

The American Volunteer  
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BY  
John B. Bratton.  
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Poetical.  
TO SEE OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US.  
BY FRANK CLIVE.

Hill Baker owned a fighting dog,  
A brindle, coarse-haired brute,  
Whose chief delight was to engage  
In canine dispute;  
An ill-conditioned, vicious cross,  
Stub-tailed, hare-tipped, crop-eared  
And red-eyed canine nuisance,  
By the neighboring gazettes feared.

Hill's dog came down the street on a  
Diagonal dog-trot,  
A looking for some other dog,  
For whom to make it hot.  
When, on a scrubby looking brute,  
His vision caught to fall,  
Starting from out of the dogging,  
That leaped against a wall.

Hill's dog surveyed that strange canine,  
With sinister regard,  
And doubted if he'd ever seen  
A dog look quite so kind.  
The more he gazed, the less respect  
He felt within his breast,  
For that demurely looking animal  
And hung-dog looking cur.

That stranger dog returned Hill's dog's  
Insulting stare, in kind,  
When he tended to still more abate  
Hill's canine's wrath and broken glass.  
With every bristling hair along  
His back, he fiercely growled,  
And curled his tail until it raised  
His hind feet from the ground.

And showed his teeth and cooed his ears,  
And otherwise behaved  
Impudently, as dogs do,  
Whose instincts are depraved;  
But all his hostile signs were met  
By signs as hostile, quiet,  
And Hill's dog felt himself compelled  
To slink away, or fight.

He flew into that looking-glass,  
With all his might and main—  
Filled with dirt and broken glass.  
He soon flew out again,  
Hurling toward Hill's dog that he  
Felt himself a superior being,  
Through indignation at the sight  
Of his own odious image.

The knowledge of his aspect quite  
Destroyed his self-esteem;  
Forsaking his wild dream,  
Life left, at once, all charm for him,  
So humbly he bowed and crept  
Into a neighboring sausage shop,  
And never re-appeared.

The moral of this doggerel  
Is obvious, I trust:  
For this doggerel lesson in  
Hill Baker's dog's disgust  
If some man knew how they appear  
To others, they would hide  
Themselves within a looking-glass—  
That is, they'd be sick!

Miscellaneous.  
AFTER LONG YEARS.  
BY ANNA SHIELDS.

"It is the most absurd thing in the world,"  
Mattie Caldwell spoke as if it was  
as irritating as it was absurd, the  
novel she was reading. "I never see  
a thing to set Mattie in even an  
impulse of a fit of temper, that Charlie  
Caldwell, her equally even tempered  
husband, put down his newspaper to gaze at  
her in sheer amazement."

"What is the matter?"  
"Edith," she wrote to Newport with  
us, and declares her intention of going  
down to the Hill farm for the summer."  
"The Hill farm? Why, I thought—"  
"Of course you did," broke in his im-  
pulsive little wife; "you thought she  
and I had suffered sufficient tyranny and un-  
kindness at the Hill farm to make us  
leave the very name, much less the sight  
of it."  
"And Edith wants to go back again?"  
"Not to stay, Charlie; only for a few  
weeks. Charlie—and here Mattie drew  
over her pretty face a mask of solemn  
mystery in expression—"I believe in my  
heart it is because—Douglas is coming  
home."  
"Do you? I never could understand  
why he went away so suddenly."  
"So you think it was Edith?"  
"I'll tell you all I know about it, said  
Mattie, pouring herself upon her hus-  
band's knee. "Before you came to Hill  
farm, Douglas had been at Seaton for a  
summer."  
"I know that. He sent me there."  
"He met Edith at some village gather-  
ing, and certainly was pleased with her.  
You know it was not very easy to court  
anybody at Hill farm."  
"I should say not," said Charlie, with a  
wince.  
"Uncle James seemed to consider it his  
duty to Edith and me, after poor mamma  
died, to keep us hard at work, and cer-  
tainly to allow no male visitors."  
"How many times did he set the dogs  
on me?"  
"I don't know; but he treated Douglas  
after the same fashion. Still, Edith  
sometimes saw him, and certainly re-  
ceived letters from him. One morning  
she came to my room with the last hap-  
py face I ever saw her wear, and she  
said to me—'I have just seen your  
brother, and he is coming home, and  
then she went on to tell me in her  
new home. She would say no more; but  
the next day, with a white set face  
she told me to forget her foolish words,  
and later I knew that Douglas Fisher  
had suddenly left Seaton."  
"He came to me, Mattie, and told me  
of the farm and of Edith. Certainly he  
loved her, but I inferred from his flat  
confidence that his affection was not re-  
turned. He spoke of some sudden change  
in her, and the next news I heard he was  
preparing to go to Europe. He had  
written me to visit the little village. I  
confess to you I wondered how Edith's  
cold, impassive beauty could attract so  
sunny a nature as Douglas had, espe-  
cially with her pretty sunny sister near it."  
"But, Charlie, she was not cold and  
passive then. The next day she was  
brighter, livelier, and she told me, before  
Douglas Fisher left so unaccountably."  
"You think she loved him?"  
"I am sure of it."  
"And I am sure he loved her. And  
now, after five years of separation, you  
think she is running home?"  
"I think so; and she has no home  
but this, since we are married, of course  
she has no place to go excepting to Hill  
farm."  
"Mattie, try to find out her side of the  
story. I am sure there is some mystery  
about it, and we may be able to set it  
right yet."

# The American Volunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 9, 1873. VOL 59—NO. 81.

"Oh, Charlie, I would give anything to  
have Edith married as happily as we are.  
Miserable like company, she adds—sincerely  
and ran off."

