American Volunteer.

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

VOL. 52. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 10, 1865. NO. 8.

AMERICAN VOLUNTEER.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY

JOHN B. BRATTON.

TERMS:

SUBSCRIPTION.—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 not exceeding one square, will be inserted three times for $2.00, and twenty-five cents for each additional insertion. Those of a greater length in proportion.

JOB-PRINTING—Such as Hand-bills, Posting-bills Pamphlets, Blanks, Labels, &c. &c., executed with accuracy and at the shortest notice.

Poetical.

"WE'VE ALL OUR ANGEL SIDE."

Despair not of the better part
That lies in human kind—
A gleam of light still flickereth
In e'en the darkest mind;
The savage with his club of war,
The sage so mild and good
Are linked in firm eternal bonds
Of common brotherhood.

Despair not! oh, despair not, then;
For though this world so wide,
No nature is so demon like,
But there's an angel side.

The huge, rough stones from out the mine,
Unsightly and unfair,
Have veins of purest metal hid
Beneath the surface there,
Low rocks so bare but to their heights
Some tiny moss-plant clings,
And round the peaks so desolate
The sea-bird sits and sings;
Believe me, too, that ruggid souls
Beneath their rudeness hide
Much that is beautiful and good—
We've all our angel side.

Yet all there is an inner depth—
A far-off, secret way,
Where, through the windows of the soul,
God sends His smiling ray,
In every human heart there is
A faithful sounding chord,
That may be struck unknown to us
By some sweet, loving word.

The wayward heart in vain may try,
Its softer thoughts to hide,
Some unexpected tone reveals
It hath an angel side

Despised, and low, and trodden down,
Dark with the shade of sin,
Deciphering not those halo lights,
Which God hath lit within;
Grouping about in utmost night,
Poor, prisoned souls there are,
Who guess not what life's meaning is,
Nor dream of heaven afar.

Oh! that some gentle hand of love
Their stumbling steps would guide,
And show them that, amidst it all,
Life has its angel side.

Brutal, and mean, and dark enough,
God knows some natures are,
But He, compassionate, comes near—
And shall we stand afar?
Our cruise of oil will not grow less,
If shared with hearty hand,
For words of peace and looks of love,
Few natures can withstand

Love is the mighty conqueror—
Love is the bounteous guide—
Love, with her beaming eye, can see
We've all our angel side.

Miscellaneous.

COURTING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Katie Blake was the only daughter of Jacob Blake, the old miser of West Brook.

She was more than commonly pretty, and her frank, engaging manners enhanced the charms of golden hair, pearly skin, and eyes like the blue skies of summer. At her father's death she would be heiress to the nice little sum of seventy thousand dollars, and though men generally profess not to be influenced by pecuniary matters in affairs of love, it is to be reasonably supposed that this prospective wealth by no means lessened the number of her adorers.

Among these most ardent, and perhaps most sincere, was Will Dartmouth, with a heart larger than his purse, and very little thought or care for consequences.

Fortunately, old Jacob never suspected the partiality of his daughter for Will; he would put her on bread and water before he would have consented to the slightest degree of intimacy with Will Dartmouth.

Jacob Blake was not in favor of marriage. Those who knew his circumstances were not surprised at this for, to use a phrase more expressive than elegant, Mrs. Blake was a Tarter, with temper enough for two Tarters.

Old Jacob had to 'walk Spanish' for the most part, or suffer the consequences, which usually descended on his head in the shape of any domestic utensil which happened to be lying around handy.

A maiden sister of Mr. Blake resided in the family, whose principal business seemed to be to act a sort of echo to her brother and his wife. Whatever they thought, she thought, too.

She regarded it as a primary sin for Katie to associate with the young men, and this doctrine was perseveringly drilled into her niece, who, though she never dissented, had her own ideas on the subject.

One day Mr. Blake and his wife went to Dedham, to attend a fair, and Miss Peggy being absent at a friend's, Katie was left alone. Will Dartmouth in some way learned the condition of affairs, and early in the afternoon he came over to keep Katie company.

