

# American Volunteer.

OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG OUR COUNTRY.  
CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 7, 1864.

VOL. 50.

NO. 30.

## AMERICAN VOLUNTEER.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

TERMS:—Two Dollars if paid within the year; and Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, if not paid within the year. These terms will be rigidly adhered to in every instance. No subscription discontinued until all arrearages are paid unless at the option of the Editor.

Advertisements—Accompanied by the cash, and a reading one square, will be inserted three times for One Dollar, and twenty-five cents for each additional insertion. Those of a greater length in proportion.

Job-Printing—Such as hand-bills, Postings, bills, pamphlets, Blank, Labels, &c., &c., executed with accuracy and at the shortest notice.

## Poetical.

**THE ARSENAL.**  
This is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,  
A busy throng of men and women,  
From their silent pipes a strong pulsing  
Swarms the villagers with a throng alarms.

## THE ARSENAL.

From floor to ceiling,  
A busy throng of men and women,  
From their silent pipes a strong pulsing  
Swarms the villagers with a throng alarms.

From floor to ceiling,  
A busy throng of men and women,  
From their silent pipes a strong pulsing  
Swarms the villagers with a throng alarms.

From floor to ceiling,  
A busy throng of men and women,  
From their silent pipes a strong pulsing  
Swarms the villagers with a throng alarms.

From floor to ceiling,  
A busy throng of men and women,  
From their silent pipes a strong pulsing  
Swarms the villagers with a throng alarms.

From floor to ceiling,  
A busy throng of men and women,  
From their silent pipes a strong pulsing  
Swarms the villagers with a throng alarms.

From floor to ceiling,  
A busy throng of men and women,  
From their silent pipes a strong pulsing  
Swarms the villagers with a throng alarms.

From floor to ceiling,  
A busy throng of men and women,  
From their silent pipes a strong pulsing  
Swarms the villagers with a throng alarms.

From floor to ceiling,  
A busy throng of men and women,  
From their silent pipes a strong pulsing  
Swarms the villagers with a throng alarms.

From floor to ceiling,  
A busy throng of men and women,  
From their silent pipes a strong pulsing  
Swarms the villagers with a throng alarms.

From floor to ceiling,  
A busy throng of men and women,  
From their silent pipes a strong pulsing  
Swarms the villagers with a throng alarms.

From floor to ceiling,  
A busy throng of men and women,  
From their silent pipes a strong pulsing  
Swarms the villagers with a throng alarms.

From floor to ceiling,  
A busy throng of men and women,  
From their silent pipes a strong pulsing  
Swarms the villagers with a throng alarms.

From floor to ceiling,  
A busy throng of men and women,  
From their silent pipes a strong pulsing  
Swarms the villagers with a throng alarms.

From floor to ceiling,  
A busy throng of men and women,  
From their silent pipes a strong pulsing  
Swarms the villagers with a throng alarms.

From floor to ceiling,  
A busy throng of men and women,  
From their silent pipes a strong pulsing  
Swarms the villagers with a throng alarms.

From floor to ceiling,  
A busy throng of men and women,  
From their silent pipes a strong pulsing  
Swarms the villagers with a throng alarms.

## MARAT.

The sanguinary fanaticism of the French Revolution has no representative of such odious and repulsive figure as Marat, the original self-styled "Friend of the People."

By birth a Swiss, of Calvinistic parents, he had a strange, skulking life for five or six years—lucy, a sort of quack-medicine—when the great national crisis brought him to the surface as a journalist and member of the Convention. Less than five feet high with a frightful countenance, and maniacal eyes, he has struck from by most people as men shrink from a mad; but he had frantic earnestness, and hesitated at no violence against the enemies of liberty, and so he came to possess the entire confidence and affection of the mob of Paris. His constant cry was for blood; he literally desired to see every well dressed person put to death.

