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Poetical.

LINES ON THE CELEBRATION OF PEACE.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

And is it thus ye welcome Peace, From mouths of forty-pounding Bores? O, cease exploding Cannons! cease, Lest Peace, affrighted, shun our shores!

Not so the quiet Queen should come; But like a Nurse to still our Fears. With shoes of List, demurely dumb, And Wool or Cotton in her Ears !

She asks for no triumphal Arch; No Steeples for their noisy Tongues; Down Drumsticks, down! She needs no March Or blasted Trumpets from brazen Lungs.

She wants no Noise of mobbing Throats To tell that She is drawing nigh; Why this Parade of scarlet Coats, When War has closed his bloodshot eye?

Returning to Domestic Loves, When War has coased with all its- Ills, Captains should come like sucking Doves, With Olive Branches in their Bills.

No need there is of vulgar Shout, Bells, Cannons, Trumpets, Fife an I Drum, To let us know that Peace is come ; And Soldiers marching all about

Lo! where the Soldier walks, alas! With Scars received on foreign Grounds; Sall we consume in colored Glass The Oil that should be pour'd in Wounds?

The bleeding Gaps of War to close, Will whizzing Rockets' Flight avail? Will Squibs enliven Orphans' Woos? Or Crackers cheer the Widow's Tale?

Miscellaneous.

THE BEAUTY OF THE CRYS-TAL PALACE.

BY FREDERICK DUPONT. CHAPTER I.

There was no excuse for such an act of fol-, but I could not help it. I was madly in we with a picture, the mere semiliance of a numan being upon the glowing canvass It strue she was an angel in the mind and heavenly expression of her features. There was an angel in her soul, there was heaven

n her eye.

I could not help loving her. It seemed not like a picture to me, but more as though the pearly gates of Paradise had opened, and she descended before me and smiled upon

She was senseless and inanimate to the reason, but glowing fancy endowed her with all the requisites of a living, breathing loving angel. She emiled from her canvass throne, and I felt that she loved me. My reason could have taught me that she could not speak, but my enthusiastic heart would not listen to its voice, and day after day, and month after month, as I stood before my idol, I fully expected she would address me. It was very foolish of me to think so I know; but try as hard as I might, I could

not divest myself of the pleasing idea. The bicture hung in the gallery of art in the Crystal Palace, and every day for several months. I had been a regular visitor. I paused not to gaze upon other scenes; all the glories of from my blissful homage of the dear divine dency over my heart.

Ch, I could have given all the world to see

chains that hound me to her !

Heaven has given me an abundance of this world's goods. I am rich in houses and lands, in money and in stocks, but I would have given all, every foot of land, every dollar of money, to have taken the original of that painting by the hand. Fred, what the deuce are you about here every day?' said my friend Karl Langford

to me one day, when he surprised me at my accustomed devotion at the shrine of my di-I looked at him, and he laughed in my

face. Perhaps I looked 'sheepish,' I have no doubt I did; I felt so.

'You are a little cracked, Fred, continued

I pointed at the picture.

Isn't she lovely?' said I. Karl deliberately raised his eye-glass and with the air of a cannoissour examined the bainting. I could have knocked him down or his coolness.
'Passable,' said he coldly.

Passable?' sneered I.

Very tolerable; painted by Grund, I per-Karl you have a soul.'

I like that battle piece better over the stairs. There's coloring for you.

The stupid dolt! I determined to cut him from that moment. Prefer a battle piece—a daub of smoke and red coats—to such an

angel as my divinity!

'Fred, you are a fool!' said he, gazing at me with a look of compassion. 'Have you been here every day for the last six months to look at that picture?' 'I have. I would have given ten thousand dollars for that picture, if I could not get it without. But I have it.

It is tolerable—nothing more.' I turned away from him in disgust; but that was the most blessed turn away that I have ever known.

CHAPTER II. Close beside me stood the original of the I was transfixed to the spot. My blood flew like a torrent through my voins. I was about to throw myself on my knees before her, when Karl slapped me on the back.

'What ails you, Fred! Are you crazy?'

I opened my eyes: I could see the thrill of pleasure leap from her heart, and colored tion of the Crystal Palace closed, the picture

ed. See whom?'. 'The lady.'

'I see a lady.'
'The original of the picture.'
Karl looked at her for a moment, and then curned to me with a smile.
'She does look a little like it.'

