstances it is a severe task, but when you consider the bad ventilation of the church (all sextons are ignorant alike of the laws of health and comfort,) and that we are usually vedged in our seats, like culprits confined in stocks, then the unreasonableness of an hour of close attention to one part of the service

more clearly appears.

2. Ministers, like layman, are apt to choose the easiest way in the discharge of duty.—
Hence it is we have so many long sermons; it is a saving of brain-work to preach them. It requires more study, more intense thought, and closer logic, to deliver a discourse in forty-five minutes, than to spin it out an hour, and a compound pressure, to get it within thirty to forty minutes. Daniel Webster once applogized to the court for a lengthy argument, on the ground that time had not been afforded him to be short. Condensation does, indeed, require, time, whether in boiling substances to essences, or in reducing sermons to essentials. It is not always the quantity of a thing, but the quality which

quantity of a thing, but the quanty which makes it desirable.

3. When one is writing a book, it is immaterial how lerge it is so long as the matter is readable, for if the reader fails to finish it in one hour he may lay it aside till another is convenient; but the object of presching is to make a lodgment of truth within a given time, and if the preacher fails to accomplish the object within forty-five minutes, the defeat is with himself, and it is consequently fect is with himself, and it is consequently unfair to the congregation to blunder on fifteen minutes more with the hope of final success. A distinguished lawyer once remarked, If I fail to make an impression upon the jury within thirty minutes my cause is hopeless; all effort after that is but waste of words."

4. On the ther hand impressions made 4. On the guarters of an hour are often lost for want of sagacity to quit when the object is yained. It is sheer nonsense to feel obliged to finish the skeleton that lies before you to finish the skeleton that his before you when by doing so you destroy the effect produced by the part already delivered. When one has laid out a fine 'argument, or embelished his theme with a beautiful figure, it is hard, very hard, to lay either aside; but the end, which is to fasten truth upon the hearer, justifies the sacrifice. It surely is better for your hearers to go away with a few truths for your hearers to go away with a few truths firmly fastened on their hearts, than to mul tiply propositions so that the earlier ones be me lost. And yet in very many cases this is the precise reason why so little impression is made by really excellent discourses. The preacher failed to discern the precise mo-ment when the interest on the part of the

hearers culminated.
5. Other considerations may be added why sermons should be short. If your preaching is dull, thirty minutes is as long in all decenoy as you should command the attention of the audience. If your voice is weak, or indistinct, so that many of your hearers are forced to lean toward the pulpit in order to atch the sentences, a half hour is long enough to keep them strained. If you screech, (and the screechers are numerous,) so that nervous sisters are shocked, it is unfair to nervous sisters are shocked, it is unfair to require an hour of penance, when half the time will destroy more ear drums than all the "Von Eisenbergs" can restore.

6. One hour may not be too long when the following conditions accord:

1. The Church shall be properly ventilated.

2. The audience shall not be jamed closer than four on a seat.

3. The speaker shall have a pleasent which a force that on the penale shall have a pleasent which as four penale shall have a pleasent which as force than on interesting

ant voice, a fervent spirit, and an interesting theme. 4. He shall feel conscious that he and his hearers are in harmony, and that they are moving along with him in unflag-ging interest to the end of the hour. Thus, brethern, we have ventured on the first sermon. True to assurances in the outset, you see we have been kind, though candid. But if any feel aggrieved at these plain utterances, we will be content in reflecting that (following our own advice) when the ob-

If time is really money, is not the longest 'note' the best?

### THE LAST DAYS OF BYRON.

I passed the winter of Byron's death in Greece and in the latter part of February went to Missoloughi to see him. He was then suf-fering from the effect of a fit of epilepsy, which occurred in the middle of February. The first time I called at his residence I was not permitted to see him; but in a few days I re-ceived a polite note from him at the hand of a negro servant, who was a native of Ameri-, and whom Byron was kind to, and proud of, to the last,

I found the post in a weak and irritable state, but he treated me with the utmost kind-He said, that at the time I first called upon him, all strangers and most of his friends were excluded from his room. "But," said he, "had I known an American was at the door, you should not have been denied. I love your country, sir; it is the only spot of God's

green earth not yet descerated by tyranny."
In our conversation, I alluded to the sympathy at the time felt in America for the struggle in Greece. All he said at the time in reply was .

