Miscellaneous.

For the "Carlisle Herald." THE INDIANS.

The Shoshone and Bannack range from the head waters of the Yellowstone to those of the Snake, and beyond as far as the good will of their neighbors and allies, the Pai Utes, will permit. Their country is somewhat broken by mountain ranges and spurs, yet embraces many plains and rich bottoms, upon which and among the timbered hills. their hunters strike the antelope, blacktailed deer, elk and bear. Until recently the buffalo were very numerous along the Yellowstone and Upper Missouri; but the unsuccessful hunt of last fall, showed these red men what other tribes had already learned, that when the white men came the buffalo leave. Bannack city lay on the trail of these wandering Ishmalnes, when in the spring, they went to the Salmon for the fish which has given that beautiful stream its

On Sunday of last week, the whole Bannack nation, excepting some hunting and war parties, who was still on the track of deer, Pondere, Nez Perie and Blackfoot, to-gether with Old Snag's band of Snakes, made their appearance in our settlement, the former to encamp west of us, the latter east and down the creek. Their outriders are first seen reconnoitering from the hill tops. One, three, a score. "What are they doing here?" "Do they intend to attack the town?" Ah no, it is all right-set, their families are coming around the toot of the hill and down the gutch. They come on, an irregular struggling crowd of men, women and chil dren, and ponnes laden and loose. The Ponderis and Gros Ventres have stolen half their horses, and many, some of them distinguished braves, are compelled to travel aloot .skins, papooses, and the necessary outfit of an Indian family, having the lodge poles lashed to the pony's side, the lower ends trailing upon the ground. Occasionally a favorite squaw or a sick one may be seen mounted on top of the pile, her short legs projecting over the animal's neck or shoulders; but by far the largest portion of these willing slaves trudge patiently along by the sides of their fellow servants, the ponies, and like them packed and laden with all they can carry. Wignemak, the principal chief, a Pai Ute, is with them. He is shaking hands with those of the whites whom he remembers since his visit of last tall; and those who have no personal acquaintance recognize the chief by his dress and bearing. He wears no blanket or robe, but has on the o ter and roundabout and crown shaped cap, the former showing to advantage his broad should ers, deep chest and sinewy limbs, while the latter certainly intensifies the expression of a countenance in which we look in vain for one line indicative of benevolence. He has the gait, carriage and look of a tiger just ready to spring upon his prey. Report says that his tribe drove him from the chieftainship and their society on account of his crime-, and his ferocious valor recommended him to the Bannacks. Withal, his conduct towards the whites proves him to be polite, and your correspondent will always maintain that, judging solely from his gestures, his uninterrupted flow of language, his deep and melodious voice, and the effects of them upon his auditors, he is a first class orator. Fully aware of the strength of the whites and their rapidly increasing numbers, he is careful to guard against an outbreak, especially while Col. Conner and his Californians are so near Salt Lake City. As they wound along the sides of the steep hills which shut in Bannack on the north, a pony lost his balance and rolled it to a pros-pect hole five leet deep. In a loud voice the chief summoned several of h s young men, but they were helpless before such a casualty until two stout whites went into the p.t, and

Arrived at the camping ground among the willows on the margin of the stream, the squaws actively commenced the discharge of camp duty by unpacking animals and erecting wickeyups, while such of the men as are not detailed as scouts and to guard the ponies which are turned loose to graze upon ous attitudes, stretched at length on their robes or leaning against bundles of skins. We observed that the preponderence

numbers of squaws over bucks was greater than usual and accounted for it by the absence of parties hunting and on the war path, and the fact that Connor had made all this idle pomp!" he said to himself, as as of the fair and happy milkmaid, "she many widows at Cache Valley.

A squaw will, in a very short time, erect a a good temporary sheller against sun and wind, by sticking willow; oles into the ground in a three quarter circle, and bending and plaiting their tops together. Into this skilleton she will weave willows and brush. Many have no other protection against the season winter or summer, but most are provided with long, smooth pine poles, the tons of which are lashed together and then reared, with a skin covering on them.

