For the Carlisle Herald. FOLDED HANDS

- Fold those pale hands tenderly O'er her still and pulseless breast, They have done their life-work nobly Lay them peacefully to rest; Time and toil have marred their beauty Busy hands and full of care, Years have passed since they have braided
- Lay them by from sin and sorrow, They have felt it's deepest woo, Fold them in the placid quiet They so oft have longed to know. Lay them o'er the heart once loving, Gentle mates they were in life, Now togother sweetly resting From the weary weary strife.

Roses in the sunny hair.

- Fold them from toil's dread to mor They will never see its light, From the crib and from the cradle Where they tended day and night. From the evening's cheerful fireside,
- From the matron's busy care,
 Ab; tis long since they were folded Save to breathe the earnest prayer
- Once those hands were fair and lovely, Pearly nail, and rosy palm; Blue veined, fit for lovers kisses, Bringing to the heart a halm,
- Waking with their passing touches Thoughts of Heaven and dreams of Love,
- Treasured up for them above. All the fairest, leveliest flowers That life's darkened path hath known, For the loved and the beloving By those gentle hands were strown;
- And they heared but deeds of kindness O'er the grave of buried trust, Since they clasped the rare and preciou But to find them common dust.
- They have dried the tear of sorrow, Bade the mourner look above,
 And earth's wretched children blessed them In their ministry of love:
- From the morn until the even Patient toiling hands were they, When the weary heart had fainter For the "hardness of the way."
- Lay them then most tenderly, O'er that still and pulseless breast: Softly fold them! they may rest

Miscellaneous.

THE STORY OF A JUG.

It is a true tale of one whose name is "as familiar in our mouths as household words, but who shall be known here as Bernard Barton.

Bernard was born in one of these homelike, cleanly, and honest-looking villages of Massachusetts, of which there are so many, and which we shall call by way of distinguishment Middletown. Bernard was an only child, and his father, there's no denying the fact, was a harsh, a very harsh man, and apt to regard the faults of the boy much more harshly than they deserved. Bernard was without a mother, she having died when he was but three years of age, since which time he had been under the charge of a grandmothe, who had become domiciled at the Barton home. stead, and who made up by petting for the rough usage he received from his father. The only other member of the family was Marion, an orphan, whom Bernard had always called 'cousin,' and who was of that relation some score of times removed. Between Marion and Bernard there was six years difference, and the little blue eyed child looked up to the boy of sixteen as to some superior being; whose wisdom surpasses all comprobension; for Bernard, though born and educated upon a farm, and to do farm work, was both a reader and a thinker, and by some means, even with his very limited opportunity, had managed to pick up a vast deal of knowledge, unusual for a lad of his age. This picking up, however, was something not in accordance with the taste of Mr. Barton, who could see nothing in books, and was no believer in learning beyond what was necessary to enable him to read his daily chapter, and keep his farm accounts .-He believed in work, and in having the best kept farm in the country, and believing this, and this only, it was not strange that he was severe upon the bookish, dreaming habits of Bernard, and classed them only as laziness. The boy writhed upon his fathers's treatment, and labored, and mourned over the tasks set him to perform, but never to his father uttered a word of complaint; all this was poured into the grandmother's ears, and from her lips came all the consolation that Bernard received, save such as could be given by little Marion, who, thought too young to fairly understand the matter in its proper bearings, could always, when she saw the cloud upon Bernard's face, kiss away some of it.

"I don't believe he cares any more for me than a stranger," Bernard would

"Oh! you're wrong, Bernard. Your father does not want to praise you before your face, but I know he loves you and wishes to make you happy. He thinks his own way is right," was the grandmother's response.

"Happy! if he wants me to be happy, .why doesn't he send me to school. No no ! he wants me to be a farmer and gardener. I never will be a farmer in the world.

