AMERICAN VOLUNTEER. PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY

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ADVERTISENERTS—Accompanied by the cash, and

MOVERTISESSENTS—Accompanies of constant three states for seeding one square, will be insorted three ximes for \$2.00, and twenty-five cents for each additional insertion. These of a greater length in

proportion.
Jos-Printing-Sach as Hand-bills, Posting-bills Pamphlets, Blanks, Labels, &c. &c., executed

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ATTORNEY AT LAW, CARLISLE, PA. OFFICE WITH WM. J. SHEARER, Esq.

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W. F. SADLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW. CARLISLE, PA.

Office in Volunteer Building South Hanover treet. Sept. 7, 1861—1y.

J. M. WEAKLEY, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

OFFICE on South Hunover street, in the room formerly accupied by A. B. Sharpe. Feb. 27, 1862—9m.

H. NEWSHAM', ATTO'R'NEY AT LAW. OFFICE with Wni; H. Miller, Esq., 8 ofthwest corner of Hagover and Pomfret streets. Cartisle, Dec. 22, 1862—tf

CHAS. E: MAGRALGHLIN. ATTO'N'E'Y-AT-LAW. OFFICE in Inhoff's building just opposite Carlisle March 13, 1862-1y.

J. W. FOULK, Attorney at Law.
Office with James R. Smith, Esq., Rheon s
Hall, All business entrus ed to him will be prompt-

M. C. HERMAN. ATTORNEY AT LAW.

OFFICE in Rhoem's Hall Building, in the riar of the Court House, next door to the Hernid" Office. Carliste. (Feb. 4,441-pg. ES A. DUNBAR, AT ORNEY AT LAW

CARLISLE, PA. Office next door to the American Printing office s few doors west of Hannon's hotel. April 14, 1864—I'y

F. E BEL'I ZILOOVER. ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. CARLISLE, PLNN'A. ICE on South Hanover st U site Bentz's store.

By special arrangement with the Patent Office attends to securing Patent Rights. Sept. 22, 1864-ly RUPUS E. SHAPLEY, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

A TTENDS to securing and collecting Soldier's Pay, Pensions. Bounties, &c. Bintr's store.

Dr GEO, S SEARIGHT. STORT ST.

From the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery Office at the residence of his mother, East Louthers street, three doors below Bedford.
Carlisle, Dec. 22, 1862. DR. I.C. LOOMES, DEK.

TIST. Has removed from South Hanover street to West

Poinfret street, opposite the Femule High School, [April 28, 1864.

COAL AND LUMBER YARD THE subscriber having leased the Yard formerly occupied by Armstrong & Hoffer, and purchased the stock of

COAL AND LUMBER. in the Yard, together with an immense new stock.
will have constantly on hand and furnish to order
all kinds and quality of seasoned
LUMBER,
BOARDS,
SCANTLING.
FRAME STURE

FRAME STUFF
FRAME STUFF
Paling, Plastering, Lath, Shingling Lath, worked
Flooring and Weatherboarding, Posts and Rails,
and every article that belongs to a Lumber Yard.
All kinds of Shingles, to wit: Whitepine, Hemlook and Oak, of different qualities. Having cars
of my own I can furnish bills to order of any
ength and size at the shortest notice and on the length and size at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms. My worked boards will be host reasonable terms, it is not be furnished dry at

I have constantly on hand all kinds of FAMI-LAMLY COAL under cover, which I will deliver clean to any part of the berough. To wit: Lykens Val-ley, Broken, Egg, Stole and Nut, Luke Fiddler. Treverton, Locust Mountain, Lobbery, which pledge myself to sell at the lowest prices.

Bost quality of

Limeburners' and Blacksmiths' Coal. lways on hand which I sill sell at the lowest fig are. Yard west side of Grammar School, Mair

ANDREW H. BLAIR

NOTICE.- I still retain the same position in the firm of DELANCY & BLAIR, which will be carried on as energetically as 3 or at their cld stand near the Gas house. As oar purchases will be made together at the head of the market, we feel confident by so doing to be able to accommodate our customers and the public on the most reasonable terms. Having rolinquished the tanning I will deovte my entire attention to the Coal and Lumber business. All kinds of Coal and Lumber kept constantly on hand and in the best condition. The Lumber Yard will be managed by Mr. Geo. Zuloff, whose experience and skill is well known to the community. By strict attention to business, short profits, and a desire to do right we the firm of DELANCY & BLAIR, which will be much out of place there.

isiness, short profits, and a desire to do right we hope to secure a liberal share of public patronage.

