- Against the curtained pane, beloved The snow beats thick and fast, The wild wind's sorrowful refrain Is telling of the past—
 And in the old familiar chair,
 Beside the hearth fire's glow.
 I sit and sing the tender air
- You loved so long ago. Ah, often since the springs, beloved Have bloomed above your rest, I breathe the sweet eld song that sings
- Itself within my breast-As children, in the cheerless days When winter darkly lower tetrace the garden's sodden ways. And talk of last year's flowers. It never seemed to you, beloved,
- When we walked hand in hand Amid the sunshine and the dew Of youth's enchanted land, it never seemed to you or me That I could sing or smile If you were lying silently Within your grave the while
- We thought we could not live, beloved If we were torn apart—
 That earth would have no more to give
 To either stricken heart;
 Alas, the change that time has wrought! Your grave has held you long, And in a home where you are not, I sing the dear old song.
- Do you look back to me, beloved, From out your happy sphere, And deem me false that I can be Alive, and you not here? Death does not always bring its bain
- To every aching ill—
 Life may outlast its dearest charm.
 And heart-break does not kill. It would have been the same, beloved Had I been first to die-
- Another love had worn your name More dear, perchance, than I; Ah, after all these weary years, Would you more constant be: And would you drop these bitter tears And sing the song for me?

 —The Aldine for March.
- A DAY DREAM. · In a long-forgotten pocket, Tied up with a silken band.
- Trod up with a since noand, I found it; only a letter
 Traced in a girlish hand.
 I read it over and over;
 Ah, mel as I did before,
 In the days that were full of sunlight—
 The derestics were readers. The days that are no more I dreamed of golden summer
- Far back in a joyous time, When every day was a poem And every hour a rhyme. There came a fragrance of roses And lilacs and mignonette, And a sound of sylvan music, And the eyes that are with me yet
- A flood of purple sunset, In scintilant glory came, Till the deep old forests kindled, And burned like a fluid of flame There came a girlish figure,
 With billows of floating hair,
 Ald she bent her face above m
- An angel over my chair! I saw it all in a moment. While I held the crumpled shee
- And then, as the vision faded,
 The long, gray city street,
 With its hateful rush and clamor.
 Came back to my weary eyes; Ab, still the fruitless struggle! Ab, still the worthless prize!

Miscellaneous.

NINETTE'S VISIT.

ing upon me from the front door. 'Mamma says we may go and see Chloe und Uncle Bige, and Aunt Pammy; so come right along and get ready

We ran into the house, where I was duly arrayed in a dress of which the memory baunta me still, and which then seemed to be the most beautiful that could be. It was a buff gingham. finely striped with white, made low in he neck, with short sleeves in one puff and around the neck, arms and skirt little points of the same material as the lress. Those little points were more to me than was ever any point lace to a lady of wealth and fashion; they quite filled my idea of the beautiful in dress and when I was dressed in that, I was on my best behavior, and felt myself fit to present to a king. Brother Benny was also not into beautiful clothes, according to a boy's ideas, and with many injunc ions to be good, we set forth.

Uncle Bige and Aunt Pammy wer not relatives of our family; but, according to a quaint New England custom brought with the settlers to the country every man and woman at the head of a family were addressed with these endearing titles out of love and respect. The road to Uncle Bige's was full of material for an all day frolic to children. At the foot of the first hill was a little rill, nice for making into falls over which one could sail boats; at the second hill was a great wooden watering trough, nearly smothered in spearmint and pep permint. At the foot of the third hill was a wide stream, shallow enough to wade in summer, but a river in highwinter, that turned my father's mill just above, and over the mill dam poured fall of water as grand to my childish eyes as any cataract short of Niagara ha been to my mature years. A little further on was another wide stream, beside which was the school house, and opposite the school house was another house, where lived a boy named Dick, that mother had cautioned us not to play with, because he was always getting into mischief. Beyond Dick's hous lay a field of wonderful boulders, that were the delight of the school children a summer recesses. Beyond this ascende another hill, and another, on the last of

which was the house of Uncle Bige. Charming as were the lures to play on this beautiful morning, neith er Brother Ben nor I were disposed to loiter; but as We neared Dick's house, that dreaded boy appeared with a basket in his hand, and said he was going to Uncle Bige's

and asked if we were going there. Very reluctantly we answered in the affirmative. Then he would go with us. We knew no way of getting rid of him, s he went along quietly and pleasantly We forgot at last his dirty face and ragged clothes, and consoled ourselves with tand, he would return long before we should, and we would make it a point to tell Uncle Bige and Aunt Pammy that we had nothing to do with his coming. Nothing occurred to further mar our pleasure until we reached Uncle Bige's louse. An ominous stillness prevailed on the premises, and Dick said, as he

pened the gate: 'I guess the folks ain't to hum.'

The American Volunteer.

