WM. A. MORTON, ALFRED SANDERSON

I am a man of sympathy. The mis-

fortunes of my fellow mortals have

moved me with pity, their wrongs with

indignation and their happiness with

childhood have my friends poured into

my sympathizing ear the stories of their

have my comrades besought me to

conceal in my room the sack of apples

which they were suspected of stealing

and how often, when the sack of apples

smarting from the effects of rattan-

When Dick came to me with

heart became brimfull of indignation

plore my sympathizing nature.

sible the sorrowful event.

kins.

"P. S.—I will be at home this evegladness. Thus from the days of my ning. I no longer hesitated. The next day's steamer carried me to Europe, whence I did not return until I heard of the grief, anger and joy, always sure to marriage of Miss Brown to Mr. Codrigawaken in my breast kindred emotions. ton, and, at a long interval, that of Miss How often when at Boarding-school

was discovered, have I-in durance vile, elapsed since a hermit, weary of the heaped imprecations upon that fruit so productive of woe to the human race, sun dial in front of St from our grandmother Eve down to the sympathizing schoolboy, Samuel Wilgraphic account of Tom's tyranny, my Islington. This hermit was a man and when, an hour or two later, Tom came to me with a graphic account of Dick's meanness, how my contempt found vent in words only less vehement than those of Tom's, and how the next day-Toni and Dick having become fast friends again, and having administered to me a sound thrashing for my

double-faced hypocrisy "-did I deturned constructor of highways: the It is a matter of no little wonder to e that I have found, throughout my life, so many friends involved in pecuniary difficulties, who confide to me their misfortunes in such heartrending terms that I at last fairly implore them to make use of my purse as if it were their own-which request they have so literally complied with, that I have never received a cent of the money back. And now although it may pain me excessively to enter into the details of the great misfortune of my life, yet for

came to an end, after a reign of five cen-turies, on the first day of the month of hill Magazine

The New York Dry Good Market.

ng, in a hand-to-hand fight, a tricky lawyer, well provided with the means of bribing, no doubt by the chiefs of the confederacy, obtained from the jury a verdict of not guilty.

The acquitted had yet to pass another pair and weighing. Profoundly moved to the content of the content o pair and wepping. Profoundly moved, ordeal—one of fire and water. A swift orse, halfway between the court and the Mississippi, (a few hundred yards off,) had been provided for the occasion; if I could not assuage it I might at least but frontier men always have their rifles in hand, and their horses ready. The lawyer hastened his client out of court, mourn with her. She at first refused but at last moved by entreaties, in broken and gained for him a good start. "Fly, young man, or your dear bought Helen will soon be a widow!" In a minute, youthful affections, and having repeatin the saddle. In another, "horse and rider" were plunged into "tne great calling on her, and was paying great attention to Miss Brown. My first impulse swimming side by was to proceed immediately to castigate the heathen. Mr. Codrington, but remembering that he was reported to be

> "-to act thus toward a young and helpless orphan!" she cried.

equainted with Mr. Wilkins, but let me introduce him as your future brother-in-law." I stood struck with amazement as he

"Mr. Wilkins," he exclaimed,

But—" I endeavored to explain.

"But really-" I again commenced,

tinued. "Mr. Smith-Mr. Wilkins."

who had thus interrupted me by his untimely visit. He drew back timidly, and sank into a chair. "My future brother, Augustus," soon after left. I am convinced that Miss Robinson must have passed a very pleasant evening. Mr. Smith evidently endeavored to be very agreeable; but in the midst of a sentence, his eye would catch mine fixed upon him with an expression of intense hatred-the sentence ended in an indistinct murmur, and he moved his

chair farther from me. I endeavored to speak; but my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth. Thus we sat in silence, only broken

by. I was determined not to depart until I had an explanation with Miss Robinson, but Mr. Smith, his counte nance strongly expressive of embarrass ment and fear, satimmovable. I at last gave up the contest and, bowing dubiously to Miss Robinson, stiffly to Mr. Smith, leftthe house. How I hated that man! I have since learned that he thought I was an escaped lunatic, and print works 38c. regular; Allens 36c. net for fancy; 37c. for frocks, and 374c. for high was determined not to leave Miss Robinson unprotected.

I was hardly seated before she commenced to congratulate me on my anproaching marriage with Miss Robinson. In vain did I attempt to deny it. Miss Brown said she had it on good authority, and laughingly asserted that it was always the way, but she thought it was nonsence to make any secret of it, and finished the sentence with an ex-

pressive glance at Mr. Codrigton, which individual's vacant countenance was immediately illuminated with a conceited simper. I could stand it no longer, and hurriedly left.

"Mr. WILKINS:—Your conduct is infamous. My brother threatens to horsewhip you, but I have restrained him, romises to wait until to-morrow.

MATILDA ANNA ROBINSON.

#### The First Inrupike.

Exactly five hundred years have labor of having nothing to do, and tired of sitting the dull day through by the side of the stone which supported the Chapel, on Highgate Hill-that stone which subsequently became known as Whittington's—resolved to mend the ways between the summit of the hill and the low part of the vale ending in means, and he devoted them to bringing gravel from the top the hill and laying it along the unclean track, which then, as now, bore the name of "Hollow Way." By digging out gravel, he gave a pond to the folks on the hill, where it was greatly needed; and he contributed cleanliness and security to the vale, where neither and hitherto been Travelers blessed the hermit who had

regret was that, in accomplishing his meritorious act for the good of his fellow men, he had entirely exhausted all his fortune. The king, however, came to the rescue. He set up a toll-bar, and published a decree addressed to "our published a decree addressed to "our well-beloved William Phelippe, the her-mit," that he and the public might know wherefore. The king declared that he highly appreciated the notive which had induced the hermin to which had induced the hernin to benefit "our people passing through the highway between Highgate and Smethfelde, in many places notoriously miry and deep." And in order than the new way might be maintained and kept in repair, the king licensed the hernit to take toll, and keep the road in order, and himself in comfort and dignity. This was the first road-bar erected in England: and William Phelippe, the

The importations of foreign dry goods for the spring trade, including the weeks ending December 7 to January 6, are only about twenty-five per cent, of the amount imported last year, the actual figures being, this year, \$2,090,951, against \$7,871,966 for the corresponding period in 1883-4. The following comparative table, for the weeks ending on the dates named, shows the great decrease in this branch of the trade:

that dubious period denominated a "cer-

an adept in the manly art. I desisted, and contented myself with muttering "Base villain!"

