American Volunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON. "OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY." AT $2,00 PER ANNUM.

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AMERICAN VOLUNTEER.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY
John B. Bratton.

TERMS.

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JOB-PRINTING—Such as Hand-bills, Posting-bills, Pamphlets, Blanks, Labels, &c., &c., executed with accuracy and at the shortest notice.

Cumberland Nurseries.

3½ MILES EAST OF CARLISLE,

Middlesex Station, on the C. V. R. R. is close to the Nursery.

THE proprietor of the above Nurseries, would call the attention of all who wish to plant trees, to his present stock of

Fruit and Ornamental Trees,

PLANTS, VINES, &c., &c., comprising as complete a collection of fruits, of every class, as is to be found in the State. And constituting mainly, such sorts as sixteen years of experience, and careful observation, have proven the very best for our locality. This latter clause is quite too much overlooked by the inexperienced, through their anxiety to gather new things from other quarters, regardless of the probabilities of deception, through dealing with strangers, or parties of whose reputation and correctness they have no knowledge; and who, if even honest and careful, have not the opportunity and experience to know what is best adapted to this section of the State. He would call especial attention to his extensive stock of healthy young apple trees for this autumn planting, which are very fine.

☞ NOTE, 1st. All selections for orchards left to the choice of the Proprietor, will be warranted true to name and combine the most valuable fruits for the place to be planted.

2nd. No inferior trees, or unhealthy stock, sent out under class of good trees.

3d. All trees for parties who cannot call at the nursery, and wish them sent via Railway, will be selected with as much care, as if the purchaser were present, and the trees packed so as to carry safely to any point on the Railroad, for which a light charge will be made.

4th. It is not the lowest price, or the largest (and uncertain to grow) trees he strives to reach, but correctness and healthy trees, are the two points he professes to sell.

CAUTION. 1st. Beware of reports, and listen not to the reports that the nursery is closed, the stock reduced and such and such articles are not to be had; as it now stands on nearly forty acres closely planted, containing near half a million of trees and plants, in various stages of growth, including all the most reliable articles, old and new, as fast as brought into notice. Many of the new things are held under test, until their qualities have been sufficiently proven to warrant their further dissemination.

2nd. Think not that all trees represented to be from MILLER'S, are from the Cumberland Nurseries; for some persons have already been mistaken, by supposing that because the trees were from MILLER, they came from here; when in fact they came from other quarters.

3d. No person or party is authorized to sell from this Nursery, without a WRITTEN AUTHORITY FROM THE PROPRIETOR.

Catalogues noting the main stock will be furnished on receipt of two three cent postage stamps.

Orders solicited, with an earnest desire to render justice.

Address,
DAVID MILLER, JR.,
Cumberland Nurseries,
Carlisle, Pa.

REFERENCES:
Judge Watts,
Judge Graham,
R. M. Henderson,
Lemuel Todd,
W. H. Miller,
} Carlisle, Pa.

October 13, 1859.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES!

At the Ladies' Resort, BENTZ'S STORE. According to our practice in the last few weeks of the season, we have reduced the prices of our immense and varied stock of Dress Goods to such points as will insure rapid sales. Regardless of profit we are determined to sell them off.

Berages, Berage Robes and Double Shirts, Organdy Lawns, Grenadeans,

Challies, &c. Freil and Silk at very low figures, Silk Mantillas at reduced prices, plain Silk Mantillas very low in price, French Lace Mantillas, Shantilla Lace Mantillas, Talmas, Points, &c.

The whole of my stock is now offering at reduced prices, preparatory to the close of the season. All I ask is the attention of the ladies. Give me a call, as I feel satisfied we can suit any one both as to style and price.

June 30, 1859. A. W. BENTZ.

Who can Sell

A MELODEON cheaper than I can? By paying $5 per month, you can get one of the best melodeons in the country, at A. B. Ewing's furniture rooms, where there will be constantly kept on hand the largest and best assortment of MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS ever brought to Carlisle.

If you wish to see a good PIANO, call and examine mine. For purity of tone, neatness of finish, fine touch, and low price, none can equal them. As I am determined to sell musical instruments to the people of Cumberland county cheaper than any other person, call and examine mine before purchasing elsewhere.

☞ All instruments warranted and kept in repair.

JOHN H. RHEEM,
West Hight street, Carlisle.

May 5, 1859—6m

JOSEPH U. STEEL,

WATCH MAKER.

South Hanover street, a few doors south of the Court House.

Having supplied myself with a large assortment of WATCH MATERIALS, Glasses, &c., I am now prepared to repair all kinds of

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c.

that may be intrusted to my care, on the most reasonable terms. Hoping by strict attention to business to be favored with a share of public patronage.