'Hush! she comes!' said I, with melodra matic flourish—perfectly natural, it is true; but it must have looked odd to the lady and ier party, who were advancing nearer to the

The lady took a position by the side of me, and bestowed her attention upon the painting, There was a gentleman by her side who appeared to be lavishing extraordinary attentions upon her, which she but coldly received. Was he a lover? I could not doubt it.

Just behind them was an elderly couple whom my fancy assured me were her parents. They were all dressed in costly apparel, and by their conversation and manners. I judged they belonged to the aristocracy of New York.

The lady was the very counterpart of the picture upon which I had so long bestowed my insane admiration. Was I indeed so blessed as to behold in flesh and blood a creature so beautiful as my ideals?

The stare were with me. She was the or-

iginal of that picture.

'Lady,' said I, stepping up to her side.
Her companions frowned at me. May I be so bold as to ask-pardon me f I am impertinent-if you have ever been

She looked at me, and blushed like a rose n summer. Whether it was the gaze of my admiring eyes or the suddenness of the ques tion, that brought the crimson to her cheek, I have not been able to determine. I am of love and admiration than mine. I was sure she never did from the lover by her

'I have, sir,' she replied with a sweet

'Oh, how my blood leaped under the warmth of that kindly smile! How heaven seemed to open to my view, and she, the brightest angel of the celesiin troupe, seemed to bid me hope I might yet be the blessed recipient of her love!
'Well, sir,' said her companion, harshly

have you anything further to say?'

I retired from his presence, but it was a miracle that my fist had not split the fellows' skull. I took a position near the lady, and continued to gaze with fixed earnestness, spell bound to the sport, upon her. I saw her frown upon the puppy by her side, and I knew that she did not love him. What a ranture?

Fred, you are a fool!' said Karl. I made no reply, and never removed my gaze for an instant from the fair being whose image had been so long thronged in my soul. The lady turned to depart. She saw my intense gaze.

'Impertinent puppy?' muttered her com 'Poor fellow!' sighed the lady, in reply; 'he has lost his wits.'

They passed on, but my eye followed 'Fred you are a fool, I say.'.
'Hush, Karl, you will dissolve the spell,

said I, nearly breathless with excitement.
'Make a dissolving view of the whole

'Do you know her, Fred?' said he. 'No; she is an angel?' 'Not exactly; I happened to know she is old Sherwood's only daughter.'

'Do you know her, Karl?' I asked eagerly seizing him by the hand.
'I do not; but she is betrothed to Colonel Kent, the gentleman by her side. And by the way, Fred I will bet a thousand you have got into a scrape with him.

'You accosted the ladv.'

Which to his nice sense of propriety amounts to an insult. He will call you out. Nothing would suit me better:

'To kill him, or die myself.' With that Karl left me.

CHAPTER III.

I left the place soon after, and was walking leisurly down Sixth Avenue, thinking of course, of the divine being who had enslaved the living form of the angel of that picture I my heart, when I heard a shout behind me. I could have been her slave, and kissed the Turning I beheld a span of horses, attached Turning I beheld a span of horses, attached to a phæton, dashing madly down the street The vehicle contained two ladies and two gentlemon, the former of whom were shriek-ing in all the agonies of deadly fear. On came the mad horses, at the height of

their speed, their terror tenfold increased by the cries of the ladies. I could not endure the sight. I was as ready to die as live, and springing into the

street directly in the path of the infuriate animals, I seized the nigh one by the bridal when they came up with me. the clock would strike in a few moments.

But my feeble arm was nothing against the I told him we would fire at the first stroke of

fury of high-mettled steeds, and they dragged me like a feather after them. I was de-termined, just in the mood for the most desperate adventure. Life and death were the same thing to me, and with an energetic bound, I vaulted upon the neck of the flying courser. Grasping the reins with both hands, I tugged and sawed upon the bit; but it was of no avail. On they dashed, to ertain destruction.

It had come to be victory or death, and that in an instant, too; for directly before me, the street was blocked up with vehicles on one side and a car on the railroad was approaching in the middle, so there was only room

ing in the middle, so there was only room enough for us to pass between them.

Loosing my hold of the outside rein I grasped the two short coupling reins, and pulled upon them with all my might. As I had intended, the effect was to draw the heads of the horses together, which checked their mad light. At that instant the wheels of the carriage struck the railroad car, the vehicle be came a shapeless wreck, and the whole party, horses and all, were entangled in the

My last impression was the sensation of a flying motion as I was precipitated over the death, and was a living may head of the horse I had ridden, upon the vanquished without a shot. pavement, where I was taken up utterly enseless. When I came to myself, I was lying on a

couch in a magnificent apartment.