"Weep not," I said, consolingly; "I will be your father, mother, brother, husband. "Ah!" she exclaimed, sinking upon ny shoulder.

"Augustus. I believe vou are already

grasped my hand.

know of no person I would prefer to you as a brother." "One who possesses so many quali-

ties of the head and heart to make himself beloved by all his friends," he conwhen a gentleman entered the apart

I glared furiously at the individual

"Well, I dun'no," said Joe.

at the day of Judgment." Joe (excitedly)-Hold on there, parson you have hit on the very thing I want

"No, my friend, there is to be but one day when all men are to be judged ac cording to the deeds done in the body. Joe, (resuming his favorite pastime. Well, old hoss, you can passon. I am safe enough if there 'aint but one day of Judgment, for there's an old cock-eyed Judge, for the County Court in these parts, who has the brown critters, and will die just afore me, and I'm ready to swear that his case will take up that day.

It would appear, from the carefully conducted investigations of M. Heffelseim, that the heart recoils after every contraction, somewhat in the same manner as a cannon which has just been fired. The writer states that the moment the ventricles contract and pout their volume of blood into the aorta and pulmonary artery, the doubleliquid jet which is thus produced necessarily determines a movement of the dying-bed. The royal singer with his heart in the opposite direction; that is cepter, and the Methodist itinerant, to say, an actual recoil movement at every pulsation. The reason why, during its contraction, it assumes its proper nosition, is that the elasticity of the surrounding structures neutralizes the

> -Children and fools, says the old adage, always tell the truth: "Mother sent me, said a little girl to neighbor, 'to ask you to come and

effect of the recoil.

And a busy life cannot well be other " Did she say what time, my dear?" "No ma'am; she only said she would ask you, and then the thing would be off her mind; that was all she said.

tom-cat said when the brick-bat cut

## NUMBER 2.

In discussing this important subject

Robinson to Mr. Smith.

turned constructor of nighways; the pilgrims to St. Anthony's found their access to the shrine of the saint made easy and pleasant by him; and as for the beneficent hermit himself, his only

the warning of all young men who like myself are possessed of a soul easily noved to pity, I will do violence to my own feelings and relate as calmy as pos-I was devoted to Miss Brown, and al-England; and William Phelippe, the hermit, was the father of that race of turnpike-keepers whose sovereignty of hough naturally modest, flattered myself that I did not altogether waste my affections on the desert air. On the the roads, within fifteen miles of London

evening of the 25th of June, 18—(I shall never forget the date,) I nerved myself and directed my steps to the residence of Miss Brown, resolved to end my suspense and offer my heart, etc., etc. But Miss Brown was not at home. As I sorrowfully wended my way homeward. I passed the residence of Miss Robinson, a young lady who was fast approaching

I approached and implored her to confide to me the cause of her grief, so that

side. Now came up furiously a dozer riflemen, who threw away their lead at the two distant game. The last news of

At this moment the door opened, and

Miss Robinson's elder brother entered rose, and Miss Robinson, with the greatest sang froid, said:

by convulsive but vain attempts at conversation, while hour after hour passed

No words can portray the agony experienced for the next day and night, as I sat in my room contriving means to escape from my involuntary engage ment. But no plan presented itself. and, unable to bear the solitude any longer, on the evening of the 27th I called on Miss Brown. She was "not at home." For four successive evenings I went despairing from her door, but on the fifth I was admitted. Miss Brown greeted me warmly, and introduced me to Mr. Codrington.

found a note awaiting me, running

it is not necessary to inquire by what a encies the difficulties which now divide the States, were projected, en-couraged and made potent for evil. It is enough that separation, alienation and bloodshed is a fact; and that our whole system of government is in imminent danger of being permanently congealed into a cold, formal despotism, or overwhelmed in the wild waves of mad and destructive anarchy. Capitalists and peaceful men will tire of taxes and commotion, the waste of substance, and derangement of business; while the idle, the dissolute and the adventurous will long for a wider field in which to operate. These influences, working upon the classes we have named, may hasten events with un-thought-of speed in this country. The Consulate and the Empire in France were the legitimate offspring of the mad passions of blinded partisans, who decked the guillotine and crowded the prisons with those who differed from them, while at the same time all the business and material interests of the country were up-rooted and made deso-late. Those who wished to labor, and upon the proceeds of that labor to rear their families, and enjoy the pleasant fruits of that peace which flows from a stable government, were amazed and alarmed at the strides of misrule which had protected them ; and, eager for any escape from a condition so dreadful, were ready to clasp the mailed hand, though its grasp was that of a giant.though its grasp was that of a giant.— This brought the Empire in France. In England, the long and desolating war of the "Roses," during which the king-dom was made a waste, and war was the only occupation that brought a re-turn, produced like results upon the

BATES OF ADVERTISING. BUSINESS ADVERTISEMENTS, \$12-a year persquare of ten lines; ten per cent. Increase for fractions of a year.