Also, a fine assortment of jewelry, such as Ladies' Breast pins, Ear Drops, (gold and cameo,) Misses Breastpins and Ear Drops, Box and Glasses, Pins all sizes, Gold Chains, Hooks, Plated Chains, Lockets, Guards, Keys, &c. Also, a large and fine assortment of Gold finger Rings, all of which will be sold low. A liberal share of public patronage is earnestly solicited.

N. B.—I have recently received a fine assortment of Silver Hunting Detached Lever and Lepine Watches, and a large assortment of silver plated and steel spectacles, which I can dispose of cheap.

JOS. U. STEEL.

Carlisle, July 14, 1859—1y

A CARD.

DR. JNO. K. SMITH respectfully announces to his old friends and former patrons, that he has returned from his South-western tour, with his health greatly improved, and has resumed practice in Carlisle.

Office on Main street, one door west of the Railroad depot, where he can be found at all hours, day and night, when not out professionally. Oct. 27, 1859.

TO BEEAD AT EBY'S Grocery Store, some of the choicest No. 1 Mackeral (without heads,) ever offered in Carlisle. The public is invited to call and examine them and judge for themselves. Feb. 24, 1859.

MANTILLAS. Those in want of a Mantilla will find the largest and cheapest assortment at the cheap store of

June 2 J. A. HUMERICH, Jr.

Poetical.

"HE WILL NOT WOO AGAIN."

'Twas but a word—a careless word,
In pride and passion spoken;
But with that word the charm that bound
Two loving hearts was broken.
The hasty wrath has passed away,
But bitter words remain;
In vain she looks with tender glance—
He will not woo again.

No other love may light HER path;
No other move HIS heart;
Yet changing seasons come and go,
And find them still apart;
Her once bright cheek is paler now;
His bears a trace of pain;
Their days are weary, sad—and yet
He will not woo again.

They meet as strangers, calm and cold,
As calmly, coldly, part;
And none may guess that tranquil mien
Conceals a wounded heart.
To him the world hath lost its light;
For her all joys are vain;
Nor hope, nor memory bring relief—
He will not woo again.

Alas! that love, long tried and warm,
Should wither in an hour;
Alas! that pride o'er human hearts
Should wield such fearful power;
Oh! weep thou not for those who die—
For them all tears are vain;
But weep o'er living hearts grown cold,
Who ne'er can love again.

BEAUTIFUL STANZAS.

Leaf by leaf the roses fall,
Drop by drop the spring runs dry;
One by one, beyond recall,
Summer beauties fade and die;
But the roses bloom again,
And the spring will gush anew,
In the pleasant April rain
And the summer sun and dew.

So in hours of deepest gloom,
When the spring of gladness fail,
And the roses in the bloom,
Drop like maidens wan and pale;
We shall find some hope that lies
Like a silent gem apart,
Hidden far from careless eyes,
In the garden of the heart.

Some sweet hope to gladness wed,
That will spring afresh and new,
When grief's winter shall have fled,
Giving place to rain and dew—
Some sweet hope that breathes of spring,
Through the weary, weary time
Budding for its blossoming,
In the spirit's glorious clime.

Miscellaneous.

A MASON IN LOVE; OR, A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

BY MISS O. W. BARBER.

"Are you in love? I'll prove it by fifty things. O, there's no use in denying it, Cot—none in the world!"

"No use in denying *what*, Ophelia? for once I am at fault in understanding you."

"Now, Cotton Mather Royalstone, that is a—a—well, if it is not a fib, it is at least an equivocation. I mean there is no use in denying that you are in *love*—deeply, inextricably, mortally, dreadfully, in love. I've been aware of it—let me see—ever since that first party at Mrs. Swan's. Anybody with two eyes in their head, ought to have made the same discovery. You are mortally in love with Rosalie Anderson," and the chatterbox of a speaker, viz: Ophelia Stewartson, held her pretty finger up, and shook it at her cousin meaningly, and saucily, too.

If a blush is any acknowledgement of a fact, then Cotton Mather Royalstone *was* in love, for the tell-tale blood mounted even into his fine temples, and he cast his eyes down and played with his watch-guard almost as modestly as a girl might have done. Anybody would have joined Ophelia Stewartson, and declared our hero to have been in love at that very moment.

"But Cousin Cot," pursued the girl in that same teasing tone, "Rosa has gone away on a visit to Niagara. She won't be back these three weeks, but that's no reason why you should shoot, hang, or drown yourself; no reason in the world. Act like a sensible fellow, and for that short space of time, resolve at least to forget her. There is no use in keeping one's self to death over what cannot be helped. Stay here, and we'll all do our best to entertain you. I'll sing with you, fish with you, walk with you, read to you, and if need be, fight for you. You won't find a more self denying friend anywhere, than I'll prove myself to be, if you'll only stay here and be sensible and well behaved, as a young man ought to be during the absence of his lady love. I'll even write to Rosa, and beg her for your sake not to stay too long—Now ain't I exceedingly obliging?" and the little mad cap took her dress in both hands and waltzed across the room, and half way across the garden, before her grave cousin, with that grave, reverend name, Cotton Mather Royalstone, could reply or stop her. At length he caught up with her and said:

"I'll stay and be sensible Phele; stay and be entertained famously, if you'll promise me one thing. Don't write to Rosa; I don't want to be the means of curtailing her enjoyment. Instead of writing to her, you may talk to me about her; that will do just as well."

