LOWBEY & S. F. W. L. ON. rorneys & Counsellors AT L. W. will strend the Court of Tiogs, Potters at McKean [wellsbore', Feb. 1, 1853.]

DICKINSON HOUSE 

J. EMERY,

TTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR FAT LAW wellsboro, Tioga Co., Pa. Will depote his exclusively to the practice of law. Collastions in any of the Northern counties of Lameyl.

PENNSYLVANIA MOUSI of Main Street and the Avenue, Wellah oro, Pa J. W. BIGONY, PROPRIETOR.

his popular Hotel, having been re-fitted and reed throughout, is now open to the pullip as a IZAAK WALTON HOUSE,

C. VERHILYEA, PROPRIETOR. VERMILYEA, FILE.
Gaines, Tioga County, Page 18 Access IIIS is a new hotel located within cally access o the best fishing and hunting grounds of hyrthern No pains will be spared for the accessing dation

saure seekers and the traveling public. G. C. C. CAMPELL. BARBER AND HAIR-DRESSER

OP in the rear of the Post Office. Every hing it is line will be done as well and prompty as it so done in the city saloons. Preparation for resign and reading and beautifying the hair, we sale it. Hair and whiskers dued any color. Hair and whiskers dyed any color. Wellsboro, Sept. 22, 1859.

THE CORNING JOURNAL

orge W. Pratt, Editor and Proprestor. published at Corning, Steuben Co., N. Y., at One published at Corning, Steuben Co., N. Y., at One published at Corning, Steuben Co., The ralls Republican in politics, and has a figural reaching into every part of Steuben Colling, as desirous of extending their business in to that ne adjoining counties will find it an excellent ad-ing medium. Address as above.

RELLSBORO HOTEI WELLSBOROUGH, PA.

Formerly of the United States Hote ng leased this well known and popular the patronage of the public. With at iging waiters, together with the Prop of the business, he hopes to make t who stop with him both pleass hand boro, May 31, 1800.

E. B. BENEDICT, M. D., OULD inform the public that he is perminently located in Elkland Boro, Tioga Co. Fall af marced by thirty years' experience to treat Alf dismot the eyes and their appendages on sillatin histor, and that he can cure without in the that disease, called St. Vitus' Dances, Store we With and will attend to any other late sees in the store with Vita and will attend to any other late sees in the store with Vita and while attended.

in of Physic and Surgery. DENTISTRY.

C. N. DARTT. OULD respectfully say to the citiens Wellsboro and vicinity, that he has chicago in the aver. WRIGHTS FLOUR AND FRED IN, where he will continue to do all title of it the line of DENTISTRY.

CORNING VEOLESALE DRUG AND BOOK STO E. US AND MEDICINES, PAINTS AND OILS. WINDOW GLASS,

KEROSINE OIL, ALCOHOL. BOOKS AND STATION BEY,

W. D. TERBELL. try Merchants supplied with these arti les at NEW YORK PRICES raing, Feb. 26, 1862.

WANTED!

THOUSAND BUSHELS WHEAT NE THOUSAND BUSHELS CORN. ONE THOUSAND BUSHELS OATS ONE THOUSAND BUSHELS R' & which we will pay CASH! WRIGHT & BAIL!

lear by the pound, sack or barrel, Feed by the pound or ton,

alechrap at Wright & Bailey's new Flom and

et cheap at our Store. goods delivered FREE OF CHARGE FRED K. WRIG VESTFIELD SELECT SCHOOL

P. STEBBINS, - Teache

a Fall Term will commence August 26,156. TUITION.

deductions in tuition only in case of confued to any in this county. Public examin lights be beld monthly. Vocal Music taught free. Rooms &c., for the accommodation of stu each band in the village at low prices.

U. P. STEBBIL

he Westfield Village fichoof has been under the settlen of U. P. Stebbins, for the last sig teen to te the rapid advancement of students, an entire termination of the people.

Commercial

DMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of ministration having been granted to the sub-er on the estate of Mathew Brane, late of lives thip, dec'd, inctice is hereby given to though ad to said estate, to make immediate pays that, though having all. e having claims, to present them properly au thmond, August 13, 1862.