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History Teaches.

year,.... LEGAL AND OTHER NOTICES

producing classes—the men upon whose capital and labor a nation must at all times depend for permanent advance-ment. They wearied of the strife. The mad ambition of the rival houses of Lancaster and York grew distasteful to those who held their lives and property at the mercy of a mobrather than under the protection of laws administered by a legal and well-established govern-ment; and then came the change in England and the founding of a different dynasty. In both cases the people needed repose; they hungered for peace and the protection of law, under which they could pursue in safety their or-dinary occupations; and they accepted

any change that would bring the desired end. These plain teachings of history hould not be lost upon us at this similar crisis in our national progress. We

are not essentially different from the peo-ple of other countries. Peace and prosperity depend upon law and order here, as much as they do in France and England. The mad ambition of aspiring men will take the same direction in this country as in other lands Labor will not always willingly consent to be the packhorse of military ambition, nor will the capital of the nation be afraid to lift its eyes for help to those hilltops on which first rest the sunbeams of coming succor. The merchant and the mechanic, the laborer and the artist, here, as in other lands, may cease to differ as to mere theories of government, and come nearer to what they most need, a government that will and can give them peace, and insure a return for their exertions, that and levies. This was the issue forced upon the people of France by the anarchy that followed the Revolution—an vulsed society—and engulfed labor in that nation in 1793; an issue forced upon the people of England by the devastating War of the Roses. What is there in philosophy, history or reason to warrant a belief that "like causes will not pro-duce like results" in this republic? But how shall the pending difficulties between the States be settled, and the long and bloody experience of France and England avoided? The answer is, not by a continuance of strife and commotion, of attacks upon property and

aggressions upon peace and repose, uness we wish to repeat the history of those ands, and change our form of government in all its essential elements and at ributes. In France the people willingly exchanged a miscalled republic, which gave no peace to the citizen, no security o labor and property, for a monarchy, under which they hoped for both these blessings, and the strife of the Lancas-ter and York houses was terminated by elevation to power of a different they expected to enjoy the protection of law and responsible authority. But such a consummation is not that which the Union people of this country desire. They wish for and desire peace; they pray for a return of the time when men will be secure in their persons and property from the rude hand of military wrong; when the labor and capital of the country can be employed in benefit-ing mankind, in developing the wonderas resources of the nation, rather than in paying men for cutting the throats of their brother men. But they wish that all these blessings may come without such a change as that which was made necessary in France and England. ler the old Union, beneath the protection f the Constitution of 1798, the nation had peace and prosperity; property and personal rights were secure; and hence he whole patriotic heart of the nation s beating for a return to the old system. The real Union sentiment of the nation s the ark in which is deposited the hopes of the people for the no settlement of the pending difficulties should be thought of, or, if e would be permanent which founded upon this sentiment. if effected revolted States are to be brough back into the Union, tand opinions of that their citizens who favor such return must be consulted. It would be worse than idle, it would be wicked and criminal for those having power, to force upon the Union men of the South terms and conditions which are not tolerated by the spirit of the original compact, and which they cannot accept without a plain and humiliating abandonment of their political rights and persona could be forced upon those who have already made sacrifices of no ordinary haracter for the old Union, the minor ity would be so large and potential as to make a peace, effected such auspices, of little value. Union sentiment in the revolted States was true to the old Union, and only andered when Abolition legislation left it no inch of constitutional ground upon which to stand and combat sectional action within the Southern States And now, when it is proposed to settle this disturbance, the same mad policy must not be allowed to intrude its Gorgon head and turn men's hearts to stone. If we would have the Union we must use Union means togetit. We must deal with the real friends of the

nto an Abolition meeting. n Delaware and in California. and England .- Age.

missioners empowered to discuss and settle difficulties with reference to the

A Western paper says: "we were in hopes to present to our readers, this veek a marriage and adeath as original matter, but a storm broke up the wedding and the doctor was taken, sick, so the patient recovered."

# Loetru.

### Ontcasts.

They haunt the streets of the city by night,
But are banished from day forever;
They come and go like the shadows cast
By clouds on a flowing river;
The ghosts of a sweetness long since lost,
Unpitied and dead to pity,
They wander lonely and tempest tost,
Where blackness covers the city,
They live their lives forgotten and dead,
Forgiveness and forgiven—
For the angel of childhood seems to smile
Them back from the portals of heaven,
While far away among eastern dales,
In beautiful country places,
Old couples whisper in bed o'nights
And talk of the absent faces. A HOMELY CITY POEM.

And talk of the absent laces.

The old, old tale with doleful end!—
A heart either wicked or broken,
A vacant place by the ingleside;
A name that is never spoken.
The end?—It is yonder beneath the grass;
The sin, the paint, and the patches;
Or in yonder house where a woman dies
To a chorus of drunken catches.
The end?—a shrick from the moonlit bridge;
A plunge to the death beneath,
And a buble of light round a fluttering dre
Where the waters circle and seethe.

What course lies yonder without the town, Where the blue fresh rivers run, There, in the pastoral homes whose hearts Are smiled upon by the sun? What tain is alive in that free clear air Which comes not hither to woo us. That it sends this pitful shadow forth To meek and to undo us? What blight is upon it, that it gives These wandering daughters to us? They load the girl with their homely gifts. They road the gri with their nomes gres. They rear her in the wifely arts. They dream of the girl in her bridal dress While she sins and breaks their hearts. Alt, me! to see the faces that haunt. The streets with ghastly mirth, To watch the vacant delight, and see The women so gross with earth,

To watch the vacant general, and The women so gross with earth,
To find the sinner sweetening sin,
Mad with a wild unrest—
And then to think of the mother's hope
As she smiles on the babe at her breast? O City, rich in money, and
Richer in work divine!
Whose is the sorrow, and whose the sin?
And how much of the sin is thine?
Enough to know that the sin was born
Of a bif-ter delight or sorrow;
That the sorrow and sin can be cleansed aw
Neither to-day nor to-morrow;

We men are narrow, and harsh, and vain
We are petty amid our scorn! We are petty amid our scorn!
But, oh! to gaze on the crowded street,
Where the sinners wander forforn,
And then to kiss our daughters and wives
And our little babes new-born!
To see the sin and sorrow that flaunt
When the beautiful day is done,
And then to think of the homeless heart
Which mourns for the absent oneOf the free, blue air and the country dales,
Where the bright fresh rivers runOf the girl who sines in her mother's homes

### Literaru.

## Lucretia Smith's Soldier.

A War Story for Harper's Weekly. BY MARK TWAIN.