Every day his paper, *L'Ami du Peuple*, was filled with clamorous demands for slaughter. The wish of his heart was but too well fulfilled. By the summer of 1793, he had a list of 1703 arrests, he was waiting in the blood of his enemies. It was then that the young, enthusiastic girl, Charlotte Corday, left her native province, Paris, to avenge the fate of her friend, Marat. She sought Marat at his home, and was admitted to see him in his hot bath—and struck a knife into his heart. His death was treated as a prodigious public calamity, and his body was deposited with extravagant honors, in the Pantheon; but public indignation was turned for the better ere long, and the carcass of the wretch was then ignominiously extruded.

To contemporaries, the revolutionary figure of Marat had risen like a frightful nightmare; nobody seemed to know whence he had come, or how he had spent his previous life. There was, however, one notion of his past history published in a Glasgow newspaper, four months before his death, rather startling in its tenor; which, nevertheless, now appears to have been true. It was as follows: From 1787, he resided in this city under the name of John White. His conduct while he was here was equally unprincipled, if not as atrocious, as it has been since his elevation to the legislative sphere. After contracting debts to a very considerable amount, he absconded, but was apprehended at Newcastle, and brought back to this city, where he was imprisoned. He soon afterwards executed a summons of *ex se* against his creditors, in the execution of which, he was taken to Warrington, in which Dr. Priestley was tutor; that he left Warrington for Oxford, where, after some time, he found means to rob a museum of a number of gold coins, and metallinums; that he was taken to London, and brought before the assembly then in the character of a German agent; brought back to this country, tried, convicted, and sentenced to some years' hard labor on the Thames. He was refused a pardon, and his creditors, tired of detaining him, set him at liberty. He then took up his residence in this neighborhood, where he continued about nine months, and took his final leave of this country about the beginning of the year 1791. He was then, in a few months, set him at liberty. He then took up his residence in this neighborhood, where he continued about nine months, and took his final leave of this country about the beginning of the year 1791.

These revelations regarding Marat were certainly calculated to excite attention—Probably, however, resting only on an anonymous newspaper paragraph, they were little regarded at the time of their publication. It is only of late years that we have got any tolerably certain light regarding Marat's life in England. It now appears that he was in this country in 1774, when thirty years of age, being just the time when the differences between the American colonies and the mother country were coming to a crisis. In that year he published in English a huge pamphlet (royal 8vo, price 12s.) under the title of *The Rights of Man*, a work wherein the clamorous cry for liberty and the demands for the rights of man were pointed out, and the dreadful scenes of despotism disclosed; to which is prefixed an Address to the Electors of Great Britain, in order to draw their timely attention to the choice of their representatives to the British Parliament in London. Most likely, this work would meet with but little encouragement in England, for the current of public feeling ran in the opposite direction. In 1776, he had him dating from the Strand, and a second edition of his pamphlet was published, which was a wholly different subject—*An Inquiry into the Nature, Cause, and Cure of a Singular Disease of the Eyes, heretofore known, and yet common, produced by the use of certain Mercantile Frequentations*. He was then in London, and vented some quackish ideas he had regarding eye-disease, and out of which he is said at one time to have made a kind of living in Paris. In the preliminary address to the second edition of his pamphlet, he has been in Edinburgh, in the previous August (1775). It is stated, but we do not know what authority, that in the Scotch capital, he tried to support himself by giving lessons in French. He probably was not there long, but quickly migrated to the academy at Warrington. Nor was he there long either. The next incident in his life was the Oxford felony, adverted to in the *Glasgow Star*. At least there is little doubt that the following extract from a letter of Mr. E. H. Crewell, of Oxford, dated February 12, 1776, refers to Marat under an assumed name:

## KEANE'S SWORD-SWAG.

Sword at my left side gleaming!  
Why is thy keen blade beaming,  
So fondly bent on mine?  
I love that smile of thine!

"Borne by a trooper daring,  
My look his fire-glean hand;  
I am thy friend's hand;  
This well delights thy brand!"

"Ay, good sword, free I wear thee;  
And, true heart's love, I bear thee,  
Bleathed one, at my side,  
As my dear, chosen bride!"

