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## Boetical THE WELL-DIGGER. AN OWER-TRUE BALLAD. BY JOHN G. SAXE.

to catch me.

advanced to the door.

of my lungs:

the h

pink ringlet

siasm.

, listen all, while I relate what recently befel Unto a farmer down in Maine, ile digging of a well.

Full many a yard he dug and delved; And still he dug in vain; Maack !" quoth be, " e'en water seems hibited in Maine !"

And still he dug and delved away; And still the well was dry ; The only water to be found in the farmer's eye.

For by the breaking of the bank at tumbled from its station, suddenly his hope was dashe d

future liquidation ! now his sands were running fast;

id he had died, no doubt, hat just when the earth caved in; happened to be out !

Aha!-I have a happy thought !" elaimed this wicked manthe dig anew this cursed well ee a pretty plan :

Il hide me straight, and when my wife nd e'en my neighbors know What's happened to my digging here, They'll think that I'm below !

d so to save my precious life, ey'll dig the well, no doubt, deeper than 'twas dug at first; ore they find me out

And so he hid him in the bard Through all the hungry day, this deceitful way.

But list what grief and shame befor The false, ungrateful man, while he slowly watched to see The working of his plan :

The neighbors all with one accord

the lady retreated instantly and remained friend gained on me, and just as I fell head-giggling outside the door. 'My dear sir,' said the landlord, 'you must me by the collar. And before I could clear go down. They won't go off till they see myself, she had done the decd. She had kissed me. The landlord had 'They? Who are they?' asked I. followed just behind, and I offered him ten

'The people around here,' said he. 'It hain't often such an extinguished character dollars to get me to my aunt Nabby's that comes here, and taint no use to try to put 'em off !' night. He accepted the bribe, and just before day break I sank at the feet of my respected rel

**N** 

'I'm obliged to them-much obliged to ative. them,' said I, 'but really-' 'Taint no use,' said he, doggedly, 'you must go down, or the Washington House I lay abed for a week afteward-too much exhausted to stir; but I say a copy of the Pineville *Eagle*, and in it the following parwill go down. They're sure to do it l' 'Oh, well,' said I-' in that case I will go agraph: Gross Imposition .- A low lived wretch down, surely'-and I began to dress. In a hurry I knocked over the candle and was assing himself off as General Phil. Sherigan arrived in our village, and put up at the Wash obliged to complete my adornment in the

ington House, on Friday evening. There was quite a demonstration among our citibark. I got into my partaloons with the was quite a demonstration among our citi-hind part in front, but there was no time to zons before the imposter was discovered. The remedy the error as the vociferous calls of bogus General has gone to parts unknown.-the landlord for me to hurry assured me. I It is supposed he was some drunken lunatic, from his conduct.' flew down the stairs two at a time-stepped on my suspenders, went half way down, and I make no comments, but judge my sense was precipitated to the next floor, where I tions.

brought up in the arms of a plump chambermaid, who was evidently whiting on purpose COURTING IN RIGHT STYLE .- ' Git cout, you

nasty puppy-let me alone or I will tell your ma?' cried out Sally -----. to her lover. Jake Before I could resist, she had planted a sounding smack on my blonde moustache--, who sat about ten feet from her, pulland cried delightfully to her companions-'There! I've kissed him first!' ing dirt from the chinney jam. 'I aren't techin you, Sal,' said Jake. I mentally rejoiced that Matty Baker was

'Well, perhaps you don't mean to nuther, not present, and resolved that she should do yer ?' 'No, I don't.' never know anything about it. Matty is red haired, and folks pretend to say that she has 'Cause you're too tarnal scary, you long-legged, laatern jawed, slab sided, pigcon-toed, gaugle kneed owl, you-you haint got I freed myself from my saluting female and

a tarnel bit of sense; get along home with My appearance was greeted by yells and shouts, and cheers perfectly deafening. Men, women and children to the number of severyou.' 'Now, Sal, I love you and can't help it my daddy will sue your'n for that court you, my daddy will sue your'n for that cow he sold him t'other day. By jingo he said he'd al score, were congregated in front of the ho-

tel, waving their hats and handkerchiefs and hurrahing. 'There he comes ! that's him ? three times lo it/ Well, look here Jake-if you want to three for the conquering Sheridan I' 'I'm obliged to you, gentlemen and ladies -greatly obliged to you,' said I, modestly court me you'd better do it as a white man does that thing-don't set off there as if you