CARLISLE, PA. THURSDAY, MARCH 27, 1873. JOHN B. BRATTON.

to answer. Dick then tried the latela. The door was fastened "Never mind,' said Dick, 'you're the ! and Uncte Bige's folks won't .nind it is

we go in and rest. Dick then raised a window, an I, quick as thought, slung himself in and opened the door to us. We walked in, as a matter of course. The old cat ran mewing to meet us, but the fire was all covered with ashes, for an all day's absence.

'They won't be home till night,' said Dick, pointing to the fire; 'you see the fire's covered up for all day. Sit down and rest, and I will get you a drink.'

I thought mother had made a great mistake about Dick, for a kinder boy I had never seen, and I felt sure we would not have known how to get along it Dick had not been with us, for Benny nor I would never have thought of such a thing as trying to go into a house that was fastened up. But, as Dick said, I thought Uncle Bige's folks would not

'Now,' said Dick, after he had given us some water, (he took the best glass on the road. Didn't you hear about Ed. umblers for the water, instead of the and Jowler stirring up a bear in their dipper,) 'I guess you are sorter hungry after your walk? If Aunt Pammy was by the school house, and if you should here she would give you a slice of her stay here, and Uncle Bige should not come to night, how would you do about read and butter, and she won't care if I do as much for her, now that she is

But Dick could not find the bread at once. He concluded it must be down in the cellar. So he opened the fire, blew a coal until it plazed, and with it he ignited a candle, and went down into the cellar. Soon he appeared with a loaf of

bread and a plate of butter. 'There's pies down there,' said Dick 'I'm sure Aunt Pammy would never let you off with plain bread and butter. She thinks too much of Ninette there, not to give her a piece of pie.' 'Don't meddle with the pies,' said

'Never you mind-I know what I am about,' said Dick. 'I know Aunt Pammy better than you do; I'm doing Aunt Pammy now,' and Dick disappeared again in the cellar, and soon emerged bearing a pie.

"There's lots of elder barrels there,' said Dick. 'Uncle Bige always gives every one that comes to his house a good drink of cider, and we'll have a little cider,

'Don't get any cider: I don't care for any,' said Benny. 'Never you mind; I'm Uncle Bige now, and you must have some cider to wash your bread and butter down," replied

'But its tour, I am sure, and I don'

want it,' said Benny. 'I know how to sweeten it, then. Trust to me to make it good,' said Dick, and, taking a pitcher, again he went down. He was gone a long time, haumering and fussing, as if getting elder was hard work, as no doubt it was : for, instead of a faucet, Uncle Bige's barrel had a gimlet hole fastened by a little hard wood stick, but in as tight as Hacle Rige's strong hands could put it, to prevent leaking, and driven in besides, so that it move it when he wanted to draw cider

But after a while Dick re-appeared with the cider, and proceeded to serve out the refreshments. 'Where is the candle?' asked Benny

'It's down in the cellar. I will bring It up presently, when I am sure I am Dick for gathering that nest full of eggs through,' said Dick. We ate our bread and butter with great elish, but with a sort of guilty feeling

we ate after it the pie; but when we cam to the eider it was so sour that we refus-'I'll make it good,' cried Dick. 'Aunt

Pammy's good victuals shan't be spoile for any fault in Uncle Bige's cider. He then proceeded to rummage the This he made fine, and put it into half a tumbler of cider, which instantly foamed

'Quick! Drink it quick while it foams But we could not drink it quick. W Were not used to that sort of thing, and when it was through foaming it tasted so much of the saleratus that we could not drink it all. Dick. however, managed his own portion admirably, as he did also a most generous portion of bread and butter and pie. 'If you had an egg in this cider I think

you would like it,' said Dick 'I think we had better go home,' sai

'I'll go in a minute,' said Dick. just wait till I get a drink.'

Dick was gone a long time. The old clock in the corner ticked terribly loud the cellar door was wide open, and i yawned below like a pit of darkness. We felt as if we had done something awful and as if something would presently come from the cellar and drag us down when the clock commenced its loud and long strokes for the hour of ten. I think we should have run away at this me ment if Dick had not appeared with his dipper full of eggs.

'Just look!' cried he, 'what I'found All these eggs under one turkey! How she did bite me, though! I'm going to

roast them. 'Now don't,' said Benny

'Don't i' said I. 'Pooh!' said Dick. 'What does Aun Pammy care for a few eggs? They are not at home, and you have come all this way to see them, and then to go home without dinner, you might faint on the road.'

What it meant to 'faint' I did not know, but supposed it was something awful, from which roasted eggs were to keep us, and I suppose brother Ben thought so too, for he said no more about the eggs. Dick was a big boy-s great deal bigger than Ben-and we thought he must know almost as much as grown folks, and we were used to doing as grown folks said.

