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

Poetical.

TO MY WIFE.

BY THE LATE REV. G. W. BETHUNE.

Afar from thee! The morning breaks, But morning brings no joys to me; Alas! my spirit only wakes. To know that I am far from thee, In dreams I saw thy blessed face, And thou wert nestled on my breast; In dreams I felt thy fond embrace.

And to mine own thy heart was press'd.

Afar from thee ! 'Tis solitude, Though smiting ero was around mo be; The kind, the beautiful, the good— For I can only think of thee; Of thee, the kindest, loveliest, best My earliest, and my only one; Without thee, I am all unblest, And wholly blest with thee alone

Afar from thee! The words of praise My listless car unheeded greet ; ... What sweetest seemed in better days, Without thee, seems' no longer sweet; The degrest joy fame can bestow, Is in thy moistened eye to see; And in thy check's tinusual glow Thou deem'at me not unworthy thee.

Afar from thee! The night is come, But slumbers from my pillow flee;
I cannot test so far from home;
And my heart's home is, love, with thee;
I kneel before the throne of prayer,
And then I know that they art nigh; For God, who seeth everywhere, Bends on us both his watchful eye

Together in his loved embrace. No distance can our hearts devide; Forgotten quite the 'nediate space, I kneel thy kneeling form beside. My tranquil frame then sinks to sleep, But soars the spirit-far and free; Oh! welcome be night's slumber's deep, For then, dear love, I am with thee!

Miscellaneous.

AFTER THE BATTLE. BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

hours of that terrible day, had gone down in e western hills, and now the stars were coming out swiftly, like golden petals scattered all over an azure

sky.

And the stars looked down on the battle field, as they have come out and looked down for scores of years on the fair young land which has arisen in her strength and beauty, until amid all the nations there was none to compare with her-on the great cities that were hang like jewels on her green bosom on the houses were the dwellers thereof sat came up night by night to the watch-towers

terrible that day.

The hearts of the distant mountains had dying, both red and black. shuddered with the thunder of cannon, and the carth had drank in blood as in autumn by combat, yet without any noise that I could she drinks the equinoctial rain; but at last hear, and human soldiers never fought so the day's awful work was done, and the resolutely. I watched a couple that were night winds lifted the gray banners of smoke | fast locked in each other's embraces in a litfrom the battle field.

The air was full of heat and smell of pow-

der; the dead lay thick together, with stark, ghastiy faces on the trainpled grass; the wounded lay thick also, filling the air with moans-riderless horses rushed terrified over the field; and the dying daylight and the ceased to graw at one of the black one's solemn stars watched over all.

dark grass, and two wounded men had crawled as I saw on looking nearer, had already dito its banks to slake their thirst.

And when the two men crawling along the banks looked up and met each other's faces Neither manifested the least disposition to they knew they were enemies, and they knew, too, that a few hours ago each had aimed his rifle at the other, and that aim had evidently full of excitement, who either had made the ghastly wound, a little way from the heart, which had drank the life blood of in the battle—probably the latter, for he had each, and cach glared desperately on his ad- lost none of his limbs. He saw the unequal versary a moment before he feil.

those men now, as they sat face to face rapid pace till he stood on his guard within on the bank of the stream; the strife and the half an inch of the combatants; then, watchanger had all gone now, and they sat still, dying men, who a few hours before had been deadly foes, sat still and looked at each other. At last one of them spoke:

"We haven't either a chance to hold out much longer, I judge.' " No," said the other with a little mixture of sadness and recklessness. "You did that last job of yours very well, as that bears with have particularly described were struggling, ness;" and he pointed to a wound a little I carried it into my house and placed it under above his heart, from which the life blood a tumbler on my window-sill in order to see

was slowly oozing.
"Not lietter than you did yours," replied the other, with a grim smile; and he pointed to a wound a little higher up—larger,

more ragged—a deadly one.

And the two men gazed on each other again in the dim light, for the moon had come over the hills now, and stood among

feel worse, I s'pose, because you've gone out oring with feeble struggles, being without

girl, away up among the New Hampshire window-sill in that crippled state. Whether mountains, that it'll well-nigh kill to hear of the finally survived that combat, and spent stands as a stoic under diffic this." And then the man ground out, the remainder of his days in some Hotel des whips them out of the ring.

in bitter anguish. "Oh God, have pity on my

And the other drew closer to him. 'And away among the cotton-fields Georgia there's a woman and a little girl whose hearts will break when they hear what this day has done." And then a cry wrung itself sharply out of his heart: "Oh God have witnessed the " God, have pity upon them !"

