## THE BRAVE AT REST.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest. With all their country's wishes blest! When spring, with deny fingers cold, Returns to deck their hallowed mould, She there shall dress a sweeter sod, Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung. By forms unseen their dirge is sung ; There honor comes, a pilgrim grey, To bless the turf that wraps their clay, And freedom shall awhile repair, To dwell a weeping there.

## GENERAL M'CLELLAN'S DREAM.

The following is from the pen of Wesley Brad-shaw, Esq., and makes a fitting companion to "Washington's Vision," which sketch, written by the same author, at the commencement of our National difficulties, was widely copied by the press, and commended by Hon. Edward Everett, as "teaching a highly important lesson to every true lover of his country :

Two o'clock of the third 1 ight after General McClellan's arrival in Washington to take command of the United States army, found that justly celebrated soldier pouring over several toiling through the night, together with the dull rumbling of army wagons and artillery wheels, the wearied hero, pushing from him his maps and reports, leaned his forehead on his tolded arms upon the table before him, occasional booming of the heavy guns, being placed in position on the intreachments, was insufficient to disturb it.

. I could not have been slumbering thus more than ten minutes," said the General to an intimate friend, to whom he related the strange narrative, "when I thought the door in a slow, solemn voice :

"General McClellan do you sleep at your

the foe will be on Washington!" "Never before in my life have I heard a terrible tone of that one that addressed to me As a sease of my willingness, and yet helpless slow, selemn voice repeat :

"General McClellan, do you sleep at your

There was a peculiarity about it this time : it seemed as though I-a mere atom of waterwas suspended in the centre of an infinite space, and that the voice came from a hollow distance all around me. As the list word was uttered I regained by some felt and yet unknown power, my volition, and with the change, the grape-shot discharge sensation in my brain sawed back and forth through and through me.

But this was all. The table was still before else had disappeared. The furniture was the tableau I am about to describe to you.

think of as bentting the scene. In one grand | liberty. coup d'ail, my eye took in the whole expanse of country, as far south as the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Atlantic ocean on the east to the

Mississippi river westwardly. "Before fully fixing my attention upon the immense scene, however, I thought of the mysterious visitant, whose voice I had heard the statue-like figure was naught but a vapor, and last great struggle for existence! a cloud, having only the general outlines of a the matter over in my mind, when the shadowy visitors, in the same slow, solemn tone as before, said :

"General McClellan, your time is short! Look to the Southward !"

"I felt unable to resist this command, even had I wished to do so, and again, therefore, my eyes were cast on the living map.

"Out on the Atlantic I saw the various veslact, every fortification along this water | before I fell asleep, with one exception. undary, I beheld with as much distinctness

"This sight filled me with delightful surprise; but it would be utterly impossible for me to describe the ecstatic amazement that tail, every mountain range, every hill, every valley, every forest, every meadow, every fiver, every city, every camp, every tent, every body of men, every sentinel, every earthwork, thing, no matter what its bulk or height.

with joy, as I thought that the knowledge, and thereby advantage, thus given to me, would insure a speedy and happy termination of the war. And this one idea was engrossing my

Force said : is short.

Southwardly.

largest and most accurate one of my maps, I seized a pencil, and once more bent my gaze out over the living map. As I looked this time, a cold, thrilling chill ran over me, and motion through my heart. For, as, pencil in hand, I compared the map before me with the fate of the war is settled. living map, I saw masses of the enemy's forces being hurried to certain points so as to thwart movements that, within a day or two, lanche. The mighty, toppling mass of Nationwhile on two particular approaches to Washington I beheld heavy columns of the foe posted for a concentrated attack, that I instantly saw must succeed in its object unless speedily prevented.

"Treachery! treachery!" cried I in despair. And, as before my blood seemed to stop in its channels for joy, it now did so for fear. Ruin and defeat seemed to stare me in the face. At this dreadful moment, that same slow, solemn voice struck once more upon my ears,

"General McClellan, you have been betrayed! and, had not God willed otherwise, ere maps and reports of scouts. As the hour came fing would have floated above the Capital and your own grave. But note what you see. Your time is short! Tarry not!"