"There! there, now! come, dry your eyes, Barney, and go fetch me a cool drink. You know I never care a cent for a drink if you don't draw it for me out otherwise, save such as time inevitable of north corner of the well." The boy knew that the appearance of

the stone pitcher was like a peace offering, and that with it grandmother generally closed the scenes of tears and repinings; sometimes, perhaps, in especal cases, accompanying it by wiping away the falling tears with her ample check apron and a kiss. There was no getting over the old lady's style of comforting, and the boy always took the pitcher with a pressed it, "the north corner of the

This was Bernard Barton's daily life and daily trouble, until he was sixteen .--Vague dreams of breaking away from it. and venturing out upon the great sea of the world, chased each other occasionally through his brain; but they never took shape, and so the old story had gone on and at any time. Shall I ever forget, the conditions of the oath." from day to day, and from year to year. Dreams of something beyond the boundathe stone jug, and both our kisses warm ries of the farm, of something that should upon his lips, and never came back?lead him among men, and make the name His poor father held out for many years they were hung. He says he was com-

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A. K. RHEEM, Editor & Proprietor.

of study, and would not be obliged to fly he mourned for Bernard, sorrowed for with or hide his books, as though they were some stolen property.

One day, a terribly sultry one in August, Bernard had just come in from the barn for his midday meal, which still stood untouched upon the table, when Mr. Barton made his appearance. There

"I thought I told you to mend and rehang that corn crib door, Bernard," were his first words.

"Yes, sir! and you also told me this morning that I must mend Sorrel's harnes. I couldn't do both, father," was the

boy's reply. "Sorrel's harness! why it oughtn't have taken you half an hour to do that."

"You'll think differently, father, when von've seen it. "Oh! you've always an excuse," said the farmer, angrily; you spend more time

in inventing excuses than in doing your His father saw it, but he had no pity on saying: such weakness.

"You idle away your time over some me for." newspaper or book, and then your work isn't done, and if you're spoken to there's | ing herself. nothing but whimpering and crying.-You don't earn your salt, and you'll nev-

would burst, and with one upbraiding look very happiness. he sprang from the table, and hurried into the kitchen, where, in an instant, he quel Bernard's ten years, as a rolling was followed by grandmother and Marion. stone, had overthrown the proverb, for

sees you've been at work this morning. Go back, child." No, grandmother, never! This is struggle:
too much? I'll never eat bread that is "I knew, dear Marion, that this day spite of your disguise?" begrudged me, even though it is my fath-

thing. He'll get over it soon, when he

"Oh! he'll get over it in an hour,

"He may be sorry many times grandma but he never tells me so, and can't stand this any longer."

Marion crept up to his side, and drew his rough hand up to her cheek. Grand- but I must still work, and you as my wife when we get back to Paris, you may sup mother forced a smile to her face, and shall help me." bringing forth the inevitable stone jug, thrust it into Bernard's hand, wiping off his as she did so, and kissing him twice,

"Ah ! well, never mind, Bernard you'll soon be a man. Now, then, bring me cool drink from the north corner, mind;

there, that's a good boy." Bernard could not restrain a smile as he took the jug, even though his heart was breaking, and throwing an arm around grandmother's neck, he kissed her quicky, then stooping to Marion's bright red ips and tear-dimmed eyes, he drew them into his bosom, and with one little word of love he did the same, and then set out for the well. It was but fifty yards away from the house, this well with the cool north corner, but within that fifty yards what thoughts went trooping through the hot brain of Bernard. Grandma was in no hurry for the water, he argued, and he would cool that heated head, and dry away all traces of the tears before he went back to the house. A little stroll down the road to get the southwest breeze would do it. Bernard sat the stone jug inside the hedge, covered it with leaves, and ran down the road against the wind On he went, but the southwest wind did not cool his heated brain, and he went farther, farther still, until in a few minutes he found himself passing through the village of Middletown, and still striking southward with a head hotter than