And from that moment the Northener and the Southener ceased to be focs. The thought of those distant homes on which the anguish was soon to fall, drew them close together in

And at last the Northener spoke, talking more to himself than anything else, and he did not know that the other was listening greedily to every word.

"She used to come-my little girl, bless her heart! every night to meet me when I came home from the fields; and she would stand under the great plum tree that's just beyond the back door at home, with the sunlight making a yellow crown in her golden curls, and the laugh dancing in her eyes when she heard the click of the gate—I see her there now-and I'd take her in my arms, and she'd put up her little red lips for a kiss. But my little girl will never watch under the old plum tree by the well for her father again. I shall never hear the ery of joy as she catches a glimpse of me at the gate; I shall never see her little feet running over the grass to spring in my arms again l'

And," said the Southerner, "there's a little brown eyed, brow-haired, girl, that used to watch in the cool afternoons for her father, when he rode in from his visit to the plantations-I can see her sweet little face shining out now from the roses that covered the pillars, and her shout of joy as I bounded from my horse and chased the little flying feet and the loud laugh up and down the verandah. But, my darling, you will never watch again among the roses for your father, and you and he will never go laughing and romping up and down the old verandah again l"

And the Northerner drew near to the Southerner, and the hot tears stood on his cold cheeks, as he said:
"Friend, may God have pity on our father

less children l' "Amen!" said the Southener, fervently: And the Northener spoke now in a husky

whisper, for the eyes of the dving men were glazing fust: "We have fought like brave men together. We are going before God in a little while. Let us forgive each other."

The Southener tried to speak, but the sound died away in a gurgle from his white lips; but he took the hand of the fullen foc, and the stiffening fingers closed tight over it, and his last look was a smile of forgiveness and peace. And when the next morning's and peace. And when the next morning's sun walked up the gray stairs of the dawn touched with pink, it looked down and saw the two foes lying dead, with their hands clasped in each other, by the strong which ran close to the battle field.

under the plum tree among the hills of New ers from digging under them."

Hampshire, and the little girl with bright It was over at last. The sun, which had Hampshire, and the little girl with bright walked slow and calm through the long brown hair that waited by the roses among the green plains of Georgia, were father-

A Battle between Auts.

"Walden," by the late Henry D. Thoreau, ontains, in the chapter entitled "Brute Neighbors," the following account of an aut

"One day, when I went to my wood pile, observed two ants, the one red, the other much larger, nearly half an inch long and on the broad harvest fields that waved their black, fiercely contending with each other.—
tresses of lov through her golden summers— Having once got hold, they never let go; but struggle and wrestle and rolled on the chips peaceful and happy under their own vine incessantly. Looking further, I was sur and fig tree—on all this had the stars which prised to find that the chips were covered with such combatants, that it was not a duof the sky looked until at last there came cllum, but a bellum -a war between two ra a change—and now where the harvest had ces of ants, the red always pitted against the waved their locks in the summer winds, was black, and frequently two reds to one black that most terrible sight which the sun had ever beheld—the conflict had raged hot and the hills and vales in my wood yard, and the grown was already strewn with the dead and

"On every side they were engaged in deadtle sunny valley amid the chips, now at noonday, prepared to fight until the sun went or life went out. The smaller red champion had fastened himself like a vice to is adversary's front, and through all the sumbling on that field, never for an instant feelers near the root, having already caused A little way from the battle field ran black one dashed him from side to side, and, vested him of several of his members. They fought with more pertinancity than bull dogs. retreat. In the meanwhile there came along a single red ant on the hillside of this valley, combat from afar-for the blacks were nearly But there was no fierceness in the eyes of twice the size of the rods-he drow near with ing his opportunity, he sprang upon the black warrior and commenced his operations near the root of his right fore leg, leaving the foe to select among his own members, and so there were three united for life, as If a new kind of attraction had been invented, which

put all other locks and cements to shame. "I took up the chip on which the three I the issue. Holding a microscope to the first-mentioned red ant, I saw that, though he was assiduously gnawing at the near for having severed his remaining feeder, his own breast was all torn away, exposing what vi warrior, whose breastplate was apparently too thick for him to pierce, and the dark carthe stars like a pearl of great price. And as buneles of the sufferers eyes shone with fe they looked, a softer feeling stole over the rocity such as war only could excite. They heart of each towards his fallen foe; a feel- struggled half an hour longer under the ing of pity for the strong, manly life land tumbler, and when I looked again the black low; a feeling of regret for that inexorable soldier had seyered the heads of his foes from necessity of war which made each man the their bodies, and the still living heads were slayer of each other, and at last one of them | hanging on either side of him, like ghatsly trophies at his saddle-bow, apparently as