"To the ill death, unending,  
Thy steel's bright life is pledged;  
Ah, were my love but tried!  
Whom wilt thou wed thy bride?"

"The trumpet's festal warning,  
Shall I not be thine bride?  
When loud the cannon rings,  
Then clasp I my loved bride!"

"O Joy, when thy arms hold me!  
I pine until they fold me!  
Come to me, bright bridegroom, come!  
Thine is my maiden blood!"

"Why, in thy sheath unspringing,  
Thou wilt, dear steel, art ringing?  
Why, changing with delight,  
So eager for the fight?"

"Well may thy scabbard rattle  
Trooper, I pant for battle;  
Right eager for the fight,  
I clasp with wild delight!"

"Why thus, my love, furth creeping?  
Stay in thy chamber, sleeping;  
Wait still, in the morning room;  
Soon turn thy bride I come!"

"Keep me not longer pining!  
O fear Love's garden, shining  
With roses bleeding red,  
And blooming with the dead!"

"Come from thy sheath, then, treasure!  
Thou trooper's true eye-pleasure!  
Come forth, my good sword, come!  
Enter thy father-home!"

"Hail in the free air glancing,  
How brave thy bright dancing  
How in the sun's glad beams,  
Bridelike, thy bright steel gleams!"

"Hail in the free air glancing,  
How brave thy bright dancing  
How in the sun's glad beams,  
Bridelike, thy bright steel gleams!"

"Hail in the free air glancing,  
How brave thy bright dancing  
How in the sun's glad beams,  
Bridelike, thy bright steel gleams!"

"Hail in the free air glancing,  
How brave thy bright dancing  
How in the sun's glad beams,  
Bridelike, thy bright steel gleams!"

## OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG OUR COUNTRY.

and concealed himself under a dark staircase that led into the street, where he stayed till the company had gone out, after which he stole away medals and other coins to the amount of two hundred pounds and upwards, and got clear off with his booty. It was somewhat observable that he had been seen lurking near the museum some time before this affair happened, and very frequently desired to be admitted as soon as he had got a view of the medals. I am sorry I have not time to tell you a few more particulars concerning this transaction, but shall defer it till I know further about it.

In a subsequent letter, Mr. Crewell, informed his correspondent that the Frenchman whom he had seen lurking near the museum, and being found guilty was sentenced to work on the river Thames for five years.

These extracts appear, with due authentication, in the *Notes and Queries* (September 16, 1860), and they are supported in their tenor by the publications of the day. The robbery of the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford by a person styled at first a Swiss hair-dresser, and afterwards "Le Mair, now a prisoner in Dublin," is noticed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for February and March, 1776. Since that time, it is stated in the work under September 1, that "Petre le Maire, the French hair-dresser, who robbed the museum at Oxford of medals, &c., to a considerable amount, was brought up before the Court of Sessions, and lodged in Oxford Castle." Unfortunately, this record fails to take notice of the trial.

What a strange career for a Swiss adventurer from first to last! A pamphlet for the illumination of British eyes, a pamphlet for the curing of the eyes, a teacher of languages at Edinburgh, a member at the Warrington Academy under the name of Priestley, a felon at Oxford, a *fool* for five years on the Thames, an evader of a teacher of tanning at Glasgow, a student of the law at Edinburgh, a struggle for whitewashing, by the peculiar Scotch process of *essio bovarum*, which involves the preliminary necessity of imprisonment; finally, for a brief space, the most unprincipled and unscrupulous of all men of place, struck down by a romantic assassination—seldom has there been such a life. One can imagine, however, what bitterness would be implanted in such a nature by the various trials, and the long penal servitude, and even by the imprisonment at *essio bovarum*, and how, with these experiences ranking beyond sympathy in the wretch's lonely bosom, he might at length come to revel in the destruction of all who had served better than himself.