CHAPTER I. On a balmy May morning in 1861, the little village of Bluemass, in Massachusetts, lay wrapped in the splendor of the newly-risen sun. Reginald de Whittaker, confidential and only clerk in the house of Bushrod & Ferguson, general dry-goods and grocery dealers, and keepers of the Post Office, rose from his bunk under the counter and shook himself. After yawning and stretching comfortably, he sprinkled the floor and proceeded to sweep it.-He had only half-finished his task, however, when he sat down on a keg Anails and fell into a reverie. This is my last day in this shanty," said he. How it will surprise Lucretia when she hears I am going for a soldier!-How proud she will be-the little darling! He pictured himself in all manner of warlike situations: the hero of a thousand extraordinary adventures; the man of rising fame, the pet of fortime at last and beheld himself, finally, returning to his old home, a bronzed and scarred brigadier-general, to cast his honors and his matured and perfect

love at the feet of his Lucretia Borgia Smith. At this point a thrill of joy and pride suffused his system-but he looked down and saw his broom and blushed. He came toppling down from the clouds he had been soaring among, and was an obscure clerk again, on a salary of two

### dollars and a half a week.

CHAPTER II. At eight o'clock that evening, with a heart palpitating with the proud news he had brought for his beloved, Reginald sat in Mrs. Smith's parlor awaiting Lucretia's appearance. The moment she entered he sprang to meet her, his face lighted by the torch of love that was blazing in his head somewhere and removed, then another, and another, and shining through, and ejaculated "Mine own!" as he opened his arms to receive

"Sir!" said she, and drew herself up like an offended queen. Poor Reginald was stricken with astonishment. This chilling de-Then a spasm of fury distorted her meanor, this angry rebuff where he had expected the old, tender welcome, banished the gladness from his heart as the cheerful brightness is swept from the landscape when a dark cloud drifts athwart the face of the sun. He stood he wildered a moment, with a sense of gorieness on him like one who finds himself suddenly overboard upon midnight sea and beholds the ship pass into shrouding gloom, while the dreadful conviction falls upon his soul that he has not been missed. He tried to

speak, but his pallid lips refused their office. At last he murmured: "O Lucretia, what have I done—what is the matter-why this cruel coldness?

Don't you love your Reginald any Her lips curled in bitter scorn, and

she replied, in mocking tones: Reginald de Whittaker has not turned "Don't I love my Reginald any up yet. more? No, I don't love my Reginald any more! Go back to your pitiful junk-shop and grab your pitiful yardstick and stuff cotton in your ears so that you can't hear your country shout to you to fall in and shoulder arms! Go!" And then, unheeding the new may even be willing to sacrifice themlight that flashed from his eyes, she them that they have anything for which fled from the room and slammed the to be grateful. It seems so much a mat-

door behind her. Only a moment more! Only a single moment more, he thought, and he could | flow to them from their parents, that have told her how he had already answered the summons and signed his name to the muster-roll, and all would have been well-his lost bride would have come back to his arms with words of praise and thanksgiving upon her lips. He made a step forward, once, to recall her, but he remembered that he was no longer an effeminate dry-goods student, and his warrior-soul scorned to sue for quarter. He strode from the place with martial firmness, and never looked behind him.

## CHAPTER III.

When Lucretia awokethenext morning. the faint music of a fife and the roll of a distant drum came floating on the soft spring breeze, and as she listened the sounds grew more subdued and final- the difference between the "thick" and ly passed out of hearing. She lay absorbed in thought for many minutes. and then she sighed and said, "Oh, if he were only with that band of fellows,

how I could love him !" In the course of the day a neighbor dropped in, and when the conversation | heow," said the greeny.

# Zancaster Intelligencer.

tains. He had died then for her-for

A Christmas Tree. Here was a large, brilliantly-lighted room! At one end crackled a blazing wood-fire-at-the other shone the gloridown-hearted, and didn't shout when ous Christmas tree. The curtain had he marched along with the other boys this morning. I expect its owing to been drawn from before it, and there it stood shining in splendor. There were you, Miss Loo, though when I methim coming here yesterdayevening totellyou | tapers on every bough, and rosy apples and gilt eggs and waving ribbons of all he'd enlisted, he thought you'd like it colors; the lower branches hung heavy and be proud of --- Mercy! what nthe with gifts more solid than they were glittering, and all over the tree were Nothing, only a sudden blight had flowers that could spread a perfume. fallen like a misery upon her heart, and There were children to look at the tree, a deadly pallor telegraphed it to her countenance. She rose up without a and old people and the servants, and black Elsie. the washer-woman, and word and walked with a firm step out they were all shouting and showing of the room, but once within the sacred

their pleasure in different ways. "Will the Christmas tree give everybody what all the bodies want?" asked

What everybody wants! All round in the houses that shut in

the Chrismas trees there are wantsgreat ones and small. In the large rooms glowing with light and warmth and comfort, out in the narrow streets, in the cold nathways in the small close houses, by the side of sickness, and of gold and light and warmth cannot sat-

