"THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS THE LEGITIMATE SOURCE, AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE PEOPLE THE TRUE END OF GOVERNMENT."

VOLUME XXVI.

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From the Louisville Journal.

## - The Erring Angel.

Twas long before this world of ours By human foot-steps had been trod,
That Zara came to Eden's bowers,
Fresh from the presence of her God. And while her radiant wings were yet Unfurled and trembing in the air, She seemed so changed as to torget Her Heaven and all the bright things there. Nor that her heart had ceased to feel That glow of rapture which is known By none but those bright ones who kneel Around God's ever-during throne. But gazing on that lovely spot.

No wonder that her soul forgot.

The fair and happy realm which lies Far, far beyond the starry skies. And there in that enchanting place, The loitered long, and wondered why It was not peopled with a race Of beings from her native sky. And oft she wished and sighed to dwell Herself within a world so fair. With some one who could love her well, And deem it Heaven to linger there-With some one on whose willing arm She might recline without a fear, And know his heart was beating warm

With the divinest love for her. "How sweet," said she, "how sweet twould be To linger here amid these bowers, Where every bash and every tree Is fragrant with its sunny flowers-How sweet with him whom I could love, To kneel upon this grassy sod. And, having turned our eves above. Pour out his soul in prayer to God; Indeed it would be more like bliss To live thus in a world like this !.

And in her eye the trembling light Of her pure spirit softly sho And her sweet face, before so bright, A more angelic, smile put on > But, gazing up into the air,
She saw a lone star twinkling there, And knowing that the bright orb shone On none but those who stray'd too far From God, and his eternal throne, She blessed the glory-beaming star; And kateeling on the green earth there,
Lifted her trembling hands to Heaven, And offered up a fervent prayer, That her crushed heart might be forgiven. And, ere the angel ceased to speak, The tears which had suffused her cheek Fell to the earth and stilled the pain Which had seized on her throbbing brain.

Poor Zara! She was far away From all that bright and joyous throng, Whose lips were breathing day by day An enless round of prayer and song-Yes, she who had been first each morn To wake the harp around the throne, Was now on earth, and most furlorn Of all God's appels, and alone. But be who saw his erring child The moment she had learned to err. Beheld her now repent, and smiled-That smile a pardon was to her, And looking upward through her tears, Which now were flowing faster still. She said: "God, then hast stilled my fears;
I'll go to thee, I will, I will." And bidding earth a long farewell She breathed, and did not breathe in vain, The dulcet words whose mystic spell Should plume her wings for Heaven again. And where upon that fatal ground The tears of her repentance fell A light of glory beams around, And renders Eden hallowed ground.

## Wife, Children, and Friends.

When the black lettered list to the Gods was pre The list of what Fate for each mortal intends At the long string of ills a kind Goddess relented And slipped in three blessings - Wife, Children, and Friends.

In vain surly Pluto declared be was cheated. And Justice divine could not compass his ends. The scheme of man's penauce he swore was defeat-

For earth becomes Heaved with-Wile, Children and Friends.

If the stock of our bliss is in stranger bands vested The foud, ill recured, oft in bankruptcy ends But the lieset issues bills that are never protested When diawn on the firm of-Wife, Children, and Friends.

Though valor still glows in life's waning embers. The death-wounded tar, who his colors defends, Drops a tear of regret as he, dying, remembers
How blest was his home, with—Wife, Children and

The soldier whose deeds live immortal in story. Whom daty to far distant latitudes sends.

With transport would barter whole ages of glory.

For one happy day with—Wife, Children and

The spice breathing gales o'er his carnvan hover.
The around him Arabia's whole fragrance ascends
The merchant still thinks of the woodbines that The bow'r where he est with Wife, Children an the Friends of Jacks so 12/2 affected

The day spring of youth still unclouded with sor Alone on itself for enjoyment depends But drear is the twilight of ago, if it borrow. No warmth from the smiles of -Wife, Children and

Friends. Let the breath of renown ever freshen and nouris The laurel which o'er her dead favorite bends, O'er me wave the willow, and long may it flourish Bedewed with the tears of Wife, Children, and Artenda dominio est Tarno - seconfre ca tiva

let us drink, for my song, growing graver and gra-To subjects too salemn passailly tends the warming please me high love and with The glass that I fill to Wife, Children, and Priceds

Attention to little things is the economy

From the N. Y. Tribune. GLANCES AT EUROPE—NO. 9.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

Sights in London.

