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Pamphlets, Blanks, Labels, &c. &c., executed with accuracy and at the shortest notice.

Poetical. WHO, HAVING NOT SEEN, WE LOVE.

It is easy to love when eye meets eye, And the clause reveals the heart; When the fin sh on the cheek can the soul bespeak When the finst on the check can the sou.

And the lips in cladness part;
There's a thrilling bliss in a loving kiss,
And a spell in a kindly tone,
And the spirit hath chains of tenderness fetter and bind its own:

But a holier spell and a deeper joy Eor a purer fountain flow, When the goul sends higher its inconse fire, When the soul sends figure its income into,
And resisting more below!
When the heart goes up to the gate of heaven,
And shows before the throne,
And striking its hearp for sins forgiven,
Calls the Saviour all its own.

Though we gaze not on the lovely brow
That felt for us the thorn;
Though afar from home we pilgrims roam,
And our feet with toil are worn;
Though we never have pressed that pierced hand,
It is stretched our lives above;
And we own his care, in grature. And we own his care, in grateful prayer, "Whom, not having seen, we love."

We have felt him near, for many a year, When at eve we bent the knee, That mercy's breath, that glorious faith, Dear Saviour, came from thee. When we stood beside the dying bed, And watched the loved one go,
In the darkening hour we felt his power,
As it stilled the waves of wee.

And still, as we climbed the hills of time, And the lamps of earth grow dim,
Wegare hastening on from faith to sight, We are pressing near to Him; And away from idels of earthly mould, Enraptured we gaze above,
And long to be where his arms enfold,
"Whom, not having seen, we love."

Migrellaneous.

FAILING LOVE. Affectionately hadressed to Wives.

'Your face has lost something. Helen. There was a look of concern in the speak-

er's inquiring eyes. 'Ten years have passed; dear friend,' answered the lady. 'Ten years of sunshine—fruitful years— Helen, should give the heart an abundan

store of corn and wine. Your hives are full of honey."
The shade fell deeper on Helen's face.

'I am pained at this,' said the friend;
'Your letters have not betrayed the exist ence of a secret trouble." 'I was guarded.'

' Gunrded.' 'You know,' answered Helen, rallying herself, and affecting a lighter state of mind, 'that every house has its skeleton.' Real or imaginary. Most of these Skele-

'Mine is real.' The two friends met now for the first time The lightness of the tone had died out

in the sentences-' Mine is real.' 'The best of husbands, good children, and a home like this! Where stands the skele-

'And vet Margaret, the intuder is here, grinning at me all the while, and growing plain enough now.'
more and more ghastly.'

'I think, Margaret,' said Mrs. Ashby as

never found voice before.

it found utterance.

found utterance.

'But what? Trust me, Helen. God gives per.'

'But what? Trust me, Helen. God gives per.'

'Can be in spirit, Helen, conjoin himself

'Can be in spirit, Helen, conjoin himself wisdom to love. Through my love he may sond healing to your soul. Let me look to these or any other infirmities? Do their limited healing to your soul. Let me look to these or any other infirmities? Do their limited leaves of the limited leav me se the ugly skeleton !'

You are under a dark delusion.

surable it seemed tan years ago !' fast growing to the stature of a man-that is, of an angel! This could not be if he were

getting cold toward the wife of his bosom."
Oh, he is good and true, and excellent! answered Mrs. Ashby. 'A purer, better man does not live. I reverence, I idelize him l—IIe stands in my sight the embediment of human perfection! But all the while I am conscious of an ingressing distance here. we were one, two, three, four, or five years ago. My friend, this is terrible! Is it to go

This was the Skeleton in Mrs. Ashby's house; no phantom of the immagination, but a real skeletan my the immagination, but a real skeletan my the immagination, but a real skeletan my the immagination is a real skeletan my the immagination in the immagination in the immagination is a real skeletan my the immagination in the immagination in the immagination is a real skeletan my the immagination my the immagination is a real skeletan my the immagination my skeleton. The friend sat long before replying. What Helen now said brought into light some things casually noted since her arrival—some things which had been felt as inharmonical. The friend sat long before replying. What Helen now said brought into hope for me,' replied Mrs. Ashby. 'I am but a woman, infirm of will, and stumbling along darkly in my path of life. Oh, Margaret! you are giving me light only to show An awkward or confused servant spilled some me the hopelessness of my case.'

An awkward or confused servant spilled some me the hopelessness of my case.'

