Loyal hearts who saved the Union, That your fathers gave, Swear the land redeemed shall never Bear again a slave.

Chorns-Hold the fort! Remember Lincoln Hear the Rebel yell, As it sounded through the battles Where our heroes fell.

Honest corn for honest labor, Schools for great and small; Free from rule of King or Kaiser, Liberty for all. Chorus-Hold the Fort! Thetroops are com! Bugles sounding clear-

Nota League, but ail a Nation!

Cheer, O comrades, cheer! By a hundred years of glory, By our toll and pain, Hear the Rocky Mountains echo Back to grand old Maine! Charus-Hold the Fort! The ranks are closing

Spread the banners free! Hayes and Wheeler head the legion On to victory.

## A Campaign Carol.

[TUNE-Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys of Marching, There's a railroad man, and sich. Who is most uncommon rich, And for President is going now to run; He's a mode! Democrat! Swallow-tailed and white cravat, And his business is politics for One! Sam, Sam, Samuel may muster

Copperheads and soreheads round his door But his hopes are all in vain. For he never will again Hold an office from the people any more! Chorus-Sam, Sam, Samuel may muster,

But, said Kelley and his braves. "Are we Democrats all slaves-Must we swallow this informer, Samuel? Tho' he learned his trade with us, We have lived his name to cuss For a most ungrateful club Manhattan

Swell! Tam, Tam, Tammany may bluster, Ring-rogues threaten and implore! Tho' they shout and cuss and roar Till their throats and lungs are sore, They will never rule the country any more Chorus-Tam, Tam, Tammany may bluster, etc.

"But he is our nominee. So our candidate must be: We must rally all to fight this Hope For

Money soft to catch the West, Money hard to please the rest-Copperheads and all unite or we are gone! Cop, cop, coperheads may cluster Round Sammy's patent plaster sore; Tho' the country press he stuffs With his advertising puffs, They will never touch the plunder any

Chorus-Cop, cop, copperheads may cluster

## TRACKED

PART FIRST.

CHAPTER XII. BLANCHE.

Charley awoke next morning with specting her, all of which had been that of a schoolboy, nothing more. answered in the highest strain of eulozy, so he came to the conclusion laudations which were heaped upon o'clock in the morning. her by her faithful servitor, she must indeed be an angel upon earth.

than ever upon his somewhat shrunk- than ever.

and announced "Mr. Charles."

The next instant he felt his hand gently pressed, a pair of kind eyes looking into his face, and heard a kind voice, with a pretty foreign accent, saying, "Ah, monsieur, I am so glad to see you so much recovered. Pray sit down there, in the easy chair -here, quite away from the draught."

At first the face of the speaker disappointed him. His ideas of her beauty had been raised to such an extravagant height by Mrs. Wilkins' glowing descriptions, that he expect. tal. The vivacity and fire of her ed to see something more than mortal; and had he been presented to a vivification of some creation of Phidias, instead of to imperfect flesh and blood, it might not have realized the astic nature, which finding insufficiidea that he had created in his imag- ent food in the real world, soared into ination. But as the sweet reality the empyrean among the gods in grew upon him, he preferred it to the monstrous perfection of his dream.

Perfect beauty-if it exists-is too often cold. The beauty of Blanche Lewson was neither. It was childlike, yet warm. A wonderful luxuriance of soft brown hair, of a chestnut shade, rippled free and untrammelled, the heights of Olympus? The dull-earth. God has stamped you with sparkling, but soft as velvet, large and and of which men and women never of its wretched tinsel?" pensive-looking beneath their long tire of reading—the old story that be- And then be called Blanche into spends all his money in drink. lashes, and with a world of poetry in gan the moment that Eve was first the room. them. Her mouth might have been revealed to Adam's enraptured eyes, "You are but boy and girl now," he large, but the beauty of the teeth com- trumpet sounds the death-note of all you think of marrying. But love had just become answerable. pensated for this trifling defect. Her human passions, and the world of each other, and wait patiently; and shade common in bandsome Frenchingly graceful. Her dress, although at once declared her not to be an Eng- and know approvingly?

lishwoman. It was the first time that Charley charming abandon and freedom of manner, so grateful after the frigidity of English women, conversed to this homage so delicately flattering. them with their bright twinkling owe, and advance me two sovereigns en different subjects, he could only talk in monosyllables.

joined them.

much-she tired you."

ley, eagerly. "She has been talking choose from. to amuse me; but I fear I have been very stupid."