ANDREW H. BLAIR. June 15, 1865-tf PLOWS, PLOWS.—Just received and fo

sale at Manufocturers prices, a large assort men of Plank's Plows, York Metal Plows, Ploomfield do

Fagle do Cultivators, &c., &c., Zeigler's " Weirich's " the cheap Hardware Store of H. SAXTON. Carliele, January, 1864.

- Poetical.

WHAT IS WEALTH.

Wealth is something more than gold, More than luxury and ease; Treasures never to be told

May be found apart from these. Men who great possessions dwn, May be needy none the less; They are rich, and they alone, Who have stores of nobleness,

Palares are dreary domes; Fair d main but desarts wild. If there be not happy homes, Gentle thoughte and manners mild. Trust me, though his lot be small,

And he makes but slight pretense,

"He who lives at peace with all, Dwells in true magnificence. If you'd prove of noble birth, O, beware of judgements rash : Scorn to measure human worth

By the sordid rule of cash. Gold and silver may depart, Proudest dynasties may fall; He who has the truest heart Is the richest of as all.

Miscellaneous.

PROF. WENNEL'S GHOST. .

BY ZETHER SERLE KENNETH.

The pink chember was the prottiest room in Craig Cottage. Mr. Westgate, the gentle-manly owner of Craig Cottage, had expressed a mild approval of it when Bertrade, his pright, brunette daughter called him in to see it as the furnishing was completed; but Bertrade, flushed with success, was hardly

Why, papa, it's perfectly exquisite! like the inside of a sea shall. See the rosy tingereflected on the write wind iw shades by the plick damask drapping. See the light fall in a gow on the little Xantho yonder. Oh. how pretty. Don't you think it beautiful,

Yes, my dear. I hope Prof. Wennel will like it.'
'Prof. Wennel!' screnmed Bertrade, 'you lon't intend to put him here.'
'Way not? it is the pretriest room in the

but he's a man.'
' What of that?'

'This is a lady's room. Indeed it is papa t isn't fit for a gentleman. There are to many tollette arrangem uts, and no accommodations at all for segars.

'Prof. Wennel doesn't smoke, and he's a guest to whom I wish to do all possible hon or. I wish him to be accommodated by the best the house affords in every way.'
Mr. Wesigate was mild but firm. Ber

trade nauted in vain." 'A' horrible great man in that little nest said one to her sister Lou. 'Just think of it! He'll tear everything to pieces, I know he Nonsense, Bert, I should think Mr. Wen

uel was a wild cat.'
Lou, don't all men wear muldy boots, dush the water about in bathing, scatter ci-gar ashes, and put their feet on the chairs? 'N . my dear; papa dosen't.'

'Papa's an exception to all men in every 'You'd better wait and see if Prof. Wennel sn't, before you get in such a passion abou.

'I'm not in a passion. I wish before he comes here to spoil that beautiful' room, that be'd blow himself up in some of he chemical experiments—but I'm not in a passion! I know I shall have him though—I want the

Papa's favorite guest before vours, my 'Of course; papa would not care if Nellie

slept in the attic.'
New, Bertrade.' Bertrade, rather ashamed of her last re mark, was silent, and sat tying knots in he vrapper cord and jerking them out again -Just then there was a ring of the door bell. the s und of voices in greeting, and Lou ob-

served quickly:
'Prof. Wennel has come, Bert.' Bertrade sat still until she heard her father show the professor into the pink chamber hen she threw herself upon the lounge and ried tears of vexation.

Neither of the sisters had ever seen Prof. Wennel. He had been at college with Mr. Westgate, and they concluded of course, that he was equally elderly and studious. They were not aware that he was barely for ty, being eight years younger than Mr. West rate, and though interested in literature and cience, bardly considered a bore in the best ociety in Europe wheh he had frequented

for the last five years.

Pretty Nellie Dashton arrived that evening. There was no pink chamber for her use. She aund no fault with the pretty white-draped bed room with a dressing room attached, which was assigned her, but Bertrade eprese-

ed to her her indignation. All the girls were a little surprised when they met Prof. Wennel at the tea table. He was fine looking and agreeable. Nellin said so when they had flown back to their retreat their soft white hands in mine, (seventee the bay window in the upper hall, where thands!) seventeen hands surrounding me-

Lou always sewed.
Dear little six footer! I wonder how he

likes the lace of his toillette cushion,' said Bertrade, incorrigibly.