And what can the Christmas tree do. with its pretty sugar-plums and its waxtapers, to answer all these? It shines in the largest and gayest rooms, where luxury seems to have left no space to ask for more. It will bring a few more upon her young life. "Drat it!" the little costly nothings to cover up the tables already loaded, and more toys for words were in her bosom, but she lockthe children to break, and more delicacies for their appetites, already dainty. It does not gleam in the dark, narrow. saddened houses; in the close little rooms; in lonely sick chambers; it is would bloom again in Reginald'sheart,

too gay to come where want expresses itself aloud, and sorrow and uneasiness are sitting alone and together. Yet this Christmas tree in this very room does more. Everybody has what each wants, and in this large room, among old and young, there were many sorrowing, and many wants. A wonderful tree! The old grandfather is leaning back in his easy chair. After many restless days and sleepless nights, he rests his head on the pillow, and girls sometimes contained brief men- says, "If I could only sleep!" and sleep tion of him, and presented always the comes in the midst of all that light and same picture of him--a morose, un- gayety, and in a few moments he is serenely dreaming back youth and strength; and the children are all happowder, and moving calm and un- py. It is not wonderful that their wants can be gratified. It is only a little while since they have come into a But at last, in a long list of maimed | world all full of playthings, as it seems to them, with new holidays in every season, spring with grass and birds

terrible words, and fell fainting to the summer with flowers, autumn with fruits, and winter with snow and sleds; the Christmas tree and Christmas day are hardly different to them from other trees and days. The stolen fruit and hospital at Washington lay a wounded the fruit that is their own, are both precious to them, and they find they daged that his features were not visible, have only to cry out their wants but there was no mistaking the happy loud enough, and they will have them satisfied. Everything that sparkles on the Christmas tree is a jewel to them. She had hunted him out several weeks The little pewter skillet with its permanent red and vellow pewter fishes is as satisfactory to these children as the smell of broiling trout to the hunter in the surgeons had finished dressing his the woods, by his camp-fire. And all the children in this room are satisfied: there is not a pouting lip or shadowy brow. Frank has his sled, just like Tom Taylor's. Fanny has her doll, whose eyes will open and shut, and will say, Yes, ma'am," if the right string is

vet she stood to her post bravely and pulled. There are rocking-horses stabled without a murmur, feeling that when under that wonderful tree, and mechanre did get well again she would hear ical mice and steam engines. And hat which would more than reward her Maggiesits before her new kitchen furniture, her eyes shining like the tin dippers. At the hour we have chosen for the She has not learned the blase art of commening of this chanter Lucretia was paring one thing with another. n a tumult of happy excitement, for the

The "comparison of adjectives" is the learnt it is most frequently repeated -This singer we are listening to, is she better or worse than the once we heard last week? This violinist, do we like him better than the one that is coming next month or not? As we grow older, how many of us, as we sit down to our feasts, begin by comparing them with what has gone before or what is to come, before we can settle the amount of our present delight! But little Maggie cares nothing for the ideas of promotion or comparison. The dolls, Caroline and Alice, have sat in her babyouse in an undisturbed equality, though Caroline is large enough to put alice easily in her shoe. And now she gazes with delight at the complete kitchen arrangements. She does not care if the tea-kettle is bigger than the kitchen stove, or if the broom will have to stand outside of the kitchen: nor does it make any difference to her though Patsey, already installed as cook, would break lown one of the kitchen chairs were she inspired to sit in it. She does not stop to observe that Patsev's foot is as

big as the cooking range, but already smells in fancy the imaginary steak that is to grill over the imaginary coals. The college boy is laying aside the family "turnip" that has been serving him as a time-piece, as he puts on the more modern watch with its glittering chain. He has already been eloquent in debating societies, but it has been ob-

served that, like some other orators when he feels most he is silent. In the corner of the room is great con fusion of tongues. Black Elsie stands beside her want. It has been the want of many years, but she has never seen the Christmas tree to give it her till

now. A heavy want that grew sadder and more hopeless as the years went on-the child she left in Alabama, that was taken from her. He stands by her now, his head is as high as her shoulder, and she can scarcely recognize her want satisfied. But something tells her what it is, and he has a tongue and she has, too, and joy is easier to believe in than sorrow, and she has to cry and to laugh with a joy that is to grow more real every hour and every day. And all the rest turn round to wonder and rejoice at Elsie's joy, and to think it shines out beyond all Christmas lamps, while she heeds nothing of them. The golden logs above diamond coals, her joy

would outshine all. The mother's wants were as easily satisfied as the children's, because, they were the same. She never had any of her own, she was always trying to satisfy their's, and looked sad when she mirrored their sadness, and so shone now with the joy. She was covered all over with gifts, but her want was satisfied when she saw that their's were filled.

But in the archway of the wiudow stood Clara-pale, slender Clara. She was holding in her arms all she wanted. or rather he was holding her. For the lover had come home who had been lost generous impulses or the bloated necesnearly a year ago in the Rocky Moun- sities of honest toil,

An Indian Love Story. In General Scott's recently published everybody out of this physical world. Fever and cold and hardships and storms autobiography, among his experience had conquered him. But he stood here in the Black Hawk war, occurs the following romantic episode: The summons for the conference was

warrior, the sense bearer, orator and treasurer of the confederacy. The de-mand was communicated to this re-

narkable man. After a little musing

the lover, applying to him the most op-probrious epithet—squaw—he never having taken a scalp, killed a grizzly

bear, nor, by surprise, robbed an enemy of his arms, horse or wife. Hence, she said her lover was not a brave but a

woman. Her sympathies were, more-over, with Black Hawk-her only

brother having run off with that feek-

All these particulars were not yet

known to the wise treasurer; for he had only been surprised at the change of con-

duct in the belle saurage, who had so-suddenly married her lover: Keokuk,

in good faith, said he would enquire, for

his great care had been to save his peo-ple from destructive war and entire spoliation, with which Black Hawk's

onduct had caused them to be threaten-

The next day he called at headquar-

acy confessed himself to be the guilty

party, and was at hand: but begged th

general to repeat, in a full council, the

lemand, etc. This was accordingly

grenadiers, rushed in, seized the offen-der, and carried him off. When the blacksmith began to place

and rivet irons upon him he struggled furiously. It took several of the guard to hold him down. He said he did not

come forward to be ironed; he did not

wish to be tried, that he preferred to be shot at once. He was sent down to the

Illinois court then in session, put on his

circumstantial evidence, and that it was proven he had acknowledged the kill-

trial, and notwithstanding the strong

shot at once.