LONDON, Thursday, May 23, 1851. I have been much occupied, through the last fortnight, and shall be for some ten days more, with the Great Exhibition, in fulfilment of the duties; of a Juror therein. The number of Americans here (not exhibitors) who can and will devote the time required for this service is so small that none can Royal Commissioner in offering to place as many foreigners (named by the Commissioners of their respective countries.) as Britons on the several Juries well deserve to be met in a corresponding spirit. I did not, therefore, feel at liberty to decline the post of Juror, to which I have been assigned before my arrival though it involves much labor and care, and will keep me here somewhat longer than I had intended to stay. On the other hand, it has opened to me sources of information and facilities for observation which I could not, in a brief visit to a land of strangers, have otherwise hoped to enjoy. I spend each secular day at the Exhibition-generally from 10 to 3 o'clock-and have my evenings for other pursuits and thoughts. I propose here to jot down a few of the notes on London I have made since the sailing of the last steamship.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY. I attended Divine worship in this celebrated ed ifice last Sunday morning. Situated near the Houses of Parliament, the Royal Palaces of Buckingham and St James, and in the most aristocratic quarter of the city, its external appearance is less imposing than I had expected, and what I saw of its interior did not particularly impress me. Lofty ceilings, stained windows, and a barbaric profusion of carving, graining and all manner of costly contrivances for absorbing money and labor, made on me the impression of waste rather than taste, seeming to give form and substance to the orator's simile of the contortions of the sibyl without her inspiration. A better acquaintance with the edifice, or with the principles of architecture, might serve to correct this hasty judgment; but surely Westminster Abbey ought to afford a place of worship equal in capacity, fitness aed convenience to a modern church edifice costing \$50,000, and surely it does not. I think there is no one of the best churches in New-York which is not superior to the Abbey for this

-I thought myself acquainted with all the approved renderings of the Episcopal morning service out when the clergyman who officiated at the Abbey began to twang out, Dearly beloved bretheren.' &c., in a nasal, drawling semi-chant, I was taken completely aback. It sounded as though some graceless Friar Tuck had wormed himself into the desk and was endeavoring, under the pretense of reading the rervice, to carricature as broadly as possible the alledged peculiarity of Methodistic pulnit enunciation superimposed upon the regular Yankee drawl. As the service proceed, I became more accustomed and more reconciled to this mode of utterance, but never enough, so to like it, nor even the response which were given in the same way, but much better. After I came away, I was informed that this semi-chant is termed intoning. and it is said to be a revival of an ancient method of rendering the church service. If such be the fact, I can only say that in my poor judgment that revival was an unwise and unfortunate and

The Service was very long-more than two hours—the Music excellent—the congregation large -the Sermon so far as I could judge, had nothing bad in it. Yet there was an Eleventh Century air about the whole which strengthened my conviction that the Anglican Church will very soon be summoned to take her stand distinctly on the side e ither of Romanism or of Protestantism, and that the summons will shake not the church only but the Realm to its center.

In the evening I attended to the Ragged School situated in Carter's Field Lane, near the cattle market in Smithfield, [where John Rogers was burned to the stake by Catholics, as Catholics bad been burned by Protestants before him. The honest, candid history of Persecution for Faith's sake has never yet been written; whenever it shall be, it must-cause many cars to tingle.]