Ten years must now pass over Middletown, and subsequently the same period over the heads of all about it. Just about dusk a stranger alighted from the stage at the tavern, looking earnestly and familiarly up and down the main street, and into the face of the landlord, though claiming no acquaintance with him.-His request was that his baggage should be retained there until sent for, and as for himself he wanted nothing, but would walk to his final destination as he knew the way well. On he went, treading every foot of the road as though he knew it thoroughly, until he reached the Barton homestead. Here there had been changes, but not in the outer appearance of the old place. Farmer Barton had been dead for some years, but brings, there had been little changes .--The stranger made his way straight toward the house, reaching the windows that led into the little sitting-room; and there paused. There were voices inside speak-

"Ten years ago, this very night." said one, "and how very strange it is that we have never heard a word of that poor

"He can't be alive, grandma; I'm smile, and bore it back briming with the sure that if Bernard were living he would crystal fluid, from, as the old lady ex not have let so long a time pass without letting us hear from him.

"No! no! Marion." I am content to wait. I know that I shall not die without seeing Bernard."

"And, grandma, if you should see him now, perhaps you would not know him." "Not know him! yes, indeed, I would save himself from a Northern prison, reknow my boy whenever I would see him, | luctantly came forward and subscribed to open and manly. He cannot descend to Marion, the day when he went out with of Bernard Barton heard. Dreams of a against him and even forbade his name pelled to be severe because he did not time when he would have unlimited hours to be mentioned, but in his last sickness known their present addresses.

his harshness to the boy. He felt that he had done wrong, Marion, or he would not have left the farm and all that he had labored for so hard, to be reclaimed by Bernard, if he ever should return. No ! no, Marion, Bernard will come back some day, and bring me another jug of water was something upon his face and foretold from the north corner of the well. I a storm, and there was not long to wait haven't enjoyed a drink of water since he

went away. The stranger had heard all this, looking in upon the old grandmother and the beautiful girl who sat sewing beside the shaded lamp and drooping her brown curls over her white, plump hands, and then; without waiting for more, moved silently away from the window.

Down the lane he went, towards the well, and groping for a moment in the sparkling water, and on its way to the mine. house; and the grandmother and the fair girl with the drooping curls were startled to see a tall, sunbrown, richly A flush flew over the face of Bernard, dressed man enter the sitting room, bearand the tears came starting into his eyes. | ing before him a great stone jug, and

> "Here's the water, grandina, you sent The old lady was not long in recover-

"Put it upon the table, Bernard, and come and kiss me." And then in an in-

er be good for anything as long as you stant the whole three were locked in each other's arms, Marion covered with blush. The boy's breast heaved as though it es, and grandma laughing aloud from I cannot close my story without a se-

"Go back, go back, Bernard. Go back he had not only gathered moss, but he and eat your dinner. Let your father had gained fame. And when, in two have his full swing, and don't say any- weeks after he said to Marion, as they weeks after, he said to Marion, as they were walking in the moonlight up and down the lane that lead to the old well, these words, it told the whole tale of the

would come, and I struggled for my wealth to meet it."

"I felt that I should some day come and be sorry, Bernard. Go into your back and claim my child-love, and that I the corporal, as they call you. Am I should find her, but I did not look upon my wealth as a means to sit down and wear a listless life. There is work yet for me to do in the world, and I shall do it. This spot shall be our home always, would have me come and dine with you

And he did not work, not upon the corn crib nor upon the Sorrel's harness, but upon the world a work, until all the world knew of him, and of the Story of

A Secession Lady Outwitted. The hostility of the Secessionists to the amnesty proclamation of the President, and the wiles they resort to in order to evade it, are strikingly illustrated by an extract from a private letter dated Huntsville, Alabama. A correspondent has been quartered in one of the finest residences in that city for some time, and relates the story as follows: " As we came down stairs one morning last week we were very kindly met by the lady of the couse, and cordially invited to spend the evening in her parlor, with several of her lady friends, adding at the same time that General Logan and her niece would be there. We were as much gratified as surprised at the invitation, as this was the first indication of triendship we had had from the inmates. On our way up town we called at the office of the Provost Marshal, who informed us that the dashing son of the lady of our house had been notified that she must take the amnesty oath of the President or be sent to a Northern prison. The truth flashed upon our minds in an instant. The laly and her niece had waited upon the General and invited him to spend the evening, the latter adding, before the General had time to reply, that she would call for him with her carriage at seven o'clock. The General, being one of the handsomest and most accomplished men in the army, could not refuse. The evening passed pleasantly away. The company were treated to fruit, wine, and cake, and cards and music were introduced as part of the entertainment. The