"Agreed," said the girl, "and now bear it in mind, dear Cot, I shall exert myself continually to be vastly entertaining. You, on your part, are not to be love-sick in the least; you are to be grave, sober, unexacting, and most easily pleased; you are not to mention "Rosalie," or "waterfall," or any other obnoxious subject during the whole time, although I may now and then speak upon the forbidden theme myself."

"Hold! hold!" cried Cotten, "turn about is fair play, I've heard that doctrine preached from my childhood. I have no idea of pledging my word that I will not talk upon any subject, while your tongue is at liberty to rattle away at will. A pretty restriction you would place me under, truly. No, no, Miss Ophelia, I demur seriously," and the young man drew a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his face.

'But I shall talk *sensibly*, you know; give you good advice, &c. Indeed I expect I shall be deeply and engrossingly entertaining, when I touch upon that subject, while you on the contrary! O, who has not heard of the ravings of a love-sick soul! Who has not, indeed!'

The young man laughed a hearty laugh.

"Well, cousin Phele," he said, "you are determined, I see plainly, to have things all your own way. My best policy will be to yield as gracefully as I can; but don't be too unmerciful. If you are, I shall, like the lord of the forest, break away from all constraint, and afterwards prove more untameable than ever."

"Oh! I'll be very discreet, indeed; never fear me," and the girl began her fairy-like dance again upon the green sward—a dance which seemed an appropriate expression of her young and happy heart.

Ophelia Stewartson was one of those fresh, laughing, Hebe-like creatures, whom it does one good to look upon. Carefully nurtured from her earliest infancy, she knew little of grief or care. Life looked to her a sunny path strewed with flowers. She coquetted and laughed until the dimples seemed playing bo-peep in her full, rosy cheeks. She had a word for everybody and everything—a word which sounded marvelously like the sincere expression of her heart but which, strange to say, never gave offence to anybody, but always caused a laugh.

Cotton Mather Royalstone was—hem! Well—they said they were *cousins*, and I, not being very well versed in their genealogy, am not prepared to disprove it. May be they were cousins—cousins in the sixteenth degree. One thing was very apparent—there was great affinity between the two—whether of heart or blood, it matters not. Cotton was just from college, and for the present, was safely domiciled in the neighborhood where Ophelia resided. He generally escorted her to parties, and it was at one of these re-unions that Ophelia professed to make the astounding discovery that Cotton was in love—dreadfully, indeed, in love.

For days afterwards, Ophelia, true to her promise, did her best to entertain him, but her sly raillery was unceasing, and perhaps nobody but Cotton Mayther Royalstone, could patiently endure it. But endure it he did—endure it with a very good grace, and, gentle reader, was not this another proof positive that he *was* distressingly "in love."

The weeks of Rosalie's absence had nearly glided away; she was expected home in a few days, but, nevertheless, Ophelia came in one day, and stood at her cousin's side, with a very serious, condoling air upon her sober face.—"Oh, cousin Cot," she said, "I have just heard something so dreadful! I'm sure you'll cry when I tell you all about it. Poor fellow! you have my sympathies—I give them to you beforehand—it is really too bad."

"What is too bad?" said the young man, wonderingly. "I cannot imagine what has happened. Nobody's dead, I hope."

"Oh, no! but old Mr Anderson—the strange old mortal—he's thrown cold water all over your matrimonial prospects, for sure."

"Why, what has he done?" asked Cotton, in a tone of surprise.

'Why, he isn't going to let you marry Rosalie—he's going to object—prove obstinate, as many an incorrigible papa has done before him. I'm afraid you'll have to make a run away match of it yet.'

To Ophelia's surprise, the grave young man laughed a short laugh over this piece of information, and evinced no very great concern.—But he kept on questioning her, nevertheless.

"It isn't possible that the old fellow objects to a clever young chap like myself, is it, cousin Phele? What does he say against me?"

'Oh, he dosen't like you at all, Cot, he never will consent to her marrying you in the world,'

The young man bit his lips and said more gravely, while he looked into his pretty cousin's upturned face, "*he'll wait until I ask him*, I suppose, before he refuses me his daughter's hand."

"Ask him! why it was all settled that you were to ask him as soon as he got home, you know."

'No, I don't know it, Phele; never dreamed of it!"

'Why, Cousin Cot!'

The young man still looked gravely down in to the upturned face, and there was a truthful expression in his eyes that surprised her.

'Why Cousin Cot,' she began again, 'how did you expect to get the girl without asking for her—you haven't intended running away with her from the first, have you?'