Dick now raked open the coals and puin the eggs. Presently he pulled them out, and opened them one by one. In every egg, to his dismay, was a young turkey just ready to hatch. Having never heard that young fowls just ready to hatch are an epicurean dish in South America, Dick rejected his antidote to faintness with supreme contempt, and declared his readiness to go home a once. In fact, he seemed now in quite a hurry to be gone; while, as it was getting towards the heat of the noon, and for a thousand tongues,"

We went on knocked, but obtained I we were neither hungry nor conscious of doing wrong, we were more in the humor for staying; but Dick hurried us off, Dick had performed the part of Uncle Bige and Aunt Pammy to his satisfaction; and, doubtless, thought the real personages would prove far less entertaining than their representative, if by chance they should come upon us in the

> 'Come on,' said Dick, 'Uncle Bige and Aunt Pammy might come home directly, and we had better be going.'
> 'I think then we had better stay,' said Benny, innocently. 'I came on purpose to see them, and it's a long walk for me

present state of affairs.

and Ninette.' 'But I've got to go home,' said Dick. 'But we havn't,' replied Ben. 'We be, too, they might takes us home at night.'

Dick scratched his head and thought. Presently he espied a ray of hope. 'No, I am sure they will not come. Don't you see they have buried up the fire? And something might catch you corn field? It may be hiding in the gulf

the bear? The 'bear' carried the day, and we set off, leaving behind us a disorderly house, which imprinted itself upon my memory. The ashes and fire brands strewed the chimney hearth; egg shells and prematurely hatched turkeys strewed the floor. Upon the table stood the half-filled tumblers of cider, and from the pantry beside the chimney corner peered the fragments of a wheaten loaf part of a plate of butter, while dirty plates were on the shelf, in the chairs, on the hearth and on the table. Crumbs were everywhere, while the nicely sanded door had been decorated with hideous chalk figures by the inventive genlus of Dick, who, having found a piece of chalk in the pantry, thus spent the time while he roasted the eggs. The cellar door yawned behind, from which the candle had not been removed, the old clock ticked hoarsely like a chained watch dog, and leaving wide open windows and doors, and hurried by Dick, we hastened

That night, when Uncle Bige's family returned, they were much astonished. Could it be possible that some band of strolling thieves had entered and stripped their house? The house was open, the fire was out, and the days of matches were not yet come. They were obliged to bring firebrands from a neighbor's before they could examine the place; and Benny and I afterwards recalled the singular fact that we had that night seen hill, instead of standing still, as usual. When the light was produced, a rigid search was made, which developed the fact that nothing was missing of value, and that the candle had burned to its socket in the cellar, where the eider was fast running away, from Dick's inability to properly fasten the tap. The next day was all that Uncle Bige could do to re- the whole neighborhood was set to wondering as to the persons and cause of their visitation, which led to a questioning of Benny and myself, and revealed

Uncle Bige had a jolly laugh over our visit, was thankful that his house was not burned, but was not a bit grateful to from the turkeys, and, as their number of turkeys was limited to one pair at that time, I dare not say our visit was remembered by them until after their next Christmas dinner; while the reprimand we received for our part in the ransaction imprinted it upon our mem-

ries for life. The Wonders of the World.

among the traditions of childhood, and vet it is a remarkable fact that 99 persons out of every 100 who might be asked the question could not name mystery of the past-the enigma of the eral principles the first excuse he gives present—and the enduring for the future ages of this world. The temple, the walls and hanging gardens of Babylon, the most celebrated city of Assyria and the residence of the kings of that country after the destruction of Nineveh. The Chrysele phantine statue of Jupiter Olympus, the most renowne work of Phidias, the illustrious artist of Greece. The statue was formed of gold. and was sitting on a throne almost touching the summit of the temple, was seventy feet high. The temple of Diana at Ephesus, which was two hundred and twenty years in building, and which was 425 feet in length, and 220 in breadth, and supported by 127 mar ble columns of the Ionic order 60 feet high. The mausoleum at Halicarnas sus, erected in memory of Mansolus the king of Caria, by his wife Artemesia, B. C. 353. The Pharos at Alexan dria, a lighthouse erected by Ptolomy Soter at the entrance of the harbor of Alexandria. It was 450 feet high, and could be seen at the distance of 100 miles, and upon which was inscribed, King Ptolemy, to the gods, the sa viours, for the benefit of sailors." Lastly, the Collossus at Rhodes, a brazen image of Apollo, 105 Grecian feet in height, and which was to be located at

the entrance of one of the harbors of the city of Rhodes. THE manufacture of rails by a new system which does away with manual labor to a great extent, is to be carried on in a rail mill which is now being erected at Louisville, Ky., at a cost of \$500,000. In the process of making the rall, the iron passes through thirteen sets of rolls, without a halt, and is turned over five times for side rolling. The iron is taken from the heating furnace and transformed into a rail in half

THEY marry young women at auc tion in China. Here they are disposed of at private sale.