I'll tell you what I should do if I were you, Bert,' said Nellie.
'What?'

of a rose; but if Bertrade Westgate had not | didn't teel afraid-not 1-ter I had expose sical face and slender hands, did not look

Suddenly something, he never knew what, made him raise his eyes from his book. In the centre of the room stood a slender figure robed in a shroud, white and glimmering; town clock began to srike twelve in the distance. As the last stroke died, the figure moved silently toward the door and glided

doubting his senses. He was so astonished that he never surred in his seat for ten minimutes. He has so astonished or less said. If that is the only reason that he never surred in his seat for ten minimutes. He has gazing straight formed in his seat for ten minimutes. the book, slipping from his relaxed hand, fell peace has developed a new rational upon the floor and startled him.

The boards and vintaire, are like beards; men get them when they grow up, and womning the boards and the boards; and vintaire, are like beards; men get them when they grow up, and womning the boards; and vintaire, are like beards; are like beards; and vintaire, are like beards; and vintaire, are like beards; and vintaire, are like beards; are like beards; and vintaire, are like beards; and vintaire, are like beards; and vintaire, are like beards; are like

'I have been a leep and dreaming,' said he; and he prepared to retire. Yet as he drew the white coverlet over his shoulders.

he had a suspicion that what he had seen was not a dream. The next morning at breakfast he said to

his host.

'Philip, is this an old house?'

'Well it has sometaing of a history, I believe. It has been in my possession but a year, and we have lived here only a few

What is its history?' 'It was built by a man named Alligood, I Jon't know how long ago. He lost his young wife here immediately after his removal to

it. Then Dr. Grant bought it.'
'Did Alligood's wife die of sickness?' I believe there was a report that she poison different on account of some former attachment. Do you know anything about it,

Yes, Papa,' said Bertrade, slowly stirring her coffee; everybody thinks it is quite true married against her will to Mr. Alligo d .-And,' continued Bertrade, observing that Prof. Wennel was regarding her attentively. they say she was found with the glass in her hand dead in the room we have furnished as the pink chamber.' 'How horrible l' I shouldn't think you'd

dare to live here,' marmured Nellie Dashton, shrugging her dimpled smalders, and every body saw Prof. Wennel shudder, but he changed the conversation.

That night he retired to bed as early as ten clock, but somehow he could not sleep. Arwelve o'clock he was as wide awake as ever he was in his life, and there in the centre of the room stool the same white figure which had visited him the previous night. As be-fore, its stay was brief. It retreated as he fixed his eyes upon it, and vanished at the door, which closed softly betind it. The Prof never closed his eyes all night.

The next day he hinted to Mr. Westgate that he thought of returning home. Ha

host was astomshed. Wny, Arch.. I thought you were going to stay all summer, with me.'
So did I,' said Bertrade, softly. P.ot. Wennel muranured something about

changing his plans, and declared that he really felt as it he must depart on the follow ing day.

That night he was visited again; the fact did not accere are his departure, for the Prof. and the belief that directly effer the door closed upon his ghost, he heard a smothered hugh, and he remained until the next night. of the room. Then, instead of sitting still, dazzied by fear and fasculated with wonder. he quietly crose, produced a pistol, and said

Take off that sheet, or I'll fire." The figure paused slowly to retreat. 'Ill give you but one second,' he said

firmly.

The figure paused, wavered—the sheet fell the figure paused before him. and Bertrade sank on her knees before him. 'Oa, Prof. Wennel, forgive me-and don't h, don't teli papa !' Paltid and lovely, with her dark ringlets talling in desorder on her shoulders, the Prof. owered his postol before her beseeding

Have you any excuse for such conduc Hisa West-are? to partly for fuh. Won't you forgive me, and not tell pipa? I'll do anything for you; indeed I will.'

Knell at his reet.
You ask a great deal of me. You have destroyed my plans for the suipmer, forcing me to tell your father that I must go away." I know, but you can make some excuse not to go, if you like. I will nelp you if you

on't tell him Say-say.'
May I say that I have fallen in love with his dauguter, and so have changed my mind

a second time?' She was on her feet in an instant, all her pallor given away to a burning blush. He smiled, but she did not see him, for her eyes were on the floor

' May I say it?' he repeated: looked up with a little indignant

He went nearer, took bor hands, and made May I, Bertrade? she said.

And Professor Wennel married his ghost. ARTEMUS WARD -Artemus Ward's new talk on the "Mormon" is very funny. Here

are some of the hits: He loves not wisely.