and we all acknowledged that we had never spent a more delightful evening. The son's case was not referred to, but his history is this: He voluntarily entered the rebel service, and with a constitution impaired by early dissipation, he was unable to endure the hardships of camp life. His mother sold her cotton at twenty cents a pound, and raised three thousand dollars in Confederate money with which she purchased a substitute; and procured her son's discharge. We were of course, compelled to regard him as a rebel soldier, liable to the same penalties and conditions as the humblest private in the ranks. The next morning the lady and niece, supposing they had ingratiated themselves in the good favors of the General, waited upon, and begged of him to interpose and prevent their relative from disgrace of subscribing to the abhorred proclamation. The gallant general, however, who has passed through so many perilous engagements, distinguished himself in so many hard fought battlefields, and escaped unscathed the bullets of so many robel soldiers, was proof against the witchery of the Secession

young ladies used their best endeavors,

TAA Western editor strikes the names of two subscribers from his list because

Price of two Potatoes in 1805. The following anecdote of the first Na poleon is related in a letter from a correspondent, who was a considerable time in the French military service, and who vouches for its authenticity :

The evening before the battle of Ulm. when Napoleon the First, in company with Marshal Berthier, was walking incognito through the camp and listening to the talk of his soldiers, he saw in a group not far off a grenadier of the guard, who was roasting some potatoes in the

ashes. 'I should like a resated south above all things, said the emperor to the mar-shal: 'ask the owner of them if he will sell one.'

In obedience to the order, Berthier advanced to the group and asked to whom hedge, he drew forth a stone jug. In a the potatocs belonged. A grenadier few moments it was cleansed, filled with stepped forward and said, They are

> 'Will you sell me one?' inquired Berthier.

'I have only five,' said the grenadier, and that's hardly enough for my supper. 'I will give you two napoleons if you will sell me one,' continued Berthier.

I don't want your gold, said the gronacier, I shall be killed perhaps, to morrow, and I don't want the enemy to find me with an empty stometh." Berthier reported the soldier's answer

o the emperor, who was standing a little in the background. 'Let's see, if I shall be luckier than

you, said the latter; and, going up close to the grenadier, he asked him if he would sell him a potato.

Not by a long shot,' answered the grenadier; 'I haven't enough for my

'But you may set your own price,' said Napoleon. Come; I am hungry, and haven't eaten to-day.

'I tell you I haven't ensuch for my self,' repeated the grenadier; besides all that do you think I don't know you in 'Who am I, then ?' inquired Napo-

right!

Well, said Napoleon, white you know me, will you sell me a potato?" 'No, said the grenadier; but if you

with me to night. 'Done !' said Napoleon, ton the word of an emperor!' of an emperor!'
'Well and good,' said in grenadler.

Our potatoes ought to be done by this time. There are the two largest ones; the rest I'll eat myself.' o his tent, merely remarking,

rogue is a good soldier, I'll wager.' Great was in the midst of a brilliant her spark in my bosom, and blew it into court at the palace of the Tuilleries, and a consuming flame. was just sitting down to dine, when word

the emperor. my roasted potatoes?

ber,' said the emperor: 'and so you have over the brook. come to dine with me, have you? Rustan, lay another cover on your table for

that brave fellow Again the grenadier presented arms. and said, 'A grenadier of the guards does not eat with lackeys. Your majes I knew not, for we had carried Helen word, I have come hither."

'True, true,' said the emperor. 'Lay cover here near me : lay aside your arms, mon ami, and draw up to the ta-

usual place, took up his carbine, and turning to the emperor presented arms. A mere private, said he, ought not to dine at the table of his emperor.

