

The Millheim Journal.

VOL. LV.

MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 14, 1881.

NO. 15.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS OF

BELLEFONTE.

ALEXANDER & BOWER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

Office in Germania's new building.

JOHN B. LINN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Office on Allegheny Street.

CLEMENT DALE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Northwest corner of Diamond.

YOCUM & HASTINGS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

High Street, opposite First National Bank.

W. M. C. HEINLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Practices in all the courts of Centre County. Special attention to Collections. Consultations in German or English.

WILBUR F. REEDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

All business promptly attended to. Collection of claims a specialty.

BEAVER & GEPHART,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

Office on Allegheny Street, North of High.

A. MORRISON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Office on Woodring's Block, Opposite Court House.

D. S. KELLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Consultations in English or German. Office in Lyon's Building, Allegheny Street.

JOHN G. LOVE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Office in the rooms formerly occupied by the late W. F. Wilson.

BUSINESS CARDS OF MILLHEIM, &

C. A. STURGIS,
DEALER IN

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, &c. Repairing neatly and promptly done and warranted. Main Street, opposite Bank, Millheim, Pa.

A. O. DEININGER,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
SCRIBER AND CONVEYANCER,
MILLHEIM, PA.

All business entrusted to him, such as writing and acknowledging Deeds, Mortgages, Releases, &c., will be executed with neatness and dispatch. Office on Main Street.

H. H. TOMLINSON,
DEALER IN
ALL KINDS OF

Groceries, Notions, Drugs, Tobacco, Cigars, Fine Confectionery and everything in the line of a first-class "grocery store". Country Produce taken in exchange for goods. Main Street, opposite Bank, Millheim, Pa.

DAVID I. BROWN,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
TINWARE, STOVEPIECES, &c.,
SPROUTING A SPECIALTY.

Shop on Main Street, two houses east of Bank, Millheim, Penna.

J. EISENHUTH,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
MILLHEIM, PA.

All business promptly attended to. Collection of claims a specialty. Office opposite Eisenhuth's Drug Store.

MUSSER & SMITH,
DEALERS IN

Hardware, Stoves, Oils, Paints, Glass, Wa-
shing, Coach Trimmings, and Saddlery Ware,
&c. &c. Corner of Main and Penn Streets, Millheim,
Penna.

JACOB WOLF,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR,
MILLHEIM, PA.

Cutting a Specialty. Show back door to Journal Book Store.

MILLHEIM BANKING CO.,
MAIN STREET,
MILLHEIM, PA.

A. WALTER, Cashier. DAV. KRAPE, Pres.

A. HARTER,
AUCTIONEER,
REBERSBURG, PA.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

SONG.

She is not fair to outward view

As many maidens be,
Her loveliness I never knew,
Until she smiled on me,
O! then I saw her eye was bright,
A well of love—a spring of light!

But now her looks are e'en an' cold,
To mine they ne'er reply,
And yet I cease not to behold
The love light in her eye,
Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens a'.

A Strange Story.

I was stationed at Agra during the Cabu
disaster in 1841, one of a mere handful
of British troops, left in charge of the wives,
sisters and daughters of the actors in that
most unhappy expedition. And a weary,
heart-breaking time it was. The Lieutenant
Governor, who had prayed and besought the
Calcutta authorities not to risk the adventure,
had the worst forebodings for its fate;
and although he did all an able, kindly and
well-mannered man could do to maintain
the spirits of the circle, those who knew
him could read too well what his fears
were. Words could not describe—indeed
it is painful for me even now to recall—
the dreary wretchedness of that fatal
month, during which no tidings came of
the devoted army. Evening after evening
saw the roads crowded by anxious women,
sitting there for hours that they might hear
the first news of those who were dear to
them, and evening after evening saw them
return in despair. And when at last the
news came that the sole survivor had staggered,
half alive, back to his countrymen, the
wall which ascended from those heart-
broken creatures I shall never while I live
forget.

There had been a captain in one of
the native regiments, an old acquaintance of
mine, of the name of Donnelly—Jerry Donnelly,
as he was called by every one. He
was careful to explain to all his friends that
his name was Jerome, and not Jeremiah,
although why he so unduly preferred the
saint to the prophet I never understood.
Jerry Donnelly, however, he was, and as
strange and eccentric a creature as ever
breathed.