"Stupid! Bahl What can a man be but stupid who has just risen from a sick-bed? Why, man, there is no All trembling, kiss'd. The book and write blood in your body to animate your brain! If I hear any more such nonsense, I shall send you back to your bed room for a week. We will talkyou shall listen for the present. Now let us have a little music-something from Beethoven-something grand and soothing, something that will fall like a great calm upon the soul."

Blanche sat down to the piano and played the "Pastoral Symphony." Charley had once or twice heard the piano thumped according to the usual practice of young ladies, who seem to consider that the only method of getting music out of that ill-used Instrument is to beat it until it shricks ; but he had never before heard music with a soul in it. That glorious harmony dld indeed fall upon him lika a great calm.

When the piece was concluded, Mr Lewson said that his patient must now go back to his own room; but that if he found him no worse the next morning for the change, he should dine with them the following day. So Charley, somewhat reluctantly, was compelled to take leave.

"What a stupid booby she must have thought me!" he said to himself as he went back to his solitude. "I could not find a word to say for myself. What a charming creature she is!" he sighed. He was very thoughtful during the rest of that day; and Mrs. Wilkins, when she came to keep him company in the evening, could get only random answers to her repeated attempts to engage him in conversation.

"Well, Blanche, what do you think of our patient?" asked Mr. Lewson. "I can scarcely tell, papa," she answered, musingly. "He is gene, and can scercely speak for mauvais honte."

"That is the Englishman's malady," replied her father; "but he will soon cure of that. He is but a boy, and there is noble stuff in him. I watched his face while you were playing that grand Beethoven. All his soul was in his eyes, and very beautiful it looked, peering out of them, called forth by sympathy with glorious harmony."

Dally, and almost hourly, did Charey now gain strength, and soon all restrictions, except those of early hours, were removed from his course of life. Constant intercourse with Blanche soon cured him of his gene. and his mauvais honte, but not of his sense of inferiority to her. What did he know of great muscians-of Moa new object of interest to engage his zart, of Haydn, of Mendelssohn; of thoughts-the promised introduction great poets-of Beranger, of Racine, to Miss Mewson. He had asked nu- of Lamartine, of Byron, or Shelley,

But he set to work to supply his deficiencies, and frequently read in her that if Miss Blanche deserved half the favorite authors until two or three

Poetry was a study congenial to his mind, and he made rapid progress in He was highly dissatisfied with the it. How proud he was when he pale, thin face that he saw reflected could converse with Blanche, though in the glass, as he carefully performed ever so little, upon her pet subjectshis tollette, and feared that it would when he could do something more not favorably impress this wonderful than listen with rapt attention; but beauty. He was equally dissatisfied still how far-how very far he felt with his costume, which, never re- himself behind her! That thought markable for cut, now looked worse would set him to work again harder

Ah! the Elyslan happiness of those Mrs. Wilkins led the way to the days! What in an after life, however modest sitting-room, opened the door, happy, could approach it. The soul in each a real Psyche, bursting forth from the chrysalis state of childhood, spreading forth its tender wings in the glorious sunshine of a new existence; heaven and earth all so beautiful; never dreaming of the demon Satisty, the ogre that devours love and every joy of life, and transforms even the golden apples of Hesperides into dust and ashes.

Although steeped to the very lips in both the poetry of sound and of words. Blanche could not be called sentimensouthern blood redeemed her from such a disease. Her love of the beautiful and the ideal was the spontaneous expression of a fervent, enthusisearch of Ambrosia and Hippocrene. And Charley caught sparks of her Promethean fire, and hungered for

What could come of such an intercourse as this-of this mutual interman fades into eternity.