As her parents were not expected home until the next day, and Peggy not until late in the evening, Will felt perfectly secure in stopping awhile after supper; and he and Katie were having a jolly time popping corn in the old fashioned frying-pan, over the huge wood fire, when there was the sound of voices at the door.

'Good gracious!' cried Katie, turning white with alarm, 'that is Aunt Peggy.—Oh, Will, what shall we do? She will scold me to death; and father will be furious. Get under the lounge, quick! Oh, Will, do, for my sake!"

Will could not understand the pleading in Katie's eyes, and he deposited himself in the designated spot.

Katie put out the light, and darting into an adjacent bedroom, in a moment was apparently asleep.

Peggy's voice was heard speaking softly in the entry.

'Be careful, Mr. Pike. There's a loose board there. I don't wan't to disturb my niece. Softly, it may creak.'

'Peggy, dear, where are you?' responded the squealing voice of Esquire Pike, the widower of a year. 'I can't tell which way you've gone.

'There Daniel! be easy. Good heavens! Daniel Pike. Well, I never!' and a report burst on the air like uncorking a champagne bottle.

'Oh, my!' cried Aunt Peggy, 'what would brother Jacob say? I declare, I hain't been kissed by a man sense——'

'Let Jake mind his own business!' retorted the squire. 'You and I can take care of ours without his help;' and there followed a report similar to the first, only more of it.

'Do be quiet, Daniel, and let me get a light. Set right down there, afore the fire and make yourself to home.'

A light was soon procured, Peggy divested herself of her wrappings, and blushing like a girl in her teens sat down opposite the Squire.

'It's a fine evening,' said Peggy, by way of opening the conversation.

'Very,' replied the Squire, drawing his chair close to hers, and laying his arm over the back.

'Oh, good gracious! Daniel, don't set quite so nigh to me. I—that is, I don't consider it strictly properous. Mercy! what was that?

Both listened attentively.

'It was the wind rattling the window. I guess,' said the Squire. 'Don't you go to getting so narvous, Peggy.'

'I thought it was Katie walking up. And if she should, I never should hear the last of it.'

'Hark! There is a noise—I——'

'Gracious airth! its bells. Its Jake and marm coming back! What shall I do?—We're done for! Oh, Squire, 'taint right for us to be nothing to one tother? Do help me! What shall I do?'

'Tell me where to go, Peggy! Say the word. I'll go anywhere, for your sake, if it's up the chimney!'

'Under the lounge, quick! It's wide, and will hold you well enough. Quick! don't delay a minute!'

The Squire obeyed, but the space was already so well filled that it was with difficulty he could squeeze himself into so small a compass. And just as he had succeeded, Mr. Blake and his wife entered the room, floundering along in the dark, for Peggy had deemed it best to extinguish the light.

Jake made for the fire which still glowed red with coals, stumbled over a cricket, and fell headlong against Peggy, who was standing bolt upright, trying to collect her scattered senses.

'The deuce!' cried Jake. 'Look out, there, old woman, or you'll be down over me. It's dark as a pocket here, and I've fell over the rockincheer, or the churn, I can't tell which. Hullo! what's that?' reaching out his hand to feel his situation, and coming in contact with the bearded face of Squire.—'By George! it's got whiskers! Peg! Peg! where are you? and where's Kate? and what's this?'

The Squire did not relish the assault made on his hirsute appendages, and by way of retaliation he gave a series of vigorous kicks, which hit Will Dartmouth in the region of the stomach, and stirred his bile.

'Look here, old chap!' exclaimed he; 'I'm perfectly willing to share my quarters with you, seein as we're both in for it; but you'd better not undertake to play that again.'

'Heavings!' ejaculated Peggy; 'whose voice is that?'

'Who in the deuce is here? that's what I want to know!' cried Jake struggling for an upright position. 'Hullo! who's fell down over my legs?'

'I'll let you know who's down, and who's up!' said the voice of Mrs. Blake; and the old lady scrambled up, only to go instantly down again over a chair. 'Jake where are you? Git up, this instant, and git a light, I'll shake your braath out, when I get my feet agin.'