He was a very good looking fellow, and
a first-rate officer, but a careless, rollicking,
half insane mad-cap of a man, with an
amazing flow of spirits, little education or
culture, a great, almost miraculous, talent
for languages, with a soft heart, and an
easy temper. It was impossible to make
him angry, and in all circumstances, how-
ever unpleasant, he maintained a placid
serenity, which seemed to imply that he
was on intimate terms with Fortune, and
knew the very worst she could do.

Among the other tricks which the fickle
goddess had played him, was that she had
married him. Why he ever married as he
did, no one could imagine. The lady was
neither handsome, clever, nor rich. She was
simply passable as to looks, with the liveli-
ness of good health and youth—a quality
not unapt to develop itself in vicinity of
temper than those other attributes dis-
appear. But, on same impulse, Jerry Don-
nelly had asked her the momentous question,
and had been favorably answered.

A most uncomfortable couple they were,
Jerry, from the very first, neglected her—
not intentionally, I believe, but simply be-
cause for the moment he forgot her exist-
ence. It never seemed to him necessary to
alter his former bachelor round in any re-
spect; and as the lady had no notion of be-
ing neglected, she resented his indifference,
and chafed out a line for herself. It may
be easily supposed that the one was not
adverse to brandy and water, or the other
to gossip and flirtation. They never quar-
reled outwardly, but were hardly ever to-
gether.

So stood the domestic circle, if such it
could be called, of Cap'n Donnelly, when he
was ordered on General Elphinstone's ex-
pedition. His wife would have re-
mained at Calcutta, but as all wives were
going to Agra, she for very shame was
obliged to go there also. On the rumors
of disasters she was very indifferent—said
she was sure Jerry would turn up at the
most inconvenient time, and that if he was
happy, she was. When, however, the
tidings were confirmed, and it was certain
that Jerry had perished with his comrades,
a great change came over her. She shut
herself up for months, saw no one, and
went nowhere. And when at the end of
nearly a year she began once more to look
at the world, she was a grave, thoughtful,
softened woman. She went up to Calcutta
after that, and I never saw her again until
I came home on a furlough in 1857. She
was then living in a pretty place in Som-
er-setshire and was known as Mrs. Court-
ney, of Branley Hall.

I met her accidentally, but she was very
glad to see me, and explained to me what
I had not heard, that when she arrived at
Calcutta she found that poor Jerry had,
four months before he left Agra, succeeded
to this place of Branley Hall by the death
of a distant relation. He had previously
made a will leaving her all his worldly
goods, then slender enough, so that in the
end this fine estate had come to her, and a
new name with it. She asked me to come
down and see her, which I did, and learned
more of her history.

Sorrow and prosperity greatly changed
her for the better. Even her looks had
improved, and she was pleasant, thought-
ful, agreeable woman. She had returned
four years in Calcutta before she had remem-
bered that she had at once assumed the name of

SONG.

She is not fair to outward view

As many maidens be,
Her loveliness I never knew,
Until she smiled on me,
O! then I saw her eye was bright,
A well of love—a spring of light!

But now her looks are e'en an' cold,
To mine they ne'er reply,
And yet I cease not to behold
The love light in her eye,
Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens a'.

A Strange Story.

I was stationed at Agra during the Cabu
disaster in 1841, one of a mere handful
of British troops, left in charge of the wives,
sisters and daughters of the actors in that
most unhappy expedition. And a weary,
heart-breaking time it was. The Lieutenant
Governor, who had prayed and besought the
Calcutta authorities not to risk the adventure,
had the worst forebodings for its fate;
and although he did all an able, kindly and
well-mannered man could do to maintain
the spirits of the circle, those who knew
him could read too well what his fears
were. Words could not describe—indeed
it is painful for me even now to recall—
the dreary wretchedness of that fatal
month, during which no tidings came of
the devoted army. Evening after evening
saw the roads crowded by anxious women,
sitting there for hours that they might hear
the first news of those who were dear to
them, and evening after evening saw them
return in despair. And when at last the
news came that the sole survivor had staggered,
half alive, back to his countrymen, the
wall which ascended from those heart-
broken creatures I shall never while I live
forget.

There had been a captain in one of
the native regiments, an old acquaintance of
mine, of the name of Donnelly—Jerry Donnelly,
as he was called by every one. He
was careful to explain to all his friends that
his name was Jerome, and not Jeremiah,
although why he so unduly preferred the
saint to the prophet I never understood.
Jerry Donnelly, however, he was, and as
strange and eccentric a creature as ever
breathed.