The following good story is told of a deacon in the city of S—, New York: The deacon was the owner and overseer of a large pork packing establishment. His duty was to stand at the scaling trough, and to weigh the hogs, and to keep the scale-cryer, "hog in," when the hog was to be thrown into the trough, and "hog out," when the work took three minutes. One week the press of business compelled the packers to unusually severe labor, and Saturday night found the deacon wholly exhausted. Indeed he was almost, if not quite, sick the next morning when church time came; but he was a leading member, and it was his duty to attend the usual Sabbath service if he could. He went, and he was with unusual solemnity, as a revival was in progress. The minister preached a sermon well calculated to affect. His preparation was a climax of great beauty. Assuming the action of an intensely listening, he recited to the brethren, "My dear brethren, angels sing."

"My dear brethren, angels sing in a sweet strain voices. The astonished audience immediately turned their attention from the preacher, but he went on, however, apparently unmoved.

"Sister spirit, come away," "My old!" shouted the deacon—"tally ho!"

This was to much for the preacher and the audience. The latter smiled, and snickered audibly, while a number of boys broke for the door, to split their sides laughing outside, with full laughter. The preacher was disconcerted entirely. He did not begin to know the meaning of the benediction, and dismissed the anything else but solemn-minded hearers.

It was night—Jerusalem slept as quietly and peacefully as a child, and the mother, who had been sitting on the edge of her bed, and the philosopher lamp burned dimly in the recesses of his chamber. But a moral darkness involved the nation in its unlighted shades. Reason shall a faint glimmering over the minds of men, the cold and insufficient light of a distant star. The immortality of man's spiritual nature was unknown; his relations to heaven undiscovered, and its future destiny obscured in a cloud of mystery.

## A Beautiful Extract.

It was night—Jerusalem slept as quietly and peacefully as a child, and the mother, who had been sitting on the edge of her bed, and the philosopher lamp burned dimly in the recesses of his chamber. But a moral darkness involved the nation in its unlighted shades. Reason shall a faint glimmering over the minds of men, the cold and insufficient light of a distant star. The immortality of man's spiritual nature was unknown; his relations to heaven undiscovered, and its future destiny obscured in a cloud of mystery.

It was night—Jerusalem slept as quietly and peacefully as a child, and the mother, who had been sitting on the edge of her bed, and the philosopher lamp burned dimly in the recesses of his chamber. But a moral darkness involved the nation in its unlighted shades. Reason shall a faint glimmering over the minds of men, the cold and insufficient light of a distant star. The immortality of man's spiritual nature was unknown; his relations to heaven undiscovered, and its future destiny obscured in a cloud of mystery.

It was night—Jerusalem slept as quietly and peacefully as a child, and the mother, who had been sitting on the edge of her bed, and the philosopher lamp burned dimly in the recesses of his chamber. But a moral darkness involved the nation in its unlighted shades. Reason shall a faint glimmering over the minds of men, the cold and insufficient light of a distant star. The immortality of man's spiritual nature was unknown; his relations to heaven undiscovered, and its future destiny obscured in a cloud of mystery.

It was night—Jerusalem slept as quietly and peacefully as a child, and the mother, who had been sitting on the edge of her bed, and the philosopher lamp burned dimly in the recesses of his chamber. But a moral darkness involved the nation in its unlighted shades. Reason shall a faint glimmering over the minds of men, the cold and insufficient light of a distant star. The immortality of man's spiritual nature was unknown; his relations to heaven undiscovered, and its future destiny obscured in a cloud of mystery.

It was night—Jerusalem slept as quietly and peacefully as a child, and the mother, who had been sitting on the edge of her bed, and the philosopher lamp burned dimly in the recesses of his chamber. But a moral darkness involved the nation in its unlighted shades. Reason shall a faint glimmering over the minds of men, the cold and insufficient light of a distant star. The immortality of man's spiritual nature was unknown; his relations to heaven undiscovered, and its future destiny obscured in a cloud of mystery.