'No, I don't intend *now* to run away with her.'

'But you'll never get her without. You are a Freemason, and old Mr. Anderson is hostile towards the whole fraternity. He declares that it is a secret organization for political purposes, and that its tendency is the destruction of our government. He would as quickly let his daughter marry a traitor as a Freemason, he says.'

'Ah!' said the young man, respondingly.

'And now, Cousin Cot, if you *don't* run away with her, how are you going to marry?'

'I'm sure I don't know,' he said, stroking his chin thoughtfully. 'I look to you to enlighten me upon that point.'

'Well, you'll *have* to run away; I see no other chance for you.'

'With who, Phebe?'

'Why, how provoking! With her you have been so madly in love with all along. Won't you do it, Cousin Cot?'

'Yes, to be sure. I will—run with her to the ends of the earth, if need be.'

'I knew it. I knew it,' cried the girl, bringing her small white hands together, 'I knew it, although you just now said you wasn't going to marry Rosalie under any such circumstances A fig for cirmstances when anybody is dreadfully in love.'

'Dreadfully in love,' echoed Cotton.

'Well, it's all arranged—I'm to go along, too. I always thought that it would be fine fun to be in a runaway scrape.'

'Certainly you are to be there, Phele. I couldn't get married if *you* were not present,' and Cotton Mather stooped over and took her hand.

'Yes, I am to be bridesmaid. But when are you going to see Rosalie about all this?'

'*Never!*' said the young man, emphatically.

'Never, Cousin Cot! How on earth can you get married without letting Rosalie know it?—I am curious to know.'

'Very easily, I'm thinking. It's] little matter to me whether she knows about it or not.'

'Well, if she don't know about it, who must then?' said the girl, beginning for the first time to feel that she had rattled on until she had perhaps placed herself in an awkward position; 'who is to know about your wedding, Cousin Cot?'

'You—you only, Cousin Phele. If you will only enter into my plans, we can have a quiet home wedding in spite of old Mr. Anderson's ill will to the Freemasons. Perhaps, after all, he will let his daughter attend as a guest. *You* must be the bride instead of the bridesmaid, Cousin Phele; that will obviate all difficulties. That is the only important change I care to suggest in your arrangements.'

The rich crimson blood rushed all over the girl's face and neck, and she drew her hand away from his hastily, and held it to her eyes!

'Me! me the bride,' she murmured, 'and you all along so dreadfully in love.'

Cotton laughed one of his peculiar laughs, and took her hand again.

'Yes,' he said, 'all along dreadfully in love, but never with Rosalie Anderson. That was your own supposition, remember. Say, Cousin Ophelia, shall we have a wedding in spite of old Mr. Anderson's hatred to the Freemasons.

The blushing creature thought seriously on the subject for a while, and then said, archly, 'it never will do to let the enemies of Freemasonry break up weddings in any such way. If you can't get Rosalie Anderson, why I suspect *I shall be obliged to marry you myself*. I had never thought of that way of getting out of a difficulty. To be sure, a home wedding *will* look more respectable than a runaway match, and moreover, grandmother says that runaways never turn out well.'

The young man drew her to him and said—'Old Mr. Anderson may whistle his spite to the wind. We'll have a wedding of our own, Phelia, dear, and leave the Andersons entirely out. It was a happy thought to get over the difficulty thus. I only ask that the wedding may be hastened, for you know I have long been dreadfully in love.'

The wedding was hastened. Before Rosalie returned from the Falls, Ophelia was Mrs. Royalstone.—*Masonic Signet and Journal.*

HINTS TO AUTHORS.

BY JOHN BONKLAF.

Blessed public! darling public! how it must be patted and petted and sugared and buttered and humored and spoiled! Let not the preachers say a word that will be displeasing to the public, for it is *tender*—it is sensitive, it cannot *bear it!* Let no patriot give a bolus to the public, unless it be sugar coated; for though the public is very sick, it takes no more medicine, unless by accident. And ye writers, whom heaven has blessed with pure hearts and fruitful minds—whose pens are loaded with thought—beware how you offer your merchandise to the public; for if it should not just please its dainty stomach, it will curl its lips, stick up its nose, and consign you to oblivion.

A few days ago, I stood in the office of a periodical, the editor of which always feels the public pulse before he decides on publishing any article, when a gentleman entered, and a conversation ensued, which I give word for word with the exception of names.

The editor was examining a proof of a woodcut—said cut being a representation of four white men being flayed alive by Indians—which was to appear in the next number, when the stranger thus addressed him:

"Are you, sir, the editor of the *Tragical Observer?*"

The four white men and the Indians were pushed into a pigeon hole. The stranger was stared at through a pair of spectacles, the rims of which looked like the mouths of cannons, and the eyes behind them like balls about to be fired; he saw the cannon balls roll fiercely for a moment, and then he heard a sepulchral voice saying, "I have the honor to occupy that position."