done, and as soon as Scott's peroration —I demand the murderer!—was inte

less chief.

now with strength and vigor manly as always, fresh and undainted. And Clara now given to all the tribes and obeyed, and the grand councils of war for the settlement of the treaties commenced. While these were pending a demand came up, from a judge of Islinois, some sixty miles below, for an Indian murderer, his name unknown, but who had have distingtly tread to the camp of stood dazzled. All the last year, pale and white, she had been slowly going to him whom she believed could never come to her. A heavenly happiness had begun to steal over her face that could scarcely shine more joyously now. been distinctly traced to the camp of the great body of Sacs and Foxes whom But she held him; the empty place in her heart was filled. the chiefs had contrived to hold in neu A wonderful Christmas tree! could it tralityduring the recent hostilities, influenced mainly by Keokuk, not a hereditary chief, and only a principal brave or

do all this! can one Christmas tree bring such joy? For what did Christ come? To heal the broken-hearted, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to raise the dead, to give the blind their sight. Must not

markable man. After a little musing, the painful truth of the story seemed to flash upon him. With candor he stated the grounds of his fears. A young brave of some twenty years of age, the son of a distinguished chief, had long sought to marry a handsome young squaw, the daughter of another famous chief; but the maiden repulsed the lover applying to him the most ona Christmas tree do all this? Out of its shifting tapers, and from the green of its leaves, breathe the words, Peace on earth, and good will to men." I have seen Christmas trees that brought such peace and good will, that presented the gospel to the poor. The thickest stone walls cannot shut out such a light gayety and joy and poverty, there are nor luxury smother it. It warmshearts wants: the deepest are those that are that are shut up in a glittering show unexpressed—the saddest are those that | that looks cold outside, it spreads into home as poor as the manager where Christ was born, and shines as glory to God in the highest, bringing "Peace on

#### earth, good will to men." Over the River.

BY REV. J. L. CORNING. The day was just breaking when a nessenger summoned me from my bed to visit a dying young man. I have been witness of many similar scenes, yet every recurring one is fresh and singular, yes, I might almost say startling. ters and whispered that his fears had proved prophetic; that the happy bride-groom had, for the good of the confede-The ties of sense and momentary solace prohibit our becoming wonted to the familiar truth of death. The young man was far from home when the deadly typhus laid him low, and yet he had angel ministries, as who hath not who can look into one face raying with love preted, the young Apollo stood up and said: I am the man! With a violent stamp and voice Scott called out—the guard! A sergeant, with a dozen from every wrinkle, and utter the word mother." She was there, the same gentle one who bore him into mortal life, now with multiplied pangs to go

with him to the bitter verge of immor-When I entered the power of speech had departed. "Has he spoken during the night?" I inquired. "Yes, sir, a little, and these were his last words: Mother, I am going over the river, and I can't go alone." I tried to stifle emotion, but the pregnancy of that sentence fairly stunned me, and for these many weeks since that young pilgrim rossed the dark flood these last words

haunted me like an undying echo. Leaving the mortal casket composed and stiffening for the grave, I went into my Sabbath-school and preached a little ermon to the children from that solemn text, and the seriousness which gathered upon many a little, round, fuddy face inspired me with the hope that some of the lambs of my flock were

revolving in their thoughts the true roblem of life Walking down our noisest business street, the other day, I fell into conver sation with a lady professing religion She was manifestly in a melancholy mood-perhaps from ill health, perhaps from some heart-agony too sacred for a human eye to gaze upon. "Oh," said she, "if I only knew that I should go to heaven. I would like to die to day. "And what sort of evidence would satisfy you that you are going to heaven?" I asked. The question puzzled her, for, though "a tifle clear to mansions in the skies" had been a sort of dream of religious sentimentalism

with her, yet the manner in which it | character among them known as fidcould alone be legitimately to the soul had not been much considered. And so I preached to sher there upon the sidewalk, while the carts and carhardest lesson in all languages, but once | riages rattled by, a short sermon upon spiritual nobilities and affinities, somewhat in this wise: "Heaven, my dear madam, is not the shadowy Utopia of your sentimental psalms, but a real condition, a veritable home, 'where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.' Truth, rectitude purity, love-these may be called the elements of sustenance in vonder blessed life across the siver. And the soul has here in its mortal confine-

ment relishes appertaining to that royal dietary. And so one noble soul has left an ancient page a testimony like unto this: 'Our conversation, or, more literally rendered, citizenship, is in heaven.' Exactly so; truth, rectitude, purity, love, made that grand old martyr Paul'a dweller in the skies, a denizen of the celestial city, even while the flesh held him down to earth and time. Immorality will become a felt destiny with a man only in so far as it is a felt hunger. All your inert musings about heaven, madam, will not rob death of its artillery of terror. God gives every saint a miniature heaven in his own bosom, as a foretaste of the grander fruition in reserve." tried to say a word in season to my friend, for I was not ignorant of the fact that she was one of many professing

the name of Jesus who refuse to recognize the humanity of those sable brothers and sisters for whom he died, and I hoped she would take the hint that love to man is one essential voucher of future fellowship with God, and Christ, and all the shining ones on high. As we parted I fell into a sort of voiceless soliloquy: "To go over the river alone! Horrible thought! And yet, as regards my wonted earthly companionships, this is a destiny quite inevitable. These loving ones, who strew flowers for me on the descending path to the dividing stream, can go with me to the margin. till the cold waves wet their feet and admonish them to retreat. But beyond that I must go alone, and, forsaken of human helps, battle the billows. And vet not alone. I hear a stanza from an ncient psalm echoing down the centuries in those blessed monosyllables For thou art with me.' Yes, it is a fact of history, ancient and modern. 'God is with us,' said John Wesley, on his

with his pack, had one and the same companionship." The company of God; let me think; this is at first blush an abstract idea. But God has representatives upon earth and in the human soul is a witness of that regal presence which in whelming billows makes it buoyant, and amid all terrors makes it brave.