Jake started to obey, and just then Tige, the watch dog, who, hearing the uproar, had managed to break loose from his chain, rushed upon the scene, and set up his best powwow.

The Squire had a mortal horror of dogs, and neither fear nor love was strong enough to keep him quiescent now. He sprang to his feet with a yell; Will followed. Katie, full of alarm for her lover, hopped out of bed, and appeared with a flaming tallow dip. Peggy flung her arms around the Squire's neck, with a cry of terror, and Jake was silent with amazement. Mrs. Blake was the only one who possessed her wits. She seized the corn pepper, and laid about her with vigor.

Her aim was not always correct, and, in consequence, she smashed the looking-glass into a thousand fragments, and knocked down the clock from its shelf and demolished two bowls and a pitcher that were quietly reposing on the mantel.

The Squire broke from Peggy's embrace, and dashed out of the window. Will followed him, and Mrs. Blake would have pursued by the same outlet, but she was a little too large to get through with ease.

A dreaded council was holden; Jake stormed, Mrs. Blake threatened; and at last both Peggy and Katie confessed. And Jake and his wife were so rejoiced at the prospect of getting rid of Peggy, that they forgave their daughter, and took Will Dartmouth home at the end of the year.

And in due time, Peggy and the Squire were made one flesh.

A POINT OF ORDER.—One of the members of the Lower House of the Legislature of New York, rejoiced in the name of Bloss.—He had the honor of representing the county of Monroe, and if his sagacity as a legislator did not win for him the respect of his associates, his eccentricities often ministered to their entertainment. One day, in the midst of a windy harrangue that had become intolerable for its length and emptiness, a 'gassy' member from the metropolis stopped to take a drink of water. Bloss sprang to his feet and cried:

'Mr. Speaker. I call the gentleman from New York to order.'

The whole assembly was startled and stilled; the member from New York stood aghast, with the glass in his hand, while the Spreaker said:

'The gentleman from Monroe will please state his point of order.'

To which Mr. Bloss, with great gravity replied:

'I submit, sir, that it is not in order for a windmill to go by water.'

It was a shot beyond wind and water; the verbose orator was confounded, and put himself and glass down together.

The Story of the Jasmine.

There is not a plant or flower, says a graceful writer upon flowers in the *Californian*, but has a history, and when this is known it becomes doubly interesting. For instance, the jasmine. Cowper says:

"The jasmine throwing wide her elegant sweets,
The deep dark green of whose varbished leaf
Makes more conspicuous, and illumines more
The bright profusion of her scatter'd stars."

The jasmine seems as though it had been created to express the quality of amiability. When first introduced into France by some Spanish navigators about the year 1560, it was greatly admired for the lightness of its branches, and the delicate lustre of its star like flowers. It was deemed necessary to place a plant so elegant and apparently tender in the hot-house; anon it was tried in the orangery, where it grew marvelously well, and at length it was exposed in the open ground, where it now grows as freely as in its native soil.

The flexible branches of this odoriferous shrub may be trained according to our pleasure; it will climb and weave itself around our trellised arches and cover dead walls with an evergreen tapestry. It can be trained in any form, and it lavishes upon us an abundant harvest of flowers of the most delightful perfume.

Then how serene, when in your favorite room,
Gales from your jasmines sooth the evening bloom.

This beautiful plant grew in Hampton Court garden at the end of the seventeenth century, but being lost there was known only in Europe, in the garden of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, at Pisa. From a jealous and selfish anxiety that he should continue to be the sole possessor of a plant so charming and so rare, he strictly charged his gardener not to give a single sprig or even a flower to any person. The gardener might have been faithful if he had not loved; but being attached to a fair, though portionless, damsel, he presented her with a boquet on her birthday, and, in order to make it more acceptable, ornamented it with a sprig of jasmine.