"There's some folks in the world that'll firmly fastened as ever, and he was endeavfeelers, and with only the remnant of a leg. A spasm of pain was on the bronzed, ghast-features. and I know not how many other wounds, to divest himself of them, which at length, afly features.
"Yes," said the man, in thick tones, ter half an hour more, he accomplished. there's one woman, with a little boy and raised the glass, and he went off over the Invalides, I do not know, but I thought that his industry would not be worth much thereafter. I never learned which party was victorious, nor the cause of the war; but I felt for the rest of that day as if I had had my feelings excited and harrowed by witnessing the struggle, the ferocity and carnage of human battle before my door.

We hear a good anecdote concerning soldier laddie on one of our gunboats .-The vessel was just going into action, and our soldier was upon his knees, when an officer sneeringly asked him if he was afraid? 'No, I was praying,' was the response.

Well, what were you praying for?' con-'Praying that the enemy's bullets may be distributed the same way as the prize money is, principally among the officers? was the quick and ready retort.

An amusing incident transpired a few evenings since, at Manchester, New Hamp-shire, in the Huntingdon Street Baptist If you swear by my charms that you'll ever be true, Church on the occasion of the majie lantern exhibition. The scene of the children of Israel crossing the Red Sea was exhibited, and the small children were asked if they could tell what it represented. One little fellow immediately sung out, "Burnside crossing

"My son, would you suppose that the Lord's prayer could be engraved in a space, no larger than the area of a half dime?"-Well yes, father, if a half dime is as large in everyhody's eyes as it is in yours, I think there would be no difficulty in putting it in

Soldier's Wir .- A soldier dying of a lung disease in one of the Washington hospitals, had a blister applied between his shoulders by the surgeon. The poor fellow looked by the surgeon. The poor ignow goods of the surgeon we may transfer to make the doctor, and grimly asked if Journal of France:

The drums of the National Guard were the drums of the National Guard were fore he could be allowed to die?

A gentleman remarked the other evening at a party, that a woman is the most wicked thing in creation. 'Sir,' was the in-dignant reply of a young lady, "women was made from man, and if one rib is so wicked, then what must the whole body be?'

At a recent Conference Meeting in this State the members were asked, "How many brethren can you accommodate at your house?" One lady arose, saying: "I can sleep two, but I can eat as many as you can

Counsel-"Now, sir, on your oath, ere you not born in Pennsylvania?' Witness, in a solemn tone-"Although present at the event, I swear on my oath I

Well, what next?" said Mrs. Partington, as she interrupted 1ke, who was reading the war news—"the pickets were driven in five-miles." "Bless my poor sour, but that will make a strong fence, I suppose they And the little with golden hair that watched had to be driven in deep to keep the Sessionad-

> I A clergyman on his way to church one ed, rather impatiently, "I wish I were dry!"—"Never mind," said his colleague, "you will soon be in the pulpit, and there

Dust, by its own nature, can rise only so high above the road, and birds, which fly higher, never have any on their wings. So the heart that knows how to fly high enough, escapes those little cares and vexations which prood upon the earth but cannot rise above it in that purer air.

sickness there is no hand like a woman's hand-no heart like a woman's heart-no eye so untiring-no hone so fervent. Womn by a sick man's couch is divinity imper-A Syracuse paper says that a 'colored

It has often been truly remarked that

ndy, attired in the hight of fashion sailed into a store and electrified the Clerk by inquiring if he had one of 'them hoop skirts with a digestible bustle.' A private letter, From Camp Pope,

linnesota, states that a scouting party of soldiers had discovered in a ravine, about three miles from camp, the remains of eighteen bodies massacred last fall by the indi-

If you could stand cooly by and see the cruelty you could check, or the wrong you could right, and move no finger to do it, ou are not the render I want, nor the human being I choose to know.

A Dutchman was summoned in cour to identify a stolen hog. On being asked if the hog had any ear-marks, he replied: "Te only ear-mark dat I saw vas his tail vas cut off.

A Southern paper manufacturer complains that no rags are to be had. Bragg's rebel army in the Southwest has a monopoly of that commodity.

A young lady who was perfectly thun er-struck at hearing of her friends engagement, has since been provided with a light-

An Indian out West was heard to make the following exclamation, on seeing one of our fashionable dressed ladies: "Ugh much wigwam !?