wise than cheerful. Frogs do not croak in running water. Active minds are seldom troubled with gloomy forebod ings. They come up only from the stagnant depths of a spirit unstirred by

-A cheerful life must be a busy one

#### the romantic act represented him as the happy father of a striving family of young barbarians," by more than a Dacian mother"—all far beyond the Iississippl.

A Rich Story. Some time since, when Jackson county was in its infancy, and the natives were governed by laws by them enacted and enforced at will, there was a dling Joe. This man Joe was a character not at all known among the "cane biters" as being devoid of fear, particularly upon the subject of future punish-

ment, being the offspring of rough, though Christian parents. The Methodist Church, with its usual care for those who are unable or unwilling to employ ministers to purchase Ribles for the dissemination of Christian truths among them, sent a missionary to furnish the inhabitants with Bibles and preach the Gospel for their benefit. On a bright Sabbath morning, in the pleasant month of May, the minister in passing from one appointment to another, came upon the aforesaid Joe. sitting astride a log, playing a favorite tune of "Soap Suds over the Fence," to his entire satisfaction and that of 'Old Ring." who wagged his tail in

appreciation of his master's endeavors. The minister approached, and quietly ddressed the fiddler: "My friend, are you not aware that ou are doing wrong—that you are violating the teachings of the Bible by

playing your fiddle to-day : "Then let me inform you, my friend, that you will be called to account for this violation of the ordinance of the Bible

to ask you about. I want to know, i there but one day of Judgment?"

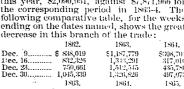
The parson, of course, passed on.

take tea with her this evening."

"Much remains unsung," as the short his serenade.

On entering my gloomy domicil, I

July, of this present year 1864.—Corn The importations of foreign dry goods for



1864. \$2,501,526 ...\$1,303,597 \$532,381 Total . . \$4,770,002 \$7,871,967 \$2,000,951 Some of the large jobbers are looking round, but importers are not vet disposed to submit their stocks to the in ouyers. The business in foreign spri cassimeres is trifling compared with forn years, owing to the limited importatic caused by the high tariff, which is alm prohibitory. German black doeskins, for the same cause, are now superseded, to great extent, by the domestic article. I protors are indifferent about selling unla orters are indifferent about selling unles hey obtain full prices, being satisfied tha

the market this spring are likely to be muc The stocks of domestic goods in the hand of commission merchants are small that our military success and the prospect of opening the cotton trade at Savannah furnish a favorable opportunity for buying goods cheap. Their efforts to bring down prices, however, have not been successfu in desirable goods, although some undesirable lots have been sold under the regula

market quotations. Manufacturers and their agogts are not dispored to view the opening of the cotton trade of the South as likely in any way to lower prices for the spring trade. The production of the mills is less than hal what it was last year, and even if a large amount of cotton was received from Savannah, it could not arrive enough in this market to actured into saleable mer n time for the spring business. The receip

of cotton from the South are impeded by disquabbling between military authorities at Treasury Department agents, and by the enormous charges of Government agents and other harpies who are preving on the commerce of the country. In New Orleas the government charges are so, enormous that it is chospical to sure enterprised to a provide the state of the country. that it is cheaper to cart cotton overland from Red river to Matamoras. The practi

eal working of our military occupation o southern cities is to decrease the quantity o cotton which is obtained from the Souther More cotton escaped out of the Southern States when every port was strictly block-aded than the general receipts since New Orleans came into our possession. The of-ficial mismanagement of the cotton trade in New Orleans promises to be requested in Savannah, Our manufacturers understand this question, and the firmness with which they maintain their present high prices evi-dences plainly that they have no fear<sup>4</sup>of any

sudden or fair opening of the cotton trade so long as the present Administration continues in power.

The trade in domestic woolen goods proceeds with a healthy proportion between supply and demand. The manufacturers are running their mills on full time, but manage to keep light stocks on hand by meeting the market liberally in their price according to the views of reasonable buyers Bleached shirtings are dull. Some old lots of second-rate goods were sold last lots of second-rate goods were sold last week below the market quotations, but prices for regular standard qualities are steady. The agents' prices for New York Mills are 65c.; Wamsutta, 60c.; Lonsdale, 50c.; and Ballou, 45c.

Brown sheetings are steady at 60c. to 61c. for standard qualities, with limited transac-Printing cloths are stronger than last week, and 28c, 6a, 30c, is asked for standard 64x64 but without effecting sales. There is vo-little demand for prints of either old or n little demand for prints of either old or new styles. The spring styles of Pacific, Rich-mond and Dunnell are not yet out. We quote Merrimacks 422, net W, and 40c, for Providence cloth; Springues are quoted at 40c; Mourning 36c, regular; the American

Ginghams are exceedingly dull. There is Ginghams are exceedingly dull. There is very little movement in mousseline delaines. The spring styles are not yet on exhibition. Dark goods continue at 425 (e 45c; light work is likely to open at 45c.

There is a steady demand for spring fancy cassimeres, and good styles sell at full prices. There is an active demand from the clothing trade for medium grades of fancy coatings, which are not plenty.

which are not plenty.