Ir is said that a lame dog is like an inclined plane because he is a slow pup,

A LAD crawling into a sugar hogahead, his first exclamation was, "Oh,

[From the N. Y. Police News.] OUR MURDERERS AND WHAT TO DO

WITH THEM. Ex-Governor Seymour of New York delivered a lecture recently, before the National Prison Association, at their convention in Baltimore, on "The Cause of Crime," a fruitful topic and one which he handled with characteristic masterly ability. He devoted especial attention to the erroneous idea that the spread of knowledge would operate as a check upon crime. This

he emphatically denied, claiming that the most dangerous criminal is the educated, intellectual violator of the law," and that "learning by itsself only changes the aspect of immoralicame on purpose to stay all day. May ty." If we would effectually work for the suppression of crime, he claimed it must be by the increase of moral and religious training which we give to our youth and an elevation of our standard of social morality beyond the meagre requirements of law. He also urged that the action of the laws should in all eases be "swift, stern, and certain." Certainty more than severity, he believed, carried a dread of punishment to evil-doers. Enlarging upon this

point, his words were: "Let the way of bringing offenders to justice be direct, clear and untrammeled. The technicalities of pleading, proof, and proceedings in many of our States are painfully absurd. To the minds of most men a criminal trial is a mysterious jumble. The public have no confidence that the worst criminal will be punished. The worst criminal cherishes at all times a hope of escape. In every part of our coun try there is a vague idea that certain men of legal skill can extricate offenders without regard to the merits of their case. This is a fruitful cause of crime. There is not in the midst of the American people a clear, distinct conception of our penal laws, their actions and their results. Not less burtful to justice are those fluctations of the public mind which shakes off spasmodically its customary indifference and flercely demands a conviction of those who happen at such times to be charged with crime, and thus make popular clamor take the place of judicial calmness and impartiality. No one feels

that there is in this country a clear, strong, even flow of administration of criminal law." This is, in a nutshell, a plain statement of the wretched condition of our country, which seems to grow day by day more prolific in crime, and its only fault is that it does not put the case sufficiently strong. There is not merecriminals, but an actual confidence.-They would be foolish to think otherwise, in view of the lessons of every and then ran rapidly away into a piece day experience. Does any person befelt certain that the means at his commands would clear him easily from the | teacher, who hastened to the scene of possibility of punishment for his the tragedy only to find his favorite high he based his expectation immunity, and, but for an extraordi nary outbreak of public sentiment -more of revolt at the peculiar atrocity and cowardice of the manner of commission of the crime and of sympathy with the victim than of moral indignation at the crime itself-his hone would have been realized. Even yet peonla find it almost impossible to believe

he will actually be hung. They say it would be too good to be hoped for. We refer to Stokes merely as as an illustration of a class. What we have said applies to at teast three murderers whose The seven wonders of the world are two of which within this past week. Fog. ter is a fellow of a different class-a mere brute-liable from his villainous instincts to commit crime at any moment when opportunity is afforded, especially if he them. They are the pyramids-the be drunk, and ought to be hung on genhim. But even he is not so bad, not so dangerous an enemy to society as the deliberate scoundrel, the one who considers his chances of escape, finds them endeavor to carry it off by mere bravado and an impudent assertion of justification, generally as false in fact as it is in sulting to every moral sense in society Simmons' murder of Duryea came under the order of crimes of this class. Magruder's murder of Lockwood was another

instance. Still another was the unpro voked assassination of Charles Pfeifer by Michael Nixon, also an event of the pas week. The first of this delectable trio says: "I killed him in a quarrel." The

other two deem it sufficient to say: "I told him I'd shoot him and I did.". These men would never have elevated themselves to their present evil prominenc by the unrestrained gratification of their worst passions, had they seen Stokes promptly hung for his crime. They would have hesitated to take the lives of their fellow creatures had they any idea that their own would be forfeited a a consequence, Gov. Seymour was undoubtedly righ

when he so lengthily, and earnestly dwelt upon the imperative administra tion of justice, but he was not right i undervaluing the benefit to be derived from severity. If we wish ever to have our laws respected, we must mete out to offenders against them the heaviest penalties which the laws prescribe. When man commits a murder, hang him. No country ever was cursed with more

lesperate villains or greater numbers o them, than our far western and border States and Territories at the time of their first settlement, yet in no other place were ever good order and the safety of person and property so quickly attained | feet shade to feel the chill of the atmosas there when the Vigilantes got to work. Every minute that elapses be tween the time of the murder and the execution of the murderer is just so much time wasted. That was the principal of the Vigilantes, and is the one which should prevail in New York today. Hand in hand together there went certainty and severity. So must they go

here, even if we have to stretch a few

noints to effect it. Let the old gallows in the Tombs be set up once more, and never again taken I he was an ill legal voter.