"Poor Greece! poor Greece! once the richest on earth. God knows I have tried to help thee!"

He then referred in rapturous terms to Bozzaris, then just fallen, and showed me a let-

In a few days after I had left him, I receiv ed another note from him, requesting me to our judgments may condemn your arguments call and bring with me Irving's Sketch Book, we never expostulate, and are so considerate I took it in my hand, and went once more to that you are always permitted to feel that the illustrious author's residence. He rose the victory is yours. Indeed, you have a glofrom his couch when I entered, and pressing rious field in which to do battle, since you my hand warmly, said

my hand warmly, said

"Have you got the Sketch Book?"

I handed it to him, when, seizing it with enthusiasm he turned to "the Broken Heart."

"That," said he, "is one of the finest things ever written on earth, and I want to hear and American read it. But stay do you hear an American read it. But, stay, do you know Irving?" I replied that I had never seen him.

"God bless him!" exclaimed Byron, "he is a genius; and he has something better than genius—a heart! I wish I could see him, but I fear I never shall. Well, read 'The Broken Heart' yes, 'The broken Heart,' What a work!"

In closing the first paragraph, I said
"Shall I confess it? I believe in broken

hearts." "Yes," exclaimed Byron, "and so do I, and so does every one but philosophers and

So I waited, whenever he interrupted me until he requested me to go on, yet I cared more for the commentary as it came fresh from Byron's heart. While I was reading one of the most touching portions of the mournful piece, I observed that Byron wept. He turned his eyes upon me, and said "Vyn see me ween ein I wing himself."

"You see me weep, sir. Irving himself never wrote that story without weeping, nor can I hear it without tears. I have not wept much in this world, for trouble never brings tears to my eyes; but I always have tears for 'The Broken Heart.'" When I read the last line of Moore's verses,

when I read the last line of Moore's verses, at the close of the piece, Byron said:

"What a being that Tom is, and Irving, and Emmet, and his beautiful love! What beings all! Sir, how many such men as Washington Irving are there in America?—
God don't and many such spirits into this.

"An honest, industrious boy" is always wanted. He will be sought for; his services in the will be in-demand; he will be respected and loved; he will be spoken of in terms of high word of honor; God don't send many such spirits into this word of honor: world. I want to go to America for five rea words. I want to go to America for hive res-sons, I want to see Irving; I want to see your stupendous scenery; I want see Wash-ington's grave; I want to see the classic form of living freedom; I want to see your

government recognize Greece as an independent nation. Poor Greece!" These were the last words of Byron.

# Duels Among Public Men.

The other day an incident occurred in the Parliment of Belgium, which recalls some of the most unpleasant events in English and the most unpleasant events in English and the tack in which it was in bedded. American history. A member of the Lower House by the name of De Laet, who repre-sents the large, wealthy, and influential city of Antwerp, and who is regarded as one of the foremost politicians of the country, accused the Ministry of provoking the hostility of ed the Ministry of provoking the nosthity of the United States by taking too active a part in the process of imperializing Mexico, mere-ly because Maximilian the First happened to be the son-in-law of the Belgian King.— In the course of his remarks he asserted that the officers of the Government had granted permits to emigrants for Mexico which were so worded that the holders could be shot as deserters unless they joined the army of Max-imilan upon their arrival in the distracted country of their destination. Hereupon the Minister of War, Baron Chazal, became exceedingly irate, and declared that the man who made such an accusation could alone be capable of performing such an act of "infaliamentary decency. Failing to obtain satisfaction in this way, the deputy challenged.

The challenge was accepted.

Baron Chazal was slightly wounded, and then the combatants, in accordance with the usual custom in such cases, daolared themselves satisfied, shook hands, pronounced each other men of honor, and swore eternal friendship There is certainly a comical side of duelling Two men, indulging in such bitter feeling of enmity, that each is willing to risk his own life for the sake of endangering that of his adversary, meet, fire once or twice at each other, and then utter the warmest protestations of mutual regard. The most malicious

tions of mutual regard. The most matterious animosity changed, by a pistol-shot, into the most devoted friendship!

