

. . VOL. LXI.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION. SELECTED POETRY

thus writes:

From the H

HOME, SWEET HOME.

An exquisite addition to this beautiful song, and by the original writer of it,) is kindly

sent to us by a gentleman of this city. He

and it recalled an incident which may intere

and it recalled an incident which may interest your readers. In the winter of -1883, or '84, I was dining in London with an American la-dy, the wife of an eminent banker. During my visit, Mr PAYNE called and presented her with a copy of 'Home, Sweet Home,' set to music, with two additional verses addressed to her; and these she allowed me to copy. I enclose them for you to print.

ADDITIONAL VERSES TO HOME, SWEET HOME.

BT JOHN HOWARD PATNE

There's no place like home There's no place like home

Your exile is blest with all fate can bestow, But MINE has been checkered with many a wool Yet, the' different our fortunes, our thoughts are the

and both, as we think of Columbia, exclaim Home, home, sweet, sweet hom Thore's no place like home l There's no place like home !-

"(LITTLE MRS. HAYNES."

Is was an eventful ere in my young life when my father announced his intention of renting the light, airy southern chamber of our

old brown house to a young portrait-painter, who was about becoming a resident of our vil-lage, during a few week of the summer. - Never before had an event so stirring and exciting

The CARLISLE HERALD is published workly on a large sheet containing twonfy oight columns, and farnshed to subscribers at \$1.50 I paid strictly in advance i \$1.75 if paid within the year; or \$21 n all cases when payment is delayed until after the expiratio i of the year. No subscriptions received for a less period than six months, and uone discontinued until all arroarages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher. Papers sont to subscriptions thing out of Cumberland county must be paid for in advance, or the payment assumed by some responsible person living in Cumberland coun-ty. These terms will be rigidly adhered to in all tases, "In reading a late number of the Home Journal, I haw a touching notice of Joun How-and Parns, the author of 'Home, Sweet Home,'

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Advertisements will be charged \$1.00 per square of twelve lines for three insertions, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. All advertisements of less than twelve lines considered is a square. Advertisements inserted before Marriages and deaths Scentsper line for first insertion, and 4 cents per line for subsequent insertions. Communications on sub-lects of limited or individual interest will be charged 5 cents per line. The Proprietor will not be respons-ble in damages for errors in advertisements, Oblivary notices or Marriages not exceeding five lines, will be inserted without charge.

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The Carlisie Horald JOB PRINTING OFFICE is the largest and most complete stabilishment in the county. Four good Pressos, and a general variety of material us to drylob Contained Reary work of every kind, enables to drylob Contained Reary and the shortest nolice and on the most reasonable terms. Persons in want of Bills, transonable terms. Persons in want of Bills, the interest to give us a call. The unsatisfied heart turns, and says, with a sigh, Home, home, sweet, sweet heme!

Aeneral and Local Information.

U. S. GOVERNMENT. Prosident-Annanay Lincoln. Yice President-HANNIRAL HAMIN. Secretary of State-Way. H. SEWARD. Secretary of Interior-CALER SMITH. Secretary of Interior-NALION P. CHASH. Secretary of Nav-Sinon CAMERON. Secretary of Nav-Uneon Willes. Post Mastic General-November Blains. Post Master General-MONTGOMERY BLAIRS Attorney General-EDWARD BATES. Chief Justice of the United States-R. B. TANEY.

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before had an event so stirring and exciting in its tendency broken over the monotony of my existence Nover before had my childish imagination been furnished with so wide a field of action, or my heart throbbed and pal-pitated with such a strange mixture of wonder and delight. A portrait-painter under our own brown roof, within the walls of our own home!--what a rare chance for my inquisitive eyes to draw in a fund of knowledge! What an object of envy I should -be to my little mates, and how daintily would I mete out to them what I learned from day to day of the A magnue, des faines Armales, Abraham Bos-Directors of the Poor-Jno. Trimble, Abraham Bos-er, John Miller. Superintendent of Poor Housler, John Mille Henry Suyder.