The young maiden, to preserve the freshness of this pretty stranger, placed it in the earth, where it remained green until the return of Spring, when it budded forth and was covered with flowers. She had profited by her lover's lesson, and now cultivated her highly prized jasmine with care, for which she was amply repaid by its rapid growth.—The poverty of the lovers had been a bar to their union. Now, however, by the sale of cuttings from the plant which love had given her, she amassed a little fortune, which she bestowed with her hand upon the gardener of her heart.

The young girls of Tuscany, in remembrance of this adventure, always deck themselves on their wedding-day with a boquet of jasmine, and they have a proverb that "She who is worthy to wear a nosegay of jasmines is as good as a fortune to her husband."—Ought we not, then, to cultivate more generally what love first scattered abroad? For Cotton observes, how numerous are the purposes, to which it may be applied:

"How jasmines spreads the silver flower,
To deck the wall or weave the bower."

Carrington, one of nature's poets, makes it expressive of sympathy—

"The jasmine droops above the honored dead."

ARTEMUS WARD'S ACCOUNT OF HIS COURTSHIP.—"'Twas a carm still night in Joon.—All natur was hushd and nary zeffer disturbed the sereen silens. I sot with Betsy Jane on the fense of her father's pastur. We'd been romping throw the woods, kullin' flowers and driving the woodchuck from his Native Lair (so to speak) with long sticks.—Wall we sot thar on the fense, a swingin' our feet two and fro, blushin' as red as the Baldinsville skool house when it was first painted, and lookin' very simple I make no doubt. My left arm was ockepied in ballansin' myself on the fense, while my rite was wounded lovinly round her waste. I cleared my throat and tremblinly sed, 'Betsy, your'e a gazelle.' I thought that air was putty fine. It evidently didn't fetch her, for she up and said, 'Your'e a sheep!' Sez I, 'Betsy, I think very muchly of you.' 'I don't b'leeve a word you say—go there now, cum!' with which observation she hitched away from me. 'I wish there was winders to my sole,' sed I, 'so that you could see some of my feelins. There's fire enuff in here,' sed I, striking my buzzom with my fist, 'to bile all the corn beef and turnips in the naberhood.' She bowed her head down and commenst chawin the strings of her sun bonnet. 'Ah' could you know the sleeplis nites I worry throw on your account, how vittles has seized to be an attraction to me, and how my limbs has shrunk up, you wouldn't dowt me. Gase on this wastin form and these 'ere sunken cheeks——' I should have continnered on in this strane probly for some time, but I unfortnitly lost my balluose and fell over into the pastur ker smash, tearing my close and seveerly damagin myself ginerally. Betsy Jane sprang to my assistance in double quick time and dragged me 4th. Then drawin herself up to her full hite, she sed—'I won't listen to your noncents no longer. Jes say rite strate out what you're drivin at. If you mean gettin hitched, I'm in!' I considered that air enuff for all practical purposes, and proceeded immejitly to the parson's and was made 1 that very night.

AN AUTHENTIC ANECDOTE.—Talleyrand was once in the company of Madame de Stael and another eminent French lady, whose name we do not remember.

'You say charming things to both of us,' said Madame de Stael to him; which do you like best?'

The willy statesman artfully replied that he was delighted with both.

'Ah! but you prefer one of us,' continued Madame de Stael; 'suppose we were both drowning in the Seine to-night, which of us would you help first?'

'I would extend my right hand to Madam de Stael, and my left hand to madame yonder.'

'Yes; but suppose only one of us could be saved, which would you attempt to rescue?'

Talleyrand's diplomacy was pushed to its severest test, but not a whit discomposed, he turned to Madame de Stael, and replied—'Madam, you who know most things, doubtless know how to swim.'

Two SHARPS.—An old man picked up a half dollar in the street. 'Old man, that's mine,' said a keen looking rascal, 'so hand it over.' 'Did thine have a hole in it?' asked the old man. 'Yes,' replied the other smartly. 'Then it is not thine,' mildly replied the old man; 'thou must learn to be a little sharper next time, my boy.'

☞ 'Ike,' said Mrs. Partington, 'how do they find out the difference between the earth and the sun?' 'Oh,' said the young hopeful, 'they calculate a quarter of the distance, and then multiply by four.'