thought I was pisen.' 'How on airth is that, Sal?' "He comes." cried the crowd, swaying Why, sit right up here and hug and kiss me as if you really had some bone and sinner frantically about, and swinging their hand-korchiefs most lustily. And I, not wishing to be behindhand in the enthusiasm, pulled of man about you. Do you s'pose a woman is only to look at, you fool you? No, they're made for practical results, as Cossuth says out my handkerehief and swung it, crying at

to hug and kiss and sich like.' 'Well,' said Jake, drawing a long breath. Yes, he comes, he comes ! Hurrah !' 'Well,' said Jake, drawing a long preath, 'if I must I must, for I do love Sal —,' and so Jake commenced sliding up to her like a maple poker going to battle. Laying bis arm gently upon Sal's shoulder, we tho't we heard Sal say— 'That's the way to do it, old hoss—that's status like a whota parter' 'What a martial air,' exclaimed an ancient female, surveying me through her glasses, 'he resembles the Duke of Wellington.'

'I wonder if he's married ?' said a rosy-cheeked girl, in a cloud of yellow curls and 'No, my darling,' said I, 'but I want to acting liké a white man orter.' 'Oh, Jerusalem and pancakés !' exclaimed

' Such a costume,' said the ancient lady, Jake; 'if this ain't better than any apple-sass ever merm made, darned sight! Crack-Army blue, and such an original cut to the -the-coverings of the lower extremities: e, buckwheat cakes, slap jacks, and 'lasses 'Lord massy !' exclaimed an old lady in ain't no where 'long side you, Sall Oh, how I love you.' Here their lips came together, poke bonnet, fixing her eyes on my suspend-ers which hung down in front, ' do see his and the report that followed was like pulling shoulder straps. I've heern our David tell a sight about them things.' a horse's foot out of the mire. We left.

Yes, but they look an amazing lot like PLAUSIBLE ARGUMENTS .- Tom B-Jerry's gallerses !' whispered another old lalistless, vagabond sort of fellow, who hangs

-is a

dy to whom the remark was addressed. 'Sir,' said a sallow faced gentleman, ad-vancing to my side. 'I wish to mention to his wits, which, be it said, do not bring him you something which I have heard said of you. I deem it my duty as pastor of the Pineville meeting house, to rebuke sin, al-Here is an argument which won him a Pineville meeting house, to rebuke sin, al-ways. I have heard it remarked that you good dinner, once upon a time, and which are profane among the soldiers.' for its ingenuity, deserves embodiment : I do not comorchend you,' said I. Ah then I will be clearor. I have heard One noon, a number of the villagers were seated in front of the hotel door, and under the shade trees, when Tom made his appearthat you were addicted to the habit of using profane language, and I beg leave to present ince, looking lazy and hungry. Mr.to you this tract on the Sin of Profanity hop happened to hold a twenty-five cent stamp in his hand at the time, and as soon as Tom's ing you will peruse it, and profit by it." Thank you, sild I, 'you mean well oubtless, but I must say I don't exactly see 'Mr. \_\_\_\_, Let me have that "Mr. —, Let me have that for a moment, and I will show you something with it." Innocently enough, the currency was handed him, which he inimidiately pocketed after which unsatisfactory exploit he went of is usual clouding with some the went the point.' 'What is your opinion of Sherman ?' dsked a brusque little dandy, swinging his rat-tan, and removing his cigar from his mouth off in his usual slouching gait toward the ho-tel refectory, undoubtedly intending to purlong enough to propound the question. 'Sherman's a trump !' said I with enthu-

BY SYBIL PARK. We had found a pleasant foot path, Leading out into the wood, Where the oaks like mighty warriors In their giant beauty stood ; Where the patches of warm sunlight Shimmered down in waves of gold, Lighting up the lonely forest,

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 6, 1865.

ONE SUMMER DAY.

Like a pieture quaint and old And we followed all the windiags Of that foot-path 'neath the trees, While the summer-winds were singing 'Mid the restless shining leaves-

Still it seemed to us the music Floating through the woodland dim, Must have caught the holy sweetness Of some grand cathedral hymn.

I can see the brilliant splendor Of that glowing summer-day, As it comes in rifts of becuty Where the dreamy shadows lay,

I can hear the music drifting Very softly 'mid the trees, But my heart is keeping sacred Dearer, brighter dreams than these I remember that you gathered Oaken leaves and blossoms rare, And we wove a wreath between us, Which you placed upon my hair,

Saying words whose carnest meaning I had never caught before,-"I have loved you fondly, darling;

May I love you evermore ?" THE TWO COWARDS.