"She was not a very skillful diplomat,  
and finding Edith starting rather barba-  
rically, she put her head into her subject."  
"Edith, why are you running away  
from Douglas Fisher?"  
The pale, stately girl looked at her  
bright young sister in haughty  
amazement, but reading truly the love  
and pity in the fair face, answered:  
"I had rather not meet him, Mattie."  
"But, why? persisted her sister."  
"He is Charlie's cousin, and I know  
they are like brothers, so you see he will  
be here constantly. Mattie, I could not  
meet him here day after day, and know  
him to be so false as he has been. Let  
me go, dear, I am a woman now, and  
Uncle James cannot treat me down as  
he did when we were children."  
"But, Edith, how has he been false?"  
"You know, darling, how hard our life  
was; how any change seemed like sun-  
shine; and you know how Douglas tried  
to win my love. I never went to the  
village where he did not meet me, and urge  
me to marry him at once. I loved him,  
Mattie, but I did not give my heart un-  
reservedly. One of its favorite pleas was  
the home we could make for you, little  
sister, and I was finally won to a con-  
sent. Still, it remained to set a time,  
and form a plan for an elopement."  
"Why did you not do as Charlie and I  
did—just walk off together and get  
married, and then let Uncle James rage  
as much as he pleased?"  
"I don't know. We didn't. You know  
the old dog post, Mattie, that had the  
loose top?"  
"Yes."  
"Douglas and I used that for a post-of-  
fice. We could slip the top back off it,  
and there was a space under it where let-  
ters could be secured from rain or wind,  
or what was more important, prying  
eyes. Just at the time I had given my  
promise to be his wife, Uncle James was  
informed of our meeting by some officious  
friend, and kept so strict a watch over me  
that it was impossible for me to go to the  
village at all. The old dog post became  
our only medium of communication, and  
Douglas urged me still more earnestly to  
leave the farm and be his wife. He  
wrote me one day that he must soon  
leave Seaton, and begged me to write to  
a slip the top and place where I would  
meet him, and the train by which we  
should leave Seaton after I became his  
wife. 'Darling,' he wrote, 'I am rich,  
and Mattie shall come to us as soon as  
you will. Tell me where to meet you,  
and I will have a clergyman ready to  
make you my wife, and you will see me,  
Edith, and you shall never regret it.'  
Mattie, I wrote him a letter, appointing  
a time and place of meeting. I went  
there. He did not come. Three days I  
went almost hourly to the gate post for  
some word of explanation. None came,  
and when I next heard from Seaton,  
Douglas said he had gone away."  
"Without writing?"  
"Without one word. He had written  
the letter I told you of was his last  
word. I have urged you so often, he  
wrote, 'that if you do not reply favorably  
to me, I shall know it is coquetry, not  
love, that makes you smile upon me.'  
"Coquetry!" said Mattie, disdainfully.  
"As if you ever knew the meaning of the  
word!"  
"I am delighted to learn that Mr.  
Caldwell seldom hears the name of  
Washington pronounced without  
breaking forth with an explosion of  
contempt, especially, it is said, if there  
is an American within hearing.—  
Washington is the exact opposite of a  
fall Caryleian hero. His glory is that  
he was not richly endowed, not suffi-  
cient to himself, not indifferent to  
human rights, opinions and prefer-  
ences; but feeling deeply his need of  
them, and in his mind alone it was to  
be found, in minds fitted by nature and  
training to supply his lack. It is this  
hearty desire to be right which  
shines so affectingly from the plain  
pages of Washington, and gives him  
rank far above the gorgeous bandits  
upon whose worshippers adore."

**A MARVELOUS EVENT.**  
Mrs. Janet Mowbray and her four sons  
lived in 1828 at Farwick Hall, in the  
county of Durham, England. Mrs. Mow-  
bray was a tall, powerful woman of  
great energy and bravery in her fifty-  
fourth year. Her sons were aged re-  
spectively 34, 27, 24 and 21. Her hus-  
band had been dead many years. Her  
two oldest sons were married, and their  
wives and families lived with her. The  
youngest, George, was wild and disor-  
derly, and had given his mother much  
trouble. He was deeply in debt, and had  
been repeatedly threatened with ar-  
rest. Mrs. Mowbray was wealthy, and  
kept in her bedroom—a large sum of  
valuable plate—a large sum of money.  
On Christmas eve, Mrs. Mowbray's  
sons and daughter, with a wife, went  
to the residence of a relative, Mr. Char-  
ter, of Charterburg. The domestics, re-  
lieved from duty, were in their own por-  
tion of the dwelling, enjoying the festi-  
vities of the season. The watchman,  
who was ordinarily on duty in kitchen  
garden, and the door-keeper, were also  
and joined the revellers in the kitchen.  
On Christmas night they were to have  
a small gathering of friends and neigh-  
bors, and Mrs. Mowbray began to con-  
sider the necessary arrangements. She  
would require old punch bowl, and the  
bottles and goblets which she kept in the  
closet of her bedroom. She went ac-  
cordingly and entered the closet and  
took out the silver and laid it on the  
shelf, ready for removal the next morn-  
ing. At the same time, she took out a  
large, old-fashioned carving-knife and  
fork of a quality pattern, and deposited  
them in the parlor. After sitting among  
some time, she took up the Bible, and  
fumbled for her spectacles. She could  
not find them, and at length remember-  
ed that she had left them on the shelf  
in the closet. She at once returned for  
them, and placed them on the shelf. She  
then lighted a small lamp, with which she  
entered the closet.  
As she took the first step inside the  
closet, she heard the sound of some one  
breathing heavily. She looked up and  
saw a light before her face of a man.  
She was a brave, resolute woman. She  
advanced a step, and observed that the  
man's head, arms and body were thro'  
the small window at the end, as though  
in the act of wriggling himself through  
the opening. In the man's right hand  
was a pistol, and his left hand held  
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