'Ah! I understand you," said Nopoeon. 'I name you Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, and Lieutenant in my company of guards."

soldier. ' Vive le Empereur ." he shouted, and then withdrew.

THE CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN.—He is above mean thing. He cannot stoop to a fraud. He invades no secrets in the keeping of another. He betrays no secrets confided to his own keeping. He takes selfish advan-tage of no man's mistakes. He uses no ignoble weapons in controversy. He never stabs in the dark. He is ashamed of inuendoes. He is not one thing to a man's face and another to his back. If by accident he comes into possession of his neighbor's counsels, he passes upon them an instant oblivion. He bears sealed packages without tampering with the wax. Papers not meant for his eye, whether they flutter in at the window, or lie open before him in unguarded exposure, or sacred to him. He profanes no privacy of others, however the sentry sleeps. Bolts and bars, locks and keys, hedges and pickets, bonds and securi ties, notices to trespassers, are none of them for him. He may be trusted himself out of sight nearest the thinnest partition-anyvhere. He buys no office, he sells none.-He would rather fall gain to his rights than win them through dishonor. He will eat women. They were promptly referred to the provost marshal, and the son, to feeling. He insults no man. If he have rebuke for another he is straightforward, scurrility. Billingsgate don't lie in his track. From all profane and wanton words his live are chastened. Of woman and to ier he speaks with decency and respect .-

Peace is the father of friendship.

practices to every man.

in short, whatever he judges 'honorable he

A POEM FOR THE TIMES. Mr. T. Buchanan Read's poem of "The Oath" is ope of the most popular of those recited by Mr. James E. Murdoch at his public readings. Recently; at Washington, he read it with such effect that the President especially complimented him upon it, and asked for a copy. This gives to the poem a new interest; and as it will gratify our readers to read it again, we print it below:

THE OATH. BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

HAMLET—" Swear on my sword."
GHOST, (below) "Swear !"—Shakes Ye freemen, how long will ye stifle The vengeance that justice inspires? With treason how long will ye tride,
And shame the proud name of your sires? Out, out with the sword and the rifle For defense of your homes and your fices. The llag of the old revolution Swear firmly to serve and uphold, That no treasonous breath of pollution Shall tarnish one star of its fold.

And hark, the deep voices replying From graves where your fathers are lying,

In this moment who hesitates, barters The rights which his forefathers won He forfelts all claim to the characters Transmitted from sire to son. Kneel, kneel at the graves of your martyrs, And swear on on your sword and your gun ; Lay up your great oath on an alter As hugh and as strong as Stone Henge; And then with sword, fire and halter, Sweep down to the field of revenge. Swear

And bark, the deep voices replying From graves where your fathers are lying, "Swear, oh, swear !"

By the tembs of your sires and brothers, The host which the traitors have slain; By the tears of your sisters and mothers. In secret concealing their pain, The grief which the heroine smothers, Consuming the heart and the brain, By the sigh of the penniless widow, By the sob of her orphan's despair. Where they sit in the sorrowful shadow, Kneel, kneel every frooman and swear.

Swear!
And hark, the deep voices replying from graves where their fathers are lying, "Swear, ch, Swear!"

On mounds which are wet with the weeping Where a nation has bownd to the sod, Where the noblest of martyrs are sleeping, Let the winds bear your vengeance abroad : And your firm oaths be held in the keeping Of your patriot hearts and your God Over Ellsworth, for whom the just tear rose, While to Baker and Lyon you look; By Winthrop, a star among heroes, By the blood of our murdered McCnok,

8wear! And hark, the deep voices replying From graves where your fathers are lying, Swear, oh, swear.

WHY I RAN AWAY.