"Not so,' replied the friend. 'Your husband is not very far away from you. If I guein the aditorial corps of the rebol confeduction without notice, reproved her sharply. were talking with him of his own state, he

but resumed in a few moments. The most change of tone, marked by a certain depression of feeling. Soon after the conversation was resumed, Mr. Ashby referred to a lady acquaintance, and spoke of her as an accom-plished singer, when his wife threw in some remarks disparaging to her as a woman. To are given. these Mr. Ashby offered some mildly spoken excuses; but his wife tore them away with an unseemly asperity of manner, that, to say the least of it, was unbeautiful. Her husband

changed the subject. Again he mentioned with praise a lady friend, and again Mrs. Ashby came in with a 'but' an 'if,' veiling he good and exposing the defects of her character. Two or three times during the neal Mrs. Ashby spoke impatiently to the hildren, and with a quality of tone that left on the car an unpleasing impression.

The friend now recalled these little inhar-

nonious incidents. They gave her a glimmer of light. 'Love is never constrained,' she said, after long pause. Mrs. Ashby sighed deeply.

"True love is of the soul. Why do you ove your husband?'
'Because,' answered Mrs. Ashby, is, in my eyes, the embodiment of all manly perfections. He is just, pure, truthful, full

of gentleness and goodness.'
"And if such be his quality, Helen, can he love in a wife anything that is not pure and gentle, truthful and good? Have you ever asked yourself a question like this?

Mrs. Ashby's form was lifted to a sudden

pression; her lips grew firm.
Forgive me, Helen, if I have hurt or offended. I love you too well to give fruitless pain," said the friend. 'I was only trying o lead your thought inward. If, as seem to fear, your husband is receding from you, it must be in consequence of inharmonican be no conjunctions. Our souls must be benutiful if we would be truly loved. Have you ever pondered these things? If, not, the time has come when you should, in all faithfulness and seriousness do so. If your husband be indeed advancing toward all true manly excellen ies, by growing in spiritual stature, will he not, unless you also advance band loves you, but he cannot love in you and grow toward womanly excellence and what is unlovly. Put away, then, all the un-

ring sternness. Her friend paused.
Why have you said this to me?'
Because I love you, Helen, and desire

your happiness.'
Mrs. Ashby sighed deeply, dropped her gaze, and sat looking inward for a long time. Then sighed again, and looked up into the What have you seen, Margaret? Deal with me honestly as a friend.

'A temper and disposition which your

usband cannot approve. ave asked me to deal hone wi h a friend. Shall I go on?'

· Yes, yes; speak of all that is in your mind.' 'Your husband is gentle and considerate

rendy to excuse faults, free from hardness and harshness.' ' None more so.' 'I saw that your impatient words, when a ser-vant spilled water on the table last evening. arred his feelings. He was talking cheer-

fuly at the time; but the change in the tone that followed showed a depressed state. It was plain to me that you hart him by your sharp reproof more than you hart the servant. Then I noticed that as often as he spoke in favor of certain persons you placed evil against their good, and not in the most amiable spirit. Once or twice he tried to defend the good, and then you sat yourself against him with a degree of asperity that must have The two friends met now for the first time produced in his mind a sense of pain. He in ten years looked at each other in a strange did not contend; though I fear, had he done so, you would have been all ready for a sharp conflict. Before tea was ended your husband, who conversed at the beginning in an easy, cheerful way, was sitting almost silon. Evidently you had reacted upon him in a manner to depress his feelings. I did of the rebel Gen. Lee, is the sole heir of Mr. ton? I can see no place for so unseemly an lent. Evidently you had reacted upon him in a manner to depress his feelings. I did not comprehend this at the time, but it is

Dear friend, how you afflict me!'

Helon Ashby's face had become pale in this reference to a hidden sorrow which had the friend censed, 'that you had on magnifying glassos last evening: A stranger listential friend censed, that you had on magnifying the friend censed, 'that you had on magnifying listential friend censed, that you had on magnifying listential friend censed, the friend censed is the friend censed in the f her friend ceased, 'that you had on magnifynatured, if not quarrelsome. Henry would 'It almost kills me to say it, Margaret; smile to hear you. I am not perfect. I know; ,but-' Mrs. Ashby checked the sentence ere and my husband understands this, and makes

down into this haunted heart-chamber; let indulgence draw him neaver or away from you? Can he love them?'

'I am not loved as I once was, Margarett did not reply.

There was a cold shiver in Mrs. Ashby's did not reply.

'Would he choose to live forever conjoined 'Would he choose to live forever conjoined 'No. Not loved the property over Mrs. Ashby's face.