BOROUGH OFFICERS.

Chief Burgess-John Noble, Assistant Burgess-Adam Senseman. Town Council-John Mutchall, Wm. W. Dale, J. R. fryine, Hazan Carney, John Halbert, J. B. Parker, Fred-erick Dinkie, Samuel Ecouninger. Citerk to Council-Jas. U. Masonheimer. High Constables-Geo. Benity, Joseph Stuart. Ward Constables-Jacob Brotz, Andrew Martin. Justices of the Pacce-A. L. Sposier, David Smith Hishaol Holcomb, Abm. Debuff.

CHURCHES.

First Presbyterian Church, Northwest angle of Cen tro Square. Rev. Conway P. Wing Pastor.—Services every Sunday Morning at 11 Sclock, A. M., and 7 Sclock P. M

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 12, 1861.

CARLISTE, PA., PRIDAY, APRIL 12, 1861.
"Numit letting in many data many."
"Numit letting in many data many many data many d

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"On my faith, she is 'n be exclaimed gaily, "What, fittle Piceber" to pased excerty, a fring his blue yes on my face, "A ad I trow I'm in love with hier for it. Nover mind re-ports my little haly." "A swell as I ever did!", I faltered. 'A and how well is that?" So well that dur while he reached out his hand to draw me to ing all these weary years you have not ober-

"No, I won't sit there!" I cried, pushing "No, I won't sit there!" I cried, pushing away his hand, while the tears, which had been crowding their way into my eyes, gave a sudden dash down my burning checks. "I'll never sit there again, never!" "My dear little Phebe!" There was a real pathage in his rich, many a fable! What a wonderful personage he would be! What a dark visage he would bonst, and what a monstrous, giant like form !

now, suppa and smashes of red-hot beams

kindly on the slave,) who carries the target riddled into a colander with bullet holes.--There arg.even popular Yankee songs about

"The Dark who 'totes' the target."

The song writer compares him to Pompus Casar, whom the colored girls peculiarly admire, and the chorus is, I remember :

They come together With sword and feather Loud trumpets, drums and hosting, And with the mark,

Bring up the dark,

en they go out a shooting There is not a red-shirted young democrat n that regiment, I feel sure, who would not shoulder his rifle and go off in a dudgeon. if bounder his rule and go off in a duageon. It any dared to propose that he should take the place of the "great buck niggor", and tote the target. Democracy has its pride, too, as well as its oligarchy, its just pride and its foolish pride.

The herpetual firing of these red shirted youngsters is not without danger, for it is, "My dear little Phebe!" There was a real pathos in his rich, manly roice, a quick, posterating surprised look in his oldar by back of the whole or pression of my love in my tell-bis clear blue eyes as he uttered these words, followed by a rapid, wondering expression of to be so near a wild, passionate idolary. "Will you become Mrs. Haynes in truth, in "Will you become Mrs. Haynes in truth, in complaint from some boatmen, who, while

as the floors fall in-now, down burning stairs like frightened mar yrs running from and ramble with my two hearty Tegan friends, Paul and Silas Allen, up to the third flow back of the frail, dry house to the theatre. the stake, rush poor women and children in the state, rush poor women and children in white trailing night gowns—now, the mob, like a great exultant many headed monster, shouts with delight and sympathy—now, race up the fire engines; the men defing each Two sections were over, and wo had just got to a dreary tableau of the Ishmaelites buying Joseph (Miss Robinson) from his envious and shouts with dehight and sympathy—now, race up the fire engines; the men defying each other in rivalry, as they plant the ladders and fire escapes. The fire trumpets roar out stentorian orders—the red shirts full into line—rock, rock, go the steel bars that force up the water—up leap the men with the hooks and axes—crash crash, lop chop, go the axes at the partitions where the fires smollders. Now, spirt up in fluid arches the blue while jets of water, that hiss and splash, and blacken out the spasms of fire; and a very new engine dashes up, the thousand of upturned faces turn to some new shade of reflected crimson, and the half bro-keu beams give way at the thunder of their cheers. The fire lowers, and is all but subdued, though still every now and then a floor gives way with an earthquake crash, and into the still urid dark air rises a storm of sparks way with an earthquake crash, and into the still urid dark air rises a storm of sparks Way with an earthquake crash, and into the still urid dark air rises a storm of sparks Shall I ever forget how every face suddenty