Donald Lean and myself were good friends at fourteen years of age, and we girl at school" We romped and danced to relate my ford adventure with Helen shot through the heart-and then was The emperor sat down and ate his po- together, and this lasted for such a length Graham, painting in glowing colors the overpowered and surrendered. Col. Washtatoes, and then returned with Berthier of time that it is with feelings of bewilder- amiability of my love. of two lovers continuing friends. But irrepresible. At the conclusion, she re-Two months afterwards, Aspoleon the the time was to come when jealousy lit

Well do I remember how and when was brought him that a grenadier was the "green-eye" perpetrated this incenwithout, trying, to force the guard at the diary deed. It was on a cold October I had thus become acquainted was Helen door, saying that he had been invited by evening, when Helen, Dona d and myself were returning with our parents from a Let him come in, said his majesty. neighboring hamlet. As we approached The soldier entered, presented arms a ford where the water ran somewhat to, with hands interwoven "chair fashion," Oh, is that you? Yes yes, I remem- and thus carried our pretty passenger

Just as we were in the middle of the less hardy than ourselves - a faint pang of and cried out, in the old style: jealousy nipped my heart. Why it was ty told me I should eat with you: that across the brook ere now without emotion, was the bargain; and trusting to your but this evening I thought or funcied that ing the cuff of my jacket."

No flame can burn so quick or with so Dinner over, the grenadier went at his little fuel as jealousy. Before we had reached the opposite bank I wished Donald at the "bottom of the sea." Being naturally impetuous, I burst out with ; "You need na haud sae gingerly, Helen,

as if ye feared a fa. I can aye carry ye of water. lighter than Donald can carry half of ye." Surprised at the vehemence of my tone, 'Thank you heartily,' returned the that we were both strong, and that she had no idea of sparing my power. But lady, who made it a habitual rule never Donald's fire was kindled, and he utterly to speak ill of another, and had observed denied that I was at all qualified to compete with him in feats of moral courage. On such topics boys are generally emulous, and by the time we reached the opposite be determined by our singly bearing

Helen across the ford in our arms. Holen was to determine who carried obtained the preference would really be the person who stood highest in her affections. The reflection stimulated me to and Helen on either arm like feathers. But I must not anticipate.

We suffered the rest of the party to pass quietly along, and then returned to Helen. With the utmost care I carried her like an infant to the middle of the water. Jealousy had inspired a warmer love, and it was with feelings unknown before that I embraced her beautiful form, and felt the pressure of her cheek against mine. All went swimmingly, or rather wadingly, for a minute. But alse! in the very deepest part of the ford I trod on a treacherous bit of wood which rested, I suppose, on a smooth stone. Over I roll. ed, bearing Helen with me, nor did we

rise till fairly soaked from head to foot. I need not describe the taunts of Donald, or the accusing silence of Helen. Both believed that I had fallen from mere weakness, and my rival demonstrated his superior ability, bearing her in his arms long distance on our homeward path. As we approached the house, Helen, feeling dry and better humored, attempted to reconcile me. But I preserved a moody

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silence. I was mortified beyond redress. That night I packed up a few things and ran away. My boyish mind, sensitive and irritated exaggerated the negation which it had received, and prompted gave me a place in his house, and employed me in his business. Wealth lookers on were terror-stricken, and the ner-went abroad-resided four years on their Captains, Colonels, and Generals, the continent, and finally returnd to who had assembled in the vicinity of

thing but married. One evening, while at a ball in Glasgow, I was struck by a lady of unpretending appearance, but whose remarkable beauty and high-toned expression indicated a mind of extraordinary power. I was introduced, but the Scottish names had long been unfamiliar to my ear, and by Col. Robert E. Lee, reached the Ferry I could not eatch hers. It was Helen by cars, from the capital. Col. Lee ordersomething, and there was something in ed his detail to stand under arms in the the face. too, that seemed familiar—some- public street till suarise, when he conthing suggestive of pleasure and pain.

But we became well acquainted that to the front of the building fortified and evening; I learned without difficulty her history. She was from the country, had been educated, her parents had lost their property, and was now governess of a family of the city.

