## The (flli Cunuty Aductate.

VOLUME I
hJưLLANJ's gerbiain bitites, hooflands german tonc,




| The Spirits of Discontent. <br> How universal it is. We never yet saw the man who would say "I am contented." - Go where you will ampong the rich or the poor, the man of competence or the man who earns his bread by the swent of his brow you of complaint. <br> The other day we stood by $n$ cooper, who was playing a merry tune with his adze around n cask. "Ah"" said he, mine is a hard lot; forever <br> "Heithg like a dog, driving a hoop. sighed a blackemith <br> "Heigho? sighed a from his brow, white the red hot iron glowed on the anvil, "this is life with a vengence, meltiog and frying one 8 -seir orer a fire" " "Oh that I were a carpenter!" ejaculated a shoemaker, ns he bent over his hapstone-- "Here I am, dny after day, wearing my soul away making soles for others, cooped ap in this little seven by nine room-ho hum. <br> Tin sick of this ont door work," exclaimed the carpenter, "boiling under a sweltering sun, or exposed to the inelemency of the weather-I wish I was a tailor. <br> "This is too bad," perpetunlly cries the tailor, "to be compelled to sif perched ap here plying the needle all the time. Would that mine were a more netive life". that mine were a more active life," "Last day of grace-banks won" <br> -customers won't pay-what shall I do?" grumbles the merchant. "I had rather be <br> "Happy fellows, groans the lawser, ns he record, "happy fellows. I had rather ham mer stone than puzzle my bead on this tedi- ous, vexatious question, <br> And through all the ramifications of society ing fault with their particular calling. If it eere only this, or that, or the other, I shonid be coutented, is the universal cry-any but that I am. So wags the world, so has it wagged, and so will it wag. |
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Grant listened calmly, only now and
hen interrupting the oficer to ask a
隼stion. When all was told, he rose,vited no one to join him, but wrote
tabethen in sight of the ofticers. out side
reak" When one remembers what
nat meant,--how many such attacks hadait; in what light the North had come
regard these assaults upon fortifed
ork; how disastrous repulse wouldave been at that juncture to Grant, with
part of his army ten miles away. -the
promptness of the decision can be betterappreciated. But Grant felt the howr and
the opportunity had arrived; he had that
intatrive sympathy wis solitiers
which every great commander feels; ;he
年e to take andanantage
Shall we Meet Againt-A Beaut
of reading," we clip from an exchange
We do not know its paternity, butit con
hins some wholesome truths, beautifully
"Men seldom think of the grent event
of death until the shadows fall acrosshair own path, hiding forever from their
ayes the traces of the loved ones whose
iving smiles were the sunlight of theirexistence. Death is the great antagonist
of life and the cold thonght of the tomwant to go through the dark valley, al
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$\qquad$throng the world to day, will to-morro
disappear ns the footsteps on the shure
In the beautiful drama of Ion, the instincts of immorality, so eloquently utt
ed by the death devoed Greek. find
deep response in every thoughttul soWhen about to yield his yought existen
as a sacrifice to tate, his beloved Clema
the asks it they shallthe asks it they shall not meet ayain. to
whieh he eppies: I asked that dreadfual
question of the hills that look sternal

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TatiL Suoorvxa - A gentleman remar
in a tuvern that he had dhot a hawk at ai
yards with No. 6 shot, auother replied:



before 1 could $g$