The days when duels among public men were common in Anglo-Saxon lands seem to have passed away. But they do not lie very far back in the past. In England, even during the past of ing the present century, such statesmen as Canning, O'Connell, the two Peeds, the Duke of Wellington, Castlereach, and D'Israeli have not been courageous enough to refrain from sanctioning by their example this absur ed and wicked practice. .In our country the list of public men who have participated in duels is still larger. The mournful incident of Hamilton's death, at the hands of Burr, is well remembered. Five shots were exchanged between De Witt Clinton and John Swartwout, while Clinton also challenged another gentleman. Jackson killed one man and fought several others. So did Benton. Clay and Randolph fought in 1820. Many men still comparitively young, will recollect the affair betwen two members of Congress, Cilwas killed. Even now scarcely a session of our national legislature passes without threats of a resort to this code of honor. Happily of late years, either on account of the manufacture of the session of the manufacture. late years, either on account of the unwilling-ness of our eminent legislators to deprive the country of their services, or because of a wholesome fear of public opinion, these threats

## A Moment of Horror.

For twenty-three years old Jake Willard has cultivated the soil in Baldwin County, and drawn therefrom a support for himsel and wife. He is childless.

Not long ago, Jake left the house in search of a missing cow. His route led him through an old, worn-out patch of clay land, of about six acres in extent, in the centre of which was a well twenty-five or thirty feet deep, that at some time, probably, had farnished the inmates of a dilapidated house near by with water. In passing by this spot an ill wind drifted Jake's 'tile from his head, and maliciously wafted it to the edge of the well, and in it tumbled.

Now Jake had always practiced the virtue of economy, and he immediately set about recovering the lost hat. He ran to the well, and finding it was dry at the bottom, he uncoiled the lope which he had brought for the purpose of capturing the truant cow; and after several attempts to catch the hat with a noose, he concluded to save time by going into the well himself. To accomplish this, he made fast the one end of the rope to a stump hard by, and was soon on his way down the

It is a fact, of which Jake was no less oblivious than the reader hereof, that Ned Weels was in the dilapidated building aforesaid, and that an old blind horse with a bell on his neck, who had been turned out to die, was lazily grazing within a short distance of

The devil himself, or some other wicked pirit, put it into Ned's cranium to have a little fun; so he quietly slipped up to the horse, unbuckled the strap, and approached with slow and measured "ting-a-ling" to the edge of the wall.
"Dang the old blind horse!" said Jake

"he's comin' this way, sure, and ain't got no more more sense nor to fall in here.— Whoa, Ball !"
But the continued approach of the ting a-

ling" said just as plainly as words' that old Ball wouldn't "whoa." Besides, Jake was at the bottom, resting before trying to "shin" it up the rope.
"Great Jerusalem!" said he, "the old cuss

oreat Jerusaiem I' said ne, "the old cuss will be a top o'me 'fore I can say Jack Robinson. Whoal dang you whoa!"

Just then Ned drew up the edge of the well, and with his foot kicked a little dirt into it.
"Oh? Lord!" exclaimed Jake, falling on his knees at the bottom of the well;—"I'm gone now!—Whoa!—Now I lay me down to sleep—Whoa! Ball—I proy the Lord my soul to—Whoa! now—Oh, Lord have mercy

on me !" Ned could hold in no longer, and fearful that Jake might suffer from his fright, he reealed himself. Probably Ned didn't make tracks with his heels toward that well. May be Jake wasn't up to the top in short order. May be not, I

lon't know, but I do know that if Jake finds out who sent you this, it will be the last squib you'l get from me.

in ordinary American parlance, to the dignity of an institution—that is to say, it is talk-ed about, and has been joked over to a degree which would fill many a volume like this, were all the Hard tackiana collected.— Perhaps the best spoken pun—one devised by no human brain, but strangely modeled by nature or chance, once presented itself to me under this popular name for military bread. On breaking open a specimen of the article, I found a large iron tack which had been baked in it by accident, and was, I need The other day an incident occurred in the

"The tack in question is always packed in square wooden boxes, generally bearing date as well as the brand of the maker or baker, about which the following is told: One day a lot of boxes of peculiarly hard crackers arrived in the camp on the James. Several of the boys were wondering at the meaning of the brand upon the boxes, which was as follows: "B. C. 603."