Ere the words had left the lips of my vapory mentor, my pencil was flying with the speed of thought, transferring to the map before me and fell into a sleep, so deep that even the all that I saw upon the living map. Some mysterious and unearthly influence was upon me, and I noted and recorded the minutest point I beheld without the slightest effort, delay or mistake. At last the task was done, and my pencil dropped from my fingers. For a while previous to this, however, I had

become conscious that there was a shining of of my room, which I had carefully locked, was light on my left, that steadily increased until thrown suddenly open, and some one strode to the moment I ceased my task, when it became me, and, laying a hand upon my shoulder said, in an instant more intense than the noon-day sun. Quickly I raised my eyes, and never, were I to live forever, will I forget what I saw. post? Rouse you, or ere it can be prevented, The dim, shadowy figure was no longer a dim shadowy figure, but the glorified and refulgent spirit of Washington, the Father of his country, voice possessing the commanding and even and now a second time its saviour. My friend, it would be utterly useless for me to attempt these words. And the sensation that passed to describe the mighty, returned spirit. I can through me, as it fell upon my ears, and I only say that Washington, as I beheld him in coweringly shrunk into myself at the thought my dream, or trance, as you may choose to of my own negligence, I can only compare it term it, was the most God-like being I could to the whistling, shricking sweep of a storm have conceived of. Like a weak, dazzled of grape-shot, discharged directly through my bird, I sat gazing at the heavenly vision. brain. I could not move however, although I From the sweet and silent repose of Mount tried hard to raise my head from the table. Vernon, our Washington had risen to once more encircle and raise up, with his saving to make an answer to the unknown intruder, arm, our fallen, bleeding country. As I conoppressed me, I once more heard the same tinued looking, an expression of sublime benignity came gently upon his visage, and for the last time, I heard that slow and solemn

voice, saying to me something like this: "General McClellan, while yet in the flesh, I beheld the birth of the American Republic. It was, indeed, a hard and bloody one, but God's blessing was upon the nation, and therefore, through this, her first great struggle for existence, he sustained her, and with His mighty hand brought her out triumphantly. A century has not passed since then, and yet cessed, and a strange but new one seized my the child Republic has taken her position, a heart, one as if a huge, rough icicle was being peer with nations whose page of history extends for ages into the past. She has, since "I started up, or rather I should say I tho't | those dark days, by the favor of God, greatly I started up, for whether I was awake or asleep | prospered. And now, by very reason of this I am utterly unable to decide. My first thought | prosperity, has she been brought to her second was about my maps, and, before my eyelids great struggle. This is by far the most perilhad half opened my hand was grasping them. | nus ordeal she has to endure. Passing, as she is, from childhood to opening maturity, she is arms and looked at me from head to foot, to me, and the maps all crumpled in my tightening | called on to accomplish that vast result, selfclutch, were still before me, but everything conquest, to learn that important lesson, self. he had inflicted. Not a drop of blood nor a control, self-rule, that in the future will place | scar was to be seen. He knelt upon the grass gone, the walls of the apartment were gone, her in the van of power and civilization. It and gave thanks to a gracious God. Having the ceiling was not to be seen. All I saw was is here that all nations have hitherto failed, done so he took his axe and found a few hairs and she too, the Republic of the earth, had "My gaze was turned Southward, and there, | not God willed otherwise, would, by to-morspread out before me, was a living map, yes, a row's sunset, have been a broken heap of living map, that is the only expression I can stones cast up over the final grave of human

"But her cries have come up out of her borders like sweet incense unto heaven, and she will be saved. Thus shall peace, once more, come upon her, and prosperity fill her with joy. But her mission will not then be vet finished, for, ere another century shall have gone by, the oppressors of the whole earth, but a moment previous, and I looked toward hating and envying her exaltation, shall join him. An apparition stood on my left, some- themselves together and raise up their hands what in front, at a distance of about six feet | against her. But if she still be found worthy from me. I sought for his features, hoping to of her high calling, they shall surely be disrecognize him. But I was disappointed, for comfitted, and then will be ended her third

"Thenceforth shall the Republic go on, inman. This troubled me, and I was turning creasing in goodness and power, until her borders shall end only in the remotest corners of the earth, and the whole earth shall, beneath her shadowing wings, become a Universal Republic. Let her in her prosperity, however, remember the Lord, her God; let her trust be always in Him, and she shall never be con-

founded." The heavenly visitant ceased speaking and as I still continued gazing upon him, drew sels of the blockading squadron looming up near to me, and raised and spread out his with the most perfect distinctness in the bright | hands above me. No sound now passed his moonshine, that illuminated everything with lips, but I felt a strange influence coming over a strong, but mellow light. I saw Charleston me. I inclined my head forward to receive Harbor and its forts, with their pacing senti- the blessing, the baptism of Washington. hels, and their sullen looking barbette guns. The following instant a peal of thunder rolled My eyes followed the ocean line all the way in upon my ears, and I awoke. The vision round into the Gulf, to New Orleans, and had departed, and I was again sitting in my thence up the Mississippi. Fort Pickens, and, apartment, with everything exactly as it was