When should a slovely young man leserve to remain ever green? pines to become spruce.

The heart that soars upward escapes ttle cares and vexations; the birds that fly igh have not the dust of the road upon their Dresses are coming down. The sign

efore the door of a mantua maker's shop, city, reads thus: " N. B.—Dresses made lower than ever." It is less important to a young lady

water than his drinks should be. Flave said that if men should rise from the dead and read their epitaphs, some of them would think they had got into the

wrong grave.

A down east editor says that modesty a quality that highly adorns a woman, but

Patience is very good, but persever-nce is much better. While the former stands as a stoic under difficulties, the latter

"LET ME."

I no'er on that lip for a moment have gazed, But a thousand temptations beset me: And I've thought, as the dear little rubies you raised How designtful 'twould be if you'd—let me.

Then be not so angry for what I have done, Nor say that you've sworn to forget me; They were bads of temptation too pouting to shun, And I thought you could not but-let me.

When your lips with a quiver came close to my check, Oh, think how be witching it met me;
And plain as the cycloga Venus could speak,
Your eyes seemed to say you would—let me.

Then forgive the transgression, and bid me remain;

For, in truth, if I go you'll regret me; Then, oh, let me try the transgression again, And I'll do all you wish if you—let me. ANSWER -"CLL LET YOU." If a kiss be delightful, so tempting my lips
That a thousand soft vishes beset you,
I vow by the nector that Juniter sips,
On certain conditions—I'll let you.

And that no other damsel shall get you, By the stars that roll round that summit of blue, Perhaps, sir-perhaps, sir-1'll let you.

If not urged by a passion as fleeting, as wild,
That makes all the virgues forget you,
But affection unsullied, soft, fervent and mild,
Younsk for a kiss, then, indeed, love-I'll let you.

THE LAST HOUR OF BARON DE TRENCK. AN EPISODE OF THE REIGN OF TERROR.

As we seem to be gradually approaching the Reign of Torror, a description of the trial and execution of a friend of Benjamin Franctin, the celebrated Baron de Trenck, will be found interesting to the public. We recommend its perusal to the members of the Jacobin Leagues, for whose especial benefit we have translated it from le Droit, the Law

beating in front of the Prison of St. Lazare, in Paris. A large crowd was swaying to and fro, in front of this terrible abode, for the purpose of seeing the prisoners led out for examination by the Revolutionary Tribu-nal. Although hardened so much, by the bloody events of the last few years, that a cart-load of human beings, on their way to the guillotine, attracted but little attention, on that day, an unusual animation seemed to pervade the populace. The terrible, unsexed women, the pikeman, the Patriots in their filthy, carmaquole jackets, the children of the Reign of Terror, tender childhood undismayed by scenes of bloodshed, all these intermingled in the crowd, screaming, howling, and blaspheming, on the 7th Therefore. Sing the Caira, tall Prussian, they howling, and blasheming, on the 7th Therman State. Sing the Caira, tall Prussian, they midor in the year H of the Republic (the 9th of July, 1794). Before the doors of this show whether he is a patriot, ejaculated othof July, 1794). Before the doors of this prison, whose gloomy walls have reverberaed to as many grouns, perhaps, as those of the Bastile, were a body of pikemen, drawn up in a double line. Bit ween these advanced the public erier. A Grown Carmaguole langs or a normalisation used Phrygian cap covers his matted black hair, and a heavy avenge the sentence of the Convention upon its instrument. In his hand he carries a literal meaning of a hearing was:-"You shall know the hour that will bring your head under the axe." Behind the eric low two pikemen, of the section of the Lombards. After passing through a court and then through a corridor filled with soldiers, engaged in drinking, gaining and smoking, the three men reach a large door. A murmuring of voices is heard on the inside. At last it is opened, and an open space, with ust enough light to make "darkness visible" s discovered behind it. A number of figures are perceived in the