And two (hundred) well. The Vice President has two thousand head of cattle and two hundred head of wives .-They have an awful appetite. I once to ought lessly gave a family ticker to an elder to at tend my lecture. He came and filled the house. Twas a success that night

the tried to make me a Mormon and marry them. They wept; they nove a sigh-seventee sighs-a sigh of considerable size. They put There I was alone, away from my parents! exclaimed, I hope you have no dishonorable intentions. As I wok myself away they said in their grief, It is too much ! That was just

the thing that troubled me in their request and so I said. It is too much! When captured by the Indians, I saw de seending on me the glistening the mas-hawk Prof. Wennel sat in his room reading. It in the morning light. I had no reinforce was nearly twelve o'clock at night. The ments—no post-ons—no last ditch with me was nearly twelve o'clock at night. The ments—no pontions—no last ditch with me, damp night wind blew in at the open wirdow 1 had no female aftire, so I see holdly, I surand made the light flicker as it shone through render! I was allowed to march out with its alabaster shade, upon the able at his my side arms and green outton umbrella side. The room was indeed like the heart which my aunt at Saccarap had given me. I been so very much prejudiced, she would been so very much prejudiced, she would been so very much prejudiced, she would my life before. I once stood at Centreville have seen that Prof. Wennel, with his class and saw thousands of buildes—those leaden messengers of death I thousan is of them pass-

A clergymen said in a recent sermon robed in a shroud, white and glimmering; that the path of rectived had been travelled and at the instant his eyes fell upon it the to grass.

g close by me-packed in boxes and wag-

There was a wicked boy who, when he was told that the best cure for the paini-

TABILLING SKETCH.

Alexandria Dumus is furnishing sensation ems from Russia. Here is one of the best: We left the room with a turnkey behind us, in waked on till we found ourselves oppo-

ing a servant, he said:

Ask the laudlord to step up to my room and bring his bill. The door opened, we went down six damp and slipperv steps, and found ourselves in a dungeon of six square to .. I fascied by the light of the lautern that I saw a human form . Rise and dress vourself. I had a currosity to know to whom this or-

der was addressed. 'Turn on the light,' said I to the jailor with me. I then saw a thin and pallid old man rise up. He had evidently been immared in this dungeon in the same clothes he had on when arrested, but they had fallen off by piecement, and he was only dressed in a ragged polis e. Farough the rags his maked, bony, shivering body could be seen. Perhaps this body had been covered with splendid garments; peroaps the ribbons of the most noble orders nad once crossed his panting chest. At present he was only a living sheleton, that mul lost rank, dignity, even name, and was cathed No. 11 He crose, and wrapped hunsell in the tragments of his ragged pelisse, without ultering a complaint; his body was

towed down, conquered by poison damp, time, it might be hunger. His eye was naughty, almost menacing.
'It is good,' said the G vernor. 'Come.'

He was the first to go out.
The presoner threw a parting glance on his cell, his stone bench, his water jug. and straw. If uttered a sigh, yet it was imposable that he could regret any thing of this. He followed the Governor and passed befor

ie. I shall never forget the glance he turned upon me in pass'n, and the reproach that was concentrated in it. . So young, 'it seemed to say, 'and already obeying tyranny.'

I turned away; the glance had pierced my Just in the clock was on the stroke of twelve, in the art like a dazger. He passed the door of the chamber door opened, and the shape appeared. He kept, his head bent over his book, until it liad advanced into the centre self. He must have ceased for a long time counting days and nights. On reaching the Governor's door we found two sledges waitng. The prisoner was ordered into the one that brought us, and we followed him, the sans culottes in a strange city; no money, G. vernor by his side, I in front. The other sledge was occupied by four soldiers.

A thought struck me. I had a large, full dedge was occupied by four soldiers.
Where we were going? I knew not.-

> ignorant. I had only to see-the action itelf did not concern me. Through my position the old man's knees was buttoned up in my military frock, and through the hall into the street.
>
> Attracted by the shining lamps almost naked but the Governor had offered tice of a new hotel, a few source

Soon we reached the Neva again, and our He stood quietly before her as she still sleige took the direction of Cronstade. The wind came off the Bultic and blew furiously; the sleet out our faces. Though our eyes had become accustomed to the darkness yet we

could not see ten yards before us.