'I was a coward! We were both cowards! So spake our law tutor, Moses Drake, and

thus he continued : We had graduated from Harvard, Laban and myself-and had commenced the prac-tice of law. We were neither of us married, hough we were anticipating that event. We fendant. It was a weak and foolish coni-plaint, and Adams should not have taken it up: It was merely a case of extortion. The plaintiff held a rod over the back of the deendant in the shape of a bit of knowledge concerning a private misstep of a former time, and the present complaint was only a seemingly legal way in which that other power was to be used for the purpose of

opening a poor man's purse. At the trial I exposed the trick, and obtained the ruling out by the court of a scandal which Adams had planned to introduce as testimony. Of murse I was severe, and as my opponent had entered upon a very had case, my strictures cut home. I gained the verdict for my eli-ent, and people laughed at the foiled plain-

tiff, and spoke lightly of his lawyer. "Thus it commenced. Adams could not forgive me for the chagrin I had caused him. He had laid it up against me and talked openly about being revenged. This was on the first of August. A month afterwards we met at a party, where the gentlemon drank wine. Late in the evening Adams and I met and a third person made some remark upon the old trial, whiereupon a fourth person

frank man ; to obey my God and the laws of my country ! I was to bow before a wicked spirit-to offer my blood to folly, and my hand to murder! White Heart Ledge was a light, perpendicular wall of granite rising above the river, the top crowned with dark sprace trees. It

received its name from a peculiar mark, where a mass of white quartz appeared, half way up lie ledge, in the form of a heart. Late in the afternoon I was upon the san-dy shore beneath the ledge; and almost at the same time Laban Adams made his appearance. We were both anxious to be thought brave men. He did not speak to me. Our seconds conferred awhile together, and then Price came to my side.

"Must things go on?" I told him I did not know how it could be stopped. I lied; for I did know. He informed me that if I would make the least overture of peace he felt sure that

Adams would accept it. 'I think,' he suid, ' that Adams is sorry for what has happened. You struck him.

and he cannot retract.'

'I know he did, and I know he did wrong. In fact, there was wrong upon both sides.— Offer him your hand, and I think he will take it without explanation.

I wanted to do it! My heart urged me to do it. The spirit of my dear mother, speaking in those old lessons of love and blessing, urged me to do it. God spoaking through

men would say I was a coward. O, what a precious coward I was !

and if you fire together you may both fall.' But I dared not offer the hand of conciliaion. I told him I was ready, Ile went back to Watkins, and pretty soon

ey measured off the ground-twelve paces. We were to stand back to back, those twelve paces apart. We were to turn at the word one, we were to raise our pistols at the word two, and at the word three we were to fire. I caught the eye of Laban Adams as I took my position, and I was sure no angry pas-sion dwelt therein. For an instant the impulse was in me to drop my pistol and offer him my hand. I was sure he would not re-fuse me. But I had not the courage to do it. I would rather do the deep, damning wrong, than do that simple Christian act of

Our seconds hesitated, as though they saw what was passing in our thoughts ; but we offered no word, and they proceeded. The word one was given. I cannot tell the feelings that came crowding upon me at that moment. I stood face to face with my brothers ; in a moment more we were to offer our hands to the infernal stains! I thought of the boly love thet had beamed upon me since I had grown to man's estate; and I

Watkins was a long time in pronouncing the word two. He evidently hoped that one of us would relent—but he hoped in vain.— Only a breath held back the last fatal word, but that word was never spoken.

As we raised our pistols, a sharp, agonized ery, from a breaking heart; burst upon the air, and in another moment two light shadows fitted upon the scene. I was a prisoner-Laban Adams was a prisoner. Our pistols

WIIO RANKS? The New York Herald publishes the following anecdote. It relates it as a matter of history :

When General Grant was about to leave Washington to enter upon that sublime cam-paign which began with the battle of the Wilderness and ended with the down all of the rebellion, ho called upon Secretary Stanton to say good-bye. The Secretary was anxiously awaiting him.

During the two and a half years that President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton had managed the Eastern armies it was the first. point in their plans to keep Washington heavily garrisoned with troops. Large bod-ies of men were stationed in the fortifications

arcund the city and other large bodies were kept in supporting distance. Now that Grant had come into power Stanton wanted to see

that the defence of Washington was not over-looked. Accordingly, after a few prelimina-ries, the Secretary remarked: 'Well, General, I suppose you left us

'And he called me a liar !'