"Various interpretations were given, but all were rejected until one individual declared it was all plain enough-could not be

misunderstood.
"Why, how so?" was the query. "Oh!" he replied, "that is the date when the crackers were made—six hundred and

three years B. C." A Boy's Lawsurr.—Under a great tree, close to the village, two boys found a wal-

nut.

"It belongs to me." said Ignatius, "for buked for what he deemed a violation of parwas the first to see it."
"No, it belongs to me," oried Bernard,

> they began to quarrel in earnest.
> "I will settle the dispute," said an older two, and said:
> "The one piece of shell belongs to him who first saw the nut; the other piece of shell belongs to him who first pieked, it up; but the kernel I keep for judging the case. And this," he said, as he sat down and laughed, "is the common end of lawsuits."

> the attention of our readers to the following prevalent mistakes: It is a mistake to suppose that the subscription price of a newspaper is clear gain to the publisher. It is a mistake to suppose that he gets his

PREVALENT MISTAKES .- We desire to call

white paper for nothing.

It is a mistake to suppose it is printed without cost.

It is a mistake to suppose that he can live bodily by faith.

It is a mistake to suppose that it is an easy

thing to please every body.

It is a mistake to suppose that a paper is not worth buying which contains only what we know and believe already.

It is a mistake to suppose that money due for a paper would be as good to us a year hence as it is now.

It is a mistake to believe that we would

new subscribers.

not be thankful for what is due us and for

"Do you know what caused the haste." "I'm not sartin, but I think it was the boot of his landlord." "That will do." Clerk; call the next wit-

## Girls, Help Father .

" My hands are so stiff I can hardly hold pen," said farmer Wilber as he sat down to figure out" some accounts that were getting behindhand.
Could I help you father, said Lucy, laying down her bright crotchet work. "I should be glad to know if I only knew what

you wished written."

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if you could.
Lucy," he said reflectively. "Pretty good
at figures are you?"
"It would be a fine story if I did not know

something of them, after going twice through the arithmetic," said Lucy, laughing.

"Well, I can show you in five minutes what I have to do, and it'll be a powerful help if you can do to the said to help if you can do it for me. I never was a master hand at accounts in my best days,

and it does not grow any easier as I can see, since I put on my specks."

Very patiently did the helpful daughter plod through the long, dull line of figures, leaving the gay worsted work to lie idle all evening, though she was in such haste to fin-ish her scarf. It was reward enough to see her tired father, who had been toiling all day for herself and the other loved ones, sitting cosily in his easy chair, enjoying his weekly paper, as it can be enjoyed in a country me, where news from the great world be ond comes seldom, and is eagerly sought

The clock struck nine before her task was over, but the hearty "thank you, daughter, a thousand times," took away all sense of

"It's rather looking up, when a man can have an amanuensis," said the father. "It is not every farmer that can afford it."

is not every farmer that can afford it."

"Nor every farmer's daughter that is capable of making one," said mother, with a little pardonable pride.

"Nor every one that would be willing if they were able," said Mr. Wilber—which lest was a sad truth. How many daughters might be of use to their fathers in this and many other ways, who never think of lightening a care or labor. If asked to perform some little service, it is done at best with reluctant step, and an unwilling air which robs luctant step, and an unwilling air which robs it of all sunshine or claim to gratitude. • Girl, help your father; give him a cheerful home to rest in when evening comes, and do not worry his life away by fretting because he cannot afford you the luxuries you covet, or consent to your desires when in his mature judgement they are neither wise nor prudent, and that of your own best interests

and that of your family.
Such a home atmosphere tends more than anything else to produce a hard morose char acter, which must ever make old age unlovely and uncomfortable. Children exert as great an influence on their parents as parents do on their children.

SHORT STRAY THOUGHTS CAUGHT AND PEN We lately saw an advertisement headed as above. It conveys to every boy an impres-

will grow up to be a man of known worth nd established character.

He will be wanted. The merchant wil want him for a salesman or clerk: the mas ter mechanic will want him for an apprentice or journeyman; those with a job to let will want him for a contractor; clients wil want him for a lawyer; patients for a phy sician; religious congregations for a pastor; parents for a teacher of their children; and

the people for an officer.