SPRING FASHIONS. S. P. QUICK. HATTER,

lo 185 Water Street, Elmire, onstantly on hand a general assortment o ISBION SILK AND CASSIMERE HAA SA CHARLES AND CASSIMERE HAA CASSIMERE HAA CASSIMERE AND CASSIMERE HAA CASSIME

BOY'S DRUG STORE

## Devoted to the Ertension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Beatthy Arform.

WHILE THERE SHALL BR A WRONG UNRIGHTED, AND UNTIL "MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN" SHALL CEASE, ACITATION MUST CONTINUE.

VOL. IX. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 24, 1862.

MY OWN NATIVE LAND.

BY JACOB DARTER. I love, oh, how I love the land— The land that gave me buth; That glorious spot, by wisdom planned—
To beautify the earth—
Tis not Old England's sunny clime,
Nor Erin's rook-girt shore;
Nor Scotia fair, the land of rhyme,

Nor Cambria I adoro; But 'tis my own Columbia fair, 'Twas there I first drew breath; Twas there I dwell, and only there

I wish to sleep in death. I love, oh, how I love my flag; The fing that o'er me waves 'Twas blood-bought, on each peak and crag, And guards its champion's graves. 'Tis not Old Englands bloody cross, Nor Erin's shamrock green— E'en Scotia's emblem werd but dross—

And Cambria's, too, I ween. But the flag I love, I proudly own, Though termed a painted rag; The tyrant dreads thee on his throne, My star-enspangled flag. I love, oh, how I love that race-

Of heroes, staunch and true— Who rode for freedom in the chase, And overhauled it, too, 'Tis not the men of England, nor Of Erin, I adore; Nor sons of bonnie Scotland's lore, Nor those of Cambria's shore. But this the freemen of the soil,
Where first I drew my breath—
Where waves my fing :—and on that soil
I wish to sleep in death.

CROSSING THE ALPS.

BY J. S. C. ABBOTT.

One of the most difficult of earthly achievements was the transportation by Napoleon, of an army of 60,000 men with the cavalry, artillery and all the munitions of war, across the Alps. He wished to descend suddenly, as from the clouds, upon the immense force of Austrians gathered in Italy for the invasion sent to explore the pass of the Great St. Bernard. They returned with an appalling account of the difficulties to be surmounted:-"Is it possible," inquired Napoleon, "to cross turn to the other side, to the Administrator of the pass." "Perhaps," was the hesitating reply, "it may be within the limits of possibility." "Forward then," was the energetic response.

On the eastern frontiers of France there surges up the majestic range of the Alps, piercing the clouds to the regions of perpetual ice and snow. Gloomy gorges and frightful defiles, through which mountain torrents rush; are walled in by cliffs which even the chamois cannot climb. The principal pass was that of the Great St. Bernard. It was a narrow mule path, as steep as it was possible for an animal to ascend. The traveller, led by a guide, painfully and perilously ascended the steep, now a narrow shelf, on the face of the rock, with a fathomless abyse upon the one side, where engles soured over the fir tops beneath his feet. and where a perpendicular wall rose to a giddy height in the clouds over his head.

· A false step would precipitate him a thousand feet into the gulf beneath. Avalanches of rock, ice and snow, from the inaccessible In a dark night, trusty men, with great cauthe noth At God's voic they fell, and from their rush no precautions could save the traveller. Terrific storms swept thus secretly passed along. Upon the face of and their mother, till we were about leaving these altitudes, blinding and smothering all the opposite cliff, on a shelf which no hoof of the cars at Stanington. Happening then to who were caught in their fury. It required two days of almost inexpressible toil for the Fort of Bard had the mortification of seeing her looking about her in evident perplexity. traveller to reach the summit of the pass, eight thousand feet above the level of the sea.

Here there was a small plain, cheerless beyond description, the abode of almost eternal winter, where scarcely a shrub appears, and which is surrounded by mountains of snow of still higher elevation. In this Valley of Desor lation, as it is appropriately called, the Convent of St. Bernard stands. It is the highest inhabited spot in Europe, and has been ten anted for more than a thousand years, by self denying monks, who acceptably, doubtless, worship their Maker by furnishing hospitality to the travellers passing through these dreary regions. The descent to the sunny fields of Italy is even more precipitous and difficult than the ascent from the plains of France. The whole extent of what was called the pass, threading tortuous ravines and climbing cliffs, was about twenty miles.