down so long as there remains a single person charged with murder even await ing trial. Let it be always ready for prompt use upon the conviction of an assassin, whatever his excuses or his social degree. Instead of bothering about new trials, and deferring days of execution even for months ahead of the date of sentence, as is now the custom let the sentence and its carrying out b included in a single day, and if that day be the one immediately following the perpetration of the crime for which th sentence is pronounced, why then, s much the better! Even then the murderer will have much more time to 'make his peace with heaven," if he can, than he allowed his victim. And why should we concern ourselves about

what becomes of the murderer in the

next world? That is something which

he should have thought of before. Our interest to him only covers his stay in this life, and if we know what it is for our own good and the peace of society we will make that stay as brief as poss We would, of course, regret seeing a vigilance committee necessitated in New York city, but even that would be better than the state of affairs which nov exists. By whomsoever the work is lone, regular authorities of Vigilantes. let us see that it is done. Hang every

man for supper" almost every day. MURDER OF A SOHOOL GIRL,

one of our present crop of murderers, and

our word for it a very long time will

elapse before their places are filled, and

we again find ourselves regaled with

At Salisbury, Maryland, on the after noon of March 8th, a young gir named Mary A. Shockley was returning, in company with four small children, to her home from the district school, met a short distance from th school house, a young man named George W. Hall, who carried a gun in his hand. Hall addressed some words to Miss Shockley, which caused the young girl to pause, and thereupon ensued a colloquy. Hall asked Miss Shockley why she had not answered a letter he had written her the week be fore. She replied that she couldn't implying that she was unwilling. He then said that she could have written to him as well as to some others he knew, and expressed a determination to shoot her then and there. To this threat the young girl fearlessly replied, 'Pshaw! George Hall, you can't frighten me!" Hall then asked the children if Miss Shockley's brother Elijah—a lad of sixteen years—was on the road, and upon receiving a reply in the negative he told a little girl who Uncle Bige's star roaming about the ly a "hope of escape" on the part of was standing near his victim to move aside, deliberately raised his gun and shot Miss Shockley through the heart,

of woods. The poor death stricken girl lieve Stokes would have deliberately ejaculated "O Lord!" and fell to the assassinated James Fisk had he not ground. Two of the children ran back to the school house and informed their from her mouth and nose as she spasmodically gasped in the agonies of death. He raised her head and asked her to speak to him, but though she made an effort to do so her strength

was unequal to the task, and she soon ceased to breathe. Hall and Miss Shockley went to the same school together until a few months ago, when the former put aside his books and went to work on his father's farm: Hall had long loved his victim and pressed his suit vigorously. London publisher gave him one hunbut his affection was not reciprocated, dued dollars for it-a more pittance for crimes have been perpetrated since his, and upon being convinced that she would never regard him favorably he determined to take her life. Since the murder evidence has appeared establishing the fact that he had long entertained an intention to murder her, and was only deterred from his hellish to society for making that disposition of purpose by the presence of her brother

as she passed to and from school. Miss Shockley was about fifteen years old, of sweet and even temper, bright and intelligent, and was just budding good, commits his damnable crime in into womanhood, the brightest and cold blood, and then has the audacity to most beautiful girl in her neighborhood, and her tragic death has created tremendous excitement there. Both of the actors in this tragedy are of very respectable families and both moderately wealthy.

What Icicles Are.

Icicles are a pretty paradox, formed by the process of freezing in sunshine hot enough to melt snow, blister the human skin, and even, when concentrated, to burn up the human body it self. Icicles result from the fact that air is all but completely transparent to the heat rays emitted by the sun-that is, such rays pass through the air without warming it. Only the scanty frac tion of rays to which air is not transparent expend their force in raising its temperature. The warm puffs of the summer breeze are not heated directly by the sun itself, but by the earth and the objects on it which the sun has previously warmed. The truth of this i sensibly felt on entering a town after sunset, from the open country, in sunshiny weather. The same difference of temperature is never felt at the close of a cloudy day. This cause is one of the reasons why the air on a mountain top is colder than the air at its foot. The air on high mountains may be intensely cold, while a burning sun is overhead The solar rays which, striking on the human skin, are almost intolerable, are incompetent to heat the air sensibly, and we have only to withdraw into per-

As ounce of mother, says the Spanish proverb, is worth a pound of cler-

WHY is a man's life safest in the last stages of dyspensia? Pecause he can't well die-gest then,

A PUNSTER challenged a sick man's vote at the election on the ground that

OUTWARD BOUND. BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ

Fare ye well, our native valleys, Though we part, your blessed memory Shall be with us like a spell:— For with you our souls in slience Breathing for us hopes and prayers Loving eyes that weep in secret Gazing on the vacant chairs. Tender hearts made dear unto us By unnumbered sacred ties, Bend at eve their tearful vision To the stars that o'er us rise.

