

# American

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

VOL. 50.

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## Poetical.

### DICKENS'S CRADLE SONG OF THE POOR.

Wish, I cannot bear to hear thee  
Stretch thy hands in vain;  
I have got no bread to give thee  
Not a crumb of bread to give thee  
When thou dost see the first to bleed me,  
Pray and thankful, too, was I;  
Yes, my darling, thy mother  
Almost long to see thee die.  
Sleep, my darling—thou art weary;  
God is good, but life is dreary.

I have seen thy beauty falling,  
And thy strength sink day by day—  
Soon I know will want a fever  
Waste thy little life away.  
Famine and joy are gone from me;  
Famine and joy are gone from me;  
I have seen thy beauty falling,  
And thy strength sink day by day—  
Soon I know will want a fever  
Waste thy little life away.

I am wasted, dear, with hunger,  
And my brain is sore oppressed;  
I have scarcely strength to see thee,  
Wan and feeble to my breast,  
Patience, my God will bless me;  
Death will come to thee and me;  
He will take us to his heaven,  
Where no want or pain can be.  
Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;  
God is good, but life is dreary.

## Miscellaneous.

### WILL SHE MARRY?

When Milford Brightly died, he left his young and pretty widow in a predicament. To be sure, the Widow Alice remained in charge of the Pelican Hotel, which he had rendered popular, and she possessed a valuable piece of property, still bidding fair to do a thriving business, but no sooner had her husband departed, than Mrs. Brightly found herself the chief topic of the town's gossip, and the subject of many a malicious and spiteful remark. The question was decided by the gossip in the affirmative. Then a question followed as to whether she would ever marry again, and this, though she had been married, had been married, and she was a widow, was a question which she would not answer. The question was decided by the gossip in the affirmative. Then a question followed as to whether she would ever marry again, and this, though she had been married, had been married, and she was a widow, was a question which she would not answer.

## church who now attended more regularly

than before: Mr. Greenmore, a rich gentleman-farmer of sixty, tall and heavy; young Mr. Torrence the handsome barkeeper of the Pelican; Dr. Valerian, a physician in the meridian of life; Mr. Viccage, a real estate broker in the city; Mr. Bullock, an extensive dealer in cattle; Mr. Carrow, the thriving furniture dealer; and Mr. Flood, the wholesale dealer in wines and liquors.

These all were among the frequent visitors at the hotel—from some plausible cause or other apart from any matrimonial purpose; and these all equally with each other, but more than all others appeared to enjoy a respectable share of the widow's confidence.

They were known to have many little separate chats with her in private; but who was to tell what was the purport of these interviews? Openly she seemed to regard them with charming impartial partiality—observing for its adroitness, but perplexing from its uniformity. Mr. Torrence might be thought to have the advantage of the other suitors, in that he was the only one who was always in the house; but then, it was optional with the others to have the favor of her society while he was engaged down stairs.

For several months, notwithstanding her strict caution, and the fact that Mrs. Brightly remained in doubt as to the intentions of these several male acquaintances—she had, it is true, her occasional and growing suspicions, but her uncertainty arose from their evasive and evasive. And she still quailed thus.

"All of these men visit me with a kind of timidity I cannot full understand. They look almost as if they approached me by stealth, and were ashamed of it. It may be that they are not so sure of their success, but as to the existence of fear, I am quite sure they think it too soon for them to begin to make overtures. But though they have made none yet, I can perceive a disposition in them to sound my sentiments as to a second marriage, and to inquire into my views on the subject."

A digression like this might well have been approved by the lamented himself, and perhaps so even if he knew the motive for it. But her uneasiness kept these eight men ignorant of his resolution; and this resolution was the cause of much perplexity to these eight men.

And well might they be perplexed. Here they were—she came and went—irregularly but frequently—all to be sure, with plans and a certain amount of mystery, but all to be sure, with plans and a certain amount of mystery, but all to be sure, with plans and a certain amount of mystery.

In the first place, they were in doubt as to the degree of this running after a widow, and as to whether it was wise or not. The subject caused them to feel rather sheepish and nervous, and all to be sure, equally so, for hers; but circumstances had conspired to place them in a great state of doubt.

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## A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

The following account of an adventure in the recent great snow storm on the Plains is given in a private letter from Captain James H. Dodge, of Milwaukee:

PORT LARNED, Kansas, Dec. 4.  
On Saturday morning, Nov. 28th we started from Fort Lyon for Fort Larned, expecting to make the trip (the distance being 240 miles) in the usual time of four and a half days, a fine drive, and a fine ride.