MAKE YOUR MARK.

In the quarries should you toil,
Make your mark;
Do you delve upon the soil?
Make your mark;
In whatever path you go,
In whatever place you stand
Moving swift or moving slow,
With a firm and honest hand
Make your mark.

Should opponents hedge your way,
Make your mark;
Work by night or work by day,
Make your mark;
Struggle manfully and well,
Let no obstacles oppose,
None right shielded ever fell
By the weapons of his foes—
Make your mark.

What though born a peasant's son,
Make your mark;
Good by poor men can be done—
Make your mark;
Peasant's garbs may warm the cold;
Peasant's words may calm a fear;
Better far than heaping gold
Is the drying of a tear,
Make your mark.

Life is fleeting as a shade,
Make your mark;
Marks of *some* kind *must* be made,
Make your mark—
Make it while the arm is strong,
In the golden hours of youth;
Never, never make it wrong;
Make it with the stamp of truth—
Make your mark.

—*Masonic Magazine.*

A STORY OF ST. MARK'S EVE.

WHICH HATH A MORAL IN IT.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

St Mark's Day is a festival which has been observed on the 25th of April, in Catholic countries, from time immemorial. The superstition alluded to in the following story was formerly pretty generally believed, and vigils at the church-porch at midnight were common.

'I hope it'll choke thee!' said Master Giles, the yeoman; and, as he said it, he banged his big red fist on the old oak table. 'I do say I hope it'll choke thee!'

The dame made no reply. She was choking with passion and a fowl's liver, which was the cause of the dispute. Much has been said and sung concerning the advantage of congenial tastes amongst married people; but the quarrels of this Kentish couple arose from too great coincidence in their tastes.—They were both fond of a little delicacy in question, but the dame had managed to secure the morsel to herself. This was sufficient to cause a storm of high words, which, properly understood signifies very low language.

Their meal times seldom passed over without some contention of this sort. As sure as the knives and forks clashed, so did they; being in fact equally greedy and disagreedy; and when they did pick a quarrel, they picked it to the bone.

It was reported that, on some occasions, they had not even contented themselves with hard speeches, but had come to scuffling; not taking to boxing and she to pinching, though in a far less amicable manner than is practiced by the taker of snuff. On the present difference, however, they were satisfied with 'wishing each other dead with all their hearts;' and there seemed little doubt of the sincerity of their aspiration, on looking at their malignant faces; for they made a horrible picture in this frame of mind.

Now it happened that this quarrel took place on the morning of St. Mark; a saint who was supposed on that festival to favor his votaries with a peep into the book of fate. For it was the popular belief, in those days, that, if a person should keep watch at midnight beside the church, the apparitions of all those who were to be taken by death before the next anniversary would be seen entering the porch. The yeoman, like his neighbors, believed most devoutly in this superstition; and in the very moment that he breathed the unseemly aspirations aforesaid, it occurred to him that the eve was at hand, when by observing the rite of St. Mark, he might know to a certainty whether this unchristian wish was to be done of those that bear fruit. Accordingly, a little before midnight, he stole quietly out of the house, and set forth on his way to the church.

In the mean time, the dame called to mind the same ceremonial; and having the like motive for curiosity with her husband, she also put on her cloak and calash, and set out, though by a different path, on the same errand.

The night of the Saint was as dark and chill as the mysteries he was supposed to reveal; the moon throwing but a short occasional glance, as sullen masses of cloud were driven from her face. Thus it fell out that our two adventurers were quite unconscious of being in company, till a sudden glimpse of moonlight showed them to each other, only a few yards apart. Both, through a natural panic, became pale as ghosts; and both made eagerly toward the church porch. Much as they had wished for this vision, they could not help quaking and stopping on the spot, as if turned to stones; and in this position the dark again threw a sudden curtain over them, and they disappeared from each other.

The two came to one conclusion; each conceived that St. Mark had marked the other to himself. With this comfortable knowledge, the widow and widower elect hied home again by the roads they came, and as their custom was to sit apart after a quarrel, they repaired to separate chambers, each ignorant of the other's excursion.