women. Her figure, although petite, of this? Where was that subtle Ah, that happy day! Cannot each more care of his when he got it, and And did Mr. Lewson see anything you both !!' knowledge of the human heart, as reader realize it for himself, without dindn't go racketin' about all night, read through its outward indicator, my help? Miserable, indeed, is the and drinkin', he'd be better able to of plain materials, was made and the face, of which he boasted? Was it man or woman who has no such gold-pay his way. What a difference be-

feet of his beautiful mistress, and they satside by side, clasping each oth- he, 'Mrs. Gripley, I owe you two had ever conversed on terms of equal-listened to the eloquence of her lips, er's hands, but speaking; little. weeks' rent. I am going abroad for a ity with a lady-he felt awkward and drinking in the words of this Hebe And thus they sat that evening week or two. I am very short of cash. until his brain reeled with the intox- in the little arbor where they had I have some small articles of jewelicating nectar; and her woman's first discovered their love, until the ry, but they are very valuable; would heart responded with proud gratitude stars came out and looked down upon you hold them as a deposit for what I

well-kept garden, filled with such am and Eve in the garden, and as me see them, and he took out of his flowers as were hardy enough to en- they will look down upon millions of pocket two of the most elegant things Presently Mr. Lewson came in and dure the smoke of London; it was a lovers in the ages to come. remnant of those days when men In such delicious dreams the days drawer. I'll show 'em to you, for of "Ah, this looks like recovery," he wrote about the "sweet shades of glided on. Was he again forgetting course I let him have the money in a ville, Neb. said' warmly shaking Charley by the Pentonville." In this garden, in a his vow? No, not forgetting, but it moment."

than it should be-how is that? I see One bright, sunny morning he and Blanche has been chattering too Blanche were reading there together rude and terrible one. some love-story, never mind what, "Oh, no, indeed, sir !" cried Char- there are so many in the world to

> "Ofttimes by that reading Their eyes were drawn together and the hu Fled from their altered cheek." "Then he . . .

. . . At once her lips,

Were love's purveyers. In its leaves that day They read no more." Yes: it was story of Francesca de Rimini over again, but stripped of its guilt; for their love was as pure

And so they became lovers.

"Your father must know of this, he said, before they parted; "there must be no secret after all he has done for me. What will he say to my daring to lift my eyes to you? Turn me out of doors for my presumption?"

"You do not know my father, or other night." you would not think so hard of him. Seek him at once. I have no fear of

And she clung to him with redoubled fordness, and looked up into his face with proud tenderness at this proof of a noble mind.

Before this memorable morning the young man had comenced his duties as secretary. These duties consisted in making extracts from various authors in French and Latin -Greek he did not understand; and when Mr. Lewson's own library did not supply the required works, he had to seek them in the British Museum, in the reading room of which he spent much

The work being prepared was a stupendous History of Democracy, ancient and modern, from its foundation in Greece, until the revolutions of '48. Mr. Lewson had already been upon this task many years, but had not yet advanced beyond the classical ages. It was one of those books which are never to be more than fragments, as the longest life would not suffice for their completion-a mass of materials left behind for more expeditious manipulators to found an enduring fame upon, while the very name of the laborious collector is buried with him in

the grave. Mr. Lewson was an ardent republican, not of the new, but of the classic school, of which the Girondists have been the only modern disciples. To have raised the masses to equal rights dess has smiled upon you since last with the educated, would have appeared to him a monstroue theory. He would have founded an aristocracy of frown." intellect, in which each man would have been weighed by his genius and attainments. Intellect of every kind, whether that of reason or imagination employment, even without recombe worshipped with idolatrous enthusiasm. In his eyes, all social distinctions should be prostrated before

Further acquaintance with the youth had given him a high opinion merous questions of Mrs. Wilkins re- or Shakspere? His knowledge was had discovered a mind which he could mould into perfect congeniality with his own. To find such an one had been the most ardent desire of his life; for noble and beautiful as was the soul of Blanche, it was essentially feminine, and lacked the masculine vigor necessary to be perfectly en rapport with his own.

He had watched the growing at people with delighted satisfaction; and when, with much incoherency and blushes, Charley confessed his love, and with downcast eyes and trembling limbs awaited his sentence, the father's heart leaped towards him as he had been his own son. With streaming eyes, he clasped him

"My noble boy," he said, in broken accents, "you have passed triumphantly through the ordeal; you have given me the last proof I wished for of a noble mind, I have seen it, known it all, perhaps even before you yourself guessed the secret of your heart. From this hour I regard you as my son. Love each other, and

may heaven bless your loves!" Who could attempt to paint the youth's grateful happiness? He would, then and there, in the fulness of his heart, have poured forth the whole story of his life, of his hopes, and doubts, and fears, but Mr. Lewson peremptorily forbade it.