wilight. They are the prisoners. All ages, all professions, all social conditions are represented. The guillotine has no particular choice. As the door grates back on its hinges, a cry of terror bursts from the prisoners' line; and several exclamations, such as, all is over now!' 'Good bye!' 'God bless you!' are audible. The prisoners hurry from all the corners of the court, their eyes fixed pon the crier and his fatal list. dragged to-day to the guillotine? whom will the messenger of justice bring tidings of his irrevocal le fate? Some look aervously agitated—some utterly indifferent. The crier coughs, looks over the crowd, and reads from the list, ' Andre Chemier, author.' Here I am, answers, with a firm voice, a young man of twenty-two, stepped out.—
Get behind the grating, cried the official.—
The young man gets behind a sort of iron grating, where the prisoners wait until they join the procession which conducts them into the presence of their judges. 'Alexander Boucher, ex-captain in the ex-Royal Navy,' continued the crier. 'Here I am,' answered a sonorous voice; and a powerfully-built man trode forth, and, without the least tremor took his place behind the grating. Charles de Bart, ex-officer of the ex-Royal Dragoons. Ila! ha! I am taken at last, am I? Very Ha! ha! I am taken at last, am I? well,' answered a gay, handsome young fe low, whose spirit all the filth and misery of hind the grating!' thundered the crier; 'how dare you look a patriot in the face?' The young officer took his place behind the grating, caressly humming the refrain of some

barruck-room song Frederick, ex-Baron de Trenck, formerly an officer. Slowly from the miscrable bench, where he had been sitting, rose the tall, bony form, of the Baron. He had contemplated the scene with utter indifference until his name was called, looking with a pitying smile upon the forms of youths and maidens, in company with aged men and women, who were all expecting a common fate. A contemptuous sneer stole on his lips whenever a suppressed cry or any other evidence of weakness reached his ear. With his legs stretched out before him, and with his hands in the pookets of his short trousers, did the Baron de er, the spoiled darling of the court dames, pass the night of the sixth and seventh Thermidor in the prison of St. Lazare. His whole life had been spent in yearnings after unrestrained, unchecked liberty. These, afleading him through countless dangers and adventures, left him, forsaken by fortune that had so often before smiled on him, in the prison of St. Lazare. His youth had old age saw him writhe helplessly in the ng grasp of fate. Herrible contracts! Horo the dust courts of St. Petersburg, Vienna, Berlin, seand there the terrified or plaspheming wretch- heaven, the sceptre from tyrants.) Upon my

Trenck's history and long imprisonment so well known in Germany, had penetrated as far as France. At a period as rich in all that is great and noble as it was polluted by infamous and bloody deeds, men situated like Trenck were frequently met in society. No one asked whether his fate was merited or not; it was supposed cruel enough to entitle him to compassion. He had opposed Robespierre, and from that moment was a lost man. He was seized, with twenty-nine others, on the charge of wishing the restora-tion of the monarchy and favoring the escape of the captives in the prison of St. Lazare.

The crier called twenty-nine other names. Then, after taking an enormous pinch of snuff he pulled the cord of a bell on the wall

In a few minutes the door was reaponed. In the corridor were a double file of National Cuards. The prisoners behind the grating passed out, the guards closed up around enteen days. Citizens, is that the conduct them, and the door closing, hid from their which can render me obnoxious to the patrisight the companions of their misfortune,

whom they were never to see again. Trenck's countenance remained impassible Only, as the crier withdrew, and the prisoness were taking leave of each other amid people. I did not enter the popular Assemsighs and lamentations, he beckened to a bly. How could I think that I, a stranger, young man leaning against a column of the

Dear Count Baylus, said Trenck hurriedly, take this; it is a souvenior of my kind benefactress; preserve it; it will keep both her and myself ever fresh in your recol ection.' At the same time, Trenck handed him a mother-of-pearl snuff-box, richly mounted in gold.
Dear friend, answered Baylus, 'why will

ou separate yourself from the precious ob-

'Take it; I will give it to you; respect my wishes; as I am a doomed man, nothing can save me. But, dear Baron, under the circumstances, my head is not more secure than yours.'
'I know it; but I have a presentment that

fulfilled, the Reign of Terror being thrown before it was his turn to be executed.) In front of the prison, Trenck came in for

On reaching the tribunal, Trenck threw his eyes around the hall. The same persons as in the street. Men, women and children.— Speciators without number in the galleries and the first benches, mothers with their children at the breast, and their eyes fixed on Sunday was overtaken by a heavy shower of belt with sharp spikes, supporting two pistrain. On arriving at the vestry, he exclaim tols leaded and cocked, for fear some victim from among the crowd. Marat's bust, which desk, was also adorned with one of them .-Even the tri-colored flag suspended behind paper with the names of those who were to his bust carried one, on the pike end of the have a hearing that day. In July, 1794, the flag staff. Repulsive sounds, insupportable odors, a suffocating temperature, combined to make the court room scarcely preferable to the prison. At last a bell tolled, and si-

ence immediately prevailed. ann rose to rend the accu-The syndic Herm sation. Then he turned to the prisoner, whose head and gray hair towered over his companions, and even over the bayonets of the guard. Fate had graven no new lines in that immovable face. It was as if made of stone. Only the eye and the tongue could express what the man had felt, and what he was going through now.