Around the bed stood two gentlemen, and

er, when Karl slapped me on the back.

'What ails you, Fred! Are you crazy?'

id he.

'Do you not see her? I wildly exclaimd.

'Do you not see her? I wildly exclaimture of that moment! All the joys for which I had sighed in those long months of homage to the painted canvass, were conden-ced into that single instant. I would have given all the rest of my l.fe for the costacy of that moment. She blushed as her glance met the gaze of my reanimated eye I was sure she felt for me—that her heart and mine

'Ellen, let us retire,' said Colonel Kont, her lover, as he saw me open my eyes. ... 'He will do very well now.' 'Not till I hear what the doctar says,' re-

plied she, in a tone that was music to my 'Bless you, lady!' exclaimed I, attempting to rise. 'Do not stir,' said the surgeon.

The admonition was useless; I could not stir.

The doctor said my arm was broken, and that I was much bruised; but with care, I should recover in a few weeks.

I had been borne to the residence of the Madonna of my dreams; and I was now beneath the same roof with her, and what was

more, if the medical man understood the case, I was likely to remain there for some weeks to come. 'How do you feel, sir!' asked Miss Sher-

wood, in the sweet tones of sympathy.
'Quite well,' I exclaimed, in a rapture your presence inspires ma. She blushed, but she was not angry. Colonel Kent, her lover, frowned; his brow darkened, and he rudely led her from the room. He was not a lover of her choice, I afterwards learned; she only tolerated him for her father's sake. I could read this much in her looks and actions, and I blessed my

stars for the fact. I had not time or space to tell how I passed the six weeks of my confinement and concertain that my soul was in my eyes, that valescence in the presence of Ellen Shershe never encountered a more intense look wood; how she watched over me with tenderness and sympathy; how her smile re-warded me for the months of suspense and anxiety I had spent with her picture in the palace; and finally how her sympathy and tenderness ripened into love; how we plight-ed our faith, and vowed to live and die for each other.

I cannot tell how she hung upon words full of passionate elequence, when I described my devotion to the picture; how she blushed when I told her my love—a love I had cherished and nurtured into a flaming passion before I saw her face. She level me in return, and I was as happy as the dream of an angel.

CHAPTER IV.

Col. Kent looked all this time with savage interest: He had sworn to drink my blood, I doubted not; but I cared not for this. I ully expected to be called out. He had the reputation of being the best shot in the States, had already killed three men on the field of hodor, and I had the pleasant prospect of being added to the number.

Ellen told me all this; and in the same

breath that she both feared and hated him. She warned me to avoid him and pleaded with me to decline the challenge. I could not do this with honor, and though the though tof parting with my fairy was terrible, I was obliged to evade her petition. was surprised to receive a visit from the

infuriated lover. He was cooler than I expected to see him. He promptly accused me of treachery, and demanded satisfaction. I attempted to reason with him; and if she had never seen me, would not have consented to be his wife. He thought otherwise, and demanded a duel. He was so

cool that I tried to reason further with kim but he was obstinate, and insisted on fight As you please,' said I, indifferently, 'My friend will wait upon you this eveng,' said he, pulling on his glove, with

'Nay, Colonel, let us settle it here.' He looked at me with astonishment. In spite of his reputation for courage and skill in the duel, I had long since come to the conclusion that he was a 'bully,' more brag' than man. As it was, he was a procient in the use of the pistol, while I was a novice. On the field he was sure to kill me.

'Certainly, here,' said I coolly. You are a gentleman!'

'And I claim to be,' replied I, taking a case of pistols from my secretary. 'Load that to suit yourself,' and I handed him one of the pistols, retaining the other myself, which I proceeded to charge.

He followed my example, and the pistols vere ready for use.
Now, continued I, we will fire across he centre table.'

I saw his cheek blanch. 'Sit there,' said I, giving him a chair and taking one opposite him myself.

Who shall give the word—this is not fair, stammered he.
There was a church close by my room and

'Take your position,' said I; 'it wants but two minutes of the hour.'
'It will be certain death to both of us.'

So much the better l' We aimed at each other's heart, and I could see his cowardly hand tremble. His breast heaved, and his lip quivered; it wanted only half a minute of the fatal instant by the watch that lay upon the table.

Ready, said I, fiercely. Fire at the first

stroke l' 'Oh, God !' gronned he, and I thought he would sink through the floor.
'Only a second!' added I and I mentally bade farewell to Ellen Sherwood, expecting o be a corpse in another instant.