In the evening I called upon Winnemul

and his family, consisting of three wives and two children. The might was dark and be fore entering the wickeyon I was interested within, seated on the ground and within the light of a fire which burned in the centre .-The chief was in consultation with tour of his principal men, and the countenances of all, as I could read them through my glass, were downcast, indicating no trace of the confidence and boldness which they manifested on the same ground a few months before. They had seen trouble. The hold Californian had cut off scores of their friends and was, at this very hour tracking with bloody purpose a fugitive band. They had lost scalps and ponies in their recontre with the Flatheads and Ponderes. The chief's only brother was slain; and to crown all meat was scarce in the lodges and the children cried with hunger. The chief bade me welcome as I presented myself at the entrance of the wickeyup. A three year oll boy, naked, brown and beautiful lay asleep on a robe, by his side. To make room for his guest he seized the child by a leg and swung him more than a yard upon another the Earl of Derby, and disgusted by the began to feel uncomfortable and to stampile of robes, where he lay dead in slumbers, attentions paid to his rank and station, he totally undisturbed by his flight.

Winnemuk is very profune, and told me with many oaths that—"damned Bannack man he lie-he say come-heap buffaloeme go-me no see him-me no get himpappoose hungry-he-God damn Bannack I could but surmise that his indignation was not confined to Bannack

The next day they came into town, with what skirs they had, to barter for flour, but they were poor and hungry and wanted heap flour for little skin, which is just the way whites don't mean to swap, intending that the balance of trade shall always be in their favor. But game was scarce and flour they must have. So it was necessary to come to was for flour, powder, bullets, looking glasses, guns and blankets. I saw an ind vidual ex-

he Carlisle Herall.

VOL. 63. CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 14, 1863. NO. 32.

A. K. RHEEM, Editor & Proprietor.

them.
The squaws also bear a strong resemblance All are squat, clumsy and strong Their habit of carrying loads has given them a gait, or are filthy and repulsive. They receive no other attention from the bucks than as a species of useful property, and necessary as a means of propagating the species. I do not believe they are capable of inspiring affection or even desire in the savage breasts of their

Though the conduct of the Indians had been perfectly unoffending, a plan was laid by some desperate white men to attack their camp at night. Their friends however, gave them warning in time and their assailants would, at any hour of the night, have found a deadly oe behind every bush; but the contemplated razedy was not thus to end. Two day, af terwards "Old Snag," chief of the Snakes, was in town with some of his followers. For years this Indian has been the well recog Such of the animals as are fit for service are packed to the limit of their strength with than one occasion saved the lives of white men. While unarmed and without notice he was shot down, in broad day, in our streets by a desperado from "Hell's Gate". Being lame, he could not escape an! offered no re sistance. Two of the Indians accompanying him were shot at the same time, by other par ies, who secured the scalps of Snag and one of his companions as articles of traffic with the Flatheads. When his band, who were en camped within a mile, heard of the outrage, each man drew his knife, thrust it into his arm, and smeared his body with blood, put ing some, also, upon his horse. The consequences of this act will not fall

upon the heads of the perpetrators, but upon procent parties, emigrants upon the road prospectors, surveyors and others, all of whom we would warn to be upon their guard and to ravel in force, at the same time calling upon be government to protect its citizens along the lines of travel, for the Indians will surely demand and take a full and bloody retribu-

Bannack, May 12, 1863.

THE LOWLY LADY.

The sad but stately procession had passed into the church, and even the aisles of the venerable building were thronged with persons. One might have thought, who looked upon the coronet, glittering on the cushion of crimson velvet, and all the other insignia of high rank, that curiosity alone had drawn thither such a crowd; but a deeper interest was narked on every countenance; and the firm voice of the minister had faltered more than once as he read the solemn service. Yet the coffin was that of a child -a little, tender infant, who had died in its first unconscious helplessness - Every one thought of the father, standing up among them, and looking so desolate in his grief. More than one fond mother wept, and drew her red cloak closely round with the assistance of others above pulling at the toil, head and legs, extricated the aniround upon the mournful pomp, and the mal, who assuredly thought he had taken his little coffin, and the young nobleman departure for the world of pony spirits and could not believe in his resurrection until he childless, and worse than widowed -oh, ves I worse than widowed! there, and followed with his eyes the movement of the men then placing the ecffin of his child in the shadowy darkness of the open vault below him. The church was a place of agonizing recollection to the young Earl of Derby. Often had he entered it a happy husband; and, the hills, dispose themselves to rest in vare as he walked slowly down the aisle to his carriage, he could not help recalling the had clung, in trembling bashfulness, to time, called her his wife. "I am sick of he entered the wide hall of his own magnificent residence, attended by his train of servants, and met by the obsequious bows of the men who had conducted the funeral; "I am sick of all this mockery! I will bear it no longer. Would that I