\$2,00 if not paid in advance

enough of ; so up I went, after an hour's stars

~NO. 20. ..

thild grass, and how quick sparks crackled way with an earthquake crash, and into the sill lurid dark air rises a storm of sparks like a hurricane of fire-flys. But suddenly there, is a crowding together and whispering of helmeted heads. Brave Seth Johnson is missing; all the hook men and ake men are back but he; all the pumpers are there, and all the hoafers are there. He alone is missing a third floor back window with an axe. He thinks he is under the last wall that fell. Is there a la that will not risk is life for Seth ? Nol or he would be not American.
"Up they tear through choking smoke, spara and still dangorous fire, over bridges of half

Up they tear through choking smoke, spars and still dangerous fire, over bridges of that burnt beams, half brittle charcoal. They initiation of the state of the

reach the bunb of smoking bricks, they dig as if the life of each were depending on it-

looks, axes, blee ting hands, everything but "Heil-heil! heill! hei!!!!" Click-shough go the shovels, chick-chick he pick-axes. A shout, a scream of

Seth 1

ozing from his forchead --Now they bear him to the roaring guiltitude, their eyes aching and water.ng will the sufficiential guilts of smake. They hay him pale, in his red shirt, antid the hushed voice.ess mean in the bruised and schorched helmets. The grave doctor breaks through the crowd. He stoops and feels Seth's pulse. All eyes turn to him. Ho shakes his head, and makes no other answer. Then the young men take off their helmets, and bear home Seth, and some weep, because of his betrothed, and the young men think of her.

He is there, pale and silent, with heaving thest, his breast bone smashed in, a cold dew pozing from his forehead

Such are the scenes that occur nightly in

New York. The special disgrace of the city is the incessant occurence of incendiary fires Yet accidental fires are exceedingly numerous, for wood is still (even in New York), the pre-dominant building material is consequence

dominant building material, in consequence of the extraordinary cheapness of wood fit for building! The rook, too, are generally of tin and not the or slate, and this burns through

(derived from the Dutch, I suppose) occasions great use of flue pipes, and these are buried

Again, through the hot smoke, the Spirit of Aloo entered, with the ballet of Egyptian mai-dens But it would not do; we were all undens But it would not do; we were all un-quiet and restless, for now we could hear the crowd below roar applause as the fre engines dashed up, nod we could hear the crackle and murmur.ot the flamess and now again the sparks came blowing against the windows. Slowly we began to melt away from the room; mutters of "It's all up with Barhum!" filled the air. The Circassian chief was by no means last to leave: "The Lady with long hair," the Happy Family, were all in the crowd togeth-er. There was every clance of the "beauti-ful angel fish" being fried, and the living al-ligator being done brown The fattooed New Zealender bolted into the street to help at the engines. (Between ourselves he was an Irish-man, and the engines were Irish toa.) Joseph maid tracks in the airy Israelites dreas; the men at the doors shouldered their locked up tills; the gentleman with the world-renowned "slighting Calculator" prepared with tears to part from his great invention. In a few minater I was in the street. The red shirts were swarming there. The black hose was coiling about all the neighboring etreets. Everywhere water was dripping and puddling. The trim brass ensines were shining in the quiet and restless, for now we could hear the

ed.'