I saw him waver.
'Don't flinch,' said I. Suddenly he sprang from his chair, threw lown the pistol, and fled from the room! I wiped the cold clammy sweat from my brow, and tried to recover from the agony of that moment. He was gone; the coward had fled! It was an hour before I could become en-

tirely composed. I had passed the chasm of death, and was a living man. My foe was I have not seen him since. I learned the next day he had sailed for Europe in the steamer of that morning, and I was forever rid of my rival. My dear Ellen almost faint-—blissful sight! the Beauty of the Crystal settled. She reproached me for the peril to and I were nearly overcome with emotion; Palace—the idel of my dreams. She was looking down upon me with an expression of she should have done if I had been shot, I ed when I told her how the affair had been

We were married; and when the exhibi-tion of the Crystal Palace closed, the picture of my wife was transferred to my rooms.

THE TWO MARRIAGES. A SISTER'S STORY OF A BROTHER.

More than fifty years ago my brother Ste-phen and I lived together, in a village about ten miles south of London, where he ten miles south of London, where he was in practice as a surgeon. Stephen was thirty two, I eighteen. We had no relations but a sister, five or six years older than myself, and well married in London. Stephen was a solitary and studious man, living somewhat apart from his neighbors, and standing almost in a fatherly position towards me.—
Through the years we had lived together no one had thought of his marving. one had thought of his marrying. Thus it was when the events I have to tell began.—. The house next to ours was taken by a Mr. Cameron, a feeble looking man, rather past middle age, with one daughter, Marian by name. How shall I describe her, the most peautiful creature I ever saw? She was perhaps twenty years old; I never knew precisely. A tall, slight form, fair complexion, dark chestnut eyes and hair, and an expression more like that of an angel than a human be-

ing. Though I was much struck with her appearance, Stephen did not seem to notice it; and we might have remained unacquainted with them forever, but that he was required to help, Mr. Cameron over an awkwardstile opposite our house. Acquaintance once made, they soon grew familliar; for they had two feelings in common, a love of tobacco, and Sweedenborgianism; Many a summer evening did they may amoking the summer evening did they pass, smoking the one and taking the other, Marian sometimes joining in, for she generally walked with them, while my chest, which was weak at that time, kept me at home. One day they quitted Stephen at the gate, and as he entered the door I said to him :

How lovely Murian is; I am never tired of looking at her." "Look at her while you may," said het, she has not three years to live." It was only too true. She had some dread ful complaint-aneurism, I think it was-

which must carry her off in the flower of her days. Stephen told me that he had consulted the most eminent doctors without getting any hope; and the emotion, rare enough in him, that he displayed, told me that he loved Marian. I said no word to him about it. I knew better; but I saw with what dreadful doubts he was paraloxed. doubts he was perplexed. Excitement might shorten Marian's life—such an excitement as shorten Marian's life—such an excitement as a declaration of love from him might be of material injury; and even if it did not prove so, how could be condemn himself to the prolonged torture of seeing the life of a beloved wife ebb away, day by day? Besides, he did not think she cared for him. I, who had watched her carclessiy, knew that she loved him with her whole heart. He struggled-with himself-fierely; but he-won the fight. He left home for six weeks and refight. He left home for six weeks, and re-turned, looking older and paler; but he had learned to mention her name without his voice duivering, and to touch her hand with out holding his breath hard. She was pin-ing away under the influence of his changed manner, and I dared not help my two darlings to be happy. An unexpected aid soon came. Mr. Cameron, who was in bad health when we first saw him, died suddenly. Poor Marian's grief was terrible to see. Her fathtranged; and there was no one else in the world who cared whether she lived or died, except myself. I brought her home with me, and was with her hourly until Mr. Cameron's funeral. How we got through that time I hardly know. Then came the necessary inquiries into his affairs. He had died, not altogether poor, but in reduced circumstan-ces, leaving Marian an annuity that would scarcely give her the luxuries her state of health required. And where was she to live and what to do? Stephen was the sole executor, the one adviser to whom she could look. He took two days and nights to con-sider, and then offered her his hand and home. At first she could not believe that his offer arose from anything but pity and compassion; but when he had told her the story of the last few months, and called me to bear witness to it, a great light seemed to come into her eyes, and a wonderful glow of love, such as I had never seen, over her face. love, such as I had never seen, over her face. I left them to themselves that evening, till Stephen tapped at the door of my room, and told me all—nothing in fact, but wliat I knew long before. In their case there was little cause for delay. Trousseaux were not the important matters in my day that they are in my grandchildren's, and Marian was married to Stephen, in her black, wit hin a month after her father's funeral.