Well, General, T suppose you foll us enough men to strongly garrison the forts?
'No,' said Grant, couly, 'I can't do that.'
'Why not?' cried Stanton, jumping ner-vously about. 'Why not? Why not?'
'Because I have already sent the men to the font?' realied Grant

No; I would not do it! And why not? the front.' replied Grant. 'That won't do,' cried Stanton, more nervous than before. 'It's contrary to my plans. I'll order them back.' and you can't order them back.'

His son, urged me do do it. The law of the land urged me to do it. And yet I would not. I was afraid that 'Why not?' inquired Stanton again. 'Why not? Why not?'

Not? Why not?
'I believe that I rank the Secretary in the matter,' was the quiet reply.
'Very well,' said Stanton, a little warmly, 'we'll see the President about that I'll 'You are both good shots,' added Price have to take you to the President.'

'That's right ;' politely observed Grant, the President ranks us both.' Arrived at the White House, the General and the Secretary asked to see the President upon important business, and in a few mo-ments the good-hearted face of Mr. Lincoln appeared. Well, gentlemen,' said the President with a genial smile, ' what do you want with me ?'

'General,' said Stanton, stifly, ' state your case.

'I have no case to state,' replied Grant, I'm satisfied as it is ;' thus outflanking the Secretary, and displaying the same strategy in diplomacy as in war.

' Well, well,' said the President, laughing, state your case Secretary.' Secretary Stanton obeyed : General Grant said nothing ; the President listened very at-tentively. When Stanton had concluded, the President crossed his legs, rested his elbow on his knee, twickled his eyes quantly and

said: 'Now, Secretary, you know we have been since I had grown to man's estate; and I thought that in one short moment more the black pall might cover it all. and brought Mister Grant-as Mrs. Grant calls him-to manage it for us, and now I guess we had better let Mister Grant have his

own way.' From this decision there was no appeal.-Nobody ranked the President. So General Grant went off with the army, and Secretary Stanton went back to his office.

A LITTLE DEAF .- In the olden time, be laws were invented, Wing kept BY ANCIENT SIMEON.

What Can I Do?

NO. 3.

Arthur, a little boy six years old, being out for a walk with his mamma one morning, they called on widow Grant and found her in great trouble.

If the eldest son, George, had been knocked down and run over by a heavy cart, and was so much hurt it was doubtful whether he would recover, so she was erying, and felt very sad.

Arthur could not help crying too, when he heard the widow tell how the accident hap-pened, and the pain her boy suffered. Ar-thur's mamma citen sent him down to the cottage to ask after George, and take him cottago to esk atter Georgo, and take him fruit, jellies, and other little comforts, and one day as sile was filling a small basket for him to take, he said, "I wish, ma, I could do something for Georgo-make him jellies, and cake, and other nice things as you do." "Well, Arthur, I do not suppose you could make jellies, but do what you can there are make jellies, but do what you can; there are other things you can do."

"Me, ma? What can I do? I cannot cook at all; I think perhaps I could make a rice pudding, but not custards and beef tea, and

such things as you send him." "You seem to think, Arthur," said his mother, smiling, "that eating and drinking and cooking are all important matters, but I was not thinking of them; you can read,"

"Oh, yes, ma; I am top in the third class at school." ' I shall need them there,' answered Grant "And you have a half-holiday twice a

week." Yes, ma; Wednesday and Saturday."

"Hes, ma; weathouty can bart tart, "Well, now, would you not like to go and read to George on your half holidays? he is too weak to read himself, and I daro say feels too weak to read himself, and I daro say feels rather dull whilst his mother is out at

rather dull whilst his mother is out at work." "Just the very thing !" cried Arthur, who was delighted to find there was something he could do, and as this was one of his half-holi-days, he asked if he might begin at once. To this his mamma consented, and having looked out "Ministering Children" as a book likely to interest Georgo, Arthur was soon on his way to the cottage. Arthur's proposal to read was gladly ce-cepted by George, and as Arthur read slowly, George was able to follow him and listen without soon getting wearied. And for ser-eral weeks Arthur gave up purt of his play-time, that he might read in the sick room,

time, that he might read in the sick room, until George recovered and went to work again ; and when Arthur grew up to be a man, he used often to refer to this, his first lesson in doing what he could, and smile at his boyish folly in thinking that because he

ould not cook, therefore he could not do anything "Do good ! do good there's ever n way,

A way where there's ever a will; Don't wait till to-morrow, but do it to-day, And to-day when the morrow comes still.