"I have called, then," said the stranger, "to see if I can make arrangements with you to write for the *Tragical Observer?*"

The mouths of the cannons were pointed straight at the stranger, and the balls rolled very wildly, as the editor replied somewhat in the tone which Mr. Native Talent uses when he says, "That handkerchief, that handkerchief," "Well, sir, what can you do in the *sensation line?*"

"I do not wish," said the stranger, "to write in that line. I want to prepare a series of scientific articles."

The mouths of the cannons were turned away in disgust, as though a stranger *was not worth shooting at, and were pointed once more* at the four white men and the Indians, which the editor pulled out of the pigeon hole, and remarked:

"No use, sir—no use! The public don't want them—no taste for them."

"But," continued the stranger, "would not such articles raise the character of your paper?"

"Yes," replied he, "and sink my receipts. I tell you, sir, I prepare a paper for the public, and I'm obliged to publish what the public want. The *public*—I *hate* the public. The public, sir, wants *blood, blood, blood!* Write me some articles stained with blood from beginning to end, and I'll give you your own price."

"I have never written a bloody article, sir, and do not think I ever shall; but the popular taste for reading is improving, and I think my articles would be read."

"Not at all, sir. The respectable papers in this place have but a limited circulation, while such as mine are making fortunes. Where there is one reader for the *Home Journal, Knickerbocker, Harper's Monthly*, and such periodicals, there are a dozen for mine. Those papers are full of *talent*—mine is full of *blood*. Look, sir, at this paper," taking up the last number of the *Tragical Observer*, "see the names of the stories, 'The Man of Mystery,' 'The Ruffian Rifleman,' 'The Bloody Spot,' 'The Sword of Vengeance,' etc."

"But," asked the stranger, "are not our people becoming more intelligent."

"By no means. The people *read* more, *it is true*. But what do they read? Why just such stuff as you find in my paper. And, to be candid, I'll tell you, that if a man reads my paper one year, and does not lose all taste for what is improving or refining, he must be a salamander. Why, sir, when I first began as an editor I determined to make an intellectual sheet, but the public drove me from my position, and I was obliged either to do what I have done or starve. I began to deal in sensation and carnage, and though I have killed all true taste out of my own heart, yet I have pleased the public, and made money rapidly!"

"Well," said the stranger, "I think I would rather *starve*."

Once more the cannons were pointed straight at the visitor, and the balls seemed just ready to go off, as the editor said:

"You may say so *now*, but you will soon alter your tone—you will have to come to it; and my advice to you, and to every young writer is, to seek popularity at once by—getting into the *sensation line!*"

The stranger was discouraged and left. The editor became again absorbed in the four white men and the Indians, and I sat down to give a hint to authors, about ye public and the *sensation line.—Home Journal.*

BOYS, HELP YOUR MOTHERS.—We have seen from two to six great hearty boys sitting by the kitchen stove, toasting their feet, and cracking nuts or jokes, while their mother, a slender woman, has gone to the wood pile for wood, to the well for water, or to the meat house to cut frozen steak for dinner. This is not as it should be. There is much work about the house too hard for women. Heavy lifting, hard extra steps, should be done by those more able.—Boys, don't let your mother do it all, especially if she is a feeble woman. Dull, prosy housework, irksome enough at best. It is a long work, it being impossible to tell when it is quite done, and then on the morrow the whole is to be gone over with again. There is more of it than one is apt to think. We wish some busy, all day house-worker, the arrangement of whose house is about as inconvenient as it can be, a no uncommon state of things, would count her steps for one day and let us have the result in miles; let it be noted how many times she goes into the cellar, to the wood pile, to the pump, up and down stairs, especially how many times from the stove to the buttery.—*Morning Star.*

☞ A Connecticut paper suggests that as the Republicans do not relish the prefix "Black," they may with propriety change their party name to *Brown* Republicans, in consideration of their Ossawattamie champion.

A Scene at the St. Louis Fair.

A St. Louis correspondent of the Chicago *Press* furnishes the following:

The most exciting accident of the Fair was the grand run away, turn-over, and smash up among the fast men who were showing off their horses and sulkies in the ring on Thursday afternoon. About twenty-five horses and sulkies were flying round the ring in the presence of ten or twelve thousand persons, when one driver ran into the gig of another one, which frightened his horse. The horse bounded off at full speed, striking several other horses and sulkies, and starting them off likewise. Within a minute the panic and runaway feeling were communicated to almost every horse in the ring. Gigs were smashed to splinters, drivers were hurled headlong from their seats to the ground and run over; some of them held on to their reins, and were dragged along; one or two got caught with their feet in the wheels, and were hurled about in a frightful manner. Some of the horses attempted to jump over the railing among the frightened spectators. Others plunged madly for the entrance and exit places, and dashed their vehicles to pieces against the sides of the passage way.