It was night—Jerusalem slept as quietly and peacefully as a child, and the mother, who had been sitting on the edge of her bed, and the philosopher lamp burned dimly in the recesses of his chamber. But a moral darkness involved the nation in its unlighted shades. Reason shall a faint glimmering over the minds of men, the cold and insufficient light of a distant star. The immortality of man's spiritual nature was unknown; his relations to heaven undiscovered, and its future destiny obscured in a cloud of mystery.

It was night—Jerusalem slept as quietly and peacefully as a child, and the mother, who had been sitting on the edge of her bed, and the philosopher lamp burned dimly in the recesses of his chamber. But a moral darkness involved the nation in its unlighted shades. Reason shall a faint glimmering over the minds of men, the cold and insufficient light of a distant star. The immortality of man's spiritual nature was unknown; his relations to heaven undiscovered, and its future destiny obscured in a cloud of mystery.

It was night—Jerusalem slept as quietly and peacefully as a child, and the mother, who had been sitting on the edge of her bed, and the philosopher lamp burned dimly in the recesses of his chamber. But a moral darkness involved the nation in its unlighted shades. Reason shall a faint glimmering over the minds of men, the cold and insufficient light of a distant star. The immortality of man's spiritual nature was unknown; his relations to heaven undiscovered, and its future destiny obscured in a cloud of mystery.

It was night—Jerusalem slept as quietly and peacefully as a child, and the mother, who had been sitting on the edge of her bed, and the philosopher lamp burned dimly in the recesses of his chamber. But a moral darkness involved the nation in its unlighted shades. Reason shall a faint glimmering over the minds of men, the cold and insufficient light of a distant star. The immortality of man's spiritual nature was unknown; his relations to heaven undiscovered, and its future destiny obscured in a cloud of mystery.

It was night—Jerusalem slept as quietly and peacefully as a child, and the mother, who had been sitting on the edge of her bed, and the philosopher lamp burned dimly in the recesses of his chamber. But a moral darkness involved the nation in its unlighted shades. Reason shall a faint glimmering over the minds of men, the cold and insufficient light of a distant star. The immortality of man's spiritual nature was unknown; his relations to heaven undiscovered, and its future destiny obscured in a cloud of mystery.

It was night—Jerusalem slept as quietly and peacefully as a child, and the mother, who had been sitting on the edge of her bed, and the philosopher lamp burned dimly in the recesses of his chamber. But a moral darkness involved the nation in its unlighted shades. Reason shall a faint glimmering over the minds of men, the cold and insufficient light of a distant star. The immortality of man's spiritual nature was unknown; his relations to heaven undiscovered, and its future destiny obscured in a cloud of mystery.

It was night—Jerusalem slept as quietly and peacefully as a child, and the mother, who had been sitting on the edge of her bed, and the philosopher lamp burned dimly in the recesses of his chamber. But a moral darkness involved the nation in its unlighted shades. Reason shall a faint glimmering over the minds of men, the cold and insufficient light of a distant star. The immortality of man's spiritual nature was unknown; his relations to heaven undiscovered, and its future destiny obscured in a cloud of mystery.

It was night—Jerusalem slept as quietly and peacefully as a child, and the mother, who had been sitting on the edge of her bed, and the philosopher lamp burned dimly in the recesses of his chamber. But a moral darkness involved the nation in its unlighted shades. Reason shall a faint glimmering over the minds of men, the cold and insufficient light of a distant star. The immortality of man's spiritual nature was unknown; his relations to heaven undiscovered, and its future destiny obscured in a cloud of mystery.

It was night—Jerusalem slept as quietly and peacefully as a child, and the mother, who had been sitting on the edge of her bed, and the philosopher lamp burned dimly in the recesses of his chamber. But a moral darkness involved the nation in its unlighted shades. Reason shall a faint glimmering over the minds of men, the cold and insufficient light of a distant star. The immortality of man's spiritual nature was unknown; his relations to heaven undiscovered, and its future destiny obscured in a cloud of mystery.