I was fascitated with her conversation, grace and refinement of manner that she the engine house. John Brown asked, was capable of moving with distinguished "Who goes there?" "Lieut. Green, success in a far higher sphere than that United States Marines, who by authority which fortune seemed to have allotted of Col. Lec, demands an immediate surher. I was naturally not talkative, nor render." "I refuse it," said Brown, "unprone to confidence; but there was this less I, with my men, are allowed to cross conversed with her as I had never conversed with any. Her questions of the ers if you can." Lee refused to allow this, various countries with which I was famil- and ordered Lieut Green, to renew his iar indicated a remarkable knowledge of demand for an immediate and uncondiliterature, and an incredible store of information.

We progressed in intimacy, and as our

pretty girl into a ford.

marked :

"Mr. Roberts, is it possible that you have forgotten me?" I gazed an instant, remembered, and was dumdfounded. The lady with whom

Graham herself. I'hate, and so do you, reader, to needlessly prolong a story. We are soon married. Helen and I made our bridal tour and said to the emperor. 'Do you re- higher then ankle deep, we prepared to to the old place; and as we approached in member once having supped with me off carry Helen across as we were accustomed our carriage, I greeted a stout fellow working in a field, who seemed to be a better sort of laborer, or perhaps a small farmer, by inquiring some particulars relating to the neighborhood. He answered water-which was cold enough to have | well enough, and I was about to give him frozen anything like feeling out of boys sixpence, when Helen stayed my hand,

"Hey, Donald, mon, dinna ye kin your old fren's?" The man looked up, in astonishment, It was Donald Lean. His amazement at Helen gave Donald an undue preference our appearance was heightened by its by casting her arm around his neck, while style; and it was with the greatest diffishe steadied herself on my side by hold- culty that we could induce him to enter our carriage, and answer our humorous queries as to our friends.

Different men start in life in different ways. I believe that mine, however, is the only instance on record of a gentleman who owes wealth and happiness to rolling over with a pretty girl in a stream

GIVE THE DEVIL HIS DUE .- There is our queen interposed with an admission an important lesson in the following :-A pastor was making a call upon an old it so closely that she always justified those whom she had heard evil spoken of .-Before the old lady made her appearance in the parlor, her several children were bank it was settled that the point should speaking of this peculiarity of their moth er, and one of them playfully added :-"Mother has such a habit of speaking well of everybody, I believe that if Satan himher most easily, and I settled with myself | self were the subject of conversation, mothprivately in advance that the one who er would find some virtue of good quality even in him." Of course this remark elicitted some smiling and merriment at the originality of the idea, in the midst exert every effort, and I verily believe to of which the old lady entered the room, this day that I could have carried Donald and on being told what had been said, she immediately and voluntarily replied, "Well, my children, I wish we all had Satan's industry and perseverance."

> Fine sensibilities are like woodbines-delightful luxuries of beauty to twine round a solid upright steam of understanding; but very poor things if they | in our fellows, in ourselves. Because it are left to creep along the ground.

IF your sister, when engaged with her sweetheart, asks you to bring a glass of water from an adjoining room, start on the errand, but you need not return. -You will not be missed. Don't forget this, little boys.

FAST PEOPLE.—If husband and wife are fast, there is a great danger in their case, as in that of a fast team, that the coupling will break.

The Rebel General Lee and Old John Brown

A letter to the Pittsburg Chronicle, from Harper's Ferry, says:

"It was not known to me until yesterday, and may possibly be unknown to you, that Colonel Robert E. Lee, U. S. Army, now General Lee, Confederate forces, was one of the chief actors in the prologue to the tragic national drama, the different acts of which the whole country has been watching with such exciting interest for the past three years. It is, nevertheless, the fact, however. Let me tell you about it briefly. "Old John Brown" had not only worked at the arsenal at Harper's Ferry, but was intimately acquainted with all the details of the works, and knew, besides, what building among the ruins of some fifty now remaining, was the strongest for defence. This was the engine house, and after making a little raid to Halltown and capturing Colonel Lewis Washington, among otherslaveholders of the Shenandoah Valley, he moved back to the Ferry, and ensounced himself with his twenty followers in this engine house. The alarm throughout Harper's Ferry that night was terrible, and during the me to better results than generally at- whole of the following live-long day tended such irregularities. I went to Brown held his position, and having made Edinburg, where I found an uncle, a port holes through the brick walls, shot kind-hearted, childless man, who gladly several citizens who had the temerity to show themselves about the building. The flowed in upon him. I became his part- two thousand Virginia Militia men, with Scotland rich, educated, in short, every- John Brown's strong, hold, not knowing the force that he really had were completely non-plussed, and waited anxiously for the Government troops from Washington, who had been sent for.