"Do good! do good! we are never too young To be useful in many a away ; For all have a heart, and a haud, and a tongue, To feel, and to labor, and to pray."

" "Have a drop of the crathur, Micha-el ?" "No, sure I've joined the timperance pledge." "Yes; but didn't St. Patrick advise Tamothy to take a little wine for his stomach's suke?"

with such a weight of earth above; The man is surely dead."

And then the wife, with pious care; All needless cost to save, Said - "Since the Lord hath willed it so; 'en let it be his grave !"

# Misrellaneous.

### WRONG MAN IN THE WRONG PLACE:

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

The people to blame me for what is una-youghble? That is a question I should be re-manable happy to have solved to my own asked a dark complexioned man. ction and the satisfaction of others. I had no doubt on the subject; but judging from what has happened to me o past few days, I must confess my opintience.

s somewhat shaken. was entirely foreign from my intention cate a sensation, or enact a deception, I packed my corpet bag last week, and 

unt Nabby resides in the northeast cor-of Maine, in a town which I will deno-Sherrydan.'

Thinks Pineville. to my personal appearance. I have a tary air, and perhaps my dress may be a more martial than exactly benefits a resistant. But the ladies assure me that is becoming to my complexion, and who gainsay the ladies?

have been strongly advised to enlist, but m totally unfit for the service. The smell unpowder makes me faint, and I never a gun but once in my life, and I was fined to my bed for a fortnight alterward. exactly from the effects of the fright, but ase the confounded fire-arm resented my ward handling, and kicked me so severe eye was in mourning for months, and my nose was knocked out of the perpendicular into the slantindicular.

Briday night, and as it was ten miles further towns have some extent of territory in Maine towns have some extent of territory in Maine put up at the Washington House—a'one three affair in the straggling village of Pine-

registered my name-P. Sheridan-on hotel book. My christian name is Philo-theus, but owing to the odity of the title, he ominous length. I rarely write it in

got some supper and retired immediately ny room. I had just fallen asleep and dreaming seroncly of kissing Mattie Ba-, my sweetheart for the time, when I was used by a great commotion in the street eath my window.

'We must see him ?' 'Trot him 'Three cheers for the gallant Phil ! t the air.

concluded some great character had ared in town, and in my anxiety to behold curiosity with the rest, I forgot my yelflannel night-cap, and my sparce toilet,

springing out of bed I threw up my winand leaned out. ust as I had got my eyes fixed on the do it or die.'

Vaying crowd below, there was a rap at my MGood gracious ! so I had been taken for aint you sonny !" "I guess so, daddy, 'cause Come in !' cried I fearing to answer per-

ally to the summons lest I should miss chance of sceing the celebrity.

chase with the newly acquired fortune a say ory dinner. The following dialogue then ensued : 'Where are you going, Tom ?' 'Going to dinner, I reckon.' 'Ah me;' said my tract distributing friend, 'he plays carls as well as swears?' 'What do you think of the negro race?'

'I think they smell stronger than the deuce,' cried I, beginning to loose my pa-Give me back niy money before you go. 'Let me see, it was you who gave it to me, vasn't it?' asked Tom, inquiringly. 'Meroiful heaven l' exclaimed the sallow 'Of course it was,' replied Mr.

faced man; 'he is pro-slavery.' 'Sir,' said the landlord-who had been in Then, if you gave it to me, I shan't give t hack.' 'No, I only lent it to you.' earnest conversation with a half dozen ladies

'Then,' replied Tom, with a grin, 'I'll repay you when I'm able,' and he went to They want to have it said that they've kissed The argument was unanswerable.