(You are under the disturbance or slight the lack of harmony, if conjunction must be the lack of harmony are under the property of the lack of harmony are under the lac to a disturbing and inharmonious spirit? No No. Love has been steadily failing for a calamity? We cannot bind the soul, my eternal would not conjunction be avoided as years—slowly, almost imperceptibly, but friend, by any laws but its own. Love is surely. I shudder at the contrast, when I drawn by likeness of quality—affinities commeasure its height and depth, its length and breadth to day, and then think how immea-surable it seemed to day, and then think how immea-surable it seemed to depth. 'I am pained beyond expression, dear friend! Surely you are in a dream! My brief observation of your husband since I came reveals nothing like address as alice. in the same things. You must be of like came reveals nothing like coldness or alienation. He is kind, gentle and traquil. As I watch his countenance last night, while he talked and dwalk as the surface last night, while he talked, and dwelt on the sentiments that fell receding from you; getting all the while to from his lips, I could not help saying, 'he is a farther distance, why is it? What does it fast growing to the above the sentiments and the sentiments are a farther distance, why is it? What does it

mean? Is he rising or descending? Growing better or worse? Which is it, Helen?' 'He is rising. He is growing better.'

I am conscious of an increasing distance between us. We are not so close together as we were one, two, three, four, or five years ago. My friend this increasing distance between us. We are not so close together as with a pure heart tenderly, seek for the graces of spirit for the qualities of soul he graces. The contractions are continuous affections. on—this widening of the space between us gentle, kind, considerate, loving—in a word, left shivening and out of sight, and I am seek all the Christian graces—and there will left shivering alone in a universe of dark-ness! Give annihilation rather?'
This was the Skeleton in Mr. Additional and the such a husband as yours—and I will take own

portraiture-what can stand in the way of your

Mr. Ashby was talking at the time in a would use language quite as strong as yours. The infirm will, the darkened way, the stumbling feet-they are his as well as yours and ordinary observer would have perceived a mine. Those who are in advance of us do always difficulties in the way, and the farther more of them we shall find; but for these a are given. Begin by shinning such things, as, in the light of reason and God's Word, you know to be wrong. Lay a tranquil hand on your temper, and hold back from utterance on your temper, and hold back from utterance and back from utterance on your temper, and hold back from utterance of your horse is really. and short comings of others; and if you can't speak approvingly, say no ill. So shall you draw near to him in spirit; so shall his soul

> tained which makes of two one forever." 'And you think there is hope for me, Mar garet—Hope of winning back the love that seems vanishing? said Mrs. Ashby. 'I see the way it has gone, as my eyes follow your 'How much?'
>
> 'Yes which will you take. I am going to make you a present of one of them; which the way it has gone, as my eyes follow your pointing finger.

'The lovely are beloved, Helen.'
'I must become lovelier then?' In spirit; for love is of the spirit. If you indulge in passion, ill-nature, envice, evil speaking and uncharitableness, can one who is trying to put these unclean things out of his heart-who turns from them as foul and hateful—draw closer to you as the embodi-ment of all perfection into his soul? It is simply impossible, Helen. The good cannot love us unless we are beautiful in spirt. To

ask them to do so is to require an impossibili-More than a minute passed. Then lifting preciness. Her brow contracted slightly; her eyes from the door, where they had been resting, Mrs. Ashby said. 'Whereas I was her eyes lost something of their softened exblind, now I see. Oh, my friend, you have come as an angel to lead me out of the wilderness into a plain way. If my husband is advancing while I stand still, what wonder is it that he recedes? If I do not walk by his side as he ascends the mountain of spiritual perfection, the necessity that divides us is of ous states of mind—of dissimilarities, or antagonisms. There must be affinities, or there friend so will I do—gird up my loins, bind

way he is going?

'And sooner than you think for Helen,' was answered, 'will you be at his side. He is not very far in advance. The road to perfection of life is never passed over with remit feet your allows. feet very slowly the steps are taken. Your husand grow toward womanly excellence and perfection, recede from you—get so far beyond as to be out of sight? Are not spirtual laws as unfalling as natural laws?"

Mrs. Ashby's face had already lost to gathmark to find ground of difference. If you do not see in the light of his understanding, wait ind reflect, but do not argue and oppose. To be truly united, as to the spirit, is to be one in affection and thought. If there is no harmony in your thoughts, the closer you draw together, the more you will disturb each oth-er. But why should I say more? Your eyes are open and you see. The way is plain, walk in it and find peace and joy. You have a true man for a husband; the to more true wife, and happiness beyond anything conceivable now, shall be yours in the ages of

eternity.'-[Harper's Monthly.] White House and its Associations.