great people!" heir of the noble house of Derby, a soli tary wayfaring man stopped at the turnin observing from a distance the groups ing of a little foot-path, which led down the sloping side of the hill overlooking night "Here, at least, is a happy scene," he said, as he looked down upon the little village at the foot of the hill.-About fifty or sixty persons were scatter- | itude. ed, in careless groups, about the pleasant green. Some of them were dancing beneath a venerable grove of clims, others were crowding round the only booth which had been raised in the rustic fair. "At away upon one who, for what they knew least, I may witness their enjoyment, to the contrary, might be little better though I cannot share it," he said; and, than a beggar, or a sort of (they did not in a few moments, he was standing beneath the old trees on the green.

But, although he was not recognized as found the familiarity of vulgar minds and | them really suspicious; for he had quite low manners not quite so agreeable as he forgotten to provide against this most had perhaps expected. Quietly he turn- probable issue of his suit to them. ed away from the noisy scene. He passed over the old bridge, which crosses the who was the head of the family and the clear and shallow stream, and turned down best spokesman, "you may be a very a lane, the banks of which were overgrown good sort of a young man, and I have with wild flowers and straggling bushes | nothing to say against you; but you are, of birch, sufficiently high and thick to or at least have been till now, when you're meet overhead, and form a perfect bower plucking up a bit, a poor, sickly, idle of grateful shade. A poor woman was body; and suppose you fall ill, or take to returning home through the lane with her | no kind of employ, and have nothing children, her infant sleeping soundly on coming in of your own-why, Lucy's her bosom, and a curly headed urchin fifty pounds, and the hundred that distending his cheeks with puffing at a shall leave her, when, please Heaven! I the white trader's terms. The chief demand was for flour, powder, bullets, looking glasses, guns and blankets. I saw an individual exchange two of the latter, old and worn, for and noise to him. The young mother (turning to Lucy's parents, and looking the same number of good buffalo robes, which looked so hot and tired, and withal so very wise,) "don't be in any hurry to are too heavy and clumsy for summer wear.

The Indian men are nearly all alike in sist asking her if she could direct him to it, is as good a girl as any in the land,

them good looking fellows. There are no very | very far from the spot where they stood, | the withered leaves from a geranium swinging trot. Unlike their masters they and then, for about half a mile over—but as positive as his brother. She trembled make no attempt at personal ornament, and such directions are tiresome enough when and her boart throlloid, with agitation far in the direction of the farm-house, which now plainly appeared among the factory. heard the sound of unrestrained weeping. meadow whence the sound proceeded; side. For a little while she continued fast gaze.

Still she sat there, almost without stir ing, except that, once or twice, she looked down upon that green grass, and as if she was pleased with, but scarcely rich song of the nightingale burst upon , her ear; and though her thoughts seem ; yet to linger on the subject whi had made her weep, she listened till an ""this is a grand place, indeed!" said last she smiled; and so minute after min" bucy, as, toverds the close of their secgot all her trouble, and the only expression on her fair face was innocent glad-

Let no one suppose that in this fair ountry girl we have met with any maiden of gentle birth, brought down to a low estate by the hard uses of adversity; nor birth -if to be born of poor and honest for we are just at home." parents be low birth-of no accomplish ments or education beyond reading, and —(let me remember!)—ye, she could write. She read well, for her voice was genuine feeling-and, above all, pictyhad made her very perfect.