Your name, age, and profession?' asked Hermann. Baron Frederick de Trenck, born at Kangsburg, in the year 1726; formerly an officer. in the Austrian and Prussian armies, now a

Accused, you are suspected of being in communication with the sovereigns of Europe. A letter of yours has been discovered, which you express yourself very dubiously regard to reent events. It will be produced The public prosecutor has been deceived. If the tyrants of Europe wished to discover the state of affairs in France, would they apply to me, who am a friend of the people? Look, citizens, on the marks which chains have left on my wrists, and then ask, if you can, whether I would lift these hands against ble pause ensued. At length the jury rehe liberators of captives, the destroyers

of dungeons.' Trenck, stretching cut his arms so as to draw back his shirt-sleeves, here showed to the public the indelible marks which the feters of Magdeburg had left on his arms Marks of approbation were audible among the crowd. The judges seemed irresolute.

Can you deny that you have been a correspondent of Joseph II. of Austria?'
'I was formerly; but let me but speak Citizen Procurear, and I will soon silence my accusers."

At that moment, on the left of the Judge's desk, rose a man, whose horrible face would chill the blood in one's veins. Such faces became the bloodhounds of that period, well named the 'Reign of Terror.' His physiognomy resembled a mask bearing the outlines of a human face, with the nose, mouth and eyes of a hyena.
'I call to order,' said the mouth.

four o'clock fourteen prisoners must be tried It is now twelve-there is no time to be lost ' No time to lose,' thundered Trenck. you consider the few minutes employed by man in pleading for his life lost time?' 'Speak,' said the syndic.
'But, citizen Procureur,' said Fougnier

Tinville, (this was the hyena's name,) 'then I won't be able to-'
'Citizen accuser,' said Hermann, 'I direct the proceedings of the Court. Prisoner, I re-

peat, you may speak.' neat, you may speak.'

Trenck rose slowly and said: 'Citizens Ten long years I lay in a prison. When I again tasted liberty I employed it as a phisopher, as a man who can appreciate its benefits. I was a useful citizens. After esnousing the daughter of the burgomaster of Ancher, I passed my, time in the study of commerce, literature, and the military scien I founded a newspaper, with the intention of introducing a new and purer school of Chrisshown that no fetters could restrain him; his tianity. Out of respect for a Princess of royal blood, who had been my benefactress, I gave up my newspaper, not, however, my principles. In the years 1774 and 1777 I journeyed through England and France. cure in the affections of a noble laly, the Here I became the friend of the true patriot, recipient of the favors of countless other Franklin. I composed this muse in his

benefactress, the Empress Maria Therese-'

interrupted Hermann.
'You are here to condemn," you had better say, 'but you have given me liberty to speak; I shall use it—' the great Empress

Maria Therese.'
'Make him be silent, if he praises the ty-

ant's,' cried Tinville...

'She was my beneficetress,' exclaimed Trenck, 'and I must, in this very spot, pro-claim for a great Empress. At her death I devoted myself to agriculture. Yes, citizens he whom you now behold was the friend of Robespierre was no longer to be satisfied with the number of his victims; they had also to fields of Germany: In 1787 I was permitted be men of mark. Trenck enjoyed some little popularity in the quarters which he most frequently visited. This was sufficient to send his fate.

Included the return to my native country. I remained in Prussia only long enough to falfill a sacred trust. The object of my solicitude suited whis life. I the pleft the country where I find endured so many sufferings. It is then that those circumstances surpervened which drew upon me the attention of Europe. made me brilliant proposals. I refused them I feared some new persecutions. While the Vienna, my joy at the taking of the Bastile was punished with an imprisonment of sevotism of France? I have lived in France since 1791; and I believe that the works I have published may have contributed a little to the political education of the French

would be listened to with any attention. Citizens, question my comrades of the section of the Lombards. They will certify unaninously to my being an honorable man. have spoken, and believe to have clearly shown that I never, in thought or act, was an enemy of France. Trenck resumed his seat. New signs of

idhesion ran through the dense ranks of the spectators. The public prosecutor rose to answer him. 'I will not,' he said, or rather howled Tinville, ' follow the prisoner through his intricate winding and turnings. Justice must have the rapidity of lightening. I will pass over a portion of the accusation, in regard to that part which intiniates his intercourse with the foreign enemies of France. But let the accused deny, if he can, the allegation which I shall presently make. In the prison of St. Lazare a conspiracy was mon with the great true and loyal party hatched for the purpose of overthrowing the Government and restoring the monarchy. The Genius of Liberty baffled the plan, and believing as we do, that in this alone lies the discovered their design to the neople. Half of the conspirators, including in this number the ringleaders, stand before you. The remainder will be judged to-morrow. The

that you should be prompt.' Every slave has the right to break his chains, exclaimed Chemier.