By and by, being called to supper, instead of sulking as aforetime, they came down together, each being secretly in the best humor, though naturally suspected of the worst. Amongst other things on the table there was a calf's sweetbread, being one of those very dainties that had often set them together by the ears. The dame looked and longed, but she refrained from its appropriation, thinking within herself, that she could give up sweetbreads *for one year;* and the farmer made a similar reflection. After pushing the dish to and fro several times, by a common impulse they divided the treat; and then, having supped, they retired amicably to rest, whereas until then they had seldom gone to bed without falling out. The truth was, each looked upon the other as being already in the churchyard.

On the morrow, which happened to be the dame's birthday, the farmer was the first to wake, and *knowing what he knew*, and having besides, but just roused himself out of a dream strictly confirmatory of the late vigil, he did not scruple to salute his wife, and wish her many happy returns of the day. The wife, *who knew as much as he*, very readily wished him the same, having, in truth, but just rubbed out of her eyes the pattern of a widow's bonnet that had been submitted to her in her sleep. She took good care, however, at dinner, to give the fowl's liver to the doomed man, considering that when he was dead and gone she could have them, if she pleased, seven days in the week; and the farmer, on his part, took care to help her to many titbits. Their feeling towards each other was that of an impatient host with regard to an unwelcome guest, showing scarcely a bare civility while in expectation of his stay, but overloading him with hospitality when made certain of his departure.

In this manner they went on some six months, without any addition of love between them, and as much selfishness as ever, yet living in a subservience to the comforts of each other, sometimes not to be found even amongst couples of sincerer affections. There were as many causes for quarrel as ever, but every day it became less worth while to quarrel; so letting bygones be bygones, they were indifferent to the present, and thought only of the future, considering each other, (to use a common phrase) 'as good as dead.'

Ten months wore away, and the farmer's birth-day arrived in its turn. The dame, who had passed an uncomfortable night, having dreamed, in truth, that she did not much like herself in mourning, saluted him, as soon as the day dawned, and, with a sigh, wished him many years to come. The farmer repaid her in kind, the sigh, included; his own vision having been of the painful sort, for he dreamed of having the headache from wearing a black hat band, and the malady still clung to him when awake. The whole morning was spent in silent meditation and melancholy on both sides, and when dinner came, although the most favorite dishes were on the table, they could not eat. The farmer, resting his elbows upon the board, with his face between his hands, gazing wistfully at his wife. The dame, leaning back in her high arm chair, regarded the yeoman quite as ruefully. Their minds, traveling in the same direction, and at an equal rate, arrived together at the same reflection, but the farmer was the first to give it utterance:

'Thee'd be *missed*, dame, if thee were to die!'

The dame started. Although she had nothing but death at that moment before her eyes, she was far from dreaming of her own exit. Recovering, however from the shock, her thoughts flowed in their old channel, and she rejoined in the same spirit:

'I wish, master, thee may live as long as I!'

The farmer in-his own mind, wished to live rather longer, for, at the utmost he considered that his wife's bill of mortality had but two month's to run; the calculation made him sorrowful; during the last few months she had consulted his appetite, bent to his humor, and conformed her own inclinations to his, in a manner that could never be supplied.

His wife, from being at first useful to him had become agreeable, and at last dear, and as he contemplated her approaching fate, he could not help thinking audibly, 'that he should be a lonesome man when she was gone.' The dame, this time, heard the survivorship foreboded without starting, but she marvelled much at what she thought the infatuation of a doomed man. So perfect was her faith in the infallibillity of St. Mark, that she had even seen the symptoms of mortal disease, as palpable as plague spots, on the devoted yeoman. Giving his body up, therefore, for lost, a strong sense of duty persuaded her that it was imperative upon her, as a Christian, to warn the unsuspecting farmer of his dissolution. Accordingly, with a solemnity adapted to the subject, a tenderness of recent growth, and a *memento mori* face, she broached the matter in the following question:

'Master, how bee'st thee?'