Brown drills are nominal at 596a 60c.—
Jeans are unsettled. We quote: Naumkeag, 24c, for regular, and 45c, for satteens 124c. for regular, and 45c. for saments; Washington satteens, 45c; Amoskeag light, 114c.; Androscoggin, Bates, and Indian Ochard, 334c.; New Market and Continental, 34c.@35c. There is a scarcity of stripes, ticks and denims; prices are the same as icks and denims; prices are the same as ast week; Manchester denims are quoted

There is a moderate demand for satinets. at about late prices. The demand for army kerseys continues dull, and the price weak ertant sales could be effected at over Army flannels Kentucky Jean \$1 40 for standard goods. \$1.40 for standard goods. Army flannels are quiet at about 97½c. Kentucky Jeans are more in demand and rather firmer, especially the higher grades. There is yet very little doing in carpets. We quote Hartford as follows: Medium superfine. 1871; superfine, \$2; imperial three-ply, \$2,40; extra three-ply, \$2,60; Brussels, \$2,40; extra three-ply, \$2,60; Brus \$3,05@\$3,25.—Tuesday's N. Y. World.

-A bright thought pierces the dark drizzle of nature and of the soul, resolving itself into a white mist, and the mist again into glittering dew, and the dew may fall on flowers.

stocks of merchandise brought upon

The true and sincere Union menalone and they will propose no terms that are inconsistent with the rights of theseveral States—nor which may not be accepted by the true Union men of the nation in South Carolina and in Massachusetts the true starting point of all action looking towards an early, honorable and permanent settlement of our difficulties. must accept and act upon this principle, or woe betide us as a people and a nation. Let us be warned in time by the voices speaking in the history of France

# VOLUME 66. turned upon the soldiers; the visitor "Reginald de Whittaker looked rather

nation's the matter with the girl?'

seclusion of her own chamber, her

strong will gave way, and she burst

into a flood of passionate tears. Bitterly

she upbraided herself for her foolishness

of the night before, and her harsh treat-

ment of her lover at the very moment

he had come to anticipate the proudest

wish of her heart, and to tell her that he

had enrolled himself under the

battle-flag and was going forth

to fight as her, soldier. Alas!

other maidens would have sol-

diers in those glorious fields, and be

entitled to the sweet pain of feeling a

tender solicitude for them, but she

would be unrepresented. No soldier in

all the vast armies would breathe her

name as he breasted the crimson tide of

war! She wept again-or, rather, she

went on weeping where she left off a

moment before. In her bitterness of

spirit, she almost cursed the precipi-

tancy that had brought all this sorrow

ed them there, and closed her lips

For weeks and weeks she nursed her

grief in silence while the roses faded

from het cheeks. And through it all

she clung to the hope that the old love

and he would write to her-but the long

summer days dragged wearily along, and

still no letter came. The newspapers

teemed with stories of battle and carnage,

and eagerly she read them, but always

with the same result: the tears welled

up and blurred the closing lines—the

name sought was looked for in vain,

and the dull aching returned to her

sinking heart. Letters to the other

smiling, desperate man, always in the

thickest of the fight, begrimmed with

scathed through tempests of shot and

nd killed, poor Lucretia read these

floor:--" R. D. Whittaker, private sol-

On a couch in one of the wards of a

soldier: his head was so profusely ban-

ce of the young gigl who sat besid

him-it was Lucretia Borgia Smith.

before, and since that time she had

patiently watched by him and nursed

him, coming in the morning as soon as

wounds, and never leaving him until

relieved at nightfalk A ball had shat-

tered his lower law, and he could not

utter a syllable: through all her weary

vigils, she had never once been blessed

with a grateful word from his dear lips

urgeon had told her that at last her

Whittaker had recovered sufficiently to

admit of the removal of the bandages

from his head, and she was now waiting

with feverish impatience for the doctor

to come and disclose the loved features

to her view. At last he came, and Lu-

cretia, with beaming eyes and a flutter-

ing heart, bent over the couch with

anxious expectancy. One bandage was

lo! the poor wounded face was revealed

"What have we here! With one

hand covering her upturned eyes, she

staggered back with a moan of anguish.

countenance as she brought her fist

down with a crash that made the medi-

cine bottles on the table dance again.

"O confound my cats, if I haven"

gone and fooled away three mortal

weeks here, snuffling and slobbering

It was a sad, sad truth. The wretch-

d, but innocent and unwitting impos-

tor was R. D., or Richard Dilworthy

Whittaker, of Wisconsin, the soldier of

dear little Ungenie le Mulligan, of that

Such is life, and the tail of the ser-

pent is over us all. Let us draw the

curtain over this melancholy history—

for melancholy it must still remain

during a season at least, for the real

Children and Parents.

Children and young people are fre

quently wanting in gratitude to their

parents. They may, and generally do,

selves for them; but it never occurs to

ter of course that all good things should

they never give a thought to the source

whence they are derived. They never

imagine it could be otherwise, or that

they might have been treated with

less kindness or consideration. They

those parents are continually making

for them-to the constant self-denial to

which they submit, that their children

may be benefitted. It is not until the

tie is broken, parental hand withdrawn

-till death or absence has marked the

change-that they discover how much

THE DIFFERENCE.-A tasty lawyer

lately in one of our courts, found him-

self bothered with a knotty witness,

who wouldn't explain, as he desired,

'long" kinds of whalebone. "Why,

man." he said. "vou don't seem to

know the distinction between the thick

andlong." "Yaas, I dew." "Explain

it, then." "Wall—you're pleaguy thick

headed, but you ain't long-headed, no

they owed to those that are no more.

give no heed to the numerous sacrifices

State, and utterly unknown to our un

or all her devotion.

to the light of day.

and exclaimed:

over the wrong soldier!'

happy Lucretia B. Smith.

" O, my own dar—

shell, as if he bore a charmed life,

dier, desperately wounded!'

against their utterance.