Such was the barrier which Napoleon intended to surmount, that he might fall unexpectly upou the rear of the Austrians, who were bombarding Genoa, and thundering at the gates of Nice. Giving Moreau all the disciplined troops of France, 150,000 in number, to repel the advance of the Austrians upon the Rhine, Napoleon collected, with amazing celerity, 60,000 raw recruits for this most arduous of enterprises. To deceive his foes he announced openly, that he intended to send an army across the Great St. Bernard. England and Austria laughed the idea to scorn. It was deemed impossible that an army with ponderous artillery, tons of cannon balls, and all the bulky munitions of war could be transported where a wheel had never rolled, and where a mule could with difficulty tread, and where two mules could hardly pass abreast.

The troops were secretly collected in the vicinity of Dijon, but so dispersed as not to attract special attention, and yet in such a manner that they could easily be assembled at the entrance of the pass. Immense stores of provisions were noiselessly accumulated. Large sums of specie were forwarded to hire the services of the mountaineers. Able mechanics were employed to take apart the baggage wagons and gur carriages, so that they might be transported in fragments, on the backs of mules across the mountains, and be speedily put together en the other side. Hospitals were provided with every comfort for the sick and the wounded. Every man carried, besides his gun and ammunition, several days' rations. The sinuous path was so narrow that much of the way it could only be trodden in single file.

About the middle of May, 1860, the whole army was put in motion. To transport the heavy cannon, pine logs were split in the canter, the parts bollowed out and the guns sunk into the grooves. A long string of mules, in single file, dragged these ponderous engines up the steep acclivities. Often a hundred men

were harnessed to a gun. The peasants took hold of this laborious work with great zeal .-Napoleon gave them two hundred dollars for taking a gun over the pass. With songs and glee they tugged at the ropes. Gleaming through the mists of these almost inaccessible heights, there was the fissh of banners and burnished arms, resembling phantom troops battling in the air.

The soldier found to his surprise and gratification, that, upon the summit of the mountain, his loved commander had made wenderful provisions for his refreshment. An immense store of bread and cheese and refreshing wine, -wine not our miserable products of the still, but true juice of the grape, had been collected for the occasion in the monastery. As the soldiers passed, each one received, without confusion, a loaf of bread, a piece of cheese, and a generous goblet of wine. Whenever, in any part of the path, any special difficulty was encountered, the bugle sounded the charge, and the soul stirring strains reverberating sublimely among the cliffs animated the soldiers, and they pressed on as if storming entrenchments upon the field of battle. But Providence seemed to smile on the enterprise, and though some hundreds, men and horses, perished by avalanches and the various casualties of the route, in four days the whole army was assembled on the plains of Italy. General Berthier was sent forward with the advance guard. Napoleon remained behind personally to superintend the passage of troops, and was the last man to cross the mountain. One solitary Swiss peasant as a guide, accompanied him, leading his mule. The peasant was not aware of the distinguished dignity of his companion; and Napoleon's irrepressible sympathy with humanity o won upon his confidence that he artlessly revealed the story of his love for a fair maid, in his native village, whom he longed to marry, but could not, as he had neither house or land for the support of a family. Napoof France. Two skillful engineers were first leon, as he dismissed his guide, gave him an ample reward, and in addition entrusted him with a loose paper, containing a few lines written in pencil, which he was to give, on his re-

> The young man found, upon presenting the paper, to his unutterable surprise and delight, hat it was Napoleon whom he had conducted over the mountain, and that the paper contained an order that there should be purchased for him a field and cottage. This worthy peasant died a few years ago, having enjoyed during his whole life the peaceful home thus generously conferred upon him.

The heroic little band, without an hour's delay, advanced rapidly along the valley of the Aosta. Suddenly their march was arrested by a fort which effectually swept the pass, between almost overhanging hills. Napoleon hastened crossing a roaring torrent, and now threading to the front, and with his glass carefully scanned the mountains. He perceived a ridge beyond the reach of the guns of the fort, where the soldiers could pass in single file, but along which the artillery could not be drawn. He sent his troops over the ridge, deceiving the garrison in the fort with the idea that he would attempt to take his artillery by the same path. tion and silence, strewed hay thickly eral Melas, who was at the head of the Austrian force:

"I have seen an army of 35,000 men and 4,000 horses creeping along the face of Mount Albaredo. But not one single piece of artillery has passed, or can pass beneath the guns of my fortress"

When he was writing this letter nearly all the guns of Napoleon had gone by, and like the bursting of a pent up torrent were rushing down the valley. Melas how awoke in con-sternation. But it was too late. Like a thunderbolt Napoleon fell upon him, gaining the world renowned victory of Marengo.