The first day we came about 45 miles; at night made our bed on the bare ground, and in the morning found six or eight inches of snow covering us, and the wind blowing fearfully, as it can only blow across the plains. On Tuesday came another fine day, and we started on our journey for Fort Larned. On Wednesday we traveled only seven miles. During that whole week we were only able to thaw out our provisions, not even making an effort to cook anything, for on the whole it was not worth the trouble. After that Saturday morning we were obliged, every little while, to shovel the stage out of the snow banks, and finally, when we were about fifty-two miles from Larned, we gave up the idea of proceeding further that way.

"Between us they cogitated. 'Then we are on even grounds. But she may have a preference for somebody else—though who he can be, who knows? Go up now, Bullock, and ask her, point-blank, as she is so communicative to-day, and to set our minds at rest, if she intends to marry any one else.' 'I'll do that, but of course she does.' 'Up went Bullock, and down he came again.' 'And now what?' 'She says, No. She don't intend to marry anybody else.' 'Again they discussed the reply, and Bullock was once more sent up, to solve a long mooted doubt, whether her husband's wish would let her free to marry again, if she should choose.' 'Down came Bullock, and brought this answer: 'She was left free to marry, without any restriction; and says that she will not marry anybody else. No, she won't. She don't intend to marry any one again. All our hopes are blasted, and I should think that would satisfy you.' 'But the others refused to consider themselves blasted. As the widow was free, and had no choice between them, they were determined to do what he could to change her intention in his favor. They separated in that hope; and it was increased, a few days afterwards, when each received an invitation to a family party to be given by her, when, as she stated in the note, 'she intended to astonish him.' 'Perhaps to accept me,' each thought and all attended, looking their prettiest.

The widow, they thought, never looked so beautiful before. But when supper was served, a demure and unobtrusive gentleman of middle age, was noticed seated next to her, at the head of the table. He had been introduced to them, in the course of the evening, as Mr. Amos Early. 'Ladies and gentlemen before I pour out the tea,' remarked the bewitching hostess with sparkling eyes, that outshined the glitter of the gilt sprig on her chignon. 'I am going to make a short speech, and ask you to be so good as to listen to it. I intend to introduce to you again Mr. Amos Early. He is my husband.' 'Here all the old bachelors and widowers knocked their knees against the table. 'Brightly died, married in private. I should not have been so hasty, but he wished to be sure; nor so secret, but he wished to escape reproach till his curiosity had been diverted from me, and the exact period of my marriage should not be known. I had intended, neither should I now have had it known, had I not at last become worn out with attentions, serenading, and gossiping remarks on every side. My husband's recent return from abroad, where he has been absent during the interim, affords me a good opportunity to make this agreeable disclosure, and ought to be also a good proof that I do not intend to marry again. I would also state, if she added, scarcely able to suppress her laughter at the various looks of wonder which greeted her, 'that my husband, Mr. Early, will enter upon the discharge of his duties as landlord of the Pelican to-morrow, and any renewed pledge of your patronage which you may be pleased to give me, will be gratefully received by us both. And here, Sally, pass round the tea.' 'Whatever feeling of hope deferred and now a annihilated might have agitated the bosoms of the invited guests, they were completely forgotten, and the only thing which each of them, they all wished No. 9 joy of his being No. 1; and the Pelican Hotel is going on swimmingly.'

A PARROT CALLED AS A WITNESS.—A man lost a favorite parrot, which was discovered in the possession of another person, who refused to give it up. He was accordingly summoned to produce the bird in a court of law. The real owner, on being asked how he could prove that it belonged to him, he replied that the parrot should be his only witness. It was then brought into court in a case covered with a cloth, and began to whistle the tune of "Take your time, Miss Lucy," while some subject was being discussed in court. Its owner then put his face to the cage, and desired the parrot to kiss him, which the bird did most affectionately. 'He will do the same for me,' said the defendant, and putting his mouth to the cage, the parrot seized his lip and bit it severely, to the great amusement of the court. Its owner then took it out of the cage and put it on his hand, when the bird answered several questions put to it in a ready and extraordinary manner, and also showed much affection for its master that the judge immediately ordered the parrot to be restored to him, and the defendant had to pay all expenses.

HELL'S LAP IDLE.—It is reported that when the Green Flag shell exploded in Charleston, a contraband who witnessed it, clapped his hands and shouted: "See dar! Hell's laid an egg!"—Exchange.

It was a bugle call, though, the only real genuine egg that Hell ever laid, was the abolition party, and that hatched a civil war such as never before disgraced the civilized world. We hope if Hell has laid any more eggs, the Devil will have to send an ambassador several years before they will hatch.—Courier.