It was night—Jerusalem slept as quietly and peacefully as a child, and the mother, who had been sitting on the edge of her bed, and the philosopher lamp burned dimly in the recesses of his chamber. But a moral darkness involved the nation in its unlighted shades. Reason shall a faint glimmering over the minds of men, the cold and insufficient light of a distant star. The immortality of man's spiritual nature was unknown; his relations to heaven undiscovered, and its future destiny obscured in a cloud of mystery.

## KEANE'S SWORD-SWAG.

Sword at my left side gleaming!  
Why is thy keen blade beaming,  
So fondly bent on mine?  
I love that smile of thine!

"Borne by a trooper daring,  
My look his fire-glean hand;  
I am thy friend's hand;  
This well delights thy brand!"

"Ay, good sword, free I wear thee;  
And, true heart's love, I bear thee,  
Bleathed one, at my side,  
As my dear, chosen bride!"

"To the ill death, unending,  
Thy steel's bright life is pledged;  
Ah, were my love but tried!  
Whom wilt thou wed thy bride?"

"The trumpet's festal warning,  
Shall I not be thine bride?  
When loud the cannon rings,  
Then clasp I my loved bride!"

"O Joy, when thy arms hold me!  
I pine until they fold me!  
Come to me, bright bridegroom, come!  
Thine is my maiden blood!"

"Why, in thy sheath unspringing,  
Thou wilt, dear steel, art ringing?  
Why, changing with delight,  
So eager for the fight?"

"Well may thy scabbard rattle  
Trooper, I pant for battle;  
Right eager for the fight,  
I clasp with wild delight!"

"Why thus, my love, furth creeping?  
Stay in thy chamber, sleeping;  
Wait still, in the morning room;  
Soon turn thy bride I come!"

"Keep me not longer pining!  
O fear Love's garden, shining  
With roses bleeding red,  
And blooming with the dead!"

"Come from thy sheath, then, treasure!  
Thou trooper's true eye-pleasure!  
Come forth, my good sword, come!  
Enter thy father-home!"

"Hail in the free air glancing,  
How brave thy bright dancing  
How in the sun's glad beams,  
Bridelike, thy bright steel gleams!"

"Hail in the free air glancing,  
How brave thy bright dancing  
How in the sun's glad beams,  
Bridelike, thy bright steel gleams!"

"Hail in the free air glancing,  
How brave thy bright dancing  
How in the sun's glad beams,  
Bridelike, thy bright steel gleams!"

"Hail in the free air glancing,  
How brave thy bright dancing  
How in the sun's glad beams,  
Bridelike, thy bright steel gleams!"

## THE GRADUAL DEVELOPMENT OF MUSCULAR STRENGTH.

From the Holmes County Farmer.  
A HIGH LETTER.  
JONATHAN Q. SMITH TO GOV. ANDREW:  
DEAR GOVERNOR:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your kind letter of the 20th inst., in relation to the proposed purchase of the Park street church, Boston, and daily thronged with the curious, as well as those who are desirous of learning the art of how to be strong. In one corner of the room stands his famous lifting machine. This consists of a solid framework of wood about seven feet in height, with a platform about half way up, upon which the Doctor stands to go through his daily exercises. A shouldered quantity of leathern straps and bands form the harness with which the feat is performed. Under the platform the weights are suspended. These are composed of broad iron weights of a circular form, resting one upon the other, and held together by means of a stout iron pin running through the center of each. Surrounding the platform are long slim bars of iron running transversely, and made to be detached or joined to the main body. They are arranged in this way so as to enclose the person who is to be lifted, and added as often as is required by the increasing strength of the practitioner. They are of twenty-five pounds weight. The whole body of iron suspended in this manner and which is raised daily by Dr. Winship, weighs about two hundred and thirty pounds. Dr. Winship thinks he can continue his experiments until he can raise three thousand pounds. This he thinks is the practical limit for one of his organization and constitution. He has been of opinion that men superior to him in these last mentioned points may be trained to raise greater weights. In another corner of the room, a small horse-shoe magnet, suspended by a cord, attracts the attention of visitors. Curiosity centres upon this trifle, from the following circumstances: Dr. Winship began his experiments by suspending an ordinary horse-shoe magnet and adding a little weight each day to the small piece of iron attached to the poles, until the magnet had become so loaded with iron filings that it weighed about twelve ounces. At the first it would sustain twelve ounces; more than that would cause the iron to detach. In twenty-four hours another ounce was added, and sustained. In this manner, the magnet was repeated each day, until the magnet had become so loaded with iron filings that it weighed about eleven pounds, the attracting power increasing much more rapidly than at first. It was this magnet which first gave Dr. Winship the idea of increasing his own strength by gradual means. He began adding weights of iron to the weights raised, and raised their amounts daily, until he had practically and in a wonderful manner demonstrated the truth of his theory. An extensive practice has since been followed in this direction. —New York Herald.