At last we stopped in the midst of a furious storm. We must have been about a league and a half from St. Petersburg. The Governor got off the sledge and went up to the other. The soldiers had already got off solding the tool they had been ordered to

Bring 'Cut a hole in the ice,' the Governor said to thein I could not refrain a cry of terror. I be-

gan to apprehend. 'An!' the old man uttered, with an accent esembling the laugh of a skeleton, then the Empres does still remember me, does she?" Ot what Empress was he talking? Three had a sed away in succession—Annie, Eliz al eth and Ca harine. It was evident he still believed he was living under one of them, and he did not know even the name of the man who ordered his death.

What was the obscurity of the night, com-The four soldiers then set to work. They broke the ice with their hammers, gut it with Brigham Young has eighty wives, besides their axes, and taised the blocks with the those which are only "sealed," and not with lever. All at once they started back; the

ice was broken; the water was rising.

'Come down,' the Governor said to the old mon. The order was useless, for he had already done so. Kneeling on the ice he was raying fervently.

The Governor gave an order in a low tone

to the soldiers, then he came back to my side; for I had not left the sledge. In a minute the prisoner rose.

The four soldiers rushed upon him.

I turned my eyes away, but though I did not see. I heard the noise of a body hurled into the abyss. In spite of myself I turned around. The old man had disappeared. I torgot that I had no right to give orders, but shouted to the driver, 'Away l away !'
'Stop l' cried the Governor. The sledge which had already moved forward, stopped

'All is not finished,' the Governor said to ne in French. What have we to do?' I asked. 'Wait!' he replied

We waited half an hour. 'The ice has set,' said one of the soldiers.'
'Art thou sure?' He struck the spot where the hole had so attly yawned; the water had become solid

We can go,' said the G vernor. The horses started at a full gallop, and in ess than ten minutes we reached the for-QUIDDITIES .- The worst organ grinder-

ollow to th that plays the deuce.

Jealousy is the grantest of mistortunes, and Just like the cinnamon-tree is the fop, for the bark is invariably worth more than the

The public lecturer who dwelt upon a topio has changed his residence. The man who makes a business of raising park for market may be said to live by his

Ideas,' said Voltaire, 'are like beards;

DESPERATION.

The following is a passage from the very laughable tale of 'Desperation,' one of the rien articles which are embraced in the liter-ary remains of the late Willis Gaylord Clark. s.te he prison. The jailor opened it, went It is only necessary to promise that the au-in, and lighted a lantern. We went down there is a Philadelphia student, who, after a ten steps, passed a row of dungbons, then down ten more, but did not stop. We went down five more and then stopped at one maked No 11. He gave a silent signal; it seemed in this abode of the dead as if he had the stops at a lashionable hotel, nevertheless. lost the power of speech. There was at this where, after tarrying for a day or two, he fitting a trost of at least twenty degrees out. to the bone; my marrow was frozen, and est of disclose all to the landlord. Summonret I wiped the perspiration from my brow.

The door opened, we want down solus,' in his private apartment, flanked with

He clattered down stairs laughing, and shortly after his master appeared. He en-tered with a generous smile, that made me tope for 'the best his house afforded,' and that, just then, was credit.

'How much do I owe you?' said I.
He handed me the bill with all the grace of a private expectancy. Let me see—seventeen dollars. How nence, from which to survey he immediate very reasonable! But, my dear sir, the most consequences of a four years conflict between Les me see-seventeen dollars. How disagreeable part of the matter is now to be disclosed. I grieve to inform you that at and the conservative principles which consti-

The landlord turned all colors. Where do you live, and how?'
'In Washin—I should say Philadelphia.' His eyes flasned with augry disappoint

acquaintances know me as easy as can be.

'I see how it is, mister; my opinion is that you are a blackleg. You don't know where your home is; you begin with Washington and then drop it for Philadelphia. You must pay your bill.* But I can't."

'Then I'll take your clothes; if I don't blow me right.'
'Soundrel,' said I, rising bolt upright, 'do that if you dare, and leave the rest to me.'
There were no more words. 'He arose de liberately, seized my hat and my only inexpressibles, and walked down stairs.

Physicians say that two excitements can't exist at the same time in one system. Ex ternal circumstances drave away nediately, the confusion of my brain.