over ADA TELL SCIECK A. M. BAG O O CHART Services at 11 o'clock A. M. BAG O O CHART Pitt Streats. They, Goo, D. Chenowith; Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock A. M. and 7 o'clock P. M. Methodist E. Church (second Charge) Roy. Alex. D Gibson Pastor. Rervices in Emory M. E. Church at 11 o'clock A. M. and 3% P M. St. Patrick's Catholic Church, Pomfret near East st. St. Patrick's Catholic Church. Services every other Tames Kelloy, Pastor. Services every other Learnick's Catholic Unutry, Services every r. James Kelley, Pastor, Services every Johath at 10 o'ciciek. Vespers at 3. Ferman Lutheran Church corner of Pomfyet and Hend streots. Rev. G. A. Struinte Pastor. Services at Market Colcock, P. M. German Lutheran Belford streets. Rev 11 o'clock, A. M., and l o'clock, A. M., and 05 o'clock, P. M. Kor When changes in the above are necessary the roper persons are requested to notify us.

DICKINSON COLLEGE.

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guage and Literature. William O. Wilson, A. M., Professor of Natural Science and Curator of the Museum. Samuel D. Illinan, A. M., Professor of Mathematics A. F. Mullin, A. B., Principal of the Gramman Science.

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A. C., WARDOWSON, Jamanszikaw VALEF RAIL ROAD COMPANY --- President Presidentick Warts: Secretary and Trossury, Edward M Diddle: Superintendent, O. N. Lull. Passeoger train twice a day. Eastward leaving Carlisle at 10.10 o'clock A. M. and 2.44 o'clock P. M. Two trains every day Westward, leaving Carlisle at 9.27 o'clock A. M., and 3.20 J. M.

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Directors, John S. Sterrett, Wm. Ker, Melchoir Dre man, Richard Woods, John C. Duniap, Robt. C. Sterre H. A. Sturgeon, and Captain John Duniap. . .

SOCIETIES.

Cumberlar: Star Lodge No. 197, A. Y. M. meets as Marion Hall on the 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of every Month.

h. Johns Lodge No 200 A. Y. M. Meota 3d Thurs-f cach mionth, at Marion Hall. Hisle Lodge No 91 I. O. of O. F. Meets Monday ing, at Trouts building.

FIRE COMPANIES. 14

The Union Fire Company was organized in 1780. Presionat, K. Cornmany Vice President. Hanuel Wotsel; Secretary J. D. Hampton; Trossurer, P. Mon September, and December. The Cumberland Fire Company was instituted Febru-ary 18, 1800. President, Thos. Thom son; Secretary Phillip Quigley; Trassurer, E. D. Quigley The company motis on the third Saturday of January, April, July, sed October.

Philip Quinty; Irelation, D. Gunko, April, July, and October. The Good Will Hose Company was instituted in March, 1855. President, H. A. Sturgeon: Vice Presidegt, O. P. Humrich: Secretary, William D. Halbert; Treasurer, Joseph W. Ogilby. The company meets the second Thursday of January, April, July, and October. The Empire Hook and Ladder Company was lustitut-din 1850. President, Wm. M. Porter: Vice President, John O. Amos; Treasurer, John Campbell; Secretary, John W. Aris. The company meets on the first Fri-day in January, April, July and October.



Room-MARION HALL Regular monthly meeting-Third Tuesday Evening. Prayer weiting-Sunday Afterboon at 4 o'clock. "Reading, Room and Library-Admission free, open ever scipulag (Sundays excepted) from 6 to 10 o'clock. Strangerg.especially welcome.

RATES OF POSTAGE.

7 35

Postage on all latters of one-half ounce weight or un des 3 conter pre paid, scient to California or Oregon which is 10 conte prepaid. Within the State 13 conts per year. To any part of the Uniced States 20 conts. Postage on all translets paper under 3 ounces in weight, 1 cont propaid or two cents and that 1 unpaid. Advertised lotters, to be charged with the cost