It was something past 7 o'clock when we reached the rough old building in a filthy, poverty-stricken quarter which has been rudely fitted up for The Ragged School-one of the first, I believe that was attempted. I should say there were about four hundred pupils on its benches, with about forty teachers; the pupils were at least two-thirds males from five to twenty years old, with a dozen or more adults. The girls were a hundred or so, mainly from three to ten years of age; but in a separate and upper apartment ascending out of the main room, there were some forty adult women, with teachers exclusively of their own sex. The teachers were of various grades of capacity, but as all teach without pay and under circumstances which forlid the idea of any other than philanthropic or religious attractiveness in the duty, they are all deserving of praise. The teaching is confined I believe, to rudimental instruction in reading and spelling, and to historic, theologic and moralilessons from haste to be gone. Yet I leaned over the rail and the Bible. As the doors are open and every one made some inquiry of a ragged forlorn youth of nine who sees fit comes in stays so long as he pleases, and then goes out , there is much confusion and bustie at times, but on the whole a catisfactory degree of order is preserved, and considerable though very

medual, progress made by the pupils But such faces such garments such daguer types of the superlative of human wretchedness and degradation | These pupils were gathered from among the purchase of London—those who have no family use, so homes, no selection, no religious fraining, but were born to wander about the cocks. the like air ounces in prospect between him and picking up a chance job now and then, but acquir starvation. That hundreds so situated should unite

natural oppressors and their natural prey. Of this were to pilfer every day of their lives (as most of large class of vagrants, amounting in this city to them did, and perhaps some of them still do,) I thousands, Theft and (for the females) Harlotry. whenever the cost of a loaf of bread or a nights' lodging could be procured by either, were as a matter of course resorts for a livelihood as privateering, campaigning, distilling or (till recently) slave-trading was to many respected and well-to-do champions of Order and Conservatism throughout Christendom. And the outcasts have ten times the well be excused; and the fairness evinced by the excuse for their moral blindness and their misdeeds that their well fed competitors in iniquity ever had. They have simply regarded the world as their ovster and tried to open its hard shells as they best could not indicating thereby a special love of oysters but a ravenous appetite for food of some kind. It-was ovster or nothing with them. And in the course of life thus forced upon them, the males who survived the period of infancy may have averaged twenty-five years of wretched, debased, bruta' exis tence, while the females, of more delicate frame and subjected to additional evils, have usually died much younger. But the gallows, the charity hospitals, the prisons, the work-houses (refuges denied to the healthy and the unconvicted,) with the unfenced kennels and hiding-places of the destitue during inclement weather, generally saw the earthly end of them all by the time that men in better circumstances have usually attained their prime. And all this has been going on unresisted and almost unnoticed for countless generations, in the very shadows of hundreds of church steeples, and in a city which pays millions of dollars annually for the

support of Gospel ministrations. The chief impression made on me by the spectacle here presented was one of intense sadness and self-repreach. I deeply realized that I had hitherto said too little, dared too little, sacrificed too little, to awaken attention to the infernal wrongs and abuses which were inherent in the very structure and constitution, the nature and essence, of civilized Society as it now exists throughout Christendom. Of what avail are alms-giving, and individual benevolence, and even the offices of Religion, in the presence of evils so gigantic and so inwoven with the very framework of Society ! There have been here in all recent times charitable men, good men enough to have saved Sodom, but not enough to save Society from the condemnation of driving this out-cast race before it like sheep to the slaughter, as its members pressed on in pursuit of their seveal schemes of pleasure, riches or ambition, looking up to God for His approbation on their benevolence is they tossed a penny to some infiserable beggar. after they had stolen the earth from under his feet