AFFECTING SCENE. - A correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer, writing from Fortress Monroe, under date of the 17th ult., thus de scribes an affecting scene which occurred at that place :--

"Yesterday a very affecting incident ocourred. John W. Cross, from East Salem, Juniata county, Pa., private in the 23d Pa. Regiment, was dying. Finding his voice failing, he began to feel about under the bed clothing unwanted. In a moment he drew forth a package, which, unwrapped, revealed a daguerreotype case. Unclasping it, he gazed with filmy eyes upon the faces of his wife and two children. As death clutched closer about his vitals, he handed it to a gentleman connected him. with the Washington Pennsylvania Soldiers' Association, whispering, "Will you not send it home? " Tell my wife it was the last object I gazed upon," and he was dead.

"We looked at the picture, and the tears ame to our eyes. There was the wife, a beautiful and happy looking being. There were the two bright and joyous little creatures, the idols of father and mother. We shut up the case, and thought of them all, as the widow and orphans, and silently said, God will be their strength and support in this time of trial and need.

HAD HIS WITS ABOUT HIM .- An Irishman, driven to desperation by the stringency of the money market and the high price of pro-visions, procured a pistol and took to the road Meeting a traveller, he stopped him with: "Your money or your life!" Seeing Pat was keen he said: "I'll tell you what I'll do, give you my money for that pistol." "Agreed." Pat received the money and handed over the pistol."-"Now," said the traveller, "hand back that money or I'll blow your brains out." "Blaze away my hearty," said Pat, "never a drop of powther there's in it."

A pretty female artest can draw the men equally with a brush and a blush.

A STEAMBOAT INCIDENT.

A clergyman, giving in the Ladies Reposito ry in account of some of his experience in al trip from his own "comfortable paysonage" to New York city, refreshes his readers with the following exhibition of practical Christianity which came under his observation:

My journey to Boston was as monotonous as possible, and the two hours detention there was: not practically exhibitating. There was no time to visit places of interest, and I felt too misanthropic and gloomy for social intercourse. although other gentlemen were waiting like myself. More than once I determined to go home in the return train, but I was ashamed to do that after Mary's generous self sacrifice. We were half way to Stonington before I began to rouse up and look around me. I was awakened by the cries of a child, and I saw that the seat in front of me was occupied by a young woman, plainly, but december dressed, but with an expression of anxiety upon her face that instantly attracted me. She had a baby in her arms, and another just big enough to walk, on the seat by her. He was a bright little fellow, with great, flashing black eyes, and thick coils of chestnut curls clustering allover his head; but he did not seem to be well, and fretted continually for the soothing attention that he saw bestowed on the more helpless babe in his mother's arms. There were several bundles and a carpet-bag piled one above the other on the next seat to the window, and the little boy in his restlessness, often displaced them, and they came rolling down upon the floor. I would like to see the man who would not have succumbed and hauled down his flag before a complication of such miseries.

The young mother bore up bravely. While hushing the baby and lulling it with a sweet lullaby to temporary quiet, she contrived also to coax the little boy's curly head to a pillow on her knee, and thus doubly burdened, found measures to divert his attention with a cheap picture book.

But the weather outside grew dark and un pleasant. Thick clouds were gathering their forces and the wail of the wind was often heard above the noise of the engine. The anxious expression of the mother's face deepned as she vatched the ominous signs that foretold of a stormy night upon the Sound. There was a quick, tremulous motion of her lips at times, as f she were repressing the inclination to have "hearty cry" over her troubles.

I had just thought of what should have occurred to me a long time before, that it was possible for me to relieve he of a part of her burden, and was trying to drive myself out of my selfish isolation by calling up all the good Samaritan thoughts that I had ever used in my sermons on practical benevolence, when an accession of passengers at a way station obliged me to resign my sent to a lady, who actually thanked me for the civility.