To the Editor of the Evening Post: The telegraph brings us intelligence this morning that the famous White House, which has occupied more of public attention lately than it deserved, has been destroyed by our troops. The account contains the remark some Vandal hand set it on fire.' As this will be the last of the White House itself. but probably not of the repetition of the name of Washington and the word 'Vandal' in connection with its destruction, permit me to say on the very best authority, that the building in question was not the one whose roof 'sheltered Washington during his honeymoon,' as has been alleged, nor does the estate belong

to the robel Gen. Lee.

The White House where Washington re sided with his bride (the owner) during the first few weeks of his married life was demolished many years ago, and the late building, somewhat different in form, was creeted upon its site. This estate as well as that of Ar-Custis, and all his property will remain her posession, according to the provisions of his will, during her natural life, and then become the patrimony of her children. One of her sons, formerly an officer in the army of the United States, but now a colonel of a rebel regiment at Richmond, has, since his marriage n 1859, been the occupant of the White House and surrounding estate, the property of his mother. I repeat that the late White House was never seen by Washington, and that the estate is not the property of the rebel Gen. Lee. Mrs. Lee, his wife, is my authority for

the assertion.
As the late White House itself possesses no rightful claim to our reverance, and never and any more title to the respect of loyal Americans than the modern mansion and es tate of any other rebel family on the Peninsula, all talk about its sanctity and of the Vandalism of its destroyers may very properly cease.

B. J. L. erly cease.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., July 1, 1862. Sound of Cannon .- We stated that the reports of cannon were heard plainly at this lace on Tuesday, the 3d instant. It is now known that on that day fighting occurred throughout the whole forenoon at Strasburg, Va., over one hundred miles in a direct line from this place, over, hills, mountains and valleys. A gentleman in whom we place implicit reliance informs us that on Saturday the 31st of May, the day the great batte near Richmond he was riding on the road near Baltimore, and heard a continuous roar in that direction, and at a time when there were no indications of thunder. We are fully im-pressed with the idea that the firing of canion can be heard much further than is supposed. It must be over one hundred and fifty miles to Richmond .- Townsontown Adver-

Our people have been laughed at by for-eigners for the rapidity with which they cat. But it is now seen that they don't eat half so fast as they fight.

Beauregard took most of his munitions away with him from Corinth, but failed alto-gether to take away his character for pluck. Those who make sales to Uncle San in this war may not be war-horses, but they are generally tremondious chargers.

Mississippi has a small stream called "Lost river." Her big namesake is her lost

THE WAGON MASTER'S STORY.

While the army was at Monterey, a volunteer belonging to the Arkansas cavalry, who had just joined his companions, was in posession of a splendid charger. One morning he advance we make, while in this world, the had him out exhibiting his paces, bantering the whole Mexico in general, and the lookers higher strength, with patience and humility, on in particular for a swop. Come boys,

will give you a trade.'
'Them's um' my fine old fellow: trot out
your nag; and let's see what he is like.' reflect your soul, and that unity of life be at-The old gentleman's horse was sent for, and Arkansas after a thorough examination said, well daddy, I like your horse, and you

> 'Forty dollars! Will you give it? 'No; there is not over twenty dollars be-

ween them.' Look here my old coon, you may be a mighty fine old chap, and I believe you becase you are willing for a swop, but you can't ool this child in a hoss trade—I've swopped by moonlight before now. But I'll tell you what it is—give me \$30 and is is a bargain. Well come to my tent and get your mon-

ey. Well, go it is: I say daddy what are you driving at out here in Texteo, trading round mong the boys and all that sort of thing?'
'No, not exactly; I have been sent out here with the army, to take care of things

and see that all goes right.' 'Aye, aye; I understand; a kind of bossing things around and about. cow, but if you have no choice, I should pre-Well my young friend, what induced you for the very fat one—she has many good

Well, I thought I'd like to look at the

What whi you have?

Red eye. Here's luck. Now daddy as on have been about for some time, may be ou've seen old Zach?

Yes.'

What on earth is to pay, Dinah? inquired you have been about for some time, may

'Then Pm bound to see the old hoss; the boys all say he's 'some,' and I want a show, and must have it. What kind of a looking he he e-e-e-e-'About such a looking man as I am.'

What might your name be?' A consin of the Gineral's?

' A brother?'

Well, who the d-Lam Gon. Taylor.