The map, on which I had dreamed I had as you, sir, see that Corporal's guard passing been marking, was literally covered with a network of pencil-marks, signs, and figures. I rose to my feet, and rubbed my eyes, and took a turn or two about the room, to convince myself that I was really awake. I again seated followed, as, within the limits I mention, my | myself; but the pencillings were as plain as eyes took in, in a minute, but lightning-like de- ever and I had before me as complete a map and repository of information as though I had spent years in gathering and recording its details. My mind now became confused with the strange and numberless ideas and thoughts every cannon, and, I may say, dispensing with | that crowded themselves into it, and I involfurther detail, every living and every dead untarily sank down on my knees to seek wisdom and guidance from on high. As I arose, "My blood seemed to stop in its channels, refreshed in spirit, that same solemn voice seemed to say to me from an infinite distance :

".Your time is short! Tarry not!" "In an instant thought became clear and active. Hastening out couriers, with orders mind, when, once more, that slow, solemn to have executed certain manœuvers at cer- ready for use. Eight horses can drag one of demand to lay down their arms, replied, "The that the Southern Bank of Kentucky, at Hop- holy. tain points, (guiding myself by that, now, in these guns through the deepest mud into "General McClellan, take your map, and my eyes, unearthly map,) I threw myself into note what you behold. Tarry not; your time the saddle, and long ere daylight, galloping like the tempest, from post to post and camp I started, and glancing at the unearthly to camp, had the happiness to divert the ene- eminent divines of the Methodist church have speaker, saw him extend his arm and point my from his object, which, my friend, I as- been commissioned to raise a mounted regi-

Still I saw no features. Smoothing out the | ful, by reason of the last piece of treachery, | had not Heaven interposed.

"That map is looked upon by no human eye, save my own, and, therefore, treachery can do us no harm. I have on it every whit of inforthe huge rough icicle again began its sawing | mation that I need, information that the enemy fate of the war is settled.

"The rebellion truly seems very formidable, but it is only struggling in the path of an ava-I intended to make at those identical points; al power and retribution will, until the proper moment comes, now and then let slip down upon its victim forerunners of its approach. And when the proper moment does come, it will sweep down upon, and forever annihilate disunion with a thunder that shall reverberate throughout the world for ages upon ages to

"Sir there will be no more Bull Run affairs! "God has stretched forth his arms, and the American Union is saved! And our beloved, glorious Washington shall again rest quietly, sweetly in his tomb, until, perhaps, the end of the prophetic century approaches that is to bring the Republic to her third and final strugthe sun of to morrow had set, the Confederate | gle, when he may, once n ore, laying aside the cerements of Mount Vernon, come a messenger of succor and peace, from the Great Ruler, who has all the nations of the Earth in his

> "But that future is too vast for our comprehension; we are the children of the present. "When peace shall again have folded her bright wings, and settled upon our land, that strange, unearthly wonderful map, marked while the spirit eyes of Washington looked on, shall be preserved among American archives, as a precious reminder to the American nation, of what, in their second great struggle for existence, they owed to God and the Glorified Spirit of Washington.

"Verily, the works of God are above the understanding of man."

A CURL CUT OFF WITH AN AXE .- "Do you see this lock of hair t" said an old man to me. "Yes; but what of it? It is, I suppose, the curl from the head of a dear child long since gone to God."

"It is not. It is a lock of my own hair; and it is now nearly seventy years since it was cut from this head."

"But why do you prize a lock of your hair so much ?"

"It has a story belonging to it, and a strange one. I keep it thus with care because it speaks to me more of God and of his special care than anything else I possess.