Clamorous people should remember the tail of the rattle-snake makes the noise, but the head does the execution.

Love generally makes a wise man act like a fool, and interest some times makes a fool act like a wise man.

## INTERESTING DETAILS OF SHERMAN'S EXPEDITION.

From Adjutant A. G. Phillips, of the 32d O. Y. I., who arrived yesterday from Vicksburg, and who was with the Sherman Expedition, we have obtained some interesting details of that famous raid:

The expedition consisted of the 16th and 17th Army Corps under General Harbert and McPherson. It contained 21,000 infantry, 1,200 cavalry, and about 40 pieces of artillery, with a train of 800 wagons. The expedition left Vicksburg on the 31st of February, twenty days' rations. The men knew nothing of the object of the expedition. They marched with the enemy on the 4th on Champion Hill. On the 5th, the 21st brigade of the 3d division, 47th Army Corps, under Colonel Potts, came up with Wirt Adams' force at Bear creek, miles west of Clinton, and a fight began at sunrise.

The Rebels had 1,200 cavalry and four pieces of artillery. The enemy was driven twenty-three miles. The brigade lost thirty pieces of horses, and the Rebels reported that the enemy lost 150 killed and wounded. After driving the enemy 23 miles, our forces marched 10 miles in line of battle, and occupied Jackson, Miss., on the night of the 5th. The enemy was driven across Pearl River, and there was nothing but cavalry skirmishing during the rest of the route.

On the march from Jackson to Meridian the railroad was destroyed to such an extent that it was not possible to rebuild it. The rails were piled up together, and as the ties burned, the rails being heated, would bend so as to be rendered worthless.

The entire country through which the expedition passed was desolated, scarcely a vestige of habitation remaining. The Rebels were ordered to burn all unoccupied houses, but the soldiers were not very particular whether the houses were occupied or not.

From about thirty miles from Jackson, Lovell's and Prentiss' divisions of Polk's Corps were in line of battle for two days, but on the approach of our advance they retreated. They claimed that they were ordered to Meridian, but failed to do so on an anticipated attack. One hundred and fifty rebel soldiers were captured at Morton.

At Decatur the supply train of the 16th Army Corps was attacked by some of Adams' cavalry, and 25 mules shot. Two rebels of Prentiss' division, and was disposed to submit thereto.

The report that the expedition was opposed at Clunkly River is untrue. Our forces reached Meridian (which is 150 miles from Vicksburg and 135 miles from Mobile) on the 10th of February. Polk evacuated the place half an hour before our advance arrived.

Meridian is the junction of the Mobile and Ohio and the Jackson and Charleston Railroads. It is a place of only 300 or 400 inhabitants. Sherman remained there five days.

All the supplies necessary for the army were obtained except bread. Mills were put in running order and corn ground for the troops. In this manner, Polk evacuated the place half an hour before our advance arrived. I had gone into a grove of beeches that stood a little distance from my father's house, and saw one of the little fellows in a hole between the roots of a tree. I do not believe I had been a long time for all the squirrels families. I had gone into a grove of beeches that stood a little distance from my father's house, and saw one of the little fellows in a hole between the roots of a tree. I do not believe I had been a long time for all the squirrels families.

At Meridian the 16th Army Corps was ordered to destroy the railroad north and east, and the 17th Army Corps west and south, which they did most effectually.

Gen. Sherman issued a congratulatory order to the troops before leaving Meridian, in which he said: "The object of the expedition (the destruction of the railroads, was most effectually accomplished.

In returning, the troops came back as far as Hillsborough, fifty six miles on the route they went down on, and then struck out to the right in the direction of Canton. They crossed the Pearl River at Radcliff's Ferry, twelve miles east of Canton. At Canton the troops waited four days to hear from Smith's cavalry expedition, which expected to join Sherman at Meridian, but failed to do so. They never saw a rebel soldier, and saw only 2,000 men and all his artillery. There was much anxiety felt with regard to him. Gen. Sherman left the forces at Canton on the 28th, and the railroads were destroyed in New Orleans. The expedition was then in command of Gen. Harbert.

After remaining at Canton four days the troops left for Vicksburg. The rear guard was attacked at Canton by the rebels, who were driven off by cavalry. The rear was harassed until it crossed Bochea Creek, 23 miles from Black River. The expedition reached Vicksburg on the 4th of March, without the loss of a man or a horse. The Rebels were taken in the 25 miles from Hillsborough to Vicksburg in 400 prisoners, 750 of whom were taken into camp and sent North, 6,000 blacks, of whom 900 will be added to the force at Vicksburg; 500 captured horses and mules; two pieces of artillery, and 500 white refugees.