Look here old gentleman, you are a mighty clever old fellow; and know a heap about a hoss, but you don't know much about human natur, if you think to crowd that down me .in't green, and it's no go. Day, day, dad

ly you can't come it.' quiry va., 'how did you get along with the General?' 'Gineral! what Gineral?'

'Why, GENERAL TAYLOR!' 'Come boys, come, now don't be foolin, was that old Rough and Ready?'

'Certainly.'
'Well, he told me so, but I did not believe him, he was so friendly like. I said a heap to him I would not have said had I known who he was. But I'll go and apologise and make it right.'

He proceeded to the General's tent, saluted him and commenced, 'General I've come to apologise to you, being as now I didn't know who you were. If I said any thing improper or too familiar like, and gave offence, I hope you will forgive me.'

O I felt misirbel yesterday, just felt like crying all day, and I did too the most of the time, but I hope and pray it tis all right with you

On returning to his companions, he said. well boys. I did it: he said there was no of fence, and gave me a shake of his honest old not, I will see you at Mr. O sat that hand, Hurrah for Old Zach! He's clear time meby that will soot you better then at grit; knows all about a hoss' and a heap more about human nature.

ADDITIONS TO THE TAX BILL.—Some lightninded genius travesties the complicated requirements of the proposed national tax law, Snaff boxes are to pay a tax of \$1 per

For every pinch of snuff given to a friend cents. For asking a friend to drink, 35 cents.

For playing billiards, 25 cents. License to kill woodcock, \$8 per year. Tax on moustaches, \$2 per mo On whiskers, other than those belonging t cat and dogs, \$3 per month. For blowing the nose in the public streets

In the country roads, 50 cents. License to shoot rabbits, \$1. To play euchere, \$1.50. If the two bow

ors are held, a further tax of 50 cents. Mocking birds, 75 cents. Hurdy-gurdies are to pay a tax of \$1 pe To sneeze in the public highway, 15 cents. If accompanied with unusaul noise

License to peddle fire-wood, \$2 per month License to beg cold victuals, 1,50. License to gather bones, \$2. JUDICIAL

Every person taking an affidavit shall be assossed 25 cents.

Ordinary cursing and swearing to pay 5 cents, an oath, and swearing to be measured by a curseomoter to be furnished by the Sec retary of the Treasurer.

The Memphis Avalanche of the 17th ult., complains that the ladies of that city are "continually buying useless articles at the stores, to get rid of Confederate notes."-Where's the objection to their exchanging: one useless article for another?

The rebels exult over the success Stonewall Jackson in driving back Banks, but they will soon see that there are not enough of Stonewalls in Virginia to delay the conquering march of McClellan and Pope. It is seriously feared that the horrors

of war to be aggravated by the extension of the Congressional session through the sumhas.—Nashville Union. The same idea has oc cur'd to us. The runnet of that choose forms a concrete which

s mighty indigestible. There are no salt sellers in the South

A LAWYER AMONG COWS.

Squire Wick, a lawyer who fancies what he don't know, ain't worth 'punkins,' and whose home ain't a thousand miles from the Pine Tree State, was a great favorite with the late Judge Cranch. Once visiting the Judge the latter invited him to walk over the premises. Among other places, they visited the barnyard, and the Squire, was struck with admiration as he gazed upon the noble herd of cows, which had just been drove up for milking. He talked as elaborately of their different good points, as would a first rate stockbreeder, when the fact was he knew next to nothing about stock, and some of the good points which he spoke of, caused the Judge a

nearty laugh."
'Well Squire,' said the Judge, 'which of the cows will you take?'
'Which will I take, your honor?' said the

make you a present of one of them, which shall it be!' 'Really your honor this is unexpected-I will not object to the present-but had rather your honor would make the selection-receivers should not be choosers.'
'If you accept the present you must make

the selection. Being a good judge of stock, you will not be very likely to cheat yourself,' and the eccentric Judge smiled to himself. The Squire rubbed his gold browed spectacles, and began to view the cows with critic's precision. After much scrutinizing, he

I apprehend your honor, you would not like to part with that very fat, short horned, thick necked cow?'

'I have no choice, make your selection. 'I don't want to rob you of your favorite points. No favorite-no robbery at all-the fat

ountry, splurge round awhile, kill a Mexican or so, swop & hoss now and then, and see old Rough and Ready. Is this your tent?'

'Yes—walk in Thirty dollars I am to pay you—there is the money.'

you—there is the money.'