We merely wished to escape our punish. ment,' said Boucher. 'Not every man can' make an assassin. The hand that has held

were the penalty of my offense. It has been within our reach, we will not infringe upon

eclipse all other tribunals in cruelty.' 'Why do you anticipate the punishment f conspirators?' asked Hermann, 'We know our fate,' exclaimed Boucher Do not hide the tiger in the fox's skin. We will quit these precincts but to ascend the steps of the scaffold. Shameless judges! steps of the scaffold. Shameless judges! There over our heads exists a tribunal that will one day review all actions. Woe unto Your bloody deeds will bring curses on

'In the interest of the accused. I order hem to be silent,' said Hermann. 'As you will,' said Chenier. 'It were nockery to defend ourself before such a tri-

your names from just men's lirs to the end of

munal. The judges of the revolution disgrace 'Citizen President,' said Tinville, ' put an end to this disorder; let the jury retire to

deliberate.' 'Prisoner Trenck,' said Hermann, 'our ribunal respects the moderation of your defence. Will you affirm that you had no connection whatever with the conspiracy? Trenck could have saved himself by a rord. He sprang to his feet. All eyes

vere fastened upon him.
'Citizens!' he cried, 'I take the responsibility of all that has been uttered by my ompanions. With them I will live or die. great moment had not found him wanting. All his errors were amply atoned for. He fell a victim of his nersonal honor. A territurned. All the accused, thirty in number, are condemned to death, 'for having conspired to muster the representatives of the peo-

ple and restore the monarchy.' The prisoners heard their sentence with indifference. At that time death, by familiarity, had bred contempt. They separated saying 'Au revoir,' perhaps under the guillotine. At two o'clock the sentence was pronounced; at four they were drawn to the guillotine in carts. The notes of a mournful ong vibrate in the air; they are singing the

chant du depart. In those days people sang on the way to death. Soldiers sang when going into bat-tle; the mob sang at executioners. Boucher and Chemier talked over their boyish fancies

will meet again. Let us

and their once rosy dreams.
'So soon to die,' signed Chemier. 'And there was something here,' said he, striking his forehead. is torenead.
"Andre," answered Boucher, 'you only give to ideas; I give up a dearly beloved wife

and children. We will meet again. Let us die nobly, without a sign of weakness.'
'I tremble not,' answered, 'Chemier, 'but I regret that I can no longer be of use to mankind. The people looked at the passing carts with unmistakable symptoms of pity. 'What are you astonished at?' cried Trenck. This is but a comody a la Robespierre.'
They had reached the foot of the guillotine. It was here that Trenck showed the whole extent of his iron character. He refused to pass first under the fatal axe. With his arms folded, he gazed without apparent emotion upon the bloody work, which was repeated D. Kaine, Fayette county. twenty-nine times. He towered above all, his gray hair waving with the wind. What E. thoughts were pressing on the brain!

Stay with me; I will make something great Now Boucher's head fell. He was the last

but one.

Trench's turn came next. As he ascended the ladder the steps creaked under his firm. trend. On reaching the top, he advanced and cried in a loud tone of voice, Frenchmen! we die innocent. . You will avenge us, beauties, safe and free after having escaped beauties, safe and free after having escaped every peril that can encompass a warrior—

| Annies | Companies | Compan

and there the terrified or plaspheming wretches awaiting their doom as his associates, all return to Germany they wished to confer an axe glittered a moment in the sunlight, and office upon me, but the death of my great one more head—the head of the unfortunate Trenck-fell into the basket. Thirty heads 'We are here to pleud causes, not to listen | had been severed in fifteen minutes. The to praises of the enemies of the Republic, multitude of spectators remained silent for a moment; then, like the roaring of the sea, thundered forth the cry, 'Long live the Republie!'

Volitical.

SOUTHAMPTON AWAKE?