Left again to myself, leaning against the door of the car, I resumed the thread of contemplation that had of late become habitiual, and was soon lost in the old, weary labyrinth of conjectures in regard to the state of my parish, ite traitor. spiritual deadness, and the measures to be used to awaken any interest in religious things. I grew more and more sad and desponding as I road and the artillery and baggage train were as ever. I did not again think of the babies the cars at Stonington. Happening then to horse had ever trad before, the garrison of the glance down the car before getting out, I saw Napoleon's whole army defile beyond the reach | The heavy rain was already pouring down, and of their guns. The commandant wrote to Gen- the darkness outside was not very attractive even to unencumbered travellers.

> I am ashamed to own that I did not offer my assistance. Mary says she will never believe it that it is impossible for human nature to be so boorish, but the humiliating truth must be told. My own wretchedness and my sense of utter uselessness in my profession made me al most indifferent for the time to the claim of humanity. Still I was sensible of a feeling of surprise, which gradually became indignation; as I saw one lady after another unconcerned pass by, and other gentlemen as heartless as myself, ignoring her silent appeal to our sympathy. The car was emptied at last, though I still stood in the door, hoping to see another do the Christian's duty that I was so reluctant to perform. I could not leave her to her fate as the rest had done.

Just then some one entered the door at the other end, and I saw the young woman look eagerly around. She had again failed in the efforts to arrange babies and bundles for transportation to the boat. The new comer was, stout looking, elderly man, plain and almost shabbily dressed, with a great shock of red hair der his head for something which he evidently nearly lifting his hat from off his head, and a round, fat face, deeply marked with small-pox. He was whistling a lively air, which seemed to breathe a sort of whimsical defiance to the discomforts of the bleak, dark night, but he stopped at once when he saw the helpless group before

"Going aboard, ma'am ?"

"Yes, sir, as soon as I can." "Good; so am I. Let me carry this youngter for you. I've got one at home just his size Jehosaphat! how nat'ral it seems!" says the man, as he lifted the boy up to his shoulder .-The child stopped crying and laughed gleefully. "And those bundles; there are yours, ma'am. "Yes, sir. Thank you, I can carry those very

rell. I can, indeed." "That depends." Ho had already gathered them in his arms, and wrapped her thin shawl more closely round the baby. "Now we're ready. Keep close behind me ma'am. It's but a few steps."

As they passed me in the door, I seemed to awake from a borrid dream. My anxiety and morbid melancholy vanished. I suppose they could not stay in the atmosphere of that man's blunt cordial kindness. I envied the luxury in doing what I ought to have done. After all I benevolence. I followed close at the man's heels. We were jostled a little as we passed upon the wheel. through the throng, but we were soon safely on board just in time to avoid being left behind.

"Here we are. A nice ride you've had my beautiful y little man." There was something absolutely dam-sel.

inspiring in that rough man's voice. ma'am, I'll jost take you, bag and baggage, down to the ladies' cabin, for it rains as if it meant to free its mind. You had better get

NO. 7

those damp wrappings off as soon as you can. Come, it is but a step farther." She hesitated. "No, sir. I thank you. You have been very kind, but my ticket is only for a deck passage, and I have no money. I-I should not have attempted such a journey sir, without more means, but I have just heard from my husband, who is returning from California

strangers." "Of course you couldn't. But you must not stay here. You'll catch your death if you do. Wait till I see the Captain. I'll fix matters for you, never fear."

and is sick in New York. "He did not send for

me, but I could not leave him to be nursed by

He trudged off to the Captain's office, I still following. The Captain glanced at the rough man and his rough attire carelessly, and listened without much interest to his story, till he begged that the poor woman might be allowed to take her babies into the cabin. Then he assumed a very knowing look indeed.

"Is the lady a very particular friend of yours?" he asked. "Weare importuned every trip for especial accommodation for delicate ladies with gentlemen friends on board, all as poor as Job's Turkeys. We serve them all alike, and give each person what he pays for."

"Look here, sir. There's no call to insult eat.—On? you shall have that bright silver dolary body. You've had a fair chance to act like lar Uncle Joe gave me this morning. Here it a gentleman and a Christian, but I never quarrel with a man if he prefers acting like a heathen. How much do you charge for a cabin nassage?"

"One dollar."