How long shall this endure! -The School was dismissed, and every one requested to leave who did not choose to attend the it. But then the wind, good for nothing, roguish prayer-meeting. No effort was made to induce fellow, made an ungenerous plunge at poor little inv to stay-the contrary rather. I was surprise to see that three fourths (I think) staid.; though this was partly explained afterward by the fuct that they had hopes of a night's lodging here and none elsewhere. That prayer-meeting was the most impressive and salutary religious service I have attended for many years. Four or five prayers were made by different teachers in successionall chaste, appropriate, excellent, fervent, affecting-A Hymn was sung before and after each by the congregation-and well sung. Brief and cogent addresses were made by the Superintendent and (I believe) an American visitor. Then the School was dismissed, and the pupils who had tickets permitting them to sleep in the dormitory below filed off in regular order to their several berths. The residue left the premises. We visitors were next permitted to go down and see those who staid-of course only the ladies being allowed to look into the apartment for women. O the sadness of that sight! There in the men's room were prehaps a hundred men and boye, sitting up in their rags in little compartments of naked boards, each about half-way between a bread-tray and a hog-trough which, planted close to each other, were to be their resting places for the night, as they had been for several pervious nights. And this is a very recent and very blessed addition to the School, made by the munificence of some noble woman, who gave \$500 expressly to fit up some kind of a sleeping room, so that those who had attended the Schoolshould not all be turned out (as a part still necessarily are.) to wander or lie all night in the always cold, damp streets. There are not many hogs in America who are not better lodged than these poor human brethren and sisters, who now united, at the aggestion of the Superintendent, in a hymn of praise to God for all His mercies. Doubtless, many did so with an eye to the shelter and hope of food (for each one who is permitted to stay here has a bath and six ounces of bread allotted him in the morning;) yet when I contrasted this with the

more formal and stately worship I had attended at Westminster Abbey in the morning, the preponderance was decidedly not in favor of the latter. It seemed to me a profauation-an insult heaped on injury—an unjustifiable prying into the saddest secret s of the great prison house of human woefor us visiters to be standing here; and, though apologised for it with a sovereign, which grain of sand will, I am sure be wisely applied to the mit igation of this mountain of misery, I was yet in teen or twenty who sat next us in his trough, wait ing for our departure before he lay down to such rest as that place could afford him. He replied that he had no parents nor friends who could help himhad nover been taught any trade-always did any work he could get sometimes earned sixpence to a shilling per day by odd jobs, but could get no work lately—had no money of course—and had enter nothing that day but the six oppose of bread given him on raing in the morning and had only

ing no skill, no settled vocation, often compelled to with seeming fervor in praise to God shames the fighting for," said Grace, more confidently, as she steal or starve, and finally trained to regard the more polished devotion of the favored and com- saw her quiet, blue-eyed mother, who had silently steal or starve, and finally trained to regard the fortable; and if these famishing, hopeless outcasts walked into the room during the conversation, and their many of this were to piller every day of their lives (as most of Grace's mother smiled, and said, encouragingly should pity even more than I blamed them.

From the New York Evangelist.

THE ALTAR OF LIBERTY. PY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

The well-sweep of the old house on the hill was relieved, dark and clear, against the reddening sky, as the early winter sun was going down in the west. It was a brisk, clear, metallic evening : the long drifts of snow blushed crimson red on their tops, and lay in shades of purple and lilac, in the hollows; and the old wintry wind brushed shrewdly along the plain, tingling people's notes, blowing open their cloaks, puffing in the back of their necks and showing other unmistakeable indications that he was getting up steam for a real roystering night "Hurrah! how it blows," said little Dick Ward,

from the top of the mossy wood-pile. Now Dick had been sent to said wood-pile, in company with his little sister Grace, to pick up chips, which, everybody knows, was in the olden ame considered a wholesome and gracious employment and the peculiar duty of the rising generation. But Dick, being a boy, had mounted the wood-pile, and erected there a flag-staff, on which he was busily tying as little red pocket handkerchief, occasionally exhorting Gracie "to be sure and pick up fast." "O ves. I will." said Grace but you see the chips have got ice on 'em, and

make my hands so cold." "Oh! don't stop to suck your thumbs-who cares for ice! Pick away, I say, while I set up the flag of Liberty."

So Gracie picked away as fast as she could, nohing doubting but that her cold thumbs were in some mysterious sense an offering on the shrine of liberty; while soon a red handkerchief, duly secured, fluttered and snapped in the brisk evening

"Now you must hurrah, Gracie, and throw up your bonnet," said Dicky, as he descended from the

"But won't it lodge down in some place in the wood-pile I" suggested Gracie thoughtfully.