I rose and looked out of the window.-The snow was ascending as I drammed on the pane. What was I to do? An unhappy

Where we were going? I knew not,— cloak, which, with all my other appointment, what we were going to do? I was equally save those he took, the landlord had spared. I dressed immediately, drew on my boots over my fair drawers, not unlike small clothes; put on my oravat, vest and coat, laid a travelling cap from my trunk jauntily over The Governor was wrapped in his furs. I

him no coverings. Ror a moment I thought first lodgings, I entered, recorded so ne name on the books and bespoke a bed. Everything was fresh and neat, every servant attentive, all augured well. I kept myself closely cloaked, puffed a eigar, and retired to bed to

mature my plot.
Walter, just brush my clothes well, my fine fellow,' said I, in the morning, as he entered my room; mind the pantaloons; don't spill anything from the pockets-there is I don't see no pantaloons."

ne God P 'Go down, sir, and tell your master to

come here immediatelyt' The pullican was with me in a moment I had risen and worked my face before the mirror into a fieudish look of passion.
Landlord P exclaumed I, with fierce gesture, I have been robbed in your house-robbed, sir-robbed! my pantaloous and purse containing three fifty dollar notes, are way that you fulfill the injunctions of Scrip ture? I am a stranger, and have been taken

in with a vengeance. I will expuse you a once it I am not recompensed. Pray keep your temper,' replied the publican. I have just opened this house, and it is getting a good run; would you ruin its reputation by an accident? I will find out the yillain who robbed you, and I will send for a tail or to measure you for your missing garments. Your money shall be refunded

D. you see that your anger is useless?'
My dear sir.' I replied, 'I thank you fo your kin lness—I do not mean to reproach you. If those trewsers can be done to day, I shall be satisfied; time is more precious that money. You may keep the others if you find and in exchange for the one hundred and fifty dollars which you give me, the con-

tents are yours.'
The next evening, with new inexpressibles and one hundred and forty dollars in my pocket, I called upon my guardian in Poila lelphia for sixty dollars. He gave it with a coture on collegiate dissipation, that I shall not soon forget. I enclosed the money back to my honorable landlord by the first post, settled my other bill at old Crusty's, the first publican, and got my trunk by mail.

Western young lady, jilted and abandoned by her lover, pursued him to St. L ais and married him by force—with the assistance of a clergyman. Miss Tucker save it's with bachelors

with old word, it's hard to get them star ed, but when they do take flame they burn prodigiously Capt. Hall, the Arctic explorer, has written a letter announcing the probable dis-

overy of three survivors of sir John Frank-

un's expedition. The Hon. John Bel is living in a and sold lager. He orought a ladder and repleasant residence, with some of his old a gred the aspiring yout friends, on a retired street in Nashville. He of his maternal relative

A Cleverand paper advises the an thorities to close the run holes." people do it as often as they sout their

Be always at leisure to do a good ac-

tion. Never make business an excuse for evoiding offices of humanity. The decadence of waterfalls will cause

THE PIELD AFTER THE BATTLE.

In all ages the theme of the poet and the historian, the philosopher and the statesman, has been the consideration of the consequencas of great conflicts. In peace as well as war, these agitations and combats have existed as the direct results of mind contesting error or defending truth. History in her re cord of the advancement of society, the progress of nations, or the civilization of peoples ilustrates her pages with the field after the battle. It was a strange attractiveness both to the serious student and the casual observer. The positions of contending parties, the strategic movements, the points attacked, the

dead and wounded, heroic endeavor, cool courage, deteat and victory, are sketched with artistic skill and the mistakes, mishaps and mistortunes find themselves, alike with successes and superiorities, transforme l into eternal facts, by the decrees of releatless history. Inus truth lives through generations. Thus principles await their demonstrations Thus progress defies impediments. The steady march of ideas, from conception to redization, is marked in every age by fields at-

ter their many battles.
We are standing now on just such an emidisclosed. I grieve to inform you that at present I am out of money, and I know, by your philanthropic looks, that you will be situsfied when I tell you that if I had it I would give it to you with unqualified pleas ure. But you see my not having the change by me, is the reason I cannot do it, and I am sure you will let the matter stand and say no the volume of the change was made with the furly of a blind enthus was made with the furly of a blind enthus was made with the solid defence.

sure you will let the matter stand and say no more about it. I am a stranger to you, that s asm. The resistance was the solid defence a fact, but in the place I came from, all my of or an claw resting on the foundation of t e experience of age . The weapons of attack were bigotry hate, envy, selfishness, coverousness, ambition, power, plunder, p lf. under the guiss of a humanity without soul or brains. Those of defence were the same with which true liberty defended republican reedom against abolitionism and monarchical power. The dead and the wounded attest the mightiness of the arms, and the purpose

and directness of their aim.