'As hearty as a buck, dame, and I wish thee the like!'

A dead silence ensued; the farmer was as unprepared as ever. There is a great fancy for breaking the truth by dropping it gently, an experiment that was never answered any more than with iron-stone china. The dame felt this; and, thinking it better to throw the news at her husband at once, she told him, in as many words, that he was a dead man.

It was now the yeoman's turn to be staggered. By a parallel course of reasoning, he had wrought himself up to a similar disclosure, and the dame's death warrant was just ready upon his tongue, when he met with his own dispatch, signed, sealed, and delivered. Conscience instantly pointed out the oracle from which she had derived the omen.

'Thee hast watched, dame, at the porch, then?'

'Ay, master.'

'And thee didst see me, spirituously?'

'In the brown wrap, with the boot hose. Thee were coming to the church, by Fairthorn Gap; in the while I were coming by the Holly Hedge.'

For a minute the farmer paused, but the next he burst into a fit of uncontrolable laughter; peal after peal, each louder than the last. The poor woman had but one explanation for this phenomenon. She thought it a delirium; a lightening before death; and was beginning to ring her hands, and lament, when she was checked by the merry yeoman:

'Dame, thee bee'st a fool. It was I myself thee seed at the church porch. I seed thee, too; with a notice to quit upon thy face, but, thanks to God, thee bee'st a living, and that is more than I cared to say of thee, this day ten-month!'

The dame made no answer. Her heart was too full to speak, but, throwing her arms round her husband, she showed that she shared in his sentiment. And from that hour, by practising a careful abstinence from offense, or a temperate sufferance of its appearance, they became the most united couple in the county. But it must be said that their comfort was not complete till they had seen each other, in safety, over the perilous anniversary of St. Mark's Eve.

A NOBLE WOMAN.—A scene recently took place at a Paris wedding, in which the refining influence of love and French politeness combined to make a very charming picture. The bridegroom, an honest and industrious locksmith, was uneducated and when called on to join the register, marked a cross. The bride on the contrary, although belonging to a poor family, had received an excellent education. Nevertheless, when the pen was passed to her, she signed a cross. The bridesmaid, a former schoolfellow of the bride, having expressed her astonishment, the young wife replied: "You should have me humiliate my husband? To-morrow I will commence teaching him to read and write."

THE OLD CIDER MILL AND THE THIEF.

The following is an extract from "Country Margins," a series of articles which appear from time to time in the "Albany State Register."

However, let us pause over it, and take it down slowly, as the boys do the pippins in the orchard.

There are memories that come clustering about these "boys," these "pippins," and the "orchard." Do you remember the old Cider Mill, friend Margins, and the old horse, as he travelled round and round, moving with a slow and dignified tread, "hitched," to the long lever that turned the wooden mill that crushed the apples into pummice? Do you remember the great "cheese" in its bandage of straw beneath the press, and how, when the great screws were turned in the massive, gallows-shaped frame, the rich juice of the apples came gushing out and running into the great tub placed to receive it? Do you remember how, with a straw, the urchins, as they came along on their way from school, filled themselves with sweet cider from the bung of the barrel? Do you remember how, in the long winter nights you sat around the fire-place wherein logs were blazing, and how the pitcher of cider and the platter of doughnuts were placed on the old cherry table that sat out in the middle of the kitchen, and how you helped yourself to the cider and the doughnuts, and how happy each one was, as he sat with his pewter mug of cider in one hand and doughnut in the other, before that old-fashioned kitchen fire-place? Those were pleasant times. But they are memories now. And then the apple-parings, or "bees," as they were called, when the young men and maidens came together to pare apples, and talk and laugh and play old-fashioned plays, and say soft things to one another, and eat pumpkin pies, and be happy after the fashion of the country people when you and I were young. Primitive times those were, friend Margins, and our proud daughters and city dames would turn up their noses hugely, were they to be present at an old-fashioned apple-bee, such as they used to have out in old Steuben, when the country was new and the fashions were primitive.