The next few months were a happy time for all of us. Marian's health improved for all of us. Marian's health improved greatly. The worried, frightened look she used to wear left her tace as she recovered from the depression caused by her constant anxiety about her father, and the loss of rest she suffered in attending upon him at night. It seemed as if she was entirely recovering; and Stephen, if he did not lose his fears, at east was not constantly occupied with them. How happy we used to look forward to the it so happy as our days in that dear old Sur-

roy village.
Well, our happy time did not last long, Marian caught a cough and cold as the win-ter came on, and was soon so ill as to be ta-ken to London for advice. Stephen came back alone, with a weary, deathly-looking face. Marian had broken a small blood vossel on the journey—not anything serious in itself, but ominous enough. They were to go at once to a warmer climate—not a day to be ost. Sorrowfully I packed up the necessary lost. Sorrowfully I packed up the necessary things, and went with Stephen to London the next day, to bid good-bye to Marian, who had beers torbidden to return home. The same afternoon they were on board a trading vessel, bound to Leghorn. Luckily, Marian was a good sailor and well used to ships, for she had made more than one voyage to Madeira with her father. Much as I wished to you with them and much as they wished it. go with them, and much as they wished it go with them, and much as they wished it too, was out of the question. Stephen had saved but little money, and could hardly see how he and Marian were to live, unless he could make practice somewhere among the English abroad, and his taking me also was not to be thought of. I was to live for the present with my married sister. It was very sore to part with Stephen, with whom I had lived allowed the present with Stephen, with whom I had lived almost all my life; it was sorer still to part with Marian, who had been more than a sister to me ever since I saw her. Stephen

haunted me all my life since. I can see it now when I shut my eyes, though it is fifty years ago. Need I say that I never saw her

years ago. Need I say that I never saw ner again?

I went to my sister's house, and began the fashionable life I used to wish for. It was not all that I pictured it, though it was pleasant enough to occupy me in the day time; but at night I longed sadly for my darlings.

Stephen wrote letters full of hope, and talked of returning after spending two years in Italy. Marian, too, wrote favorably of herself, and my auxiety began to lessen.—
There was another reason for this at the There was another reason for this at the same time-my late husband, the friend and partner of my sister's husband, was at that time beginning to pay his addresses to me; and the tender troubles of my own case made me careless of others. Summer came round again; and one day when I was halt wishing for my country home again, a letter arrived from Steplien. Marian's complaint was at a crisis, and a great change would take place, one way or the other, in a few days. was to go home, put the place in order, and be ready to receive them. I did not know till afterwards that Marian had begged to be sillowed to die at home, if the change were for the worse, if it had been for the better, there would have been no reason for her.

staying abroad.
Well I went home, arranged everything, and waited for them. Three weeks passed (the usual interval,) and no letter; a month and I supposed they were traveling slowly to avoid fatigue. On the day five weeks after I had received the last letter, I was sitting I had received the last letter, I was sitting alone, rather late in the evening, when a quick step sounded in the road outside, and Stephen came to gate, opened it, entered the house, and sat down in silence. He was the house, and sat down in sitence. He was dressed as usual, and looked tired and travel-stained; but there was no sorrow in his face, and I felt sure that Marian must be safe. I asked him where she was. He said she was not with him.
"Have you left her in Italy?" I asked.

"She is dead," he answered, without a shadow of emotion.
"How? Where?" I was beginning to question him, but he stopped me.
"Give me something to eat and drink," he said; "I have walked from London, and

want to sleep."

I brought him what he wanted. He bade I brought him want he wanted. He hade me good night; and as I saw he wished it, I left him and went to bed, full of grief, but even more of wonder that he, who truly loved his wife if ever man did, could speak of her, not a morth after her death, without his voice faltering or his face changing in the "To morrow will solve the question," least. said to myself, as, weary, with crying, I felt sleep coming over me. before, without emotion, what he wished me to know, and from that moment he spoke no more on the subject. In every respect but this he was my own Stephen of old—as kind able; but to look at her now it seems as thought twenty-years had been heaped upon rather absent and abstracted manner. I thought at first, that he was stunned by his loss, and would realize more painfully after ward; but months passed on without Miss Hownet, change. He used Marian's chair, or things her sister, is a young lady hardly out of her of her work, or sat opposite to her drawings without seeming to notice them; indeed, it was as if she dropped out of hid life entirely, was as it sue dropped out of his life entirely, and left him as he was before he, knew, her. The only difference was, that he, naturally a man of sedentary habits, took a great deal of exercise and I knew that he kept laudanum

in his bedroom.