"Oh, never fear; give it to me, and just holler now, Gracie, Hurrah for Liberty; and we'll throw up our bonnet and cap; and we'll play, you know, that we were a whole army, and I'm Gen. Wash-

So Gracie gave up her little red hood, and Dick swung his cap, and up they both went into the air, and the children shouted and the flag snapped and fluttered, and altogether they had a merry time of whisked it off, off, off-fluttering and bobbing up and down quite across a wide, waste, snowy field, and finally lodged it on the top of a tall, strutting rail that was leaning very independently, quite another way from all the other rails of the fence.

" Now see, do see," said Gracie, " there goes my bonnet! what will aunt Hetty say?" and Gracie began to cry.

"Do'nt you cry, Gracie; you offered it up to Liberty, you know-it's glorious to give up everything for Liberty."

"But aunt Hetty won't think so."

"Well, dont cry, Gracie-vou foolish girl. Do vou think I can't get it! Now, only play that that great rail was a fort, and your bonnet was a prisoner in it; and see how quick I'll take the fort and get it it and Dick shouldered a stick and marched off.

" What upon arth keeps them children so long; should think they were making chips," said aunt Mehetable; "the fire's just going out under the tea kettle."

By this time Gracio had lugged her heavy baset to the door, and was stamping the snow off her little feet, which were so numb that she needed to stamp to be quite sure they were yet there. Aunt Mehetable's shrewd face was the first that greeted her as the door opened.

"Gracie-what upon airth!-wipe your nose, child: your hands are frozen-where is Dick, and what's kept you out all this time-and where's your bonnet ?"

Poor Gracie, stunned by this cataract of ques tions neither wiped her nose, nor gave any answer, but sidled up into the warm corner, where grandmamma was knitting, and began quietly rubbing and blowing her fingers, while the tears silently rolled down her checks, as the fire made their former ache intolerable!"

" Poor little dear," said grandmamma, taking her hands in hers : "Hetty shan't scold you grandma knows you've been a good girl the wind blew poot Gracie's bonnet away and grandmamms wiped both eyes and nose, and gave her moreover a stalk of dried fennel out of her, pocket, whereat Gracie took heart once more a survey to bed men

"Mother always makes fools of Roxy's children," said Mehetabel, puffing scalonsly under the teskettle "there's a little maple sugar in that said cet up there, mother, if you will keep giving it to her," she said, still vigorously puffing. ... And now, Gracie," she said, when after awhile the fire seem ed in tolerable order, "will you answer my question Concrete and had been understand by ming

A" Where is Dick Parastell who we remit to be Gone over in the lot to get my bonnet. I "How came your bonnet off!" said aunt Mehetabel ..... lied it on firm enough! I had said a

"Dick wanted me to take it off for him to throw for Liberty," and Grace. Throw up for fiddlestick! just one of Dick's cut ups, and you were ally escued to mind him "Why, he put up a fing stid on the wood pile and a flag to Liberty-you know, that Papa's

"And what then i"
"Why, he wanted me to throw up my bonnet and he his cap, and shout for Liberty; and then the wind took it and carried it off, and he said

ought not to be sorry if I did lose it-it was an of fering to Liberty."

"And so I did," said Dick, who was standing as

straight as a poplar behind the group and I heard it in one of father's letters to mother, that we ought to offer up everything on the altar of Liberty! and so I made an altar of the wood-pile."

"Good boy," said his mother, "always remen ber everything your father writes. He has offered up everything on the altar of Liberty, true enough and I hope you, son, will live to do the same."

"Only, if I have the boods and caps to make," said aunt Hitty, "I hope he won't offer them up every week-that's all." "O well, aunt Hitty, I've got the hood-let

alone for that; it blew clear over into the Daddy Ward pasture lot, and there stuck on the top of the great rail, and I played that the great rail was a fort, and besieged it, and took it."

"O yes, you're up to taking forts, and everything else that nobody wants done. I'll warrant, now, you left Gracie to pick up every blessed one of them chips."
"Picking up chips is girl's work," said Dick

and defending the country and taking forts is men's work."