He will be wanted. Townsmen will want him as a citizen; acquaintances as a neigh-bor: neighbors as a friend; families as a visitor; the world as an acquaintance; nay girls want him as a beau, and finally a hus-

An honest, industrious boy! Just think of it boys; will you answer this description? Can you apply for this situation? Are you sure that you will be wanted? You may be sure that you. Will be valued? I four that be smart and active, but that does not fill the requisition—are you honest? You may be capable—are you industrious? You may be well dressed; and create a favorable impression at first sight—are you both "honest and industrious?" You may apply for a good situation—are you sure that your friends, teachers and acquaintances, on recommend you for these qualities? Oh, how would you feel, your character not being thus establish? ed, on hearing the words, "can't employ you.' Noting else will make up for a lack of these qualities. No readiness or aptness for business will do it. You must be honest and industrious-must work and labor: then will your "calling and election" for a place of profit and trust be made sure.

FRIENDS IN PROSPERITY .- One of the hardest trials of those who fall from affluence and honor to poverty and obscurity is to find that the attachment of so many in whom they confided was a mask, to gain their own ends, or was a miserable shallowness. Sometimes, doubtless, it is with regret that these frivolous followers of the world desort those upon whom they have fawned, but they soon forget them. Flies leave the kitchen when the dishes are empty. The parasites that cluster around the favorite of fortune to gather his gift and climb by his aid, linger in the sunshine, but scatter at the approach of a storm as the leaves cling to a tree in sum mer weather, but drop off at the breath of winter, and leave it naked to the stinging blast. Like ravens settled down for a banquet, suddenly scared by a noise, how quick-ly, at the first sound of calamity, these super-ficial earthings are more specks on the hori-

But a true friend sits in the centre, and is for all times. Our need only reveals him more fully, and binds him more closely to us. Prosperify and adversity are both revealer; the difference being that in the former our friends know us, in the latter we know them.

But notwithstanding the insincerity and greediness prevalent among men, there is a vast deal more esteem and fellow-yearning than is ever outwardly shown.

There are more examples of unadulterated affection, more deeds of silent love and mag-

nanimity than is usually supposed; Our misfortunes bring to our side real friends before unknown. Benevolent impulses, where we could least expect them, in modest privacy enact many scenes of beautiful wonder amidst The finest idea of a thunder storm was

when Wiggins come home tight. Now Wig-gins is a teacher, and had drank too much lemonade, or something. He came into the room among his wife and daughters, and just have generally ended with their utterance.

"That will do." Clerk; call the next wit then he stumbled over the oradle and fell whop on the floor. After awhile he rose and then he stumbled over the oradle and fell whop on the floor. After awhile he rose and loafing about church doors in Allegheny City. It is about the head any heir left to take hold of.

"That will do." Clerk; call the next wit then he stumbled over the oradle and fell whop on the floor. After awhile he rose and loafing about church doors in Allegheny City. It is a day, wasn't it!" said he.

one man in ten thousand sees those with whom he associates as they really are. If the prayer of Burns were granted, and we could see ourselves as others see us, our self estimates would in all probability be much more erroneous than they are now. The truth is, that we regard each other through a variety of lenses, no one of which is correct. Passion and prejudice, love and hate, benevelence and cory, spectacle our eyes and utterly provent us from observing accurately. Many whom we doem the porcelain of human clay are mere dirt; and a still greater number of those we put down in our "black books" are no further off from heaven, and perchance a little nearer, than the censors who condomn them. We habitually undervalue or overvalue each other, and in estimamates would in all probability be much mure value or overvalue each other, and in estimating character the shrewdest of us, only now and then makes true appraisal of the virtues and defects of even our closest intimates.—
It is not just or fair to look at character from It is not just or fair to look at character from a stand-point of one's own selection. A man's profile may be unprepossessing, and yet his full face agreeable. We once saw a yeung man, whose timidity was a standing joke with his companions, leap into a river and save a boy from drowning, while his tormentors stood panic-struck on the bank.—The merchant who gives curt answers in his counting house may be a tandes headed. The merchant who gives curt answers in his counting-house may be a tender husband and father, and a kind helper of the desolate and oppresed. On the other hand, your goodhumored person, who is all smiles and sunshine in public, may carry something as hard as the nether millstone in the place where his heart ought to be. Such anomalies are common. There is this confort, however, for those whose misjudgements of their fellow-mortals lean to the kindly side—such mistakes go to their oredit in the great account. He who thinks better of his neighbors than they deserve cannot be a bad man. bors than they deserve cannot be a bad man, for the standard by which his judgement is guided is the goodness of his own heart.—
It is only the base who believe all man base