Lucy's features were not beautiful, but their modest, innocent expression was day when his beautiful and modest bride better than mere beauty. Her hands were not the whitest in the world, though his arm, when he had there, for the first | delicately, nay exquisitely, shaped; their little palms might have been said of her, makes her hand hard with labor," it might have been well added, "and her heart soft with pity;" for they who knew her say she was the kindest creature th t ever lived, and speak of a gentle and winning courteousness of manner that gave were a poor, hard-working peasant, with a charm to every look and to every word some honest hearts to care for me, and she uttered. But, although she was one love me. I am heartily tired of your of Nature's own sweet gentlewomen, and unaffectedly modest and pious, she was only a poor, uncducated country girl .-Not many weeks after the funeral of the | There was one, however, who soon began to find new hope -- new life, I might almost say-in the society of Lucy-one who, in spite of all the pride of aristocracy of his habits and his prejudices, bethe village of II ---. He had been lei- gan to feel it a privilege to be addressed surely wandering on since the early hours as familiar friend by the pure-minded of the morning, and had not yet found maiden; who felt, in his inmost heart, the place where he would rest for the the influence of her modest, cheerful pi ety, and paid her, from his heart, the homage of respect and love, that was the sweeter from being half made up of grat-

> He could not help smiling when he made his proposals, in due form, to the relations of his sweet Lucy; for they did not choose to have their child thrown quite say the word) " vagabond." They doubted, and questioned, and wavered, and questioned him again, till the Earl mer and blush, and thus, in fact, to make

"You see," said an old uncle, at last,

which turned suddenly out of the lane which her lover had given her; but now into a wood, overhanging the river, and she turned round, pale and trembling, for directed him to follow it through a large she feared the effect of her uncle's har- with an effort that was very visible, but cornfield, and up a very steep, sandy lauc, angue upon her father, who was apt to be which gave new interests to her in the himself off for me, I'll warrant." such directions are tiresome enough, when and her heart throbbed with agitation. one is obliged to listen to them to learn for she cared not if he whom she loved one's own way; here, they would be even more so. Besides, I am not sure the the consent of her parents, (servants of spectful greeting of those around her with Earl attended to the poor woman, for he God and kind parents as they both were.) lost his way. He walked on, wrapped in she could not marry him. She turned, his own melancholy thoughts, but sooth as gentle, loving daughters will on all ed, in every sense, by the cool fresh air, such occasions, to her own tender mother, the gurgling flow of the river, and all and she had not to speak; her mother, those distant sounds, which, in the quiet | could read her looks, and she could not fields on a fair calm evening, fall so sweet- resist the tears which rose so suddenly ly indistinct upon the ear. But the sun into the soft eyes of her autiful child. had set before the wanderer awoke to the | Mothers-or wives, I mean to say-have recollection of the purpose before him. - | a winning way of their own, particularly He looked around him; he saw green and mild, submissive wives, such as Lucy's sloping hills, many stately trees, and the mother; and what with her own influsame calm river flowing gently below, but | cnce as a wife, and her own woman's wit, no house. At last, where the leaty shade | or (in truer words) calm good sense, it was deepest, he discovered a pile of old, was soon agreed that Lucy should marry quaintly shaped chimneys, opposed against her love on this condition -that the anthe glowing sky. He had not proceeded swer to a certain letter, to be written by him, for a character, etc., proved satis-

trees, when a light step seemed to approach In due time, to the very day, a letter him, and then stopped suddenly; and he arrived, directed to Lucy's father. With this letter the father and the uncle were A hazel copse separated him from the quite satisfied; and now Lucy, who had been, at times, unusually silent, recovbut, on peeping through a little opening, | ered all her cheerfulness, and went about he saw that a young girl was sitting on the house singing (so her mother thought) the bank of the meadow on the other like a nightingale. Thomas Clifford, for so he called himself, was married to his weeping-only for a little while-then Lucy, and all the fair and modest girls of clasping her hands together, she raised the neighborhood were waiting round the her head, and her whole heart seemed to church door to fling baskettals of flowlook up to Heaven in her meek and stead | ers in the little path, as Clifford led his bride to their own cottage.

He heard the blessing of many poor, aged creatures, who hingered about in the sunshine of the churchyard, upon his her hard dropped; half forgetfully and humble yet lovely bride. Every one who half playfully, among the flowers that met them on that happy morning smiled grew in wild luxuriance beside her, we a them and blessed them.