At this time my lover was pressing me to marry him, and with much difficulty. I consented to tell Stephen about it, though I had marry him, and with most sented to tell Stephen about it, though I mad no intention of leaving him. To my surprise he seemed pleased. I told him that I would never leave him alone, not for all the bushands in the world; but he would not bushands in the world; but he would not about five feet six inches in height, and almost as slim as a skeleton. He appears to

Margaret," he said, "you love him and have tagget him to love you, and you have no right to sacrifice him to me."

"My first duty is to you, Stephen. I will and his lips extremely thin. He is what is a screen. The appears to be nothing but skin, bone and cartilage, and is so feelle us to be hardly able to move about. His face is entirely devoid of board, and his lips extremely thin. He is what is a screen.

'I see that I must explain to you." he

said, a'ter a pause. "When you leave me, I shall not be alone." "Who will be with you?" I asked, wondering.
"Marian."

emotion.

"She died at mid day. Till night I did not know what I did. I felt stunned and dying myself; but at last, worn out as I was with watching and sitting up. I fell asleep; and by God's mercy she came to me in my did not an added to the ampford. The dreams, and told me to be comforted. The next night she came again, and from that time to this has never failed nie: 'Phen I felt that it was my duty to live; that if my life was valueless to myself, it was not so to you. So I came home. I dare say it is only a freak of my imagination. Perhaps I even produce and illusion by an effort of my will; but however that is, it has saved me from going mad or killing myself. How doss sie cone? Always as she was in that first summer that we spent here, or in our early time in Italy; always cheerful and beautiful, always alone, always dressed as she used to dress talking as she used to talk How happy we used to look forward to the future, for Stephen was beginning to save money; and many were our day dreamt about professional eminence for him, and fashionable life in London, partly for Marian, but mostly for me. I have tried fashionable life in London since, but I nover found able life in London since, but I nover found that her visits are longer and dearer as I draw nearer to her side again. I sometimes say myself which of my two lives in times ask myself which of my two lives in the real one. I ask myself now and cannot answer. I should think that the other was, if it were not that while I am in this I recollect the other, and while I um in the other I know beyond. And this is why my sorrow is not like that of others in my position. I know that no night will pass without my seeing her; for my health is good enough and I never full to sleep. Sleeplessness is the only earthly evil I dread, now you are provided for. Do not think me hard to you in not having told you this before. It is too seared a thing to he says to f without ne

sacred a thing to be spoken of without ne cessity. Now write to your husband that is to be, and tell him to come here." I did so and the preparations for my marriage began. Stephen was very kind; his thoughts wandered further and further every day. I spoke to a doctor, a friend of his, abcut him; but it semed that nothing really ailed him. I longed, almost to pain, to ask him more ahout Marian; but he never gave me an op-portunity. If I approached the subject he turned the talk in another direction, and my old habit of submission to him prevented me from going on. Then came my wedding day. Stephen gave m; away, an isst by my side at the breakfast. He seemed to hang over me more tenderly than ever, as he but over me more tenderly than ever, as he put me into the carriage and took leave of me. The last thing I did as I leaved cut of the

carriage window was to tell him to be sure informed on political matters. He does not, to be my first visitor in my own home.

"No, Margaret," he said, with a sad topic connected with the defunct confederacy, Connecticut is dead.

smile; "say good-bye to me now, my work | and is much reserved in his manner. He is

is done."

Scarcely understanding what he said, I bade him good bye; and it was not until my husband asked me what it meant that I remembered his strenge look and account. I consider worthy membered his strenge look and accent. I then felt half frightened about him; but the novelty of my first visit abroad made me forget my fears.

The rest is soon told. The first letter I received from England said that on the very morning after my marriage he had been found dead and cold in his ted. He had died without pain, the doctor said, with his

right hand clasping his left arm above the wrist, and holding firmly, even in death, a circlet at Medicartal circlet of Marian's hair. How Jeff. Davis, and the Prisoners at Fortress Monroe Look.

A correspondent of the New York Herald gives the following sketch of Jeff. Davis and the other prisoners at Fortress Monroe: Jeff. Davis, of whom we of the North have heard so much and seen so little for the past four years, is a man about six feet in height, rather lean, and not of the finest figure by any means. I should take him to be somewhat here.