'The delighted Squire hastened home to inform his wife. In about an hour he saw the fattest, and best pointed cow in the village,'

'The delighted Squire hastened home to inform his wife. In about an hour he saw the fattest, and best pointed cow in the village,' as he styled her, driven into his yard, and de spatched a daughter of Africa to milk her .-In a few minutes in came ebony, gigling and laughing: Squire Wick knew something was

> 'Oh massa, for nuffin, only-ki, ki, i-i-i-ihe he e-e-c-e-e! The Squire looked at his wife—she at him

-then both at Dinah, who had 'conniptioned' with laughter, and settled down by the door, her face covered with her apron, and her laughing machinery shaking her sides at a tremendous rate. The Squire's mad ris.
Dinah, said he at the top of his voice,

tell me what's to pay, or I'll throw you out of the house.' Dinah rose, and mastered herself long nough to say— Oh lor massa nuffin, only dat cow ob yourn

If you know how a chop-fallen man looks, a On returning to his comrades, the first in-portrait of Squire Wick's countenance would uiry was, 'how did you get along with the be superfluous. The way that 'very fat, short horned, thick necked cow' walked back to the yard of Judge Cranch wasn't slow, and the way the Judge shook his sides was a cau-

tion to stock critics. us for publication:

Carlisle March the 7, 1862.

Dearis Companion. It tis with the greatis of pleaur that I seat myself this morning to let you know how from his son; whom he supposed dead and I leel. I feel somthing better then yesterday. I hope you will forgive me.'

No offence my friend, I have nothing to yet, it is with me eny how. But J— the family yet, it is with me eny how. But J— the family yet, it is with me eny how. But J— cribed.

forgive. If you are satisfied, I am. Good up at the corner of Mr. D—'s house if you up at the corner of Mr. D—'s house if you up at the corner of Mr. D—'s house if you half past 6. or 7 will pleese meet me their at half past 6, or will do if you can get off to meet me their if the other place but try and meet me their at wate eny longer, but J——my heart still re-joyses to think that you arr my true lover and true companion at lest I hope and pray you dwo. I intend to claim you as my own true is all very well, except the statement that a companion until death, and I hope you shall Scotch cow, or anything else from Scotland. do the same towardes me when who thinks so mutch of you my dear but my true lover, you must take spunk and let them know that you your brother saies that you should not stop comming to see me on that account for that was nothing at toll she said that you should just come a hed and I say to come a hed for spite, I would come if I was you, but I now J must close my letter, pleese exqueezo this bad riting and spelling as it was in hasto. Right soon to me: From your true compan-

To her true companion J-A 100 kisses and squeezes and so good morn-It is evident that the above was written by

a very intelligent young lady. An exchange come to us with the no tice that "Truth" is crowded out of this . is sue. This is almost as bad as the up-country editor who said: "For the evil offects o ntoxicating drinks, see our inside."

When we look around us now upon the ruin of our country, it is a proud and grateful consciousness to feel that we can "look into the blue sky," and say "it is no fault of The rebel editors can hardly write an

article or paragraph without proclaiming that the rebellion can't be put down. That's because they feel and know that it can and will THE MONITOR .- The Robels persist in call-

MA. A she rebel writes to us that the sight of our papers caused her dog to fall down in

good many dogs-of both sexes.

A compositor in one of the daily newspaper offices, though a good fellow like many of the printing profession, (for they are all good tellows,) sulfers from repeated attacks of limited finances, or revenue disproportional to his disbursements. He has no objections to paying his debts, even to the last penny, when he has the money; but when he is short, he abbors the idea of meeting his creditors, for he hates a dun as he hates the devil or a dirty 'pooof.' On one of the last few occasions of the pressure upon typo's monetary market, he was descending from the news room to the street, when he met a collector, who asked him if James H. Smith -giving the printer's name—worked in that

Avoiding a Dan.

'Why do you wish to see him?' asked for \$20, left by Dr. A-, who, you remember, recently died, and his accounts have been

laced in my hands for collection.

James H. Smith, replied the compositor mysterious, familiar sound, and he was en-deavoring to recall it. I have heard that name before, surely—James H. Smith—James H.—James H.—oh, yes! (as if with sudden remembrance,) he used to be employed here, certainly, certainly he did. I remember now; he worked next to my case, poor fellow! and the speaker paused and looked sad. 'Did anything happen to him?' asked the

'Yes, he died one morning suddenly of the cholera, after attending the sick bed of a dying friend.'
'Did he leave anything?' asked the mar

f bills. 'Oh, no; the boys in the office had to bury him. I gave five dollars myself to help in outting the generous creature under the sod. He died penniless. 'Then there is no use of keeping this bill,

 ${f I}$ suppose ?'' None at all,' said James II. Smith. And the collector tore up the bill and departed he continued to himself. I guess I've got rid of that old bore. It wasn't, perhaps, much of a story I was telling. Probably, I was only anticipating a little after all—except in the ive dollar contribution.'