and lit up by a merry pair of blue eyes running over with mirth and mischief [lis name, too, over with mirth and mischlef Ilis name, too, quite like the generality of names, had nothing wonderful or striking by which to characterize it. Ho was simply Frank Haynes, nothing more or less, and when, with a pleasant, oney grace he sought fo win my childish favor, I should have been quite at home had not the stunning power of his art overpowered me.— It was a strange frenk for a child of ten sum-mers, but somehow it crept into my huby-brain that'I musi not like lim, although the while, in spite of myself, & preference for his, opinions, wayq and looks, grew up slrong within me. If he spake to me when any one was observing him, I was silent and shrunk away from him timidly, but when he was alone

away from him timidly, but when he was alone I chatted and chirped like a young robin. I think he must have noticed this, and from it taken into his head the boyish idea of teasing taken into his nead the poylish fact of tusing me. To him, he said, I was little Phebe Lester i no longer, now that he knew how much I cared for him. For the future he should call me Mrs. Haynes—little Mrs. Haynes, and should

Aadrew Hlair, President, H. Saxton, P. Quigley, E Cornman. C. P. Humerich, J. Hamilton, Secretary, Jacon W. Eby, Treasurer, John Sphar, Messenger. Meet on the 1st Monday of each Mouth at 8 o clock A. M. at Ed action Hall. CORPORATIONS. Gantistr Dresst BANK.—President, R. M. Henderson, Cashier, W. M. Beetemi, Asst. Cashier, J. P. Hasler, John Underwood; Directors, R. M. Henderson, John Jou Underwood; Directors, R. M. Henderson, John Jou Underwood; Directors, R. M. Henderson, John Jou Underwood; Directors, R. M. Henderson, John Joun Underwood; Directors, R. M. Henderson, John John Underwood; Directors, R. M. Henderson, John John Underwood; Directors, R. M. Henderson, John John Underwood; Birscher, J. P. Hasler, John Underwood; Birscher, J. P. John K. Hasler, John Underwood; Birscher, J. P. Hasler, John Underwood; Birscher, J. P. Hasler, John Underwood; Birscher, J. P. John K. Hasler, John Underwood; Birscher, J. P. John K. Hasler, John Underwood; Birscher, J. P. John K. John K.

apron, which 1 had been twisting about in my fingers, to meet my mother's eye fixed laughingly upon my face. In a moment my lips were closed resolutely, while he, seeing at once the canse of my silence, reached out of the window and plucked a rose from a running -

vine that orept nearly to the mossy eaves, "Little Mrs. Haynes must wear the rose," he said. "It would never do for her to toss her head and throw his gifts carelessly by. All married women wore flowers which their hus-bands gave them. Would I wear the rose ?" I glanced about the room again. My mother was nowhere to be seen, and so I said that I

would wear it if he wanted me to. •• And would consent to be called little Mrs.

Hayne?" " "Yes, I would consent." " "Then it was all right. He would never look for a wife, nor should I look about for a husband. We were Mr. and Mrs. Haynes.—

"Tut, tut, tut! That would never do...-i, People who were engaged to be married al: ways gave such pledges. He should speak to father about it, so that I would be all right,... If he was willing, would I wear the ring?" "No. I did n't like rings!" "Would n't like a ring that he would buy?" "No. I would n't like a ring at any rate." During his stay, which was protracted to months instead of weeks, he strove in every way to change my determination about the en-

way to change my determination about the en-gagement ring, as he termed it. I was inax-orable. A ring I would not wear. Not even when he made ready for his departure, and when he made ready for his departure, and told me that it a few weeks he should be thousands of miles away from me, por when he piled up beside me pictures that he had drawn at his leature, during the long summer-bours that hung heavily upon his hands, would I revoke my decision. I would take the finely, exceuted drawings, and prottily framed por-traits of myself; but I would have no rings. At leat ween traver from us. I shall never

traits of myself, but I would have no rings. At last he went away from us. I shall nover forget the morning, or how cold dull, and cheerless it seemed to me. How dreary and gesolate everything jooked, because he was going away. It was no every day grief that bore down upon my young heart, no childish promise that assured him, as he kissed my quivering lips that I would never forget him, and that I would always be his little Mrs.