—or, in other words, like themselves. Few, however, are all evil. Even Nero did a good turn to somebody, for when Rome was rejoicing over his death some loving hand covered his grave with flowers. Public men are seldom or never fairly judged—at least, while living. However pure, they cannot escape calumny. However corrupt, they are sure to find eulogists. History may do them justice; but they rarely get it while alloge. justice; but they rarely get it while alive; either from friends or foes, A Word to Moreuses.—Each mother is a historian. She writes not the history of empires or of nations on paper, but she writes her history on the imperishable mind of her child. That tablet and that history will remain indelible when time shall be no more. That history each mother will meet again and read with eternal joy or unutterable grief in the far-coming ages of eternity. This the far-coming ages of eternity. This thought should weigh on the mind of every mother, and render her deeply circumspect, and prayerful and faithful in her solemn work of training her children for heaven and

immortality.

The minds of her children are very susceptible and easily impressed. A word, a look, a frown, may engrave an impression on the mind of a child which no lapse of time can efface or wash out. You walk along the sea shore when the tide is out, and you form characters, or write words, or names in the smooth, white sand, which is spread out so clear and beautiful at your feet, according as your fancy may dictate; but the returning tide shall in a few hours wash out and efface tide shall in a few hours wash out and efface forever all that you have written. Not so the lines and characters of truth and error, which your conduct imprints on the mind of your child. There you write impressions for the everlasting good or ill of your child, which neither the floods nor the storms of the earth and proposed out the storms of the earth. can wash out, nor Death's cold fingers erase, nor the slow moving ages of eternity obliterate. How careful, then, should each mother be of her treatment of her child. How prayerful, and how serious and how earnest to write on the mind those truths which shall be his guide and teacher when her voice shall be silent in death, and her lips no long-er move in his behalf, in commending her

dear child to her covenant God. Domestic Life.—No man ever prospered in the world without the consent and co-op-eration of his wife. If she united in mutual endeavors or reward his labors with an endearing smile, with what spirit and perset verence does he apply to his vocation; with what doubled will he resort either to his merchandize or farm; fly over land, sail over seas, meet difficulty and encounter danger—
if he knows he is not spending his strength
in vain, but that his labors will be rewarded by the sweets of home! How delightful it. is to have one to cheer, and a companion to soothe the solitary hours of grief and pain! Solitude and disappointment enter into the history of every man's life; and he has but half provided for his voyage who finds but an associate for happy hours while for his months of darkness and distress no sympathizing partner is prepared!

FARM WORK IN VIRGINIA.—The Richmond Republic says that in all parts of Virginia the returned soldiers are busy in cultivating the ground. Many of the ladies on farms on the eastern portion of the State, from which all the slaves have gone during the war, and where other labor could not be procured, have engaged with alacrity in the lighter duties of agriculture. Three young ladies of one of the most refined and merely wealthiest families in Hanover, have planted on their father's farm a larger crop of corn that has been grown there during the war. Let-ters from the fertile Shenandoah, Valley and Piedmont region, however, state that the far-mers are entirely destitute of seed and ani-mals, with which to dultivate their lands, and great suffering is likely to follow. The new handkerchief style of bonnet

is thus noticed in an exchange:

"A sort of cup to catoff the hair;
Leaving the head to go it bare,
A striking example of "nothing to wear,"
Is this bonnet abomination."

A HARD Cass .- " Mother can't . I go and et my daguerrotype taken?" No I guess t isen't worth while." Well, then you might let me go to have a tooth pulled; I never go anywhere."

"So Tom, the old liar, Dick Fibbins,

is dead." "Yes his yarns are wound up to "In deed, it's my opinion, Tom, that he he'll lie

day driving a pig, holding on to its tail, and when asked what he was doing, replied that he was studying genography.

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