He was a very good looking fellow, and
a first-rate officer, but a careless, rollicking,
half insane mad-cap of a man, with an
amazing flow of spirits, little education or
culture, a great, almost miraculous, talent
for languages, with a soft heart, and an
easy temper. It was impossible to make
him angry, and in all circumstances, how-
ever unpleasant, he maintained a placid
serenity, which seemed to imply that he
was on intimate terms with Fortune, and
knew the very worst she could do.

Among the other tricks which the fickle
goddess had played him, was that she had
married him. Why he ever married as he
did, no one could imagine. The lady was
neither handsome, clever, nor rich. She was
simply passable as to looks, with the liveli-
ness of good health and youth—a quality
not unapt to develop itself in vicinity of
temper than those other attributes dis-
appear. But, on same impulse, Jerry Don-
nelly had asked her the momentous question,
and had been favorably answered.

A most uncomfortable couple they were,
Jerry, from the very first, neglected her—
not intentionally, I believe, but simply be-
cause for the moment he forgot her exist-
ence. It never seemed to him necessary to
alter his former bachelor round in any re-
spect; and as the lady had no notion of be-
ing neglected, she resented his indifference,
and chafed out a line for herself. It may
be easily supposed that the one was not
adverse to brandy and water, or the other
to gossip and flirtation. They never quar-
reled outwardly, but were hardly ever to-
gether.

So stood the domestic circle, if such it
could be called, of Cap'n Donnelly, when he
was ordered on General Elphinstone's ex-
pedition. His wife would have re-
mained at Calcutta, but as all wives were
going to Agra, she for very shame was
obliged to go there also. On the rumors
of disasters she was very indifferent—said
she was sure Jerry would turn up at the
most inconvenient time, and that if he was
happy, she was. When, however, the
tidings were confirmed, and it was certain
that Jerry had perished with his comrades,
a great change came over her. She shut
herself up for months, saw no one, and
went nowhere. And when at the end of
nearly a year she began once more to look
at the world, she was a grave, thoughtful,
softened woman. She went up to Calcutta
after that, and I never saw her again until
I came home on a furlough in 1857. She
was then living in a pretty place in Som-
er-setshire and was known as Mrs. Court-
ney, of Branley Hall.

I met her accidentally, but she was very
glad to see me, and explained to me what
I had not heard, that when she arrived at
Calcutta she found that poor Jerry had,
four months before he left Agra, succeeded
to this place of Branley Hall by the death
of a distant relation. He had previously
made a will leaving her all his worldly
goods, then slender enough, so that in the
end this fine estate had come to her, and a
new name with it. She asked me to come
down and see her, which I did, and learned
more of her history.

Sorrow and prosperity greatly changed
her for the better. Even her looks had
improved, and she was pleasant, thought-
ful, agreeable woman. She had returned
four years in Calcutta before she had remem-
bered that she had at once assumed the name of

SONG.

She is not fair to outward view

As many maidens be,
Her loveliness I never knew,
Until she smiled on me,
O! then I saw her eye was bright,
A well of love—a spring of light!

But now her looks are e'en an' cold,
To mine they ne'er reply,
And yet I cease not to behold
The love light in her eye,
Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens a'.

A Strange Story.

I was stationed at Agra during the Cabu
disaster in 1841, one of a mere handful
of British troops, left in charge of the wives,
sisters and daughters of the actors in that
most unhappy expedition. And a weary,
heart-breaking time it was. The Lieutenant
Governor, who had prayed and besought the
Calcutta authorities not to risk the adventure,
had the worst forebodings for its fate;
and although he did all an able, kindly and
well-mannered man could do to maintain
the spirits of the circle, those who knew
him could read too well what his fears
were. Words could not describe—indeed
it is painful for me even now to recall—
the dreary wretchedness of that fatal
month, during which no tidings came of
the devoted army. Evening after evening
saw the roads crowded by anxious women,
sitting there for hours that they might hear
the first news of those who were dear to
them, and evening after evening saw them
return in despair. And when at last the
news came that the sole survivor had staggered,
half alive, back to his countrymen, the
wall which ascended from those heart-
broken creatures I shall never while I live
forget.