"What do I want to know of your action. parents, of your genealogy?" he Blanche? We live apart from it, in? change of sympathies—of this daily among these"—laying his hands upon Charley told her that he was secre- and to keep it so, we keep it supplied flight from the plain of the world to his books,-"the demi-gods of the tary to a gentleman.

may the good God in heaven bless

worn with that exqusite grace which all theory, or did he know all this, en memory to look back upon. Their tween him and Mr. Kaufman! That's Day after day the pupil sat at the and almost the whole day afterwards to me the other day, and he says says At the back of the house was a eyes, as they looked down upon Ad- upon them.' So I asked him to let

hand; "but you are still weak. You summer-house, overspread by creep- was so difficult to rouse from the She unlocked a small drawer, and

But the awakening was coming-a which she showed Charley two gold

One day, when returning from the spypnx's head; a small but exceeding-British Museum, Charley thought be by brilliant diamond forming each eye! would make a call upon Mrs Gripley ; after the good wishes and the desire it the evidence of his eyes. They to see him that she had so warmly were precisely similar to the one that expressed, he considered it to be a he had discovered behind the secret compliment that he owed to her. The door at Blakely Hall. task was not a pleasant one, from the Two! Those with the one in his posdisagreeable reminiscences that the session would complete the set t sight of the house would call up, and which appeared even darker than before beside his present happiness.

The street-door was open, so he walked in, and made for the kitchen. strolling along the river's side the and stainless as the heaven above The sound of Mrs. Gripley's voice in other day, came upon an old straw angry tones came up the stairs, and hat and an empty whisky bottle, close made him pause for a moment.

He heard her say, "I tell you, Mr. ed the touching relies a few moments Pontifex, that I can't, and I won't in silence, and then pensively murlet it run any longer, and I won't mured: "Another Tilden man gone." listen to any more excuses. You must either pay up, or at least give me half, or you can't sleep under this roof an-

"But, my dear madam," said the mild accents of Mr. Pontifex, "I have it not. As soon as I have it, you shall have it-what can possibly be more reasonable? Ex nihilo nihil fit. And my cash is well described by the indeclinable noun, nihil.

"Don't jabber your outlandish gibberish to me," cried Mrs. Gripley, getting more angry than ever, "and don't argufy any more, cos' it's no use. I shall lock your bedroom door, and take the key out; and the sooner you clear out, the better."

"But, my dear madam, I shall soon have remittances. My friend, the and it owes indorsement to no mar Marquis of Rockminster-"

"The Marquis of Fiddlestick!" in terrupted Mrs. Gripley, irreverently. "A pretty fellow you are to talk about his duties well and honestly as a pri markises, that can't pay the rent of a bedroom !"

At this moment Charley appeared upon the scene. But he was so altered in appearance by his well-cut clothes, and bright confident manner, that she did not know him until he spoke. Her angry tone immediately changed to one of pleasure, and she of others; and that every individual very warmly greeted her ex-lodger, expressing great pleasure at the visit.

"And how are you, Mr. Pontifex?" be protected in the enjoyment of said Charley, turning to that gentle- those rights by the General Governman, who was sitting very disconsolately in a corner. "Well in health, Mr. Charles, but the National Constitution. poor in pocket," was the reply. "I am happy to see that the fickle god-

we met, although your humble servant is still in the shadow of her SER labor assiduously, and with unremitting industry, to make it s "Yes; you see," answered Charley, with something of triumph in his success. Without prejudice or partone, "I have succeeded in obtaining tiality for or against any particular

mendations." "My dear boy, receive my congrat- all; and anything a newspaper can do ulations upon the fact; and all I can for the advancement of the general THE FOE OF PAIN say is, that you were born under a lucky star. By the bye, I have a few prosperity, THE ADVERTISER is words for your private ear. Excuse not only willing, but anxious, to do. me one moment, Mrs. Gripley ?"