"I was a little child of four years old, with long, curly locks, which, in sun, or rain, or wind, hung down my cheeks uncovered. One day my father went into the woods to cut a log, and I went with him. I was standing a little way behind him, or rather at his side, watching with interest the heavy strokes of the axe, as it went up and down upon the wood, sending off splinters with every stroke, in all directions. Some of the splinters fell at my feet, and I eagerly stooped to pick them up. In doing so I stumbled forward, and in a moment my curly head lay upon the log. I had fallen just at the moment when the axe was coming down with all its force. It was too late to stop the blow. Down came the axe. I screamed, and my father fell to the

ground in terror. He could not stay the stroke, and in the blindness which the sudden horror caused, he thought he had killed his boy. We soon recovered; I from my fright, and he from his terror. He caught me in his find out the deadly wound which he was sure upon its edge. He turned to the log he had been splitting, and there was a single curl of his boy's hair, sharply cut through and laid upon the wood. How great the escape! It at the moment when it was descending upon my head. With renewed thanks upon his lips he took up the curl, and went home with

me in his arms. "That lock he kept all his days, as a memorial of God's care and love. That lock he left to me on his death-bed."

Gen. Heintzelman's lines are still open to refugee slaves and closed to their capture by masters. If the latter come, they are assured that American soldiers are not slave catchers. If they desire to return to their farms, they are informed that civilians are not admitted within or beyond the camp, and are sent to Alexandria. One would be master has already been there a month. Stone and Kelly, or Halleck, and some others can learn a lesson of wisdom from this. Nobody but Secession-1sts disapprove of Gen. Heintzelman's conduct while theirs grieves and annoys the country.

A pint bowl of light dough that has been made wholly with milk, with the addition of a small tea cup of cream and a fresh egg, will make a very nice dish of biscuit. These ingredients must be thoroughly kneaded together, then rolled out to an inch in thickness, and cut with a tumbler or cake cutter. Place them on a tin sheet and let them rise in a moderately warm place; when well risen will bake in twelve or fifteen minutes in a quick

A New York merchant, recently returned from Richmond, makes an interesting statement, in which he says that business is generally suspended at the South, and that the people of the Confederacy are a unit for secession. A general wish is expressed there that this country may become involved with England, growing out of the Slidell-Mason seizure.

The rebel Gen. Buckner recently sent a flag of truce from his camp at Bowling Green, Ky., to the Union lines, asking permission for his wife to pass on to Louisville with the mortal remains of their infant daughter, which they wished to inter in their family vault in that city. Gen. Buell courteously refused the re-

Several batteries of the light and highly sorriceable "Napoleon" cannon made on the improved model, have been received and are which the "sacred soil" can be trodden.

The New Orleans Crescent states that three sure you, would have proved entirely success- ment of preachers for the confederate army.

## THE LEGION OF HONOR.

A TALE FOR THE TIMES. "And you are willing he should go?" "And why not?" answered the young wife enthusiastically. "I ahould despise myself, Adele, if I were not willing to give my husband to my country. France needs all her sons in this extremity. I thank God I have Henri to offer on her altar."

Her sister shrugged her shoulders. "You always were romantic, my dear," she said, "for my part, if I had a handsome husband, a splendid estate in Normandy, a hotel in Paris, diamonds, cashmeres, equipages, servants, as you have, I should not be willing to risk them so lightly. Suppose Henri is killed. You will be a widow, and for a time, at least, can enjoy none of these things."

"Oh, Adele! how can you talk so? Has not the good father Lacoire been telling us ever since we were children, that the curse of modern times was its materialistic view of life? That to eat, drink, and be merry, seemed to be the whole purpose of existence? That luxury | The surprising faculties of vultures in discovhad corroded national virtue? That the days ering carrion has been a subject of much specof heroism had passed ! How often has my ulation, as to whether it is dependent on their heart swelled against these imputations, for I powers of sight or of scent. It is not, howevwill not believe human nature has sunk so low! er, more mysterious than the unerring certain-No, I have often told him that the diviner ty and rapid my with which some of the minor parts of our race have not all died out. We animals, and more especially insects, in warm are still capable, we women, of making sacri- climates, congregate around the offal on which fices for our country; and our husbands, fath- they feed. Circumstanced as they are, they ers, brothers, sons, capable of dying for it. I must be guided toward their object mainly, it could myself, if the occasion called for it, be not exclusively, by the sense of smell; but I hope, a second Joan of Arc. I never loved that which excites astonishment, is the small Henri half so much as when he came home the degree of odor which seems to suffice for the other day and told me that the crisis of France's fate, he had determined to offer her it traverses and impregnates the air; and the his sword-if necessary, his life. We can die keen and quick preception with which it is but once. What more glorious than to die in taken up by the organs of those creatures. a holy cause;" and the young wite looked The instance of the scavenger beadle has been