These are children, darling children, In the April of their years, In their play they cease and call us, And their laughter melts to tears. There are maldens overshadowed

With a transient cloud of May, There are wives who sit in sorrow Like a rainy summer day. There our parents sit dejected In the darkness of their grief, Mourning their last hope departed

As the autumn mourns its leaf, But the prayers of these are with us

Then farewell, the breeze is with us And our vessel ploughs the foam; God, who guides the good ship seaware Will protect the loved at home ABOUT SONGS.

We find that about the songs that de-

ight us are clustering many memories that would render them doubly sweet were their history only known. It has been to us a matter of surprise that no book has been written embodying the romantic history of our ballads. In this article, we propose to give, mostly from memory, an account of a few of the popular lyrics, as an example of what materials such a volume could be composed.

"Annie Laurie," is an old Scottish ong, written by a Mr. Douglas of Finland, which after slumbering for years, almost forgotten, was introduced anew to the musical world by the Misses Cummings, in their celebrated Scottish oncerts. It owes its wondrous popularity to an accident which happened during the Crimean war, on the even ing preceeding the battle of the Alma, The allied troops had marched from Baltsckik Bay to the Alma, when upon the Bouljanak, a small stream, they bivouaced on the evening of the 19th of September, 1853.

The march had been a severe one, and the tired men, after their evening meal, had gathered around the campfires in knots, to while away the time in talk of home and those near and dear to their hearts. It was when the troops were thus engaged that a Highlander of Sir Colin Campbell's brigade began singing in a clear, strong voice, this sweet song. The effect was electrical. The cherished recollections of their native lands stirring their hearts, one by one the Scottish troops joined in the music, until from thousands of voices the refrain

"And for bonny Annie Laurie I'd lay me down and dee."

swelled forth in the evening air. Next crime? It was not the weakness of the pupil lying on the ground weltering in morning, in that terrible charge in collaw, but of its administration upon blood, which was pouring from a umn, many a voice was stilled forever, nd many a stout heart laid down and died.

"Ever of Thee." About this song linger the sad memories of a gifted son of genius. Foley Hall, its author, was a gentleman of wealth and great intelectual endowment. Admired and petted, he led a wild, heedless life, in which his wealth melted away until he had not wherewithal to buy his daily bread. The woman he had loved discarded him. In the deepest distress, he composed this charming song. A such a spendthrift. He wrote other successful songs, but in a moment of weakness, depressed with poverty, he forged the name of his publisher, and notwithstanding that most strenuous efforts were made in his behalf by his many friends, in which the publisher joined? Foley Hall was thrown into Newgate Prison, where he died broken-

rearted, before his trial came on. "Home, Sweet Home," a song that can never grow old, was composed by our great countryman, John Howard Babylon. It was during one of these families gathered around their cheerful light, betokening the happiness his heart found utterance in the form of this sweet song, which he wrote next day (Sunday), in an upper room of the Palais Royal. It is sad to think that from the bitter anguish of a heaven born mind this exquisite result should follow, and yet the world's history is filled with many more examples of the paradox, in "agony joy is born."-Watson's Art Journal.

ROBIN REDBREASTS, when they with more than usual familiarity, lodge on our window-frames and peck against the glass with their bills, indicate se vere weather, of which they have a presentiment, which brings them neare to the habitations of man, SPIDERS, when seen crawling on the

wall more than usual, indicate rain. In the summer, the quantity of webs of the garden spiders denote fair weather. SWALLOWS, in fine and settled weath er, fly higher in the air than they do just before or during a shower or rainy time. Then, also, swallows fly low. and skimming over the surface of a meadow where there is tolerably long grass, frequently stop and hang about

the blades, as if they were gathering

insects lodged there. RAYENS, when observed early in the soaring round and round and uttering a hoarse, croaking sound, indicate that ress on the stocks. This makes the the day will be fine. The raven fre- | erecting shop an exceedingly interesting quenting the shore and dipping him- place to the visitor after going through self in the water, is also a sign of rain. I the shops where all the component parts the night.