Just picture to your mind a score of high-mettled horses attached to carriages, all running away promiscously on the space of an acre—crashing against each other, rolling over and springing up, plunging, kicking and squealing, around and across the area, in pell-mell terror and confusion, with portions of broken gigs following their heels, with their drivers rolling or dragging in the dirt among the debris of sulkies and hoofs of the frightened horses; add to this the rush of a hundred hardy men into the ring, trying to stop the horses, many of whom getting instantly kicked down and run over, and the shouts of ten thousand men and screams of five thousand women, and you can form some idea of how the scene looked to the spectator. In five minutes it was all over, and horses, men and gigs had cleared the ring. Strange to tell, no one was killed, though several received severe contusions, and few escaped without bloody faces or soiled and torn garments.

Romantic Affair.

The Homer (N. Y.) *Republican* narrated that years ago a Mr. T., of that city, then a young man, went to Albany to see some friends, and while there made the acquaintance of a young lady, a dressmaker in the family he was visiting. During his stay in that city he won the affections of the dress-maker, and under promise of marriage, accomplished her ruin. Mr. T. left for his home, after assuring the young lady that he would return and fulfil his engagement; but, alas, his promise was not fulfilled—they never met again. After months of anxiety and self-upbraidings, Mr. T. returned to Albany to see the object of his affections and marry her; he loved her, though he had so cruelly deceived her. The dressmaker had left the city, and no traces of her could be found. He ascertained, however, that she had given birth to a daughter, and after waiting months for his return, had left the city of her shame. After a fruitless effort to find her and his child, he returned to his home. Many long years have intervened; the young man has become a wealthy farmer, and is surrounded by a happy and interesting family. He has been blessed with everything to make him happy, but the recollection of that wronged one has embittered his existence, and made life most miserable—and year after year he has been untiring in his efforts to discover her or the offspring of their unhallowed love.

The mother, after leaving Albany, married in one of the river counties a mechanic. The daughter remained with her mother until she had reached the age of fifteen, when, in consequence of the ill-treatment of her step-father, she left her home and obtained a situation as a servant in the family of Mr. B., of Troy—that gentleman having formerly been a resident of that village. Soon after the young girl's mother died, and having no relatives to whom she could look for sympathy or aid, she was persuaded to come to this city and reside in the family of Mr. B.'s father. She accordingly arrived here about nine years since, and five years ago was married to a young man, a mason by trade. Last winter the lady's husband was employed to do some work for Mr. T. After the work was completed, Mr. T. visited the mason's house several times for the purpose of carrying produce in payment for his labor. Mr. T. was impressed with the appearance of the young man's wife, and on inquiry ascertained where she was from, what her mother's name was before she was married, &c., (the daughter had been christened the name of her step-father,) and after a most thorough investigation he became convinced that she was his *long lost daughter!* T.'s wife had never known of his criminal love, and he dared not reveal it to her. For several months he wrapt the secret in his own breast, till at last parental affection would no longer allow him silent, and he made himself known to his daughter, told his wife all, who wisely forgave him, and consented to receive her as one of the family. The daughter is happy in the possession of a father's love, and will be joint heir of his property. Truly,

"Truth's stranger than fiction."

Doctor's Degrees.

Some years ago, the University of St. Andrews, one of the most famous in Scotland, having rather a lean treasury, resolved to replenish it by a new branch of commerce, and announced that it would sell its Doctor's Degrees at £20 apiece. Many took advantage of this liberal offer; and among the rest a certain minister, who thought his services would be more acceptable to his flock, were he possessed of a handle to his name, put the required sum in his purse, and went up to St. Andrews to purchase the coveted honor. A man-servant accompanied him, and was present when his master, having previously footed the bill, was formally presented with the official parchment. On his return home the new doctor sent for his servant and addressed him as follows:

"Noo, Sandy; ye'll ay be sure to ca' me doctor; and gin anybody spiers at ye about me, ye'll aye be sure to say the doctor's in his study, or, the doctor's engaged, or the doctor will see ye in a crack, as the case may be."

"That a' depends," replied Sandy, "whether ye ca' me doctor too."

The reverend doctor stared.

"Aye, it's just so," continued the other! "for when I found it cost so little, I e'en got a diploma myself. Sae ye'll just be good enough to say, doctor, put on some coals; or, doctor, bring me the whisky. And gin anybody spiers at ye about me, ye'll be sure to say the doctor's in the pantry, or, the doctor's in the stable, or, the doctor's digging potatoes, as the case may be."

☞ It is perfectly well understood, or if not, it should be, that almost any husband would leap into the sea, or rush into a burning edifice to rescue a perishing wife. But to anticipate the convenience or happiness of a wife in some small matter, the neglect of which would be unobserved; is a more eloquent proof of tenderness. This shows a mindful fondness which wants occasion in which to express itself, and the smaller the occasion seized upon, the more intensely affectionate is the attention paid.