The people whom the troops saw on the route all expressed themselves tired of the war, and expressed the wish that it was over. There was an excess of preference for the Union or the Confederacy.

The soldiers have every confidence in Sherman, and like his plan of making war, which is to "hurt the enemy."

The expedition from Vicksburg, up the Red River to Alexandria, has been abandoned for the present.

CHILDREN.—We talk of Adam and Eve as having been before the fall, in a very happy condition, says the Albany Register; but one thing they missed—they were never children! Adam never played marbles or never played "hooky." He never drove a team of boys with a string. He never skated on a pond, or played ball. He never ate a nut, and he never made a play house, so never took tea with the tea things. She never rolled a hoop or jumped the rope, or pieced a baby quilt, or dressed a doll. They never played blind man's bluff, or "pass your cards," or "bury body," or any of the games with which childhood disposes itself.

How blank their ages must have been, wherein no memories of early youth came welling up in their hearts, no vivid scenes of childhood flitting back from the long past; no mother's voice chanting a lullaby to the ear of Pansy, in the still hours of the night; no father's word of kindness, speaking from the church yard where he sleeps. Adam and Eve, and they alone, of all the countless millions of men and women that have ever lived; had no childhood!

The Cincinnati Enquirer says that the price for the "masses" baby" at the "Class Bowers" exhibition last Saturday was awarded to a nigger child. "Things is yor-king."

Say what is right, and let others say what they please. You are responsible for only one tongue—even if you are a married man.

## A ROMANTIC AFFAIR.

In the Northern part of Hancock county, Ohio, resided a handsome looking, intelligent young widow, whose husband died in 1850. Now, this widow, who was very considerably the senior of his wife, on his death-bed had exacted a promise from her that she would never marry, and she had kept it. Her relatives managed to gobble up his entire estate leaving her not only a widow, but very poor. The old maid promise to her husband she regretted in less than a year, for, in a young officer in the gallant 24th, from the neighboring county of Wood, who had loved her before her marriage, renewed his suit.

She would have married him, but for the fatal promise, and for a remarkably tender conscience, which rebuked her whenever she thought of the matter.

So the matter stood until the battle of Chickamauga. The young officer was badly wounded, and was brought home to die. He made all his preparations, setting his house in order, and saying farewell to all in his life's history. He sent for the widow and told her he desired but one thing, and that was to provide for her. He knew that she was poor and had no property to leave her—no money, no land, no stock. His widow would receive pension of thirty dollars per month from the government—he would make her his widow.

She thought of the matter for several hours and finally concluded to do it. True she would violate the letter of promise, but not its spirit; and when she thought of the good the pension would do her, scruples vanished, and they were married.

Singular as it may seem, this marriage had a beneficial effect upon her wounded hero. He showed signs of improvement, and immediately, in fact, so rapid was his recovery, that the ex-widow began to think, in the course of two or three days, that the hope of the pension was growing faint, and well she might. She would have time for all the soldier's family. After started for his regiment, leaving a wife behind who wept bitterly at the parting.

Some say the gallant officer was not wounded at all—that the whole affair was a deception, and advised the deceived widow to sue for a divorce; but she thought not. She did not believe there was any deception. She had done justice to the memory of her deceased husband; he only proposed marriage to benefit her; in his recovery she recognized the hand of Providence, and was disposed to submit thereto.

THE SERMON OF A SQUIREL.—Nearly the best sermon that I ever heard was preached to me on Sabbath morning by a squirrel—on the chipmunk we used to call "monstrous." I had gone into a grove of beeches that stood a little distance from my father's house, and saw one of the little fellows in a hole between the roots of a tree. I do not believe I had been a long time for all the squirrels families. I had gone into a grove of beeches that stood a little distance from my father's house, and saw one of the little fellows in a hole between the roots of a tree. I do not believe I had been a long time for all the squirrels families.

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## Sunshine vs. Matrimony.