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THE BALDWIN LOCOMOTIVE . WORKS. In the year 1819 Mr. Matthew Baldwin started as a jeweler and silversmith, the trade to which he had been apprenticed, in a small shop and in a small way in Philadelphia. Finding, after some years, that he was doing no good as a jeweler, he determined to try some other branch of business, and in 1525 he formed a partnership with a machinist, and began the manufacture of bookbinders' tools and cylinders for calico printing in a small alley way running off Walnut street, in what is now the "down town" section o Philadelphia. Three years later, having bought an engine to furnish their machinery with steam power, and finding that it was unsatisfactory for their purpose, Mr. Baldwin himself designed and constructed one especially adapted to their requirements. The efficiency and success of this engine, and its acknowledged excellence of workmanship, turned Mr. Baldwin's attention to the improvement of steam engines, and that just at the time, 1829 30, when the feasibility of working railroads by locomotive instead of by horse power, or by stationary engines, was being so commonly discussed by American engineers and railroad men. Mr. Franklin Peale, at that time the proprietor of the Philadelphia Museum, by way of catering for the public interest and amusement, requested Mr. Baldwin to construct a working model of a ocomotive for exhibition in the museum This was in 1831, the year after Peter Cooper's little locomotive, "Tom Thumb" must have been splendidly made to last had beaten the horse car on the Baltiforty-three years and still be fit for sermore and Ohio Railroad. On the 25th of vice. - N. Y. Times. April the miniature engine was set in motion in the museum, in the presence of a crowd of spectators, and with such success that 'Mr. Baldwin shortly after

received an order to build a locomotive for the Germantown Railroad, Making some improvements in the design of his museum model, he set to work on his difficult task, doing most of the work with his own hands, with unsuitable tools, improving many of them, and having to educate the mechanics who assisted him as the work progressed. The result was the "Old Ironsides," Mr Baldwin's first tocomotive: a fourwheeled machine, with nine and a half inch cylinders of eighteen inch stroke, and the driving wheels of which were fifty-four inches in diameter. It was put upon the track on November 26, 1832, was a marked success, and was in active service for fifteen or twenty years afterwards. The following day the United States Gazette thus commented on the "A most gratifying experiment was

trial: made yesterday afternoon on the Philadelphia, Germantown and Norristown Railroad. The beautiful locomotive engine and tender, built by Mr. Baldwin, of Philadelphia, whose reputation as an ingenious machinist is well known, were for the first time, placed on the road. The engine traveled about six miles, working with perfect accuracy and east

in all its parts, and with great velocity." The six miles was traversed by the Old fronsides at a speed of twenty-eight miles an hour, a performance which caused such wonder and curiosity that the people flocked to see it, and paid high prices for the privilege of riding behind ing it as an attractive curiosity rather than as an all important revolution in motive power. The following advertisement will cause those who have made the journey by railroad between the At-

lantic and Pacific to smile: "NOTICE. - The locomotive (built by M. W. Baldwin, of Philadelphia,) will depart daily, WHEN THE WEATHER IS FAIR, with a train of passenger cars. On RAINY DAYS HORSES WILL BE ATTACHED."

In wet weather it was not supposed that the sight seers would like a six mile ride, even behind the new locomotive; so, Old Ironsides, the Iron horse, was put in the stable, and the old car horse took its place. Mr. Baldwin only received \$3,500 for his locamative. Ten times as much money would not be a large price for one now. It was not till February, 1834, that Mr. Baldwin completed his second engine for the Charleston and Hamburg Railroad; but in the year he made one for the Pennsylvania State Road from Philadelphia to Columbia, one for the Philadelphia and Trenton Company, and two more for the Payne, when wandering a homeless, Pennsylvania State Road, after the success of the first one was assured. Five engines in one year were too much for nights, when suffering from hunger and the limited facilities of the Baldwin impecuniosity, he listlessly walked the shops, and in the following year, 1835, larly in autumn. streets of Paris, that, through the un- the business of the works was removed to drawn curtains, he noticed the fires far larger and more commodious shops, glowing upon the hearths of the which still form a small portion of those dwellings which he passed, and the now in use. From that time the Baldwin Locomotive works have been an institution in Philadelphia and throughout reigning within. Depressed with his the whole country. In a letter like this unfortunate condition, the emotion of it is utterly impossible to note the innumerable improvements which Mr. Baldwin made and the valuable patents he took out. No sooner had he comple. ted an engine than he wanted to build a better one, and he soon began to increase the size of his locomotives, the number he annually turned out, and the size of his shops. Onward seemed to be his watchword from the time when the tide of fortune turned in his favor till the day of his death, September 7, 1866. The works have since gone on growing in size, as the business necessitated, till they now occupy elx entire blocks of ground. The year Mr. Baldwin died the works

turned out 118 locomotives. From that time the number has increased every year with rapidity and regularity, till, as I have already said, the number of engines which now leave the shops in a month is about forty. I saw nine powerful locomotives, complete in every respect, and ready for departure, four being already placed on the tracks in the yard It would take the aggregate labor, could it be concentrated, of 1,700 men to make a locomotive in one day. The Baldwin Works employ over 3,000 men. Ten days are occupied in erecting an engine after all the thousands of parts, big and little, have been made in the foundries, forges and machine shops. About three months elapses from the time the order for an engine is received till it is delivered. If the Baldwin Works are turning morning at a great height in the air, out forty a month, they must then always have 120 in various stages of prog-