HARPER'S FERRY TROUBLE.

TRIAL OF THE PRISONERS.

Cook Committed for Trial—The Trial of Coppee Concluded—Sentence of John Brown—Speech of the Prisoner—He denies any Intention to Murder, or of Treason—Brown Sentenced to be Hung on December 2d—Coppee Found Guilty on all the Counts.

CHARLESTOWN, VA., Nov. 2.

Messrs. Russell and Sennat, Attorneys from Boston, reached here to-day.

COOK COMMITTED FOR TRIAL.

Cook was brought before the magistrate's court, but waived an examination. He was committed for trial.

THE TRIAL OF COPPEE.

Coppee's trial was resumed. No witnesses were called for the defence. Mr. Harding opened the argument for the Commonwealth, and Messrs. Hoyt and Griswold followed for the defendant. Mr. Hunter closed for the prosecution. The speeches were of marked ability.

Mr. Griswold asked for several instructions, which were all granted by the court. The jury then retired.

SENTENCE OF JOHN BROWN—HIS SPEECH.

Brown was then brought into the Court House, which was immediately thronged.

The Court gave its decision on the motion to arrest judgment, overruling the objections made. On the objection that treason cannot be committed against a State except by a citizen, it ruled that wherever allegiance was due, may be committed. Nearly all of the States (we believe all) have passed laws against treason. The objections as to the form of the verdict rendered were also regarded as insufficient.

The clerk then asked Brown whether he had anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced, when

Brown stood up, and in a clear and distinct voice said:

"I have, may it please the Court, a few words to say.

"In the first place, I deny everything but what I have all along admitted—the design on my part to free the slaves. I intended, certainly, to have made a clean thing of that matter, as I did last winter, when I went into Missouri and there took the slaves without the snapping of a gun on either side, moved them through the country, and finally left them in Canada. I designed doing the same thing again, on a larger scale. That was all I intended. I never did intend to commit murder or treason, or to destroy property, or to excite or incite the slaves to rebellion, and to make an insurrection.

"I have another objection, and that is, it is unjust that I should suffer such a penalty. Had I interfered in the manner which I admit—and which I admit has been fairly proved, (for I admire the truthfulness and candor of the greater portion of the witnesses who have testified in this case)—had I so interfered in behalf of the rich, the powerful, the intelligent, the so called great, or in behalf of their friends, either father, mother, brother, sister, wife, or children, or any of that class, and suffered and sacrificed what I have in this interference, it would have been all right. Every man in this Court would have deemed it an act worthy of reward rather than punishment. This Court acknowledges, as I suppose, the validity of the law of God. I see a book kissed here which I suppose to be the Bible, or at least the new Testament. That teaches me that 'all things whatsoever I would that men should do to me, I should do even so to them.' It teaches me further to remember those that are in bonds as bound with them.' I endeavored to act up to that instruction. I say I am yet too young to understand that God is any respecter of persons. I believe that to have interfered, as I have done, as I have always freely admitted I have done, in behalf of His despised poor, was no wrong, but right. Now, if it is deemed necessary that I shou'd forfeit my life for the furtherance of the ends of justice, and mingle my blood further with the blood of my children, and with the blood of millions in this slave country whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel and unjust enactments, I submit—so let it be done. Let me say one word further. I feel entirely satisfied with the treatment I have received on my trial. Considering all the circumstances, it has been more generous than I expected; but I feel no consciousness of guilt. I have stated from the first what was my intention, and what was not. I never had any design against the life of any person, nor any disposition to commit treason, or excite the slaves to rebel or make any general insurrection. I never encouraged any man to do so, but always discouraged any idea of that kind. Let me say, also, in regard to the statements made by some of those connected with me—I hear it has been stated by some of them that I have induced them to join me, but the contrary is true. I do not say this to injure them, but as regretting their weakness. Not one joined me but of his own accord, and the greater part at their own expense. A number of them I never saw and never had a word of conversation with, till the day they came to me; and that was for the purpose I have stated. Now I have done."

While Brown was speaking, perfect quiet prevailed. When he had finished, the Court proceeded to pronounce the sentence. After a few preliminary remarks, in which he said no reasonable doubt could exist as to the prisoner's guilt, *he sentenced him to be hung, in public, on Friday, the 2d of December.*

Brown received the sentence with composure.

The only demonstration made, was with the clapping of hands by one man in the crowd, who is not a resident of Jefferson county. This was promptly suppressed, and much regret was expressed by the citizens at its occurrence.

THE VERDICT IN COPPEE'S CASE—GUILTY ON ALL THE COUNTS OF THE INDICTMENT.

After being out an hour, the jury in the case of Coppee returned with a verdict, declaring him guilty on all the counts in the indictment.

His counsel gave notice of a motion to arrest judgment, as in Brown's case.

The court then adjourned.