sublime as she spoke it. Her beauty, accomplishments, and amiability suited to their purposes, and the speed with had won for her, at eighteen, the heart of the which they hurry to it from all directions; young Count de Tankerville, the greatest often from distances as extraordinary, propormatch of the season. Passionately attached tionately, as those traversed by the eye of the to each other, they spent the hours continually vulture. In the instance of the dying eletogether; they read, they rode, they did every- phant referred to above, life was barely exthing in company. The life they led was more | tinct when the flies, of which not one was visilike an idy! than like a life in modern society | ble but a moment before, arrived in clouds and in Paris. In the midst of this dream of bliss blackened the body by their multitudes; came the news of the retreat from Moscow. scarcely an instant was allowed to elapse from All Europe rose against Franch. The Emper- the commencement of the decomposition; no or beaten back from Dresden to Leipsic, and odor or putrification could be discerned by us desperate effort to retrieve the fortunes of the of mortality, simultaneously with parting nation. It was in this extremity that the breath, must have summoned them to the young Count stepped forward. His father had feast. Ants exhibit an instinct equally surbeen a constitutional royalist in the last days prising. I have sometimes covered up a parof Louis XVI., and the family had never em- ticle of refined sugar with paper in the centre igrated; it had never, on the other hand, at- of a a polished table, and counted the number tached itself to the fortunes of Nopoleon. So of minutes which would elapse before it was long as the great Emperor pursued his con- feasted on by the small black ants of Ceylon, quests, so long the Tankervilles held aloof and a line formed to lower it safely to the from him. But now, when the question was floor. Here was a substance which, to our not Napoleon, but the nation, the young Count apprehension at least, it is altogether inodorfelt that the time had come when the country ous, and yet the quick sense of smell must demanded his services. In view of the dis- have been the only conductor of the ants. memberment of France, what were lands, hous- It has been observed of those fishes which es, life itself? "Save the nation!" was the travel overland on the evaporations of the cry that rose to every patriotic lip. Women ponds in which they lived, that they invariabrought their jewels, men brought their lives. bly marched in the direction of the nearest

cold selfish natures that could not understand the sense of smell sufficient to account for this how anybody could do anything noblo or he- display of instinct in them? or is it aided by roic, "I think you and your husband mad. special organs as in the case of the otners? But go your own ways."

"I wish you were mad in the same way. We are mad as Leonidas was mad, as Tell was | country increased twenty-five per cent. during mad, as Bruce was mad, as every other hero the last decade, and they have averaged that was mad who died for liberty. It is not now a question of the Emperor. It is a question and this wholly by natural increase, the of the country. It is not whether Napoleon African slave trade having ceased in 1808. shall reign, but whether France shall be dis- During the last decade the free negroes in this membered. It is whether the glorious flag of country increased only ten and one-half per the nation, that the glorious tri-color which | cent., and by natural increase certainly not waved at Marengo and Austerlitz, shall be more than five per cent., their numbers being trailed in the dust, or shall still bring tears to constantly swollen by manumissions and eswas as if an angel had turned aside the edge the eyes of the Frenchman in foreign lands, capes from slavery. This fact of the slow infloating from the masthead !"

and wife. Natalie bore up heroically. Not of this slow increase of free negroes, and of den be even lady Russell, when leaving her lord on the rapid multiplication of slaves, are obscure. ously. the sad morning of his execution, controlled Others are plain. But the fact itself is undisberself more nobly than Natalie now. But puted and indisputable. The four millions of when the door had closed on Henri, when she | negroes which we have to-day in the condition | admired on the Bloomingdale road, had alhad heard the clatter of his horse's feet down of slavery, will, if left in that condition, bethe street, then she flung herself on her bed | come five millions in ten years. If emuncipa-

and wept as if her heart was breaking. fought almost daily. Like a lion in the toils, amount, taking the results of the last decade Napoleon turned first on one and then on an- as the guide of the calculation. It is slavery, other of his foes, and always unexpectedly. which is the breeding mother of negroes. By In the brightest days of his intellect he had emancipation, we shall have eight hundred never been so terrible as now. Henri was thousand fewer negroes in the country in 1870, foremost in all these battles. Once he saved than we shall have by continuing slavery. the Emperor's life. The cross of the logion of honor soon decked his breast. He received

said, and forgiving nothing.