" My dear little Phebe! May God bless

you!" Istole quietly away from him out of the house, with that fervent benediction lying fresh and deep upon my child sh heart, and threw myself down in the shade of the old orhard trees, and sobbed out the heaviness that pressed upon my spirits. For hours I lay there in the mellow September sumshine, brooding over the little romance that had so silently and strangely grown into the woof of finy almost haby life. I wept before my time for the de-leious griefs that forever oling to a sweet, conscious womanhood. When I returned to the house Frank had taken his leave, but in my little work-basket, he left a small pearl box, which contained a plain gold ring! Did I wear it? Are you a roman, reader, and ask it ?

"Phebe Phebe! mother says, come down

stairs! There is a gentleman in the parlor who wishes to see you." The words broke harshly into my pleasant dreams, which I had been weaving all the long golden July afternoon, in the unbroken stillness of my little chamber. At my feet, upon the carpet, with its leaves rumpled and crushthe carpet, with its leaves runnied and crush-ed, my neglected Virgil in close proximity to a huge Latin dictionary, while upon my lap, in a wrinkled condition, my sewing was laying, with the needle hanging by a long line of thread, nearly to the fluor, as if escaped luckily from a round of monotonous hemming, which, as yet, boasted but two or three stitches at its commencement

encement. "Who can it be that wishes to see me ?" I

inclusion to be late to be late

ays. come down." "Who can it be?" An hour since I had seen a gentleman, with a heavily-bearded face seen a gentleman with a heavily bearded face come up the walk, but I was too busy with my dreams to notice him very particularly. Still, as I recalled his face and figure, and his quick springing step, there second something strangely familiur in them Who could it be? My heart heat rapidly. Surely I had seen that face and form before, and a name that was singularly dear to me trembled upon my line_ut. Krank Haves!"

1

enrast, Phebe?" he asked, drawing me to my quictly stering up the East river, had their old seat upon his knee. old seat upon his knee. "Yes!" The street processions are incessant in

"And will at least wear the ripg!" "And will at least wear, the ring?" Lheld up ny finger before his eye. Y My own darling little wifel at last my lit-ite Mrs. Haynes, in good faith ""be exclaimed, covering my lips with kisses."

onst towards me at every turn, and at the sup per table my father quite forgot hitaself, and called me "hitle/Mrs. Haynea" again. Reader. I have been a happy with for some three blessed, sunshiny years, and, as you may have already conjectured, "my name is Haynes.

INWARD AND OUTWARD. He wave a garland underneath the trees, He sang a song of love upon the breeze,

to bullt a castle in the limple air, He dreamed a dream of one whose face was fair: But the flowers faded underneath the trees, And the song died upon the wayward breeze; The castle melted in the sightless air, And she he dreamed of but in dreams came there

So then he cathered wisdom in the street. And talked the talk that worldly interests meet, And talked the talk that worldly interests meet, And "married wealthly--- " in the seven per cents Bnd these departed not like flowers and song, And love and dreams, but grow with years n Stronger in name and fame, and power and pelf, Nor lost he these, he only lost-himself. -N. Y. Evening Post

[From Dickens' "All the Year Round."] AMERICAN VOLUNTEER FIREMEN.

The firemen of America are all volunteers It is the law of the land that every citizen at a certain age, must come and serve for a In dash the volunteers in their red shirts specified duration of time, as either a militia Besides, there are many other reasons which is hops, from conversation i and lectures— man's services more popular in America than the first place, the main services more popular in America than the marks and the main service more popular in America than the marks and the main service more popular in America than the marks and the main service more popular in America than the marks and the main service more popular in America than the marks and the main service more popular in the marks and the main service more popular in the marks and the main service more popular in the marks and the main service more popular in the marks and the main service more popular in the marks and the main service more popular in the marks and the main service more popular in the marks and the main service more popular in the marks and the main service more popular in the marks and the main service more popular in the marks and the main service more popular in the marks and the main service more popular in the service marks the main service marks the main

to the door of my room, crying out a new mes-ange : ... Mother says little Mis. Haynes is wanted down stairs." ... Mother says little Mis. Haynes is wanted down stairs." ... In avec a terrible headache, Charllo. Please tell mother so; "" and I aunk down upon a chair close to the window, and leaned my head upon a chair handle. ... Déar, dear i it hey would but forget me!" T murmured to myself, as the hum of their egoversation came clearly to my ears. An