THE NATIONS WITHOUT FIRE.—According to Pliny, fire was for a long time unknown, to some of the ancient Egyptians; and when Exodus the celebrated astronomer, showed it to them, they were absolutely in raptures. The Persians, Phœnicians, Greeks and several other nations, acknowledged that their ancestors were without the use of fire; and the Chinese confess the same of their progenitors. Pomponius, Mela, Plutarch, and other ancient authors, speak of nations who, at the time they wrote, knew not the use of fire, or had just but learned it. Facts of the same kind are also attested by several modern nations. The inhabitants of the Marian Islands, which were discovered in 1551, had no idea of fire. Never was astonishment greater than theirs, when they saw it on the descent of Magellan in one of their islands. At first they believed it to be some kind of animal that fixed to and fed upon wood. The inhabitants of the Phillipine and Canary Islands were formally equally ignorant. Africa presents, even in our own day, some nations in this deplorable state.

Odds and Ends.

☞ Obey your teachers.

☞ It costs us more to be miserable than would make us perfectly happy.

☞ How many a man become four-handed? By doubling his two fists.

☞ If oranges can be purchased for a penny a piece, how much would a whole one cost?

☞ The poorest coward can avoid shaking in his shoes by wearing boots, or going barefoot.

☞ Why is love like a canal boat? Because it is an internal transport.

NEW PROVERB.—A thorn in the bush is worth two in the hand.

☞ A man is most properly said to be "ripe for anything" when he is a little mellow.

☞ The custom of wearing the hair in a long pigtail is defined in California as *China-ware*.

☞ No man is so deep but that a shallow place may be found in him.

☞ Love, while it frequently corrupts pure hearts, often purifies the corrupt hearts.

☞ Mrs. Partington makes Shakesphere say, "sweet are the use of advertisements."

SLOW FUN.—To 'tote' a shot gun around for half a day, and shoot nothing, or perhaps less.

☞ The light heart, like the vine, bleeds most rapidly when warm.

☞ The richest man on earth is but a pauper, fed and clothed by the bounty of Heaven.

☞ There is no objection to *broils* in a house so that they emanate from the kitchen.

☞ An editor up in North Carolina says he is so poor that when two dimes meet in his pocket he introduces them, they are such strangers.

☞ A fine woman, like a locomotive, draws a train after her, scatters the sparks, and transports the mails.

☞ A youth, while gazing with wonder at the mummies in the N. Y. Egyptian Museum, thought he should much like "to see live ones."

☞ It has been well said of the home of the scolding wife, that "It's a bad house where the hen crows louder than the cock."

☞ A sailor looking very serious in a Methodist church, was asked by the minister if he felt any change. "Nary red," said Jack.

☞ A man who dines at different restaurants announces the discovery that in those places tender meat is always very *rare*.

☞ "Do you know, sir, why Mr. Blowhard has changed his politics?" Oh, yes, he is one of the small beer politicians, and beer will turn.

☞ A married lady in Loudon co., Va., is said to weigh five hundred & fifty-three pounds. Her husband is a *great lady's man*.

☞ Dr. South says: "The tale-bearer and the hearer should be hanged up together—the former by the tongue, and the latter by the ear.

☞ Four things come not back: the broken word, the sped arrow, the past life and the neglected opportunity.

☞ "I'm all heart," said a military officer to his comrades. "Pity you're not part pluck," said his superior in command.

☞ What is the difference between a butcher and a young lady? Ans.—The former kills to dress, while the latter dresses to kill.

☞ "That's very singular, sir," said a young lady to a gentleman, who had just kissed her.—"Oh my dear Miss, I will soon make it plural."

☞ Night brings out stars, as sorrow shows us truth; we can never see the stars till we can see little or naught else—and thus is it with truth.

☞ "Married people," says Dean Swift, "for being so closely united, are but the apter to cease loving, as knots, the harder they are pulled, break the sooner."

☞ Our Southern friends are under the impression that, if a genuine Yankee were to meet Death on a pale horse, he would banter him to swap horses.

☞ A gentleman once asked a company of little boys what they were good for? One little fellow very promptly answered:—"We are good to make men of."

☞ Idleness is the mother of mischief; the moment a horse has done eating his oats, he turns to and knaws down his manger, and what is true of horses is equally true of men.

☞ A Philosopher was asked from whom he received his first lessons of wisdom. "From the blind," he replied, "who never take a step until they have first felt the ground before them.

☞ Aunt Betsy has said many good things, and among the rest, that a newspaper is like a wife, because every man should have one of his own.

☞ There are in the city of Pittsburg, five courts presided over by twelve judges, whose united salaries amount to thirty-one thousand dollars per annum.

☞ "Oh," said a miser, with some twenty thousand dollars, "I am afraid I shall come to want." "Never fear," said a friend, "you want a little the most of any man I know."

☞ A lady friend of ours says the first time she was kissed, she felt like a big tub of