I blushed up to the roots ot my nair. 'Law, how modest he is,' said one of my feminine friends. 'He's as red as our gob-tell us, William, who made you. Do you know?' William, who was considered a fool, while fuel, and looked thoughtful,

those protty girls was decidedly agreeable-I felt delicious over it-but those vinegar visand somewhat bewildered, slowly answered Moses, I s'spose.' 'That will do,' said Counsellor Gray, ad aged old women. I shrunk from the ordeal. But I am naturally a gallant man, and re-flecting that I could wash my face abundant-ly—I consented. 'Come one, come all !' said I. dressing the court. 'The witness says he supposes Moses made him. That certainly

is an intelligent answer, more than I thought him capable of giving, for it shows that he has some faint idea of Scripture, but I sub-They obeyed. They flung their arms

around my neck, and surrounded me on ev-ery hand. I felt like a pickled sardine; I e sworn in as a witness capable of giving smelt musk, onions patchouly, snuff, jockey club, hard cider, cologne dough-nuts, boiled vidence' ' Mr. Judge, sau the too, ...., awyer à question ?' ' Certainly,' said the Judge. ' Wal, then, Mr. Lawyer, who d'yo s'spoge. mutton, cinnamon, mustard seed, cardamon buds and every other odor under the sun.

buds and every other outer the sun. -Kissing is a grand invention, but there is some choice in it, I think. At last, they had all kissed me but one, and she was standing a little apart, making prenade you ?' 'Aaron, I s'pose,' said counsellor Gray,

nitating the witness. After the mirth somewhat subsided, the parations. I noticed her with a mighty trembling. She was ugly as an ogre, and the look of dogged determination on her wiz-

Wel neow, we do read in the good book that Aaron once made a calf, but who'd thought the darned critter had got in here? aned face convinced me that I need hope othing from her mercy. The Judge ordered the man to be sworn. troth ing she exclaimed in an undertone, and

JOHN ADAMS .- Mr. Webster visited Mr. instantly came a full set of teeth, and she rushed towards me. I grew giddy with the prospect, and turning I fied before her like the billows before a hurricane. I had no thought for the figure I cut, my eeble health. He remarked to Mr. Adams:

'I am glad to see you, sir, and I hope you only object was to get out of her reach. are getting along pretty well.' Mr. A., replied in the following figurative Through the entry-down a flight of back stairs, knocking over the hostler and the cook

anguage: 'Ah, sir, quite the contrary. I find I am who were giggling together on the stepsthrough the yard, where I left the larger part of my coat tail in the possession of a a poor tenant, occupying a house much shat-cered by time. It sways and trembles with coverous dog-and over a fence into the open country. And all the time I could hear the every wind, and what is worse, sir, the landlord, as near as I can find out, don't intend steps of my pursuer close behind me. 'You may run,' cried she, 'but I'll catch to make any repairs.'

'You may run,' cried she, 'but I'll catch yo. It shun't be said all the wimen in Pine-ville kissed General Sheridan but me. I'll do it or die.' "Yes," said the fond father; "he is a chip of the old block;

General Sheridan. No wonder the people teacher said yesterday I was a young blockhead !"

had turned out en masse to welcome me. And still I hurried on. The snow was The landlord and landlady came in, but I deeper and deeper at every step. My female wide berth.

the renty and I answered. The two outsiders laughed at the hit I had made, and Adams said something more severe than before. I replied to him. He deliberately told me that was a liar l

laughed and said I had done a great thing. At this adams flushed and made an impu-

was a har i I had been drinking wine and my blood was heated. As that harsh, hard, cowardly word fell upon my ear my passion overcame me. I struck Laban Adams in the face, and

knocked him back against the wall. It was a cowardly thing for me to strike him there in that company ; but I was too much excited to reflect. I expected Adams would strike back but he did not. I was stronger than he, though this consideration may not have influenced him. His friends drew away and I went out into the open air. As soon as the cool breeze fanned my brow and eased the heated blood away from my brain. I was sorry for what I had done, but it was too late to help the matter. I might have gone to Adams and asked him to overlook the wrong I had done, but I had not the courage for

On the following morning a friend, named Watkins, called upon me and presented a note from Laban Adams. I opened it and found it to be a challenge. I was requested to give satisfaction for the blow I had struck. If I was a gentleman I would do so. If was willing. I might designate the time and place, and select the weapons.

What should I do? What should I do r What I ought to do was very plain. The lessons of life which my fond mother had taught me did not leave me in doubt. I ought to have gone to Adams and made such an offer of conciliation as one gentleman may honorably make to another ; and if he reject-ed that, I could have simply turned from and refused to do a further wrong to right the wrong already done. But I had not the courage to do that-I was a coward. I feared that my friends would laugh at me and be sworn in as a witness capable of giving point at me the finger of scorn:

'Mr. Judge,' said the fool, 'may I az the I would be brave before the world, and I accepted the challenge. 'The sooner it is over the better,' remark-

ed Watkins. 'Certainly,' I responded. 'Let it be on this very day, at sunset; upon the river's bank, directly beneath the White Heart Ledge. I will send a friend to you to make further arrangements."