It is folly for girls to expect to be happy without marriage; every woman was made for a mother; consequently children are necessary for their peace of mind as health is. If you wish to behold melancholy and indigestion, look at an old maid; if you would like to see a peep at sunshine, look at the young maiden. Now I won't stand that," replied my maiden aunt; "I'm a maid myself and I'm neither melancholy nor indigestible. My piece of mind I'm going to give you in a minute; I never would touch a baby during my childhood, except with a pair of tongs. Young mothers and sensible indeed! Why, they are worn to riddle-sticks before they are five-and-twenty. When an old lady steps in, he thinks he sees his grandmothers, instead of the dear little Mammy, who used to make him feel as if he should get out of his boots. Yes, my mind is quite made up about matrimony. But, as to babies—sometimes I think, and then again I don't know—decidedly, I believe I consider 'em a nuisance. I don't like 'em, and I don't like the wife, the wife casts up all the accounts. The husband gets up in the morning and pays his debts to the looking-glass, curls his fine head of hair, puts on an immaculate shirt bosom, ties a cravat, sprinkles his handkerchief with cologne, stows away a French roll, an egg and a cup of coffee, gets into an omnibus, looks staidly at the pretty girls, and makes his way to the office. The lady, on the other hand, sits down to her needle, and the wife must be content to look on at the windows, and shut out the fresh air, because the baby had the smother in the night, and sits down gasping, more dead than alive to finish her breakfast. Tommy spills a cup of coffee down his bosom, and she says, 'My husband sends a boy from the store, to say his partner will dine with her; the cook leaves off, flying to go to her sister's dead baby's wake; and the husband's thin coat must be mended before noon. Sunshine and young mothers? Where's my smelling bottle?'"

PARROT FOR THE SIGHT.—They've got down in Courtland county, an old farmer, not to be sure, very greenish and he been looking for a sparrow-hawk to turn the hawk out of his nest, or (he isn't very particular) the reverse. A while ago he succeeded by accident in raising a very large hog. It was soon noised abroad, and the people in that vicinity began to call on the old man to see "monstrous." A gentleman from our town was stopping awhile in the village, and hearing of the hog and so much said about it, he desired to see the sight, and having obtained directions as to the locality, he started for the spot. Arrived there, he met the old gentleman, and inquired about the "monstrous." "Wall, yes," the old fellow said, "he'd got such a critter, 'n' it'd big 'n' fat; but guessed he'd have to charge a dollar to look at him." The stranger looked at the old man with a mixture of surprise and indignation, and pulled out the desired coin, handed it to him, and started to go off. "Hold on," says the other; "don't you want to see the hog?" "No," said the stranger, "I have seen as big a hog as I want to see," and off he went.

IRREBIL DEATH.—A mason named Daniels, employed at the iron works in New Castle, met with a horrible death recently. The stacks to two of the puddling furnaces are made of cast iron and with brick. These stacks were secured by guy chains to keep them from falling over, and also chained together. One of the stacks being cold, Mr. Daniels was employed in taking out the lining. One of the guy chains was secured to a little butt, but was not thought to be in danger of falling. It is supposed that the removal of the lining below made the stack top heavy and it fell over, striking Mr. Daniels on the head, and he died instantly. Mr. Daniels' wife and child were present, and the latter was killed, and literally roasting him to death.

DEATH FROM CHLOROFORM.—Mrs. Pench-beller, of North Whitehall township, Lehigh County, went to the office of Dr. Gal-land and Galt, dentists of Allentown, to have a number of teeth extracted, and although dissuaded by the dentist she urgently requested to have the operation performed under the influence of chloroform. Dr. Martineau, who was called in, made an examination and pronounced her a suitable subject to have chloroform administered, and proceeded to administer it. While under a partial influence Dr. C. proceeded to extract her teeth. After the extraction of the eighth tooth she fell forward, became unconscious, and her pulse and heart ceased to beat. All proper measures were taken to restore her, and artificial respiration was kept up for an hour and a half, when she expired.

THE SPOTTED FEVER.—This unusual and generally fatal disease, of which thousands have suddenly died in Philadelphia during the winter months, is beginning to make its appearance in the country. Several cases have recently occurred in Douglas and Hereford townships. Berks county, three of which have proved fatal. The Potstown Ledger states that Ephraim Wise and one of his children, and a child of Hiram Dierolf, have died of it. The first victims of the disease are said to be an eruption of the disease are said to be an eruption of the skin, and sudden weakness of the nerves, and stiffness of the limbs. If immediate medical aid is not obtained, death generally ensues in a few hours.

A Negro went into a menagerie in which was a large lion in his cage. He went through several gyrations, such as nodding and shaking his head, holding out his hands to shake, etc., to the evident delight of both negro and lion. Finally, the baboon seemed so intelligent and knowing, that the negro addressed him some remarks which the baboon only answered by a nod of the head. At length the negro was still more delighted and broke forth in the remark, "You're right don't open your mouth, because you speak a word the white man'll have a shavel in your hand in less than a minute."

An Irish drummer, who now and then indulged himself in right good poetry, was one day by the way of the transgressor hard. "It ought to be hard by this time, for you and your party have traveled it enough to make it so for the last three years."

A new dance has sprung up in Paris called the Radonowitch.

He who disappoints another is not worthy to be trusted.

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