. High rank, heaps of gold, could not knew she noticed them. Just then the buy such blessings as this!" he said to himself; 'but my sweet and pious Lucy for your brother Fred." the stillness of the evening and stole upon high won the love of every heart. These possile, too, have known her from her

ute pss-ed away, and gradually she for ond day's journey, they approached an ancient and almost princely edifice : "but does our road lie through the park?"

any wonder of her native village, gifted and I am sure we shall find them, very kissing as he hasn't had since he saw his in danger, every true citizen will spring no! Lucy was none of these. What was | tention in their p wer, and we have time | she? A fair and happy maiden of low enough, though the sun is getting low, Dora, sarcastically, "You daren't, you

Lucy was delighted. She had never seen a nobleman's house before, she said "Well! all those large rooms, and the pictures, and all the fine furniture, are full of natural melody, and practice and | very grand," said Lucy, "but my eyes | station. ache with looking at them; I like this in this arbor of honey-suckle so near the off.

Lucy sat in silence for some little time, gazing round her at the venerable house. and the trees and gardens; at length she said: "I wonder if the lord of this grand place is happy? Is the Earl of Derby a good man, dear husband? Is he kind and free-spoken to the poor? Is he a you?" married man?" she added looking with a smile of peculiar sweetness in her husband's face.

"How many questions you have given me to answer, Lucy! Let me consider! iot many months ago, a young . country girl-such another as yourself, dear Lucy"

"Poor thing!" said Lucy, and she sighed from her very heart. "Why do you sigh, my own wife?" he demanded. "Do you envy that poor

country maiden?" "Do I envy her?" she replied, in a voice of tender reproach : "what a strange as she said this she drew more closely round her the arm which encircled her slender waist; "would I exchange my husband with any one!" she added, looking up tenderly and lovingly into his face; I sighed in pity for the young lady, (for a lady she is now;) such a change is en-

ough to turn her head!" "Would it turn yours, Lucy?" "Perhaps it might!" she replied, in the simplest and most natural manner .-·But is she really happy? Does she

ve him for himself alone? "My sweet Lucy," he began, and as he spoke his wife thought that he had never seemed so tenderely respectful towards her; "my sweet Lucy, you alone | can answer these last questions. You smile! I see you look amazed upon me; some. but I repeat it, you alone!"

"But first," said Lucy, very artlessly, Countess of Derby!"

She had scarcely said this, when, from one of the eastle turrets, a bell began to your scapegrace of a brother at all !" toll. Clifford rose up instantly, and, without saying a word, led his wife to the castle. They entered the chapel there, in which the servants and the tenants had all assembled, and the chaplain was preparing to commence the evening service; then leading the wondering Lucy service; then leading the wondering Lucy that gentleman was," pointing to the into the midst of them, he presented her handsome fellow I had embraced at the to them as their future mistress, the depot. Countess of Derby, his wife.

Lucy did not speak; she could scarce-The Indian men are nearly all alike in statue, form and general appearance, owing probably to the uniformity of their mode of life. They are tall, straight, shapply and muscular. Any civilized lady would pronounce every ninety nine in a hundred of nounce every ninety nine in a hundr

gerly she seized her husband's hand, have time to go, and let him take your now affectionately extended to her; then, eyes of all present, she regained somewhat her natural and modest self-possession; and, raising her innocent face, she smiles, which, perhaps, spoke more at once to the heart than the best wisdom of words. The Earl of Derby led his one condition." wife to his own seat, and placed her beside

Lucy knelt down upon a cushion of imbroidered velvet, with the sculptured escutcheons and stately banners of the house of Derby above her; but, perhaps, of all the high-born dames of that ancient family, none ever knelt there with a purer heart, or with a humble spirit, than would give unspeakable delight to Fred that LOWLY LADY.

CAUGHT IN MY OWN TRAP

Dora and I had been silent fully fifteen minutes-an unusual occurrence for us -when she suddenly broke out with one of her gayest, sweetest peals of laughter. The cars were going at the rate of forty miles an hour, but Dora's laugh rang out above all their noise and confusion. "What is it, Dora, you witch, you?"

said, half piqued that she had not first told me what pleased her, and laughed afterwards.