There had been a captain in one of
the native regiments, an old acquaintance of
mine, of the name of Donnelly—Jerry Donnelly,
as he was called by every one. He
was careful to explain to all his friends that
his name was Jerome, and not Jeremiah,
although why he so unduly preferred the
saint to the prophet I never understood.
Jerry Donnelly, however, he was, and as
strange and eccentric a creature as ever
breathed.

He was a very good looking fellow, and
a first-rate officer, but a careless, rollicking,
half insane mad-cap of a man, with an
amazing flow of spirits, little education or
culture, a great, almost miraculous, talent
for languages, with a soft heart, and an
easy temper. It was impossible to make
him angry, and in all circumstances, how-
ever unpleasant, he maintained a placid
serenity, which seemed to imply that he
was on intimate terms with Fortune, and
knew the very worst she could do.

Among the other tricks which the fickle
goddess had played him, was that she had
married him. Why he ever married as he
did, no one could imagine. The lady was
neither handsome, clever, nor rich. She was
simply passable as to looks, with the liveli-
ness of good health and youth—a quality
not unapt to develop itself in vicinity of
temper than those other attributes dis-
appear. But, on same impulse, Jerry Don-
nelly had asked her the momentous question,
and had been favorably answered.

A most uncomfortable couple they were,
Jerry, from the very first, neglected her—
not intentionally, I believe, but simply be-
cause for the moment he forgot her exist-
ence. It never seemed to him necessary to
alter his former bachelor round in any re-
spect; and as the lady had no notion of be-
ing neglected, she resented his indifference,
and chafed out a line for herself. It may
be easily supposed that the one was not
adverse to brandy and water, or the other
to gossip and flirtation. They never quar-
reled outwardly, but were hardly ever to-
gether.

So stood the domestic circle, if such it
could be called, of Cap'n Donnelly, when he
was ordered on General Elphinstone's ex-
pedition. His wife would have re-
mained at Calcutta, but as all wives were
going to Agra, she for very shame was
obliged to go there also. On the rumors
of disasters she was very indifferent—said
she was sure Jerry would turn up at the
most inconvenient time, and that if he was
happy, she was. When, however, the
tidings were confirmed, and it was certain
that Jerry had perished with his comrades,
a great change came over her. She shut
herself up for months, saw no one, and
went nowhere. And when at the end of
nearly a year she began once more to look
at the world, she was a grave, thoughtful,
softened woman. She went up to Calcutta
after that, and I never saw her again until
I came home on a furlough in 1857. She
was then living in a pretty place in Som-
er-setshire and was known as Mrs. Court-
ney, of Branley Hall.

I met her accidentally, but she was very
glad to see me, and explained to me what
I had not heard, that when she arrived at
Calcutta she found that poor Jerry had,
four months before he left Agra, succeeded
to this place of Branley Hall by the death
of a distant relation. He had previously
made a will leaving her all his worldly
goods, then slender enough, so that in the
end this fine estate had come to her, and a
new name with it. She asked me to come
down and see her, which I did, and learned
more of her history.

Sorrow and prosperity greatly changed
her for the better. Even her looks had
improved, and she was pleasant, thought-
ful, agreeable woman. She had returned
four years in Calcutta before she had remem-
bered that she had at once assumed the name of

SONG.

She is not fair to outward view

As many maidens be,
Her loveliness I never knew,
Until she smiled on me,
O! then I saw her eye was bright,
A well of love—a spring of light!

But now her looks are e'en an' cold,
To mine they ne'er reply,
And yet I cease not to behold
The love light in her eye,
Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens a'.

A Strange Story.

I was stationed at Agra during the Cabu
disaster in 1841, one of a mere handful
of British troops, left in charge of the wives,
sisters and daughters of the actors in that
most unhappy expedition. And a weary,
heart-breaking time it was. The Lieutenant
Governor, who had prayed and besought the
Calcutta authorities not to risk the adventure,
had the worst forebodings for its fate;
and although he did all an able, kindly and
well-mannered man could do to maintain
the spirits of the circle, those who knew
him could read too well what his fears
were. Words could not describe—indeed
it is painful for me even now to recall—
the dreary wretchedness of that fatal
month, during which no tidings came of
the devoted army. Evening after evening
saw the roads crowded by anxious women,
sitting there for hours that they might hear
the first news of those who were dear to
them, and evening after evening saw them
return in despair. And when at last the
news came that the sole survivor had staggered,
half alive, back to his countrymen, the
wall which ascended from those heart-
broken creatures I shall never while I live
forget.