"And pray, Mister Pomp, how long have you een a man in said sunt Hitty. The said see all

"If I n'ut a man, I soon shall be; my head nost up to mother's shoulder, and I can fire off a gun, too. I tried the other day, when I was up to the store. Mother, I wish you'd let me clean and toad the gun; so that if the British should come!" "Well, if you are so big and grand, just lift me out that table, sir." said aunt Hitty, "for it's past supper time." - . .

Dick had the table out in a trice, with an abun dant clatter, and put up the leaves with quite an air. His mother, with the silent and gliding motion characteristic of her, quietly took out the table-cloth and spread it, and began to set the cups and saucers in order, and to put on the plates and knives, while aunt Hittylbustled about the tea.

"I'll be glad when the war's over, for one reas m," said she-" I'm pretty much tired of drinking sage tea, for one."

"Well aunt Hitty, how you scolded that pedar last week, that brought along that real tea." "To be sure I did. S'pose I'd be faking any of his old tea, bought of the British !-fling every teacup in his face first!"

" Well, mother," said Dick, "I never exactly understood what it was about the tea, and why the Boston folks threw it all overboard."

"Because there was an unlawful tax la it, that the Government had no right to lay. It to the kitchen the supplies that she turned sut was nt much in itself, but it was a part of a whole system of oppressive meanness, designed to take bundling, and arranging is the best possible travaway our rights, and make us slaves of a foreign power!"

"Slaves!" said Dick, straightening himself proudly. "Father a slave!"

But they would not be slaves log They saw clearly where it would all end, and they would not begin to submit to it in ever so little? said the

mother. "I wouldn't if I was they," said Dickie and hear "Besides," said his mother, drawing him toward

her," it wasn't for themselves alone they did it. This is a great country, and it will be greater and greater; and it's very important that it should have free and equal laws, because it will by-andby be so great. This country, if it is a free one, will be a light of a world-a city on a hill that can not be hid; and all the oppressed and distressed from other countries shall come here to enjoy equal rights and freedom. This, dear boy, is why your father and uncles have gone to fight, and why they do stay and fight, though God knows what they suffer, and-" and the large blue eves of the mother were full of tears, yet a strong bright beam of pride and exultation shone through those tears.

"Well, well, Roxy, you can always talk, every body knows," said nunt Hitty, who had been not the least attentive listener of this little patriotic stears. harrangue; but you see the tea is getting cold, and yonder I see the sleigh is at the door, and John's come, so let's set up our chairs for supper."

The chairs were soon set up, when John, the eldest son, a lad of about fifteen, entered with a let. ter. There was one general exclamation and streching out of hands towards it. John threw it into his mother's lap—the tea table was forgotten, and the ten-kettle anug unnoticed by the fire, as all hands piled themselves up by mother's chair to hear the news. It was from Captain Ward, then in the A. merican army at Valley Forge. Mrs. Ward ran it much good as if they could wear them. They could over hastily and then read it aloud. A few words we may extract "There is still much suffering. I have given away every pair of stockings you sent me, reserving to myself only one for I will not be one whit better off than the moorest soldier that fights for his country. Poor fellows, it makes my heart ache sometimes to go round among them and see them with their worn clothes and ton shoes and often bleeding feet, yet cheerful and hopeful, had every one willing to do his very best Often the spirit of discouragement comes over them, particularly at night, when weary, cold and hungry, they turn into their comfortless huts on the snowy ground. Then sometimes there is a thought of home, warm fires; and some speak of giving up; but next morning out comes Washington general orders little short note but it's wonder ful the good it does and then they all resolve to hold on, come what may. There are com ers going all through the country to pick up tup-plies: if they come to you. I need not tell you what to do. I know all that will be in your hours. "There children, you see what your father out strollop.

J.

fers," said the mother, "and what it costs these

poor soldiers to gain our liberty."

"Ephraim Scranton told me that the Con sioners had got as far as the three mile tavers, and that he rather expected they'd be along here to night," said John, as he was helping reund the baked beans to the silent company at the table. "To-night! do tell, now," mid Aunt Hitty, "it

see what can be got."