MRS. DAVIS AND CHILDREN. Mrs. Davis is the second wife of the car President, by whom he has had four children. The cldest is a smart little black-eyed girl, Maggie, of some fourteen summers, and the next a boy, of about twelve, or thirteen.

block, and we would suppose from his actions and temper, shown on various and sundry occasions, that he too, like his traitorous sire, would in after days be fit for "treason, stratagon and spoils." The next is a smart little fellow, with bright eyes and flaxen hair, too young to have the least appreciation of his condition, and the fourth is a ruserior shill.

ARTERUS WARD ON "FORTS."—Twice I condition, and the fourth is a nursing child. Mrs. Davis is a member of the Howell family, of Georgia, and has a great many relatives at Augusta. She is a pretty woman, of probably forty years of age. When I first saw her, at Macon, and conversed with her on the cars, I thought her pretty and agreevivacity have forsaken her, and truly she is

teens, if we are to judge from her appearance. She has black hair and black eyes, with a ruddy complexion. She is affianced to Lieu-tenant Hathaway, one of the prisoners. Having thus hurriedly sketched the out-lines of the Davis family, I will leave the imaginations of my readers to fill the back-ground and supply the lights and shades, and

commonly termed lantern-jawed, and has a high, smooth forehead. His eyes are bright, but, after looking at them straight, during a somewhat lengthy conversation, I am unable to tell what color they really are. He was dressed in plain black clothing, and wears a heavy gold fob chain. The amber stem of "Marian."
I started as if I had been shot, for I his meersham pipe is always seen, either in thought he must surely be mad; but he continued, quite calmly and as usual, without et. He conversed very freely about the events of the past four years. He maintains that he was always in favor of the Union and opposed to secession, though he advocates the inherent right of a State to withdraw from the Union under the constitution. He vindicates his course in accepting the Vice Presidency of the confederacy by saying that be did so in order to prevent the horrors of disorganized werfare, and to try to bring about reconstruction. He is not on good about reconstruction. He is not on good terms with Davis, and I have not seen them exchange words during the trip. Both keep to their staterooms closely, and neither seem to pay much attention to what is transpiring around them. The next character of note in the programme is the late

FOST MASTER GENERAL REAGAN This individual was formerly a representative in Congress from Texas, and endeavored to make himself notorious on the State rights question by challenging debate with several prominent Republican members. None, hower, saw fit to indulge him, and he made but ittle reputation, except among the firecaters of his own State. Being a personal friend of Davis, and one of his chief co-workers in iniquity, he received the appointment of Post master General, in which capacity he servd until the rebel bubble bursted.

Its then volunteered his services to pilot is lord and master through the country to Texas; and, securing a shipment most of the rebel funds (which he had been for some rebel funds (which he had been for some time converting into specie.) in a blockade runner to Europe, for deposit, subject to the draft, he undertook his perilous journey.—You are already apprised of the result. He is a thick set, black haired, tawny man, such as the climate of Texas usually produces.

COLONEL LUBBOCK was formerly Governor of Texas, but has been

serving for some time as aid-de-camp to Da-vis, with rank of colonel of artillery. He is also a heavy set individual, with gray hair and imperial, and gray, cold eyes. He is rather of a jovial disposition, however, and is disposed to take his capacity rather as a 'joke" than otherwise, COLONEL JOHNSON

occupied the same rank and position. He is PRIVATE SECRETARY HARRISON.

Is a very good looking man, and is very well

CLEMENT C. CLAY AND LADY, Before I proceed, however, I will append the following copy of the letter sent by Mr. Clay to Gen. Wilson, previous to his arrival

and surrender in person at Macon:

and surrender in person at Macon:

LAGRANGE, Ga., May 10, 1805—4 P. M.

Brevet Major General Wilson, United States Army,
Macon; Georgia:

GENERAL—I have just seen a proclamation from
the President of the United States, offering a reward of one hundred thousand dollars for my arrest on a charge of having, with others therein
named, incited and concected the murder of the
late President.

Conscious of my innocence, unwilling even to
seem to fly from justice, and confident of my entire vindication from so fold an imputation upon
the full, fair and impartial trial which I expect to
receive, I shall go as soon as practicable to Macon
to deliver myself up to your custody.

I am, respectfully,

P. S.—This will be delivered by Hon. P. Phillips, of this place,

I first met Mr. Clay and lady on the cars
at Macon, and they both converse very free-

rather lean, and not of the finest figure by any meand. I should take him to be some what above fifty years of age, prematurely gray. He has full whiskers, rather stunted in grawth, and, like his hair, sprinkled with gray. His gray eyes (one of which is blind) have an undefined and unfathomable look, and his mouth, of the Greeian mould, is occasionally jerked out of all proportion by a sepulchral laugh or forced smile. He is confined to his bed a great deal of the time, and it requires all the nursing of his strong norted wife to keep him from giving way to despondency. He is a pitiful sight, and the last man one would have supposed to be afit subject for Presidential honors.