"Ah, my bleeding country," Henri would cry to his young wife. At another time it was, "Oh, for one hour by the old Emperor."

At last the nation could bear it no longer. Napoleon landed; the army rose in his favor; the king fled; a constitution was proclaimed. Once more the young Count buckled on his

"Again I say go," was his wife's horoic parting, "and again and again. I will stay at home and pray. I think sometimes it is harder for women than it is for men. You have on the field-before the rebellion will succumb. the excitement of the eampaign. But we can only wait and wait, from one day to another : we can only pray and pray through the sleepless hours of the night. Do not supmay Gad crown you with victory; or if

"If not," said her husband interrupting her, "I will stay on the battle field."

Alas! it was a prediction. A few days later through all eternity." when the old guard at the end of that terrible dozen wounds.

reproaches of her sister, "I would send him re-established.

forth again if I could. I would rather be a widow a thousand times over," she added with flashing eyes, "of a soldier who died for his country, than to be the petted wife of one who had failed France in her hour of need, for such would be either a coward or a traitor."

Nor did she ever think otherwise. In after years rich and titled suitors solicited her hand; but she lived faithful to the memory of her lost Henri. Her chief consolation was to take her child, and showing him the cross of the legion of honor which his father had won in battle, point afterward to the portrait which hung overhead, and bid him emulate the heroism of the departed.

"It is a prouder inberitance to you, darling," she would say, kissing him pasionately, than if he had left you a throne. Think how your heart will glow in years to come, when vou see men pointing to you and saying, 'His father too, was one of the Grand Army."

REMARKABLE ILLUSTRATIONS OF INSECTS .purpose; the subtlety and rapidity with which already alluded to; the promptitude with Natalie had been married but a year or two. which they discern the existance of matter close by; yet some Foremost among these, were Henri and his water; and even when captured, and placed on the floor of a room, their efforts to escape "Well," said Adele, who had one of these | are always made towards the same point. Is

MULTIPLYING NEGROES .- The slaves in this crease of free negroes has been constantly ob-We will not dwell on the parting of husband served in this country. Some of the causes ted, their increase in ten years, instead of be-It was an eventful winter. A battle was ing one million, will only be one-fitth of that

A farmer who has been professing Union the decoration from Napoleon's own hand, on sentiments, near Lewinsville, and whose house the very day Natelie had presented him with has been guarded by our soldiers, was re-ara son. But the genius of the Emperor and rested on Saturday, by order of Gen. Smith, the valor of his troops were of no avail. and brought into camp, for having brought Treachery was at work at Paris while Napo- his cattle down to the rebels, and for giving leon was absent in Campaigne. The capital them information about our troops. For such was surrendered, the emperor was forced to conduct, equally infamous to that of Johnson, who was shot, being a Virginian, he will be Every one knows what followed. The Bour- compelled to take the oath of allegiance bebons came back, forgetting nothing, as was fore he is released. In the meantime, the penalty is death for any of our soldiers to disturb his private property.

Robert J. Walker asserts with great positiveness, that the rebel treasury will completely break down before next March, and that quite as good for all practical purposes, as a the rebellion will by that time prove an utter gold repeater," said I. "We will set aside failure. Prominent Kentuckians aver that it all imaginary wants." will require two or three great victories to "The ten dollar bill must go to the bank," cure the rebels of their folly. This is also said Kitty, "and I'll economise the coppers Gen. McClellan's opinion. He believes that just as Mrs. Wilmot did. Oh, how happy she the rebels must be soundly thrashed-beaten | will be among the roses in that cottage garden

Daniel Webster penned the following sentiment : "If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; pose I say this to keep you back. Go, and if we rear temples they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal minds, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and our fellow man, we engrave on those tablets something that will brighten

Waterloo, closed up their ranks, and to the The Commercial's Frankfort despatch says to itself. Then stars arise and the night is Guard dies, but never surrenders." Henri de kinsville, having ordered the Louisville branch Tankerville, fighting with the bravest, and to pass large sums to the credit of the mother fighting longest almost of all, sank under a bank in Liverpool, to be used, as suspected, gives public notice through the New Orleans lozen wounds.

Did his wife regret what she had done?

"No, no," she cried, in answer to the cruel to aid in the rebellion, the Legislature has authority is south one may change his name when and

HOW TO EARN A HOME. A STORY FOR HARD TIMES.