"Nothing, Nell; only I was thinking of omething so funny. Do you see that gentleman just in front of us, with the beautiful black whiskers and dreamy brown eyes? Well, he's been watching you behind that book the last half hour, looking as if he should love to take a bite from the red roses on your checks. Don't blush; but he's in love with you—I'll bet my gold thimble on it. I was just think. that I have refused to contribute my blush; but he's in love with you-I'll bet ing of some of the stories I have read, about young lad es mistaking handsome fellows for their brothers, etc., and thought what fun it would be if you could only manage to mistake that gentleman

I was ready for some fun in a moment. "Tell you what I'll do, Dora," I broke out, eagerly. "You know I havn't seen Fred since I went to school three years ago; and, of course, he's changed a good gentleman with the brown eyes (he is handsome, isn't he, Dora?) should get " Not exactly though the park," he re- off the cars at our depot, I'll wait till he That's something towards helping the plied; "but I thought my Lucy might gets mixed up with the crowd; see him like to see these fine grounds, and the suddenly, as if for the first time, rush house and gardens. I have known the up to him in a flutter of delight, call him gardener and the housekdeper for years; brother Fred, and give him such another

"Yes, I would if I were you" said to the rescue." "Don't I dare to, though? Wait and val.

And so I dropped back into the cushion and silence, till the train stopped at our Dora gave me a wicked look and whis-

garden a great of al better. What a pered that she knew my courage would fail beautiful one it is! But may we sit down | me ; for the gentleman was really getting

I was not to be triumphed over, though; and so, as we stepped out on the platform I saw the crowd, and with a little bound. threw myself into his arms and kissed and thought it liberal. But a change has bim full in the mouth, hysterically say-

" Fred, my dear, dear brother! how are

I caught a glimpse of Dora-she was in danger of going into convulsions. I expected to hear the stranger confusedly say that there was some mistake: but, to my surprise, he gave me a hearty em-Yes, he is a married man; he married, brace-kissed me two or three timessaid he was well-that I had grown a little, and then inquired for my little, friend, Dora-who, all this time, exciting the posed she was insane, judging from her frantic laughter.

you, Nellie, and are so impatient they can | lost what of the people? scarcely wait to see you. I was afraid you wouldn't know me; but I am really question! Do I envy any one?" and | glad that my image has been treasured up so carefully in my little sister's heart."

I was bewildered beyond measure. It really was Fred, then; and I had not counting up, only to-day, what it had cost known him. I felt slightly ridiculous, | me in actual gifts of money, to say nothand while introducing Dora to my broth- ing of losses in business and depreciated er, whispered to keep her to quiet in reference to my intended trick. I was too much | Four thousand dollars! It's true. I am confused to think of inquiring how he came to be in the cars without seeing it to myself. I only declare the fact. me; so we all went to the carriage that | Hundreds and thousands around me, are was waiting for us, and rapidly drove doing as much, or more. Treasure is behome.

I had never known Fred to be so affecall the time, and kissed me at unneces, or was a woman. She had been a silent sarily short intervals: but, to tell the listener. truth, I had never loved him half so well before-never thought him half so hand-

We reached the gate. Mother kissed me and cried over me all at once; father voice broke out with : -" Hallo, sis! aren't you going to notice

And to my astonishment, a handsome fellow I had not seen before gave me a a shame look upon his face. genuine hug, and a kiss that you could have heard across the yard.

"There is some mistake," I murmured. 'Are you my brother Fred? I thought

'Why, sis, are you going crazy? Of course I'm your brother, and that fellow ly stand; the color forsook her face, and | there is my college chum, Archie Win-

which she had dropped in her surprise, picture with him so that he would be sure to know you. He's been playing off some of his mad pranks, and been passing

TERMS:--\$1,50 in Advance, or \$2 within the year.

I looked at Archie Winters beseechingly; and as they were all going into the house I whispered :-"For pity's sake don't speak of that

mistake. How could it have happened?" "I overheard you in the cars; and then the vegetable kingdom is full of will promise to keep your secret only on

He whispered something to me that made my face flush scarlet; but I was at light of the whole family-Dora and Fred in particular—Archic and I were married in less than two months. And Dora said and herself, if I would attend their wedding in a month from then-and I did

MORE PRECIOUS THAN GOLD.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"This war!" said Mrs. Holmes, with partly affected, and a partly real impatience. "It will never cease demanding; it will rob us of everything. Increased taxation, increased prices-lessening incomes-contributions here, and contributions there. Nothing will be left of us in the end!