Twelve lines constitute a square.
For Executors' and Adm'rs'. Notices.
For Advitors' Notices,
For Assignees' and similar Notices,
For Yearly Cards, not exceeding six lines, 7 of
For Announcements five cents per line uner line. Double column adver Jsements extra. of the engine, from the gigantic driving wheel to the smallest nut and bolt, are made. You can see a gang of men at work, take a few steps and see what progress they will have made by the next day. In fact you can trace their work of three months in an hour or two's stroll round the half built engines. It is like studying the patent incubator, where you see the forming chicken from the the time the egg is laid till the little cooster steps out of his shell. It is in teresting, too, to note the perfect symmetry of all the work sent in from the machine shop. While the boiler and heavy forgings have been making all the smaller work has been cast in the foundry. turned or planed, as the case may be, and all the brass work prepared. These small pieces are all taken to a department in the erecting shop, where they are stored in cupboards, and given out as wanted on written orders from the foreman. As every engine in course of construction has a cupboard of its own, and every little piece has the number of the eugine besides its own distinguishing mark on it, no mistakes can possibly arise; and it is wonderful to see the nicety with which one piece fits or screws into another as, one after another, they ere put in their places. In this erecting shop I saw an old veteran still doing active duty. It is the engine which Mr. Baldwin made for his old binders' tool

ANIMALS AS WEATHER INDICATORS.

shop in 1829, and which first turned his

attention to practical engineering. It

Rates of Advertising.

An indefatigable meteorologist has gathered some curious observations on certain animals who, by some peculiar sensibility to electrical or other atmospheric influence, often indicate changes of the weather by their neculiar motions and babits. Thus:

ANTS .- An universal bustle and activity observed in ant-hills may be generally regarded as a sign of rain; the ants frequently appear all in motion together, and carry their eggs about from place to place. This is remarked by Virgil, Pliny, and others.

BATS flitting about late in the evening, n spring and autumn, foretell a fine day on the morrow; as do some insects. On the contrary, when bats return soon to their hiding places and send forth loud cries, bad weather may be expected. BEETLES flying about late in the eve-

ing often foretell a fine day on the mor-BUTTERFLIES, when they appear

arly, are sometimes forerunners of fine weather. MOTHS and SPHINXES also foretell flue weather when they are common in the evéning,

CATS, when they " wash their faces," or when they seem sleepy and dull, foretell rain CHICKENS, when they pick up small stones and pebbles, and are more noisy than usual, afford a sign of rain; as do fpwls rubbing in the dust and clapping their wings; but this applies to several kinds of fowls, as well as to the gailingunwonted hours, often foretell rain when they crow all day, in summer par-

ticularly, a change to rain frequently follows. Dolphins, as well as Porpoises, when they come about a skip, and sport and gambol on the surface of the water, beto-

ken a storm. Dogs, before rain, grow sleepy and dull, lie drowsily before the fire, and are not easily aroused. They also often eat grass, which indicates that their stomachs, like ours, are apt to be disturbed before change of weather. It is said to be a sign of change of weather when dogs howl and bark much in the night Dogs also dig in the earth with their feet before rain, and often make deep holes in the ground.

Ducks .- The foud and clamorous cack ing of ducks, geese, and other waterfowls, is a sign of rain; as also when they wash themselves and flutter about n the water more than usual. Vigil has well described all these babits of aquatic FISHES, when they bite more readily

and gambol near the surface of streams or pools, foreshow rain. FLIES, and various sorts of insects, become more troublesome, and sting and bite more than usual, before as well as in the intervals of rainy weather, particu-

indicate rainy weather; as does likewise their coming about in great numbers in the evening-this last sign applies more obviously to toads. GEESE washing, or taking wing with

Frogs, by their clamorous croaking,

clamorons noise and flying to the water, portend rain. GNATS afford several indications. When they fly in a vortex in the beams of the setting sun, they forbode fair weather; when they frisk about morewidely in the open air at eventide, they foreshadow heat; and when the assem-

ble under trees, and bite more than usual, they indicate rain. Hogs, when they shake the stalks of corn and spoil thom, often indicate rain. When they run squeaking about, and jerk up their heads, windy weather is

about to commence. Horses foretell the coming of rain by starting more than ordinarily, and by

restlessness on the road. KINE (cattle) are said to foreshadow rain when they lick their forefeet, or lie on their right side. Some say oxen licking themselves against the hair is a

sign of wet. MICE, when they squeak much and gamtol in the house, foretell a change of weather, and often rain.

Owls.-When an owl hoots or screeches, sitting on the top of the house or by the side of a window, a change of

weather may be looked for. Peacocks squalling by night often fortell a rainy day. PIGEONS.-It is a sign of rain when

pigeons return slowly to the dovehouses before the usual time of day. TOADS, when they come from their holes in an unusual number in the evening, although the ground be still dry, foreshow the coming rain, which will, generally, fall more or less during