By three o'clock the following morning, sixty marines, under the immediate command of Lieut. Green, but directed duct d the men, he himself leading them. occupied by Brown. The lookers on viewed this soldierly movement with astonishment and awe, expecting to see Colonel Lee shot down as other leaders had been. But not a shot was fired. Lieutenant Green was ordered to demand and was continually reminded by her a surrender. He knocked at the door of young lady which inspired both, and I the bridge again in to Marylandy unmolested, after which you can take us prison-

tional surrender. John Brown refused these terms, and four of the marines, who had got tremendconversation turned upon the causes ous sledge hammers from the works, bewhich induced so many to leave their un- gan battering at the door of the engine tive land, I laughingly remarked that I house. The engine had been moved aowed my own travels to falling with a gainst the door, and it would not yield. "Ten of you," said Lee, "take that ladded I had hardly spoken these words ere and break down the door." Five on each the blood mounted to her face, and was side, the soldiers drove the ladder against succeeded by a remarkable paleness. I the door, and at the third stroke it yieldboth regarded with little more than friend attributed it to the heat of the room, ed and fell back. Col Lee and the ship pretty Helen Graham, "our oldest laughed, and, at her request, proceeded marines jumped in-one man John Brown ington, with other citizens, wa Her mirth, during the recital, become and John Brown handed over to the civil authorities, after which Colonel Lee took the train to Washington again.

"And such is the historical episode which I listened to last night from a citizen who was himself a witness to it. Who knows how much it may have influenced Robert E Lee to forsake the flag of they United States and become a chieftan in the rebel cause ?"

Changes Wrought by War.

In "Cudio's Cave," a war novel by J. T. Trowbridge, well known as a contributor to the Atlantic Monthly, we find the following beautiful paragraph:

"How many a beloved, 'good-for-

nothing' has gone from our streets and firesides, to re-appear far off in a vision of glory! The school-fellows know not their comrade; the mother knows not her own son. The stripling, whose outgoing and incoming were so, familiar to us-impulsive, fun loving, a little vain, a little selfish, apt to be cross when the supper was not ready, apt to come late and make you cross when the supper was ready and waiting-who ever guessed what nobleness was in him! His country called, and he rose up a patriot. The fatigue of marches, the hardships of camp and bivouse, the hard fare, the injustice that must be submitted to, all the terrible trials of the body's strength and the soul's patient endurance—these he bore with the superb buoyancy of spirit which denotes the hero. Who was it that caught up the colors, and rushed forward with them into the thick of the battle, the fifth man who attempted it had been shot down? Not the village loafer, who used to go about the streets dressed so shabbily? Yes, the same. He fell covered with wounds and glory. The rusty and seemingly useless instrument we saw hang so long idle on the walls of society, none dreamed to be a trumpet of sonorous note until the soul came and blew a blast. And what has become of that white-gloved, perfumed, handsome cousin of yours, devoted to his pleasures, weary even of those-to whom life, with all its luxuries had become a bore? He fell in the trenches at Wagner. He had distinguished himself by his daring, his hardihood, his fiery love of liberty. When the nation's alarm beat, his manhood stood erect; he shook himself; all past frivolities were no more than dust to the name of this young lion. The war has proved useful if only in this, that it has developed the latent heroism in our young men, and taught us what is inhumanity, has called into action all this generosity and courage, if for no other cause, let us forgive its cruelty, though the chair of the beloved one be vacant, the bed unslept in and the hand cold that penned the letters in that sacred drawer, which cannot even now be opened without

A matter dealt with gently, prospers; but a matter dealt with violently,

brings vexation to the author.