Looking over this field after the battle, the horrors of the sight would carry dismay to any lover of his country or friend of mankind, who had not a living faith in the evernal laws by which God governs rules among the chil-dren of men. Let us point out the promi-nent objects which attract the attention of the cholder on the field of buttle after the fight. Abolition has waged against the Democratic system of self-government which our fa there created by their wisdom and haptized with their blood. A broken Federal Constitution; the sovereighty of the States despoiled; the freedom of speech, the liberty of the press, the trial by jury, the hubens corpus, wounded and prostrated and bleeding; the rights of property betrayed; rapine, plunder, desolation, wrong, violence and brutality, riving over the land. Power with at law, in the hamlet and the city, in unbridled arro gance; taxation exhiusting the labor of the citizen, di honesty in every public department, the fundamental principles of free government violated, the white man degraded to the level of the negro, the right to vote of the free white man controlled by the slave emancipated by force of arms; the soil o Attracted by the shining lamps of the parties of a new hotel, a few squares from my first ladgings I amount I a the country overthrown by military despit coin into exile; a degraded race made idle in lolent and helpless, that they may excite hostilities as a pretext for another war, a war between races; widows and orphans crying for bread; and tears and blood the ground for vengeance. This is the field

after the battle, as it is seen by the patriot.
There are living figures which, with pleas I don't see no pantaloons."
The devil you don't. Where are they?'
Can't tell, I'm sure; I don't khow, s'elp tollowed as by the phantom of fear, the contractor, with his plunder, ill-gotten gains ;the Abolitionist, joy us at the havon he has made: the propost marshal, seif-conceited at the remembrance of his tyranny; the public defaulter, stately with his greenbacks, and he shoddyite, supercillious in his purple and fine linen. They go together from the field after the battle, as the carrion crows, with their dark plumage, darken the air. Behind them, suller and slow, moves the NEGRO dressed in the cast off clothing of both belli gerents, worse than a slave, for he is his own nuster -Patriot & Union

PIC-NICS AND HOW TO ENJOY THEM.

Corry O'Lanus, of the Brooklyn Eagle, has sensible article on pic-nics. Some of his

ind sniother in white muslin utilit you get to the grove, where you will arrive in a state of perspiration and bliss.

Don't be particular about your own basket

Baskets usually get mixed. Take the ingrest one you can get. The la dies always till their baskets. When you get in the grove you are expec ted to declare that it is the deligntfulest spot

Select a pretty teacher, and explore the shady recesses, and pour out your soul. When it is poured out, ask the young lady She will. Sawyer has sung "Swinging in the Lane,"

but I don't think he ever tried swinging in grove. I did. Tove. I did.

I was kept at it for three hours and a quarter, swinging all the girls that came along.
It is splendid exercise, beats Burnham' gymnasium, double trapeze and all. I hav'nt got over it yet.

An old lady then proposed that I should

climb an apple tree to extricate her Johnny, who had got his trowsers involved in a branch about thirty feet up, and was hung like sign of the golden fleece.

Told the old lady to wait till he got ripe and he'd drop of his own accord. the parlor who says he'll die if Jane don't

Old lady said I was a brute, and hadn' got the feeling of a mother. She went to the man that kept the park s ored the aspiring youth to the fond embrace

his trowsers. Which served him right. We then took dinner.
Pretty teneuer spread her pocket handkerchief for a table cloth and unpacked the ra

The rations had got somewhat mixed. The sardine box had busted and "struck The hackleberry pie had amalgama ed

with the pickles, and the cherries had resorv-

But it was so charming to eat your dinner

on the grass beneath the umbrageous shade of the noble trees.

So the pretty teacher had observed, as I was squeezing the lemons in the dinner kettle to make the festive beverage, which neither cheers nor incbrintes, but frequently stomach-ashes.

I was startled by a piercing shrick from the pretty teacher, and I dropped a half lemon

partly squeezed and flew to the rescue.

A "borrid bug" descending from the un bringeous foliage previously mentioned, had alighted on her alabaster neck.

I despatched the creature and we proceed-

ed to despatch our repast. But the insect horrors thickened. Entomological specimens of many varieties

intruded upon our banquet, got involved in the pie, and met a very watery grave in the lem made. Pretty teacher turned pale and lost her ap-

I grew desperate. As the reckless insects wouldn't get out of the way, I left them to their fate. Leat soveral indescribable specimens with my sandwiches, and drank a spider in a glass

of lemonade.