A Few Useful Hints.

A hot shovel, held over varnished furni-

A bit of glue, dissolved in skim milk and vater, will restore old crape: Ribbons of all kinds should be washed in

oan suds and rinsed. .If your flat irons are rough, rub them well vith fine salt, and it will make them smooth

Out straw is the best for filling beds; it should be changed once a year. If you are buying carpets for durability, select small figures.

A bit of soap rubbed on the hinges of doors, will prevent their creaking, Scotch Snuff put around the holes crickets come out will destroy them.

TURNED UP ALIVE. - Some time since, Mr. David Yohe, of Pigeon Greek, Washington Donelson and had disinterred (as he supposed) the body of his son, who had received ORIGINAL LOVE LETTER.—The following a wound during the fight, of which he died and was buried. The body was conveyed home and reinterred in the family burial ground, at Pigeon Creek, all the family being satisfied of the identity of the body, except a sister of the deceased. Last week Mr. Yohe was astonished at receiving a letter

ment in the hospital he had recovered, so as

to be able to rejoin his company, and expect to take part in the next battle. The joy of the family can better be imagined than des-A SENSIBLE Cow .- The Jersey City Standard describes an Ayrshire cow which makes the trips with the steamship China, giving from sixteen to twenty quarts of milk daily, and so thoroughly trained that in the evenings that time for I want to see you so bad I cant when not at see, she follows the head victualler of the ship on a promonade through the town, and even into the reception room, of a hotel, where she ate a biscuit that was ofare for I am truley yours and I hope to be fered to her. She had the good sense to retill death sepprates us from each other. fuse a glass of liquor that was offered her: O my dearist companion how I do love you but as she passed down the street, and being and I shall love you and will love you and I called by name, she refreshed herself with dont care what people sayes nor what they some water that was handed her. The story

Scotch cow, or anything else from Scotland ever refused a glass of liquor. A FIENDISH ASSASSINATION .- After Jackcan have your own way in this thing, for if had forced Banks to retire from the valley, a they know that you wont stop coming they will lot you a lone then. But J my dear hus- Woodstock, was acused by his neighbors of Woodstock, was acused by his neighbors of bend you must not think if you come down that aunt will say enything about it, now indeed, slie said she did not care about what that he done so and said that he preferred the said she said she did not care about what specie he received in payment to Confederate notes. They immediately killed him near his own door. His son saw the struggle and started to his father's assistance, when he was told by his mother to run for his life. He started to run, when several shots were fired at him, one of which struck him in the neck and passed out of the cheek, shattering the juw. He however, succeeded in making, his

> A SHARP TRICK .- At St. Paul, Minnesota the other day, an officer arrested a man for fast driving, and had him fined five dollars.
>
> The man hadn't get the money, and asked the officer to get into his buggy and drove down to his house and got the funds. The accommolating officer did so, but found, to his cost, that the horse wouldn't go slow, and that he was compelled himself to drive faster than the learning of the learnin city ordinance allowed. As a consequence when he got back to the police office, he was fined an equal amount, which he paid; a wis-

er manz. People seem to think that love toward God must be something totally different in kind from the love which we feel toward our ollow-oreatures, nay, as though it might exst without any feeling at all. that it ought to be the same feeling, which is excited by a living friend upon earth, higher and purer, but not less real or warm, and if last ditch." tried our hearts, to see whother it is in us by the tests, there would be less self-deception on this point; and we should more easily be ng the Monitor the "Yankee cheese box."— conceived that we must be wholly destitute Perhaps they don't like a certain "whey" she of that, of which we can show no lively to-

DED_A German writer observes that America there, is such a scarcity of thieves a fit. It does seem to have that effect upon a that they are obliged to offer a reward for their discovery.

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COTTON BURNERS DISAPPOINTED

The following scene is represented to have taken place between a Louisiana cotton planter and a party of Beauregard's burners, who ame, saw, and then departed: 'I have come to burn your cotton, sir,' said

he officer commanding the party. By what authority?'
'By authority of Gen. Beauregard.'

'You will not burn my cotton." 'We will burn your cotton.'
'Go about it then. But it is my opinion,' ntlemen, that you will not burn it,

What do you propose to do? You don't mean to say that you will show any opposition to our authority?'
'I simply mean to say that you will not burn my cotton. . Bob, bring a coal of fire."