We remember, when we were young, there was a favorite tree in our father's orchard, which bore choice winter apples. It was called the big tree, because it was the largest in the orchard. The fruit of this tree was always left until the last, and was gathered with great care. There was a worthless fellow living in the neighborhood, who one year coveted a portion of the fruit on the "big tree," and was not deterred from its acquisition by the divine commandment, "Thou shalt not steal" A quantity of the apples disappeared one night, and the tracks of whoever stole them had a strong resemblance to those made by the heedless boots of our dishonest neighbor. There were two inseparable friends on the old homestead in those early days; the one a "colored gentleman," by the name of Shadrach, who came to our father's possession in payment for a debt, and who ran away regularly two or three times a year, and then as regularly ran back again, just as his master began to indulge the hope that he had got rid of him for good. The other was a great dog, half mastiff and half bull, of a noble presence and fearless courage. "Drive," and "Shadrach" were inseparable. They worked and played together, slept together in the same loft, and Shadrach never ate a meal while the dog lived, at least at home, without sharing it with his canine friend. He would talk with "Drive" for hours, when they were alone, and although he didn't say much himself, yet "Shadrach" said a good many things, and laid down and argued out a great many queer propositions, against which "Drive" uttered not a word of dissent.

One chilly night in October, Shadrach and Drive had been out along the cornfields on an unsuccessful coon hunt. On their return, the dog dashed off through the orchard, and in a minute or two commenced barking, and Shadrach, of course, supposed he had treed a coon on one of the fruit trees. Now, Shadrach had an abiding faith in spiritual manifestations, and stood in mortal fear of the gentleman in black, and all manner of spooks in general. Upon arriving at the "big tree," by the foot of which Drive sat, and looking up among the branches, he saw there in the darkness a great black object, with something which seemed like a winding sheet in its hand.—Shadrach's hair began to uncurl as he looked, and ballooing "seek him" to Drive, broke like a quarter nag for the house. He bolted breathlessly into the kitchen, exclaiming,

"Massa, massa! Drive got de debble in de big apple tree!"

"What is that, you woolly-pated rhinocerros?" replied his master.

"Drive got the debble treed on the big apple tree," repeated the negro.

A torch was lighted, and upon going into the orchard there sat our thievish neighbor among the branches, with a bag half filled with the coveted fruit. Our father said not a word to him, but after giving Shadrach certain directions, returned quietly to the house. Old Shadrach laid his jacket down at the roots of the apple tree, and ordering Drive to watch it, said to the occupant of the tree:

"Look hea, you brack tief, you come down and Drive eat you head off sartain. Ugly dog, dat. Eat a white tief up like a coon, sure. Roost up dare like turkey. Yah! yah!"

Shadrach went to his loft and laid himself quietly away. When the day broke there was the thief in the tree, and there was Drive watching him. When the sun arose they were there. The negro gave Drive his breakfast and left him his jacket and the man in the tree to watch. Our father and the boys, of whom we were one, went to husking corn in the orchard. Ten o'clock came, and there was the dog at the roots and the man perched among the branches of the "big apple tree." The horn sounded for dinner, and when we returned the two were there still. The thief called beseechingly to our father to allow him to come down.

"Well," was the reply, "why don't you come down?"

"This infernal dog will eat me up if I do," said the thief.

"Very likely," was the calm rejoinder, and we went on husking the corn. Once or twice the occupant of the apple tree, after coaxing and flattering the dog, attempted to descend, but Drive's ivory warned him of his peril, and he went back to his perch. There never was another human being in such ecstacies all the day as was that negro. Yah! yah! he would break out in uncontrollable cachination, and then roll and halloo, and yah! yah! among the cornstalks until you could hear him a mile. The sun went down behind the hills, and there was still the thief and the dog. We all went in to supper, and in the twilight of the evening, in pity to the famished and frightened culprit, the dog was withdrawn, and he was permitted to slink away home. He never stole apples again, or anything else from our father, while "Drive" and old "Shadrach" remained on the farm.

THE HIGHWAYMAN'S HORSE.—Betwen the years 1750 and 1760, a