I survived it. I don't know how it agreed with the spider. I don't know how it agreed with the spider, After dinner we resumed our festive sports. We played Copenhagen. Which is very hilarious sport. It consists of chasing girls under a rope, tearing their clothes and kiesing them.

tearing their ciotnes and kissing them.

The girls appear to like it.

The dodline, who had been surveying our sports with benign satisfaction, proposed to improve the occasion in oratory.

Just as he was about to hold forth, a pro-

vidential thunder shower extinguished him and saved us the infliction.
We took retuge under a seven-by nine shed, wisely provided for such contingencies, and overflowed the refreshment sharty until the

shower dried up.
Groves are not immediately improved by showers, and the grass being wet and the leaves drooping, our festivities were damp-

We began to experience the remorse which follows dissipation.

Pretty teacher was in tears; she had ruined her dress by accidentally sitting down in a current pie.

The ice cream had all melted, the straw-

berries were gone.
We started in a wilted procession for the The conductor being a liberal man, gave us a larger lease of pleasure than we bar-gained for, and kept us waiting for an hour. When I got home, Mrs. O'Lanus wanted to know if I'd been to a funer it. I went to bed early and dreamed all night that I was struggling desperately with a gigantic spider, who had carried off the pretty teacher and hung her up by her waterfall on the topmost

hung her up by her waterian on the spinor, him of a big cree.

Some people like pic nics, others like strawberry and peach testivals—but for my part—give me liberty or give me death.

Yours perspiringly, Corry O'LANUS.

DICKEN'S WIT .- It would appear from the lefinition of Barrow, as well as from the example of Addison, that whenever ideas are not together that a feeling of pleasurable surprise is aroused, we have all that is necessary to constitute wit. It would be difficult to give many examples of humor which did t include such a connection. It is true that in humor there is something more: we tre ainused as well as surprised and delighted; but humor does not cease to be witty because it makes us laugh. When Mr. Peck-mill cannot remember the name of the fabulous animals who used to sing in the water, and one person suggests 'swans,' and another 'oysters,' this is humor with as little admixture of wit as may be; there is nothing in the expression, the whole point lies in the juxtoposition of things so incongruous as a mormaid and an oyster. So with Mr. Weller's observation, that there is no use in calling a young woman a Venus or an angelthat you might as well call her a griffin, or a unicora, or a king's arms at once : in this there is certainly what Barrow would describe s pretty surprising uncouthness of expressin; there is also a propriety in the thought is occurring to that particular speaker: but what strikes one most is the oddness in the relation of the ideas of a young lady and a king's arms. To borrow Addisons expression, the 'grows into wit,' but the passage is of course chiefly remarkable for its humor. But Mrs Gamp's picture of the imaginary Tommy Harris, 'with his small red worsted shoe a gurglin' in his throat, where he had put it in his play, a chick, while they was eavin' of him on the floor a lookin' for it through the 'ouse, and him a chokin' sweetly in the parlor'—is essentially witty. At least we can detect no difference in kind between

illustrations will answer any meridian, and the quality that delights us in Mrs. Gamp and the quality that delights us in Mrs. Gamp and the quality that delights us in Fallstaff.

We believe it to be a great error to press and support supports any the muslim utility you get to extent that is usually done. They belong to the same family and are related, having some characteristic differences. Such differences may be expressed in various ways. We may say that wit resides chiefly in the expression; humor in the thought; that we admire the former, and are amused by the latter; that one depends an the assemblage of ideas which are congrams, the other on the connection of ideas which are incongruous. But they agree in flowing from a particular turn of thought which enables a writer at once to surprise his hearers and to affect their fancy; and if Mr. Dickens does not possess that quality of mind, we do not know who does.

> Papa, why don't you give the tele graph a dose of gin? Why, my child? 'Cause the papers say that they are out

of order, and mamina always takes gin when she is out of order." on 'Oh, mother! do send for the dector!' said a little boy of three years. 'What for, my dear?' 'Why, there's a gentleman in

marry him-and Jone save she won't. Winchell says the people down in Alabama are so hard pressed for eggs that they have to set their turkeys on California pots-

Artemus Ward says: 'I have allers Whereupon she spanked him for tearing sustained a good moral character. I was never a railroad director in my life.

> 'The best agricultural 'fairs'—farmer's daughters.' Time has made our lite too long for our hopes, but too brief fo: our deads.

It is about time to revive that old joke:

The higher an ass holds his head the plainer we can see his cars.