'And the weapons ?' ' Pistols.' And so it was fixed. An hour afterwards

I found John Price, a young physician, who agreed to act as my second. He did not urge me to abandon the idea, nor did he enter the Adams a short time before his death, and work as though he loved it, but he did it be-found him reclining on a sofa, evidently in cause he funcied that I was determined, and cause he fancied that I was determined, and in case of accident his professional service

might be of value. I know that Adams was a good shot, and he knew that I was the same, for we had practiced much together, so that there was no advantage to either party in the weapons. After dinner. Price came to me, and told me all was arranged. Everything had been-fixed as I had planned, and Adams and his

second would be on the ground at the appointed time. After Price had gone I sat down and

wrote two letters. What a coward 1 was to write to them. One was to my mother and the other to the gentle being who had promised to be my wife. As I sit now and think of that hour I shudder with horror-the hour

undischarged, upon the ground. Two gentle maidens, who loved us bettef than we loved ourselves, and whose love had then to deep anxiety in our behalf, had to man and beast." He was a good landlord uessed our secret. Love has sharp eves.llara Wolcott knew Laban's hot temper when something of this kind from the first. She foared bad only to whisper her suspicion to Mary, and two sleepless sontinels were upon us. These two warm spirits, with their cries thirsty look, casting sheep's eyes occasionally and their tears, melted the joy crust, and our hearts found the surface. 'O, in God's name, be enemies no more!'

mplored Clara. 'By the love you bear me—by the memo y of all you hold dear on earth, and all you one to meet in heaven cast forth the demo With the arms of my beloved still encircling

me, I stretched forth my hand; but I was time ha not in advance of Laban. As though one liquid, spirit had moved as, our hands met mid- 'You Y. I have been a fool.' said Laban.

'And I have been a fool and a coward, becauso I dared not do right.' 'Aye,' I added, 'had it not been for these lessed angels, we might have been some

thing worse.' We returned from the dark ground jus as the day was softening into twilight, and from that hour Laban Adams and myself were vast friends; and they who had saved us from great crime entered upon the life path with us, and have blessed us ever since

THE WORLD CAN GO ON WITHOUT US .-A branch, broken from the tree by the tem-pest, role on the rapid current of the swollen 'See how I lead the waters,' he cried to

the backs. 'See how I command and carry the stream with me," he cried again. A jutting rocky ridge, over which the tor-rent dashed, caught the branch, and kept it,

shattered and imprisoned, while the waters flowed on and on. 'Alas!' cried the branch, 'how can you old me thus? Who will govern the stream ? how will it prosper without my guidance?' 'Ask the banks,' said the rocky ledge.

And the banks answered: 'Many, like you, have been carried by the

stream, fancying that they carried it. And

\_\_\_\_i AN INTERESTING DIALOGUE .- Stephen Whit-

ney, who died in New York recently, leav-ing ten millions, was once met by John Ja-cob Astor, when the following dialogue en-

sued : 'Mr. Whitney, I hear you have retired from business' This was after his retire-

ent.in 1837. Yes,' replied Mr. Whitney, 'I have retired.<sup>2</sup> 'And how much are you worth?' inquired

Mr. Astor. 'About \$5,000,000,' replied Mr. Whit-

After standing and thinking in silence for

a moment, 'Well,' said Mr. Astor, 'I don't know but it is just as well to retire on that sum as it is to be rich.'

199 A coachman, extelling he sagacity of one of his horses observed that 'if any-

all carthly joy forever! And for what? body was to go for to use him ill, he would Because I had not the courage to be a bold, bear malice like a Christian?

the hotel at Middle Granville and from his ach. but terribly deaf. Fish, the village painter, was afflicted in the same way. One day they were sitting by themselves " No."

at Wing's decanters, and wishing most de-youtly that some one would come in and treat.

A traveler from the South, on his, way to Brandon stopped in to inquire the distance. Going up to the counter, he said : 'Can you tell me, sir, how far it is to Brandon ?