The other evening I came home with an extra ten dollar bill in my pocket-money that I had earned by out-of doors work. The fact is. I'm a clerk in a down town store, at a salary of \$600 per annum, and a pretty wife and baby to support out of it. I suppose this income will sound amazingly small to your two and three thousand dollar office holders, but nevertheless we contrive to live very comfortably upon it. We live on a floor of an unpretending little house, for which we pay \$150 per annum, and Kitty, my wife, you'll understand, does all her own work ; so that we lay up a neat little sum every year. I've got a balance of two or three hundred dollars at the savings bank, the hoard of several years, and it is astonishing how rich I feel! Why, Rothschild himself isn't a circumstance to me! Well, I came home with my extra bill, and

"Now, my love," said I, "just add this to our account at the bank, and with interest to

showed it triumphantly to Kitty, who of

course was delighted with my industry and

the end of the year." Forthwith 1 commenced easting interest, and calculating in my brain. Kitty was silent, and rocked the cradle musingly with her

"I've been thinking Harry," said she, after a moments pause, that "since you've got this extra money, we might afford to buy a new rug. This is getting dreadfully shabby, my dear, you must see."

I looked dolefully at the rug; it was worn and shabby enough, that was a fact. "I can get a beautiful new velvet pattern for

seven dollars," resumed my wife. "Velvet-seven dollars," groaned I.

"Well, then, a common tufted rug like this would only cost three," said my cautious better half, who, seeing she couldn't carry her first ambitious point, wisely withdrew her

"That's more sensible," said I. "Well, we'll see about it."

"And there's another thing I want," continued my wife, putting her hand coaxingly on my shoulder, "and it's not at all extravagant either." "What is it? I asked, softening rapidly.

"I saw such a lovely silk dress pattern on Canal street this morning, and I can get it fer the cheapest thing I ever saw." "But haven't you got a pretty green silk

dress ?" "That old thing! Why, Harry, I've worn it ever since we've been married.

"Is it soiled, or ragged ?" "No, of course; but who wants to wear the same green dress forever? Everybody knows it is the only silk dress I have."

"Well, what then ?" "That's just a man's question," pouted Kitty. "And I suppose you have not observed how old-fashioned my bonnet is get-

"Why, I thought it looked very neat and tasteful since you put on that black velvet winter trimming."

"Of course-you men have no taste in such matters."

We were silent for a moment; I'm afraid we both felt a little cross and out of humor with one another. In fact, on my journey home, I had entertained serious thoughts of exchanging my old silver watch for a more modern time-piece of gold, and had mentally appropriated the ten dollars to further that purpose. Savings-bank reflections had come

As we sat before the fire, each wrapped in thought, our neighbor, Mr. Wilmot, knocked at the door. He was employed at the same store as myself, and his wife was an old family

"I want you to congratulate me," he said. taking a seat. "I have purchased that little cottage out on the Bloomingdale road to-day." "What! that beautiful little wooden cottage with the piazza, and lawn, and fruit garden behind?" exclaimed Kitty almost envi-

"Is it possible?" I cried. A little cottage home of my own, just like that I had often ways been the crowning ambition of my lifea distant and almost hopeless point, but no less earnestly desired. "Why, Wilmot," said I, "how did this

happen? You've only been in business eight or ten years longer than I, at a salary but a trifle larger than mine, yet I could as soon buy the mint as purchase a cottage like that." "Well," said my neighbor "we have all been working to this end for years. My wife

has darned, patched, mended and saved-we have lived on plain fare, and done with the cheapest things. But the magic charm of the whole affair was that we laid aside every penny that was not needed by actual, positive want. Yes, I have seen my wife lay by red coppers, one by one."

"Times are hard you know, just now; the owner was not what you call an economical man, and he was glad to sell at a moderate price. So you see that even "hard times" have helped me !"

When our neighbor was gone, Kitty and I looked meaningly at one another.

"Harry," said she, "the rug isn't so bad after all, and my green silk will do a year longer with care." "And a silver watch is

next spring !"

Our merry tea-kettle sung us a cheerful little song over the glowing fire that night, and its burden was "Economy and a home of our own amid the roses and the country air."

The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun; the brightness of our life is gone. Shadows of evening fall around us, and the world seems but a dim reflection-itself a broader shadow. We look forward into the coming lonely night. The soul withdraws in-

Some one named "Armand N. Toutant" how he chooses.