"If the nation's life is saved, the cost that a man liath will be given for his life. All that the people have, will they give to save this nation.

"I have not held back, so far Mr. Browning ' There was a tone of selfshare. How much do you suppose I have given to the Volunteer Refreshment Saloons, during the past year?"

The person with whom he was conversing-we have called him Mr. Browning -shook his head saying, "I can't imagine."

"You'd hardly credit the sum. Six hundred dollars! That's what I've given in this direction alone. It costs just about one hundred dollars to give a meal leal since then. Well, if that literary to one regiment of a thousand men. So you see I've teed six thousand brave soldiers on their way through our c ty country."

"You have done nobly in this," said Mr. Holmes. "But all won't do as well -I'm not taking merit to myself. I've in danger, every true citizen will spring

. And Mr. Holmes leaned back in his chair, the image of dignified self app

"Then there is the 'bounty fund,' remarked one of the little group who were conversing. "If there was nothing besides feeding the soldiers on their way through, this would be a light matter." "Light as a feather!" broke in Mr. Holmes. "Yes, there is the bounty-

fund, as you say. Well, I've done my part in that direction also. The time was papers to the tune of twenties and fifties, come o'er the spirit of our dream. We must go up to hundreds now. The public know what I have contributed to the bounty-fund;' for the committee is garrulous.

"Yes, I saw your name down for five hundred dollars.

"As I was saying, we are up to the undreds now," resumed Mr. Holmes.-But I am not the one to flinch or make wry faces, I decided on the amount at once, and sent a check to the committee. I like money as well as any of my neighsympathies of the crowd, as they sup | bors; and I bave reason to do so, for I worked hard enough to get it, but what will our money be worth if this accursed re-" Father and mother are expecting | bellion should prevail? If our country is

True enough, Mr. Holmes what of the people? To save this government is worth the sacrifice of every dollar we possess. 'And I sometimes fear, replied the other,

'that it will take the last dollar. I was values. The sum almost frightened me. not speaking boastful-I don't take mering poured out like water.'

'And blood! said the low, clear voice tionate. He held my hand in his own that penetrated like a sword. The speak-

'Yes, and blood!' answered Mr. Holmes. It was but an echo, faint and falling. 5. Which is more precious than gold. The voice was still low and clear, cutting down to conviction like the thrust of a "I must be lady here; you must make me repeated it; and finally, a frank, hearty sword. 'And life' added the speaker.— Her calmness failed. There was a throb in her voice. She arose with a quiet repressed manner, and went from the room. 'Who is she?' asked Mr. Holmes with

'Her name is Edgar.'

'Not the widow of Captain Edgar!' 'Yes.' He dropped his eyes. A shadow crept over his face.

'More precious than gold!' he said And what a rebuke! I, boastfully talking in her presence, of my golden offerings, when she had given blood and life, in lier brave, heroic husband! Gold and treasure may come back again, but not so blood and life.

'She has given gold and treasure as well | this murtherin' country."

as life, said one. In losing her husband she has lost all. There were few truer. kinder, better, men than Captain Edgar. While he lived, the world's rough places were smooth for her feet; and if he had been spared, they would have been kept smooth. But, as I have said, in his loss, she has lost all; and now her hands unused to labor, are reaching out, and searching for the means of self-support.

'Has she children?'

'Two.' 'Widowed-fatherless!' 'And poor!'

A long silence followed. In breaking t the subject was not renewed; nor was there any more parade of money contribution and sacrifice for the war.

WORK

We believe in work-good, honest, hard work-work with the hands, work with the head, and both combined. It was man's original destiny, as well as that of most, perhaps all, of the animal creation. And if we call those which are done without " consciousness of violation" workers.

But man, above all, because he needs most. Some animals make themselves dwellings, like men, and wonderfully nice his mercy, and said I would think of it. himself a suit of clothes? The silk I did think of it, reader; and, to the de- worm! No madam, His cocoon is his house or his vest, if you please; but not his coat and trousers.

to me, as I bade her good by, that it it up for use with great labor; but no animal builds a fire and cooks it. Animals live on fruit and grains; but never in any conscious or voluntary way, do they plant trees or sow corn.