'Brandy ?' says the ready landlord, jumping up; 'yes, sir, I have some,' at the same time handing down a decanter of the precious

'You misunderstand me,' says the strang-I asked how far it was to Braudon. 'They call it protty good brandy, says Wing. 'Will you take sugar with it?'---reaching as he spoke for the bowl and toddy.

stick. The despairing traveler turned to Fish. 'The landlord,' said he, 'seems to be deaf; will you tell me how far it is to Brandon ?' . ' Thank you,' said Fish, ' I don't care if I do take a drink with you !' The stranger treated and fled.

That's a very knowin' hanimal of yours,' said a cockney gentleman to the keep-

er of an elephant. 'Very,' was the cool rejoinder. "E performs strange tricks and hantics,

the bouldir of a protty girl in Fifth Avenue, justifies himself on the ground that "it is no harm to steal from a thief;" as the owner of, the mantilla has stolen the hearts of some forty or fifty old bachelors. does he?' inquired the cockney eveing the animal through the grass. 'Sarprising;' responded the keeper, 'we've I It is a great blunder in pursuit of

learnt him to put money in that box you see away up there. Try him with a dollar.' The cockney handed the elephant a dollar, and sure enough he took it in his trunk and and possible measure of it. put it in a box high out of rouch. 'Well, that's wery hextraordinary, haston-

Say nothing respecting yourself, eithishing truly! 'Now, let's see him take it out and 'and it back.' er good, bad, or indifferent; nothing good, for that is vanity; nothing bad, for that is affectation ; nothing indifferent, for that is

' We never learnt him to do that,' replied the keeper, with a roguish leer, and then turned to stir up the monkeys and punch the

hvenas.

stream, fancying that they carried it. And as to the loss you will be to the waters, don't be uneasy. You are already forgotten, as before you, and as those will soonbe who may follow.' A Loye LETTER.—Och, Paddy, swate Pad-dy, if I was your daddy, I'd kill yo wid kiss-es entirely; if I was your bruther, and like wise your muther, I'd see that ye went to bed airly To teste of your brath. I'd starye me

airly. To taste of your breth, I'd starve me to death, and lay off me hoops altogether.---

To joost have a taste of yer arm on me waist I'd larf at the meanest of weather. Dear Paddy, be mine, me own swate valentine

ye'll find me both gintle and civil, our life we'll spind to an illegant ind, and care may go dance wid the divil.

· · · · · · , t. There is a very droll story of a doctor

who went to settle in a village out west and the first night on his arrival was sent for to

attend a sick child. He looked at the little sufferer very attentively, and then delivered this oracular opinion :

"This nayr babe's got the small nox : and I ain't posted on pustules. We must approach the case by circular treatment. You

give the little cuss this draught. That will set him into fits. Then send for me. I'm a

stunner on fits.'

CLight infantry movements-Agitating

did; but my name isn't Ta mothy, and there's no throuble with my stim Dr "Julius, can you tell me how Adam got out of Eden ?"

"Weel, I 'spose he climbed ober de fence." " No, dat ain't it." "Well, den he borrowed whee -barrow and walked out."

"I gum it up den." "He got snaked out."

There is a young ludy in Henry couny, Missouri, not yet sweet sixteen, who is his year cultivating fifteen acres of corn .---She does all the necessary work, including plowing, and has undertaken this piece of vork to obtain money with which to educate herself.

19 A cute Yankee, in Kansas, sells lig-

uor in a gun-barrel instead of a glass, that he may avoid the law, and make it appear

beyond dispute than he is selling liquor by, the barrel. Of course the cute Yankee's cus-

Do "Doctor," said a person once to a sur-

geon, "my daughter had a terrible fit this morning; she coatinued half an hour with

out knowledge or understanding." "O,", replied the doctor, " never mind

A fellow who took the mantilla from

IF A pedant being called upon to define

the two gasses, hydrogen and oxygen, re-plied: 'Oxygen is pure gin, but hydrogen is gin and wator.'

17 An inveterate old bachelor says ships

are called 'she' because they always keep a man on the lookout.

Why are young ladies like arrows?, Because they are all in a quiver when the

D Sophia Kettle has recovered \$3,000 of

William Walsh, in a New York-Court, for

17 No faithful workman finds his task a

oastime. We must all toil or steal-no mat-

OF Δ Memphis paper heads its list of di-vorce cases in court, "Matrimonail ship-

13 It is sale to learn, even from our

enenites but seldom safe to instruct out

ter how we name our stealing.

· · 43

that; many people continue so all lives."

silly.

béaux come.

wrecks."

friender.

liam's wasn't.

tomers are liable to go off half cocked