"There's the money. I've just got seventy cents left. I will buy them a little supper, and can go without mine." The captain looked a little ashamed. He

handed back a half dollar. "I've no doubt it's all cheat and humbug."

he said; "but if you are not telling the truth, you lie so natural that it is worth fifty cents to hear vou.'' "Thank you all the same," was the reply, as

the coin so ungraciously offered was accepted. I never saw a more grateful eresture than the poor young woman when she found that her friend had secured a shelter for her. She cried with pleasure, and kissed his great freckled hands in a transport of thankfulness. He helped her to a comfortable seat, waited till a tray of refreshments was brought to her, then giving the stewardess a trifle to secure all neoessary attention, he left her to enjoy the comforts he had provided. His berth in the cabin was just above mine, and though he kent me awake half the night whistling softly to himself. or humming tunes whenever he was not snoring, I forgave with all my heart. I wrote to Mary in the morning that I had found a curiosity-a man with a soul as big as a cathedral.

about Abolitionists, write that man down a When you hear a man denouncing the con-

fiscation of rebel property, you will err if you call him anything but a traitor.

is a traitor at heart. When you hear a man calling this Lincoln's

war, set him down as an unmitigated traitor. stepped up to her, and asked. When any man tells you that the rebels are fighting for their rights, you may safely mark derson?" him in the list of traitors, and you may be sure he belongs to that class who told us in the beginning of the rebellion, that if there was fighting to be done, they would fight for the

When you hear a man denouncing the administration of Lincoln and upholding that of James Buchanan and his traitor cabinet, set him down as a black hearted traitor.

When you hear a man opposing the employment of every loyal man for the purpose of comfortable one. And there a loving mother, putting down this rebellion, you may rely on a gentle sister, and a sweet little cousin are t, that man's heart is brimfull of treason and that he would rather see Jeff. Davis triumph than our Government be successful.

When you find a man who holds all these This of course would not apply to loyal men.-People's Advocate.

THE CURSE OF GOLD .- Many years since, a bad long given over as dead. The landlady showed him to his room, and when she quitted him, he put a purse of gold into her hand, and desired her to take care of it till the morning, pressed her affectionately by the hand and bade ber good night. She returned to her husband and showed him the accursed gold; for its sake they agreed to murder the traveler in his sleep, which they accomplished, and buried the body.

In the morning early came two or three relations, and asked in a joyful tone for the traveler who had arrived the night before. The old clasped in the arms of Walter Marvland's people seemed greatly confused, but said that mother, who welcomed the orphan with trad he had risen very early and gone away.

wayfaring mariners."

Language would be incompetent to describe -real Christian charity, living piety and active the body was found, and the wretched murder- are hold it sweeter to live on une's country." ers expiated their offence by being broken alive

beautiful young lady? Because it is a perfect spimal when, to! he found a turnip in the dam-sel.

## Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged \$1 personare of 10 lines, one or three insertions; and 25 vents for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements of less this 10 lines considered as a square. The subjoined rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly ad-

vertisements: 12 HONTES Square. .. \$3.00 26,63 8,90 10,98 12,56 80,96 50,00 5,00 7,00 8,00 do. column, Column . . 26.00 85.00 Advertisements not having the number of insertions

desired marked upon them, will be published until or, dered out and charged accordingly.

Posters, Handbills, Bill-Heads, Letter-Heads and all kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, ex-ecuted neatly and promptly. Justices, Constables and other BLANKS constantly on hand.

## Marcia Anderson's Reward. BY BELLA PREFCH.

It was a cold day in November in the city of ---. The wind sighed mournfully, and the sleet rattled against the windows, making a dismal sound. All nature seemed to be mourning the death of the flowers, and even little Murcia. Anderson sighed as she looked out of a window of her grand home, and thought how long it would be before summer would come again. And, as she gazed out upon the warring elements, she noticed that a little boy, barefuckand ragged, sat upon the stone in front of the house. He was crying bitterly. In an instant-she had sprung from her chair. The next shall was beside the lad, with her little arms around

"What ails you, poor little boy?" she asked. "Oh, I am so hungry, and have nothing to-eat. Mother and sister are starving, too. Mother can't get any work, nor I can't neither. Oh, I wish I could die! sobbed the boy.

his neck.