The beaver is content to use his teeth for an axe, and his tail for a trowel, and does admirable work with both; but man makes tools and machinery. The squir-rel crosses the river on a chip or a piece of bark, making a sail of his bushy tail, which is very clever of him; but men make canoes and steamboats.

Thus, in clothing, cooking, agriculture, tools and navigation, man is superior as a worker to the whole animal creation. And when we come to brain work will not be too dear," was answered. All and writing and artistic operations, there is no sort of comparison.

Dignity of labor! Why, what dignity is there in anything else? Who ever thought of the dignity of idleness? The only use and the only excuse for play and rest are, that they enable us to work the better. Rest is the pause in which we gather strength to labor. Recreation is the step back which enables us to spring forward with greater force.

It would be a rash thing to say that work could not be in excess, because all must have rest and sleep; but it is safe to say that ten men are killed by bad habits and bad constitutions, for one who is cut off by honest work. And idle men are notoriously more short-lived than laborious ones. The oldest men we know, and those who have best preserved their faculties, have been workers, and some of them very hard workers.

And the workers certainly have the most enjoyment. Ask any man who has retired from business. Idleness eats into the soul and makes bappiness impossible. Work brings cheer. Excess of work is like all excess, but there is no better condition of life than that of the wise and temperate worker,

THE MARRIAGE ALTAR.

Judge Carlton, in an eloquent address be-fore the Young Men's Library Association, at Augusta, Mc., thus sketches the marriage

I have drawn for you many pictures of death; let me sk tch for you a brief but bright scene of beautiful life. It is the marriage altar. A lovely female, clothed in all the freshness of youth and surpassing beauy, leans upon the arm of him to whom she has just given herself up forever. Look in her eyes, ye gloomy philosophers, and tell me, if you dare, that there is no happiness when we put our names to subscription on earth. See the trusting, the heroic devotion which impels her to leave country, pa rents, for a comparative stranger. She has launched her frail bark upon a wide and stormy sea; she has handed over her happiness and doom for this world to another's keeping; but she has done it fearlessly, for love whispers to her that her chosen guardian and protector bears a manly and a no ble heart. Oh, woe to him that forgets his oath and his manhood!

Her dark wing shall the raven flap
O'er the talse hearted,
His warm blood the wolf shall lap,
Ere life be parted,
Shame and dishonor sit
On his grave ever,
Blessing shall ballow it,
Never! Oh, never!

We have all read the history of the husband who, in a moment of hasty wrath, said to ber who had but a few months before united her fate to his-"If you are not satisfied with my conduct.

"And will you give me back that which I brought to you?" asked the despairing wife.
"Yes," he replied, "all your wealth shall

go, return to your friends and to your hap-

go with you; I covet it not."
"Alas!" she answered, "I thought not of my wealth-I spoke of my devoted loves; can you give these back to me?".

'Not' said the man, as he flung himself at her feet; "no! I cannot restore these, but I will do more—I will keep them unsullied and untainted; I will cherish them through my life, and in my death; and never again will I forget that I have sworn to protect and cherish her who gave up to me all she held most dear."

Did I not tell you there was poetry in a woman's look—a woman's word? See it there! the mild, the gentle reproof of love, winning back from its harshness and rudeness the stern and unyielding temper of an ugly man. Ah if creation's fairer sex only knew their strongest weapons, how many of wedlock's fiercest battles would be unfought; how much of unhappiness and coldness would be avoided!

MATERNAL TENDERNESS .- Women are generally cited by philanthropists as models of tenderness and affection. This incident from the Worcester (Mass.) Sentinel, furnishes the community another example of her devotedness :- "Not long since a number of condemned criminals were led out of prison to the place of execution. One of them found his mother waiting to see him at the door, and the following conversation took place:-"'Where are you going, my boy?

" 'To the gallows, mother "'Well, my dear, be a good boy, and don't be hanged in your Sunday suit; give it to me looking up after a few moments Yes, yes.

And what a rebuke! I beartfully talking the hanged in Pro-Excellent mother.

Who goes there ?" said an Irish sentry of the British Legion at Saint Sebastia. "A friend," was the reply.-"Then stand where you are, for, by powers, you're the first I've met with in