There had been a captain in one of
the native regiments, an old acquaintance of
mine, of the name of Donnelly—Jerry Donnelly,
as he was called by every one. He
was careful to explain to all his friends that
his name was Jerome, and not Jeremiah,
although why he so unduly preferred the
saint to the prophet I never understood.
Jerry Donnelly, however, he was, and as
strange and eccentric a creature as ever
breathed.

He was a very good looking fellow, and
a first-rate officer, but a careless, rollicking,
half insane mad-cap of a man, with an
amazing flow of spirits, little education or
culture, a great, almost miraculous, talent
for languages, with a soft heart, and an
easy temper. It was impossible to make
him angry, and in all circumstances, how-
ever unpleasant, he maintained a placid
serenity, which seemed to imply that he
was on intimate terms with Fortune, and
knew the very worst she could do.

Among the other tricks which the fickle
goddess had played him, was that she had
married him. Why he ever married as he
did, no one could imagine. The lady was
neither handsome, clever, nor rich. She was
simply passable as to looks, with the liveli-
ness of good health and youth—a quality
not unapt to develop itself in vicinity of
temper than those other attributes dis-
appear. But, on same impulse, Jerry Don-
nelly had asked her the momentous question,
and had been favorably answered.

A most uncomfortable couple they were,
Jerry, from the very first, neglected her—
not intentionally, I believe, but simply be-
cause for the moment he forgot her exist-
ence. It never seemed to him necessary to
alter his former bachelor round in any re-
spect; and as the lady had no notion of be-
ing neglected, she resented his indifference,
and chafed out a line for herself. It may
be easily supposed that the one was not
adverse to brandy and water, or the other
to gossip and flirtation. They never quar-
reled outwardly, but were hardly ever to-
gether.

So stood the domestic circle, if such it
could be called, of Cap'n Donnelly, when he
was ordered on General Elphinstone's ex-
pedition. His wife would have re-
mained at Calcutta, but as all wives were
going to Agra, she for very shame was
obliged to go there also. On the rumors
of disasters she was very indifferent—said
she was sure Jerry would turn up at the
most inconvenient time, and that if he was
happy, she was. When, however, the
tidings were confirmed, and it was certain
that Jerry had perished with his comrades,
a great change came over her. She shut
herself up for months, saw no one, and
went nowhere. And when at the end of
nearly a year she began once more to look
at the world, she was a grave, thoughtful,
softened woman. She went up to Calcutta
after that, and I never saw her again until
I came home on a furlough in 1857. She
was then living in a pretty place in Som-
er-setshire and was known as Mrs. Court-
ney, of Branley Hall.

I met her accidentally, but she was very
glad to see me, and explained to me what
I had not heard, that when she arrived at
Calcutta she found that poor Jerry had,
four months before he left Agra, succeeded
to this place of Branley Hall by the death
of a distant relation. He had previously
made a will leaving her all his worldly
goods, then slender enough, so that in the
end this fine estate had come to her, and a
new name with it. She asked me to come
down and see her, which I did, and learned
more of her history.

Sorrow and prosperity greatly changed
her for the better. Even her looks had
improved, and she was pleasant, thought-
ful, agreeable woman. She had returned
four years in Calcutta before she had remem-
bered that she had at once assumed the name of

SONG.

She is not fair to outward view

As many maidens be,
Her loveliness I never knew,
Until she smiled on me,
O! then I saw her eye was bright,
A well of love—a spring of light!

But now her looks are e'en an' cold,
To mine they ne'er reply,
And yet I cease not to behold
The love light in her eye,
Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens a'.

A Strange Story.

I was stationed at Agra during the Cabu
disaster in 1841, one of a mere handful
of British troops, left in charge of the wives,
sisters and daughters of the actors in that
most unhappy expedition. And a weary,
heart-breaking time it was. The Lieutenant
Governor, who had prayed and besought the
Calcutta authorities not to risk the adventure,
had the worst forebodings for its fate;
and although he did all an able, kindly and
well-mannered man could do to maintain
the spirits of the circle, those who knew
him could read too well what his fears
were. Words could not describe—indeed
it is painful for me even now to recall—
the dreary wretchedness of that fatal
month, during which no tidings came of
the devoted army. Evening after evening
saw the roads crowded by anxious women,
sitting there for hours that they might hear
the first news of those who were dear to
them, and evening after evening saw them
return in despair. And when at last the
news came that the sole survivor had staggered,
half alive, back to his countrymen, the
wall which ascended from those heart-
broken creatures I shall never while I live
forget.