"Marcia | Marcia |" called a voice from

"There's mamma calling me." said the child "she don't like to have me talk to ragged children; but papa says they are as good as we are."

"Marcia! Marcia!" was again called, "There, I must go. But I am sorry you are hungry, and I ain't got anything for you to

"Marcia, come in this instant !" Oh, you are so good?" exclaimed the boy.

'I never will forget you-never!" He raised his great melancholy eyes to her pitying ones as he spoke, and Marcia never forgot what volumes of gratitude was spoken theres: A fashionable dressed lady now made her appearance at the door.

"How dare you disobey me?" she asked of the trembling child, giving her a stinging slap upon her white shoulder. Then, catching her by the arm, she dragged her into the house and closed the door, leaving the boy with throbbing heart and flashing eyes and standing outside.

\* \* \* \* \* \* Fifteen years have passed, and Marcia Anderson was alone in the world. Her fashionable mother had found an early grave, and her father had become a bankrupt, and died with grief. Friends that once smiled on her, now knew her not .- She was truly alone.

One of her friends, a little more generous than the rest had offered her a home until she could find another; but after a few weeks she received hints that she was no longer wanted there, and one day, when she went out in search of employment, she determined not to return to that house.

But no one seemed to have anything for her to do. Night was coming on, cold and dreary. Old friends passed her without the slightest A TRAITOR. - When you hear a man howling nod of recognition; and even he who was to have been ber friend and protector bowed coolly to her. "And this is the world," she murmured-

"when I could charm them with my gold they were all smiles; but now, that my gold is gone. they know m ie not. Arthur too is like th etitutional rights of rebels, you may be sure he rest. Oh, Heaven, sustain me in this trying moment!"

At that moment a tall, handsome gentleman "Have I the honor of addressing Miss An-

"That is my name," she replied. "Are you in search of a home and employment?" he asked.

She looked up into his face. It was a frank; manly one; she was not afraid to trust him, and she answered: Oh, yes, can you tell me where I can find

them? "Yes. Yonder white cottage; with the green blinds, is not a stylish house, but it is a quiet.

ever waiting to greet you." She looked up in astonishment, and said : "I do not think I understand you rightly."

"Miss Anderson," he went on, with euthuoninions, and circulates them, you can say to siasm, "once a very little girl gave a silver dolvourself that he would be safer in Fort War- lar to a starving boy, and was punished for so ren than running at large among loyal men .- doing. The food and fuel which that money purchased revived the starving family; and the next day he went out in search of employment and found it. Gradually, as the boy neared manhood, their circumstances changed, until sea-faring man called at a village inn on the at last, they found themselves in a happy home coast of Normandy, and asked for a supper and surrounded by all the comforts and muny of a bed; the landlord and landlay were elderly the luxuries of life. But deep in the heart of people and apparently poor. He entered into each is enshrined the memory of that angel; conversation with them to partake of his cheer and her name is there, a household word, toe asked them many questions about themselves sacred to be mentioned before the rude world. and their family, and particularly of a son who Miss Anderson, the boy is here, the mother had gone to sea when a boy, and whom they and sister are waiting for you in the cottage yonder. Will you be my sister!"

"I remember you," she said, looking up into his face with a happy smile. Heaven has indeed raised me up a friend; I will be your sister, but I will work with you, and will not be a burden to you."

"Well, if you must have employment, I have a little cousin whom you may teach when you have learned to love her for your own sake."

A few moments later Marcia found herself affection, and called her daughter. But when "Impossible," said the relations. "It is your the bright eyed maiden, April, came, dropown son, who is lately returned to France, and ping flowers at every step, and whispering is come to make happy the evening of your sweet songs in the cars of the birds, Marcia days, and he resolved to lodge with you one had indeed found a mother as well as a noble night as a stranger, that he might see you un husband, upon whose manly bosom she might known, and judge of your conduct towards lay her head, and say she was truly blessed.

A Maine editor distinguishes between difthe horror of the murderers, when they found ferent carts of patriotism; "Same exteem is that they had dyed their hands in the blood of sweet to die for one's country; others regard it said to myself, there is real good in the world their long lost child; they confessed their crime, sweeter to live for one's country; and yet oth-

> A milkman was awoke by a wag in the night with the announcement that his best cow was Why is the Southern Confederacy like a chaking. He jumped up to save the life of his