New York, and contribute much to the gay-ness of the street. Whither firemen or Vol-unteers, or political torch-bearers, they are very arbitrary in their march. They allow cues in a Bowery billiard saloon. Dishonest adventurers go into trade, merely to get credit enough to go deeply in debt, then "bust up, and slope for. Texas," or a cruise among the no omnibus, or van, or barouche, to break their ranks; and I have often seen all the immense traffic of Broadway (a street that Mormons. The burnable houses of New York present

"If "" What is it? What do you call it?" -

is a mixture of Cheapside and Regent street,) stand still, benumbed, while a band of men enclosed in a southe of rope, dragged by a shining brass gun, or a bran new gleaming fire engine. But, after all, it is at night time that the

fireman is really himself, and means some-thing. He lays down the worn out pen, and shutsup the red lined ledger. He hurries home from Line street; slips on his red shirt and black dress trousers, dons his solid japanned leather hemlet bound with brass and hurries to the guard room or the station,

A gleam of red, just a blush in the sky, eastward—William street way—among the ware houses, and presently the telegraph egins to work. For every fire station has its telegraph, and every street has its line of wires, like metallic washing lines. Jig jig, "Fire in William street, No. 3; Messrs.

Hardcastle & Co."

Presently the enormous bell, slung for the purpose in a wooden shed in the City Park, just at the end of Broadway, begins to swing nd roll backward.

and helmet-from oyster cellars and half finished clam soup, from newly begun games of billiards, from the theatre, from Borcicault, from Booth, from the mad drollery of the Christy Minstrels, from stiff quadrille parties, from gin slings, from har rooms, from sulphurous pistol galleries, from studios, from dissecting rooms, from half shuttered shops, from conversazioni and lecturesfrom everywhere-north, south, east west-breathless, hot eager, daring, shouting, mad.

surdities, and was reported by the Herald to have said:

14.4

coiling about all the neighboring streets. Everywhere water was dripping and puddling. I the trim brass engines were shining in the fames, that broke in puffs from the house next to Barnum's - at allor's. I think. -Smack! splash! went the water, blacking out the red and yellow wherever it foll. New engines, strong as steel cuild make them, yet light as gigs, dashed up every minute. The police, in their blue frock-coats and low flat caps, were busy making room for the firemon in the red shirts, and for the last arrivals of engines; a d, over all the bellowing of the fire-horns, sounded the clamor of the toesin bells of the on said when he compared one scouldtet to and, over all the bonchain trotton egg, and another to a bad oystor sounded the clamor of the Franduleut bankrupts are very numerous in neighboring churches. New York, where trade rushes on with fever-Barnum's establishment was saved after a ish speed; and the merchant you dine with to day in a marble palace in the Fifth avenue, is perhaps to-morrow chalking the ends of

little schorching; and, next morning over my coffee, I read that so many thousand dollars covered the loss by a which, thanks to the energy of Numbers 1 and 4 Fire Companies, was extinguished in about an hour and a half. Two days after I met those companies marching past the Mechanics' Hall, returning

from a shooting match. There were the same red shirts, swords, and colandered target, of-