UNION DEMOCRATIC MEETING. The Democrats of Southampton township issembled at Leesburg, on Saturday evening, May 2d, for the purpose of organizing a Demogratic Club. The meeting was large and anthusiastic. The Club was organized by the election of J. K. Kelso as President; Jacob Pereman and Adam T. Keller, Vico. Presidents; Calvin Amy, Recording and Correspoiling Secretary, and Helfer and Benjamin Baxter, Assistant Secretaries. On motion Col. James Chesnut, James Lover, Wur. Highlands, Henry Boughman, and James Foreman were appointed a committee to draft resolutions, &c. Col. James Chesnut addressed the meeting in a patriotic and able manner, whose remarks were greeted with applause. On motion it was resolved that the committee report at the next meeting to be held on Saturday evening, May 16. The motte adopted by the Club is, "the Union as it was and the Constitution as it is."

South Middleton Club.

On Saturday evening, May 9th, the Demo-crats of South Middleton Township, met at the public house of Snyder Rupley, Papertown, for the purpose of organizing a "De-mocratic Club." Jacob Zug was elected President of the Association; Alfred Moore, George P. Searight and Samuel Goodyear were elected Vice Presidents; J. II. Bosler was elected Corresponding Secretary, and Wm. B. Butler, Recording Secretary. J. H. Bosler, George P. Searight and Snyder Ru-pley were appointed to draft a series of reso-lutions, which were unanimously adopted; Resolved, That the Democracy of South Middleton township, conscious of their duty in these stirring times, do proclaim in comsafety of the citizen and the perpetuity of

our national independence. Resolved, That we are equally hostile to mainder will be judged to morrow. The abolitionists north, and secessionists south; country is in danger, and its safety demands we regard both alike as tending to the same result-one is the openly avowed advocate of. a seperate confederacy, the other the advocate of principles which most inevitably end

Resolved. That we regard the Emancipation unkempt beard, descending nearly to his waist, with striped sailors' trousers, and a pair of hob-nailed shoes, complete his pictures que costume. Round his waist hangs a residue costume. Round his waist hangs a residue costume. The seribes wore red to the superstance of the supe sent opinions, until it is pronounced by the proper judicial authorities to be null and void. It is better to bear many grievances of a temporary character, than to plunge our country into anarchy, ending in military despotism, and destroying all our hopes for

the future.

Resolved, That we believe that the war should be prosecuted under constitutional principles, for the purpose of restoring the Union as it was, because it is the only legal and successful means of preserving our fed-

eral compact.

Resolved, That we deem the endorsement of the great and national Democracy as the only safe-guard to our private liberties and

public safety.

After the adoption of the resolutions, the meeting was eloquently and ably addressed by Martin C. Herman, Esq., of Carlisle, after which the meeting adjourned, by giving three hearty cheers for the speaker and three for General George B. M'Clellan. Adjourned to meet at the same place, on Saturday evening, May 23d, at 7 o'clock?

Roll of Honor.

Below we give the names of the members of our Legislature who wisely refused to turn the hall of the State Capitol into a political lecture room, for the use of those traveling pedlars of abolitionism, Johnson and Wright, in which to malign the Democracy of Pennsylvania and glorify the usurpations, despotism and corruption of the party in power, unless the gallant M'Clellan could have the use of the same halls for defending the Constitution of his country and the civil liberty

ROLL OF SENATORS. Geo. H. Bucher, Cumberland county. Heister Clymer, Berks county. C. M. Donovan, Philadelphia. H Glatz, York county. Lamberton, Clarion county. S. Mott, Pike county. C. Smith, Montgomery county. W. Stein, Northampton county.

and patriotism of the people.

B. Stark, Luzerne county. V. A. Wallace, Clearfield county. ROLL OF REPRESENTATIVES. P. Rhoads, Cumberland county. T. T. Barger, Philadelphia.

R. Boileau, Bucks county. W. Brown, Northumberland county, C. Ellis, Montour county. Wm. Glenn. Washington county. Conrad Graber, Schuylkill county. Aaron Hess, Northampton county.

F Barron. Centre county.

. C. Hoover, Montgomery county. Horton, Fulton county. G. E. Jackson, Sullivan county. Josephs, Philadelphia. A. Kline. Berks county.

John Labar, Bucks county. H. J. Myers, Adams county. D II. Neiman, Northampton county. A. C. Noyes, Clinton county. Alex. Patton, Greene county.

Jos. Rex. Montgomery county. Jacob Robinson, Luzerne county. 2000. 3. H. Rowland, Pike county. S. W. Trimmer, Luzarne county. P. Welsh, Luzerne county. D. K. Weidner, Berks county.

Adam Wolf, Schuylkill county.