The fire is brought.

Gentlemen, there is the fire, and yonder are one hundred bales of cotton. Proceed. 'Your conduct is very extraordinary, sir. should like to know what you mean. Well, sir, I mean that if you attempt to burn that cotton I will scatter your brains so repeating his own name slowly, as if it had a far and wide that no power in heaven or earth

can bring them together again. Here, boys-that cotton is yours; defend it or starye.

D—d strange conduct, mutters Mr. Officer, sullenly. We'll attend to your case sir.
We are a going down the river: we will give to burn my cotton, by all means come and buin.

The cowed officer and his poss fell back in good order.' The valiant Louisianian saved his cotton. He has had no second visit from Beauregard's cotton burners."

A good joke occurred about a Con. gressman the other day, in the Army of the Potomac. A Michigan Colonel was in com-mand of the guard. Citizens were prohibit-ed admittance. Several came up and asked the corporal to pass them, saying that they were Congressmen. The corporal stated the the case to the Colonel: "They are Congressmen, are they?" asked

the Colonel fiercely.
"So they say, sir."
"Well let them pass and go where they please," "let them tramp on torpedoes, go into the magazines, and wherever there is a prospect of their being blown to the devily for that is the quickest way to end the war. HEITZELMAN'S OPINION .- A correspon-

probabilities in front of Richmond favor delay. He gives his reasons thus:
"Because, first, as I heard rough and ready Heitzelman say, "We've got 'em foul-sure; and what the d-l is the use, Senator, [Pm not the man he was addressing], of risking anything till the last man is just where we want him?" And, secondly, a few

days' delay will add to the certainty of the success of the plan of attack," SAID PACHA, Vicercy of Egypt, now in London, drinks nothing but Nile water. A great many air-tight cases filled with that fluid have lately dirrived at Toulon, and been for-warded to England for his use. While in Scotch Snuff put around the holes where crickets come out will destroy them.

A gallon of strong ley, put in a gallon of the table was a huge silver salver, and the napkins were embroidered with diamonds.—

Tranyon was Arver Some time since M.

In a jolly company each one was to ask a question; if it was answered, he paid a forfeit; or if he could not answer it himself, he paid a forfeit. Pat's question was 'How does a ground squirrel dig his hole without showing any dirt at the entrance?' When they all gave it up, Pat said:

'Sure do you see he began at the other end But how does he got there? 'Ah, that's your question-and you may nswer it yourself.'

John Bannister, the commedian, was presented to an old lady proud of ancient and noble blood. The lady asked a wit of the day, who was present. Who are the Bannisters ? Are they of of good family ?"
"Yes," said the wit, "very good indeed;
they are closely connected with the Stairs."

"Oh!" said the lady, "a very ancient family of Ayrshire—dates back to 1450; F am delighted to see your friend." Mrs. Partington addressed Isaac, who was eating a dish of strawberries, thus: "My! how very grand you are growin." By'n by you'll want to board at the Brevere House

see a little boy with such a velocity of appe-A young conscript fell sick and was ordered. It was brought into the chamber where the invalid lay; he looked at it hard and for some time, then he threw up his hands and bawled, "Great Heaven! doctor!

must not be glutinous, dear; I don't like to

and live on umbrella ice cream.

I can't drink all that," A venerable lady in lier hundreth year lost her daughter, who attained the good old age of eighty. The mother's grief was great; and to a friend who came to condece with her clear was presented. dole with her, she remarked, "Oh dear! oh dear! I knew I should never be able to raise that child!

THE STATE FAIR. The regular Annual Exhibition of the State Agricultural Society will be held on the grounds of the East Pennsylvania Agricultural and Mechanical Society, in Norristown, commencing on Tuesday, September 30th, and closing on Friday, October 3d.

A superintendent of police once made an entry in his register, from which the fol-lowing is an extract: "The prisoner set upon" me, called me an ass, a precious dolt, a scare-

It is to be feared that many a woman tears her hair estentatiously at her husbands' death, after having torn his much worse in his life-time.

PRENTICEIANA.—Our armies think that a march is most hard when the ground marched over is least so.

Two great geographical discoveries are yet to be made—the source of the Niger and "the

Beauregard has issued quite enough proclamations. He had better die without The Rebels, having no salt, have to de-

pend on their logs to preserve their hams, sides and shoulders.

nor-Can any of our rebels tell us where Beauregard waters his horse this morning?