MRS. DAVIS AND CHILDREN.

MAJOR GENERAL WHEELER.

President, by whom he has had four chil-lren. The cldest is a smart little black-eyed girl, Maggie, of some fourteen adminers; and the next a boy, of about twelve or thirteen, who goes by the euplicitious cognomen of the Young Jeff. He is a chip from the old block, and we would suppose from his actions

ARTEMUS WARD ON "FORTS."-Twice L endeavored to do things which wasn't in my Fort. The fust time was when I undertook to lick a owdashus cuss who cut a hole in my tent and crawled threw. Sez I, my jentle sir, go out or I shall go into you putty heavy.' Sez ha, wade in, old wax figgers,' whereupon I went for him, but he cawt me powerful on the head and knocked me threw the tent into a cow pastur. He nurshed the attack and flung me into a mud puddle.

attack and flung me into a mud puddle.

As I rose and rung out my drencht garments I koncluded fitten was not my Fort.

I now rise the kurtin upon Seen 2nd. It is rarely seldom that I seek konsolation in the Flowin Bole. But in a certain town in Injanny in the Faul of 18-, my organ grinder got sick of the fever and died. I never felt so ashamed in all my life and I thawt I'd hist in a few swallers of; sumthing strenthenin. Konsequents was I histed in so much I didn't zactly know where bouts I was. I turned my livin wild beasts of Pray loose into the street and upset my wax works. loose into the street and upset my wax works. I then bet I could play hoss. So I harnist to a Kanal bote, there being two other horses hitched on likewise, I behind & I ahead of me. The driver hollered out for us to git and we did. But the horses being onused to such an arrangement began to kick and squall and rare up. Konsequents was, I was kickt vilently in stommuck & back and presently I found myself in the Kanal with the other horses kicking and yelling like a tribe of Quescarorus savijis. I was resegod, and as I was being carried to the tavern on a hemlock board, I said in a feeble voice, 'Boys, playin hoss isn't my Fort.'

Moral.—Never don't do nothing which it isn't your Fort, for if you do, you'll find yourself splashing around in the Kanal, ifg

gerative ly speaking. Cur Our.—It is many years since I fell in love with a Jane Jerusha Sheggs, the handsomest girl by far that ever went on legs.—By meadow, creek, and wood and dell, so often did we walk, and the moonlight smile; on her melting lips, and the night winds learned our talk, . Jane Jerusha was all to me, for my heart was young and true, and loved with a double twisted love, and a love that was honest too. I ronned all over the neighbors' farms, and I robbed the wild wood bowers; and tore my trowsers and soratched my hands in search of flowers. In my flyous Iove I brought all these to my Jerusha Jane; but I wouldn't be so foolish now, if I were a bay, wouldn't be so footish now, if I were a bay again. A city chap then came all dressed up in store clothes, with shiny vest, and moustacle under his nose. He talked to her of singing schools, [for her father owned a farm] and she left me, the country love, and took the new chap's arm. And all that night I never slept, nor could I eat next day, for I have that right is former less that are the country love. leved that girl with a fervent love that mought could drive away. I strove to win, for bacto me, but it was all in vain—the chap win the hairy lip married Jerusha city Jane.— And my poor heart was sick and sore until the thought struck me, that as good fish re-maine: is were ever caught in the sea. So I went to the Methodist church one night, and saw a dark brown curl peoping from under a gipsey hat, and I married that very girl.—And many years have passed and gone, and I think my loss my gain; and I often bless

THE CREDIT SYSTEM.—A beautiful girl stepped into a shop to buy a pair of mitts.

How much are they?'

Why,' said the gallant but impudent

clerk, lost in gazing upon her sparkling eyes and ruby hips, 'you shall have them for a kiss.' Agreed, said the young lady, pocketing the mitts, while her eyes spoke daggers, and as I see you give credit here, charge it on your books, and collect it in the best manner.

your books, and collect it in the best manner, you can? So saying she lastily tripped As an instance of good fortune that sometimes attends speculations, the Cincin nati Commercial is told that of s man who two or three years ago was a newspaper carrier in that only, and is now estimated to be, worth over two millions. Petroleum did the

A twelve year old boy, who was pushed in a Roxbury school the other day avenged himself by setting fire to the second

business for him.

The last revolutionary pensioner