"I'll send my new overcost, for one," said John. that old one ain't cut up yet in it. Aunt Hitty "No," said aunt Hitty, "I was laying out to cut it over, next Wednesday, when Desire Benith could

is time then we were awake and shiring Let's

be here to do the tailoring." "There's the south room," said annt Hitty mus ing - that bed has the two old sunt Ward blank-ets on it, and the great blue quilt, and two comforters—then mother's and my room two pairfour comforters two quilts the best chamber has

"O, aunt Hitty, send all that's in the best chara per-if any company comes, we can make it up of from our beds!" said John ... I can send a blankst or two off from my bed. I know-can't but just turn

over in it, so many clothes on now 25 "Aunt Hitty, take a blanket off from our had." said Grace and Dickie at occo. "Well, well, we'll see," said annt Hitty, bustling

Up rose grandmamma, with great carnette now, and going into the next room, and spening a large cedar wood chest, returned, bearing in her arms two snow-white blankets which are deposited flat on the table, just as sont Hitty was which ing off the table cloth.

" Mortal le mother, what are you going to do!" said aunt Hitty.

"There," she said - I spun those every thread of em, when my name was Mary Evans, Those were my wodding blankets, made of real merino wool, and worked with roses in all the corners I have them to give," and grandmamma stroked and smoothed the blankets, and patted them down with great pride and tenderness. It was evident she was giving something that lay very near her heart. but she never fultered.

"La! mother, there's no need of that," said aunt Hitty-" use them on your own bed, and send the blankets off from that—they are just as good for the soldiers."

"No, I shau't," said the old lady, waxing warre,

'taint a bit too good for em. Til send the very best I've got, before they shall suffer Send on the best /" and the old lady gestured cratorically !

They were interrupted by a rap at the door, and two men entered, and announced themselves as commissioned by: Congress to search out supplies for the army. Now the plot thickens. Aust Hisfor the army. Anomy has provided eatry, passed ty flew in every direction, through eatry, passed to the control of the control meal room, milk room, down cellar, up che her cap border on end with patriotic seal, and for while Mrs. Ward busied herself in quietly sorting. elling order the various contributions that were precipitonsly launched on the kitchen floor

Aunt Hitty soon appeared in the kitchen with an armful of stockings, which, kneeling on the floor she began counting and laying out "There," she said, laying down a large bundle on some blankets, "that leaves just two pair apiece

all round? The last of the last of the last last "What's the use of saving two pair for me ! I can do with one pair as well as father." " Sure enough," said his mother, " besides, I can knit you another pair in a day?

"And I can do with one pair," said Dicky "Yours will be foo small, young master, I guess said one of the commissioners. "No." said Dickie. "I've got a pretty good fact of my own, and aunt, Hitty will always knit my

stockings an inch too long, because she says I grow

so. See here. These will do and the bey shock

them triumphantly,
"And mine, too," said Orncie, nothing doubting having been busy all the time in pulling of her little stockings.

"Here," she said to the man who was packing the things into a wide-mouthed sack : here's mine. and her large blue eyes looked earnestly thre her

Aunt Hitty flew at her- Good land! the child is crazy ! don't think the men could west your stockings take 'em away"

Gracie looked around with an air of utter dese-lation, and began to cry. "I wanted to give them something," said she. "I'd rather go barefost en the snow all day than not send 'em anything."

"Give me the stockings, my child," said the old soldier tenderly; " there, I'll take em, and sheet em to the seldiers, and tell them what the little girl said that sent them, and it will de them se got little girls at home too." Gracie fell on ber mother's botom completely happy and aug Hitte only muttered.

"Everybody does spoil that shild, and no woo der beither!" Soon the old sleigh drave off from the Brens bones, tightly, pecked and heavily leaded. And

Gracie and Dickie were creeping up to their little beds.
"There's been something put on the alter of lib-

erty to night hasn't there Dick !" Yes, indeed, said Dick and looking to be her mother, he said, "But mother, what did you gree!" "I," said the mother moningly "Yes Tou mother, what save you give to the

cetalry.!"

"All that I have, clears," said said, laying inc.
hands gently on their bands, "ay freeband and say shildren !

To the second of the second of the second of He who mayout he friends will said storm. He who respons his and responsible a