There had been a captain in one of
the native regiments, an old acquaintance of
mine, of the name of Donnelly—Jerry Donnelly,
as he was called by every one. He
was careful to explain to all his friends that
his name was Jerome, and not Jeremiah,
although why he so unduly preferred the
saint to the prophet I never understood.
Jerry Donnelly, however, he was, and as
strange and eccentric a creature as ever
breathed.

He was a very good looking fellow, and
a first-rate officer, but a careless, rollicking,
half insane mad-cap of a man, with an
amazing flow of spirits, little education or
culture, a great, almost miraculous, talent
for languages, with a soft heart, and an
easy temper. It was impossible to make
him angry, and in all circumstances, how-
ever unpleasant, he maintained a placid
serenity, which seemed to imply that he
was on intimate terms with Fortune, and
knew the very worst she could do.

Among the other tricks which the fickle
goddess had played him, was that she had
married him. Why he ever married as he
did, no one could imagine. The lady was
neither handsome, clever, nor rich. She was
simply passable as to looks, with the liveli-
ness of good health and youth—a quality
not unapt to develop itself in vicinity of
temper than those other attributes dis-
appear. But, on same impulse, Jerry Don-
nelly had asked her the momentous question,
and had been favorably answered.

A most uncomfortable couple they were,
Jerry, from the very first, neglected her—
not intentionally, I believe, but simply be-
cause for the moment he forgot her exist-
ence. It never seemed to him necessary to
alter his former bachelor round in any re-
spect; and as the lady had no notion of be-
ing neglected, she resented his indifference,
and chafed out a line for herself. It may
be easily supposed that the one was not
adverse to brandy and water, or the other
to gossip and flirtation. They never quar-
reled outwardly, but were hardly ever to-
gether.

So stood the domestic circle, if such it
could be called, of Cap'n Donnelly, when he
was ordered on General Elphinstone's ex-
pedition. His wife would have re-
mained at Calcutta, but as all wives were
going to Agra, she for very shame was
obliged to go there also. On the rumors
of disasters she was very indifferent—said
she was sure Jerry would turn up at the
most inconvenient time, and that if he was
happy, she was. When, however, the
tidings were confirmed, and it was certain
that Jerry had perished with his comrades,
a great change came over her. She shut
herself up for months, saw no one, and
went nowhere. And when at the end of
nearly a year she began once more to look
at the world, she was a grave, thoughtful,
softened woman. She went up to Calcutta
after that, and I never saw her again until
I came home on a furlough in 1857. She
was then living in a pretty place in Som-
er-setshire and was known as Mrs. Court-
ney, of Branley Hall.

I met her accidentally, but she was very
glad to see me, and explained to me what
I had not heard, that when she arrived at
Calcutta she found that poor Jerry had,
four months before he left Agra, succeeded
to this place of Branley Hall by the death
of a distant relation. He had previously
made a will leaving her all his worldly
goods, then slender enough, so that in the
end this fine estate had come to her, and a
new name with it. She asked me to come
down and see her, which I did, and learned
more of her history.

Sorrow and prosperity greatly changed
her for the better. Even her looks had
improved, and she was pleasant, thought-
ful, agreeable woman. She had returned
four years in Calcutta before she had remem-
bered that she had at once assumed the name of

SONG.

She is not fair to outward view

As many maidens be,
Her loveliness I never knew,
Until she smiled on me,
O! then I saw her eye was bright,
A well of love—a spring of light!

But now her looks are e'en an' cold,
To mine they ne'er reply,
And yet I cease not to behold
The love light in her eye,
Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens a'.

A Strange Story.

I was stationed at Agra during the Cabu
disaster in 1841, one of a mere handful
of British troops, left in charge of the wives,
sisters and daughters of the actors in that
most unhappy expedition. And a weary,
heart-breaking time it was. The Lieutenant
Governor, who had prayed and besought the
Calcutta authorities not to risk the adventure,
had the worst forebodings for its fate;
and although he did all an able, kindly and
well-mannered man could do to maintain
the spirits of the circle, those who knew
him could read too well what his fears
were. Words could not describe—indeed
it is painful for me even now to recall—
the dreary wretchedness of that fatal
month, during which no tidings came of
the devoted army. Evening after