He drew Charley into a corner. "My dear Charles," he said, in a TOWN AND COUNTRY. low voice, "I am in a slight dilemma just now. The fact is, I have overdrawn my banker's account. Were my friend the Marquis in town, I ty of the other, we can consistently could draw upon him for a hundred or two in an instant. Mrs. Gripley, illogical as usual, insists upon her rent; now, if you have a sovereign tachment between the two young about you that you do not know what to do with---

> "I have not so much with me," an- ing matter possible, we invite attenswered Charley; "but if Mrs. Gripley will take my word-" "Oh, that I am sure she will!" in-

> terrupted Pontifex. "Mrs. Gripley, my young friend here will be my "As far as one soverign goes," put papers. Our type are all set in our

in Charley. Mrs. Gripley very willingly arranged the affair this way.

advertisements, or other "dead" mat-"Thank you, Mr. Charles-thank ter to "fill up" and save labor. When you, my dear boy!" said Pontifex with genuine feeling in his tone, "You our advertisements cease to "pay," have done me a real service, and if we set them out and fill up with readever I can do you any service in re- ing matter. We do this because it is turn, depend upon it, I will. But, due our patrons-those who support on the honor of a gentleman, you and read our paper, and because we shall have the money back.'

Charley told him not to trouble are determined to make a paper that about that; for he liked the man, the people will seek for, and receive spite his eccentricities, and was not full value for the money invested in sorry to have the opportunity of serving him. And a day came when he it. had no reason to regret his generous twenty-one years old, is a fixed insti-

'And so, Mr. Charles, I s'pose you tution, upon a sure foundation. While cried contemptuously. "I despise are doing well?" said Mrs. Gripley, it has acquired age and stability, it such things. No, no; I will not Mr. Pontifex having retired to his have the sacred confidence of such an bed room for a few moments, after hour as this marred by these paltry telling Charley not to go without see- year, all the conveniences and facilidetails of a false system. What is the | ing him. 'And might I take the lib- | ties of a number one News and world and its opinians to me and erty of asking what business you're

'Dear me! that must be very genionable styles of type, which enables Toledo, Peoria & Warsaw Railway, save by a narrow, dark blue ribbon, est reader can answer the question His own seal-nobility of soul. teel, and requires a good scholar. which held it back from her face, over without a moment's thought. Yes, it with marks without a moment's thought. Yes, it will not a moment yet a moment ye her neck and shoulders. Her eyes was the old, old story of which poets with which a sordid society distinwere of the same brown hue, not and romancists never weary of writing guishes the comparative excellences But don't you let Pontifex get your any office in the west. money out of you; he's no good, and THE ADVERTISER is only \$1.50

Charley expressed his determinapronounced by a connoisseur too and will never end until the last said, "and years must elapse before the the sovereign for which he

'That's right; hold your money tight-it's the best friend you can happiness was too great for words, a gentleman, if you like. He comes you ever saw. I got 'em here in my

must not over-exert your small ing plants, he spent many hours dursweet lethargy of such a paradise to took out something wrapped in severwanted. Agents strength. Your pulse, too, is faster ing the period of his convalescence. battle with the stern realities of life. al folds of paper, having removed Washington, N. J.

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to the water's edge. He contemplat-

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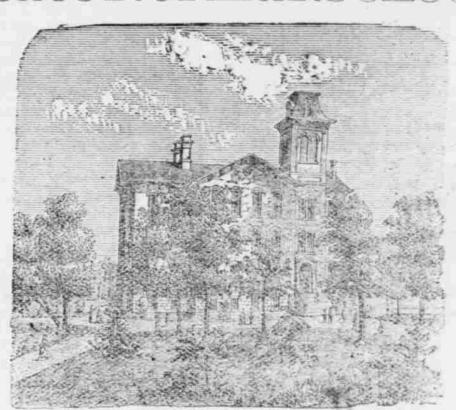
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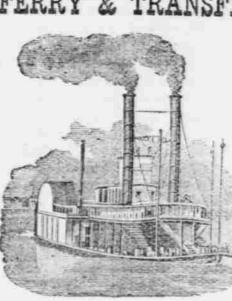
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