The burnable houses of New York present an irresistible temptation to the fraudulent bankrupt who is insured in excess. The sec-ond week I was in New York there was a de-tected case quite in point. A ready-made tected case quite in point. A ready-made to burning down his house. The only wit-ness was a raw but well-intentioned country for burning down his house. The only wit-ness was a raw but well-intentioned country fwanderput (yes, that was his name) to wait ih the shop. He deposed to his master, a Dutch Jew, repeatedly offering him bribes to help burn down the place. This boy in a good, stupid way, blurted out the whole truth. All the clothes had been secretly removed from the shop; there was no doubt about it; the had seen them go off in the cart towards on A few days before I visited New York. This regiment has, I bolieve, since been dis-banded in consequence. A few days before I visited New Orleans'a dreadful fire had taken place, that burnt down, a whole street of cotton warchouses and cot-ton present, and emoritums of Southern pro-

had seen them go off in the cart towards one of the ferries. Nothing had been left but old of the ferries. Nothing had been left but old bil-skin coats, and rags dipped in naptha and turpentine. The case was clearly proved, talked of on 'Change as a sign of trade rotten-ness for a day or two, and then forgotten. Once I was a spectator of a New York fire, and, indeed, all but fell a victim to it. It ton presses, and emporiums of Southern produce. .I saw the ruins when I visited the ness for a day or two, and then forgotten. Once I was a spectator of a New York free, and, indeed, all but fell a vicini to it. bappened after this manner. The fifth day I was in New York I determined, having seen several of the theatres and attended some effect. several of the theatres and attended some eleca seethe; the crowd was a plebald of gesticuseveral of the theartes and attended some electic a seethe; the orowd was a plebald of gesticu-tion meetings and concerts, that I ought to go to Barnum's - special exhibition of the city, a prominent pile of buildings, covered by day with pictures of zoological wonders, and by aight with sharry festoons of lamps. There were the live "sea lions" to attract me, and the relics of Washington, and the "mud fish," a rattle with the hose carts and the swift ening orimson; millions of dollars melted in the blaze; the young firemen were aroused to the highest pitch of audacity; all the town was in a rattle with the hose earts and the swift enthe relies of Washington, and the "mud fish," and the sea normones, and the collection of coins, and, above all, the theatre, where they were now playing the Story of Joseph and his Brethren; a mystery play, intended to atract country people who entertain conscientious objections to the profamities of the ordinary drama. I determined to go, so I threw down the flag of a newspaper—the. Olive Branch, a most hery pro-shavery paper—on the table of the bole reading-room, tossed off my last dessert towards Barnum's, it being past eight o'clock.

hotel reading-room, tossed off my last dessert spoonful of brandy and loo, and set my face towards Barnum's, it being past eight o'clock. It was a calm, mellow night, and the sturs were telegraphing to each other with winking open mouths, the popular fireman's song of ... "Wake up boys, the engine's coming."

The papers, ever since, have used this ter-rible calamity at New Orleaus as an argument iamond sparks, and forming themselves into entences in the star language, uninterpreted

senteuces in the star language, uninterpreted yet by mortals. Presently the poop lamps of Barnum's hove in sight, and the clash and braying of the brass band in the balcony over his door became audible. Now, Barnum is as well known'h America as the President, and poople at New York cluba langh over his last joke. They delight to relate his different humbugs: his wouly to relate his different humbugs: his wouly tographic exhibition of American beauties, his spurious Washington's nurse, his figed dwarf by, Tom: Thumb, his pick drawn belo-phants, and other enormities. Besides. Bar-num is epecially popular just now, because our English Prince had been to see all the ab

"HANS, what is the matter?"--- "De sorrel agon has run away mit de green horse, and roke de axle-tree of de brick house vat stands by de corner lamp-post across de telegraph."

> Because a bee hive is a bee holder; at any the g And a beholder is a spectator, And a speck-tater is a bad potato!" 14

One of the lately banded companies at light and lolling panting with bloodshot eyes minister, and has in its ranks ten divinity and very sick on a wet slab, one soon has students.

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"And where is Mr. Barnum? I should like "Why is a bee hive like a bad potato?. Wales. I paid my twenty Gye, cents at the Green-wich Fair-looking door, and entered. Coins hung in the dark are rather baffling. A Uis-guised idiot, labelled,

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