EXTRAORDINARY EMPLOYMENT.—One day last week Mrs. Emma Goodwin, of Noble county, Ohio, started from her home to go to Pennsylvania to visit some relatives who reside in Green county, in that State; leaving her husband and two small children, aged respectively, about five and seven years, and a hired girl at home. "So long as I have a dollar," said simply provided her with funds to pay her way before her departure. About the same time Mr. George Taylor, who resides in the same neighborhood, and who was able to rejoice in the possession of a handsome new carriage, and a pair of horses, and a wife, and the next morning took the Pittsburgh train. It seems that, after two or three days' travel he brought up at Cleveland. Arriving just before meal time, after a hasty preparation, he proceeded to the dining room and was seated near the head of the table—Mrs. Emma immediately opposite her husband, and Mr. Taylor immediately opposite his wife. It seems that a day or two after Mrs. Goodwin left home, Mr. Taylor had it into his head to attempt to seduce Mrs. Taylor from her "sacred allegiance to her lord," and induce her to elope with him in her husband's absence, in which it seems he had but little trouble in succeeding, neither of them ever dreaming that their companions were just then committing like acts of adultery.

A PECULIAR INSTITUTION IN IOWA.—Among the curious phases of Iowa society is the "Amateur Society," located in Iowa county, twenty miles west of Iowa city. From the *Muscatine Journal* we glean the following facts relative to this community. It says: "It numbers 800 members, and is divided into seven villages, they passed by trustees elected by all the society—the society owns 20,000 acres of land in one belt. They have 700 head of cattle, 12,000 head of sheep, and a large number of horses; also, 2,000 acres of land under cultivation. They are engaged to some extent in manufacturing, and have a good flouring and saw mill, and a large woolen factory in successful operation. They card, spin, weave, and full all kinds of woolen goods, running twelve looms, nine power looms, and a few hand looms. Their machinery is of the most perfect kind. They will work up this season from 5,000 to 6,000 bales of wool. The members of the Society are all of a religious order. Everything moves on in peace and harmony. When necessary, the women aid in out door work. We saw twenty in one carrot patch, all at work. In the same field eight teams were ploughing. The society is destined to become wealthy."

MEN AND WOMEN ARE TWO SORTS OF HUMAN NATURE. In respect to marriage a man considers the matter a solemnity; a woman regards it as a game. If it is celebrated with much company and ceremony, the woman thinks of the affair as of a fashionable party—while to the man the only "party" of any consequence is the bride!

An old lady, who had a great aversion to her son-in-law, said: "That now as they have got to making it into whiskey, she can take a little now and then."

How the Prince of Wales popped the question to the Princess Alexandra. "Please design to marry me." And the fair Dana designed.

A young man named James Santorago, a clerk in a store in Cincinnati, was recently accused of carrying pure water, and undressed religion—for Christ's sake. Amen!

Col. Yeoman, of the St. Louis Sanitary Commission, who has been on a tour of inspection of the Confederate plantations in Tennessee, Mississippi and Arkansas, reports to the War Department that the treatment of the colored laborers by their imported masters; is far worse than the worst phase in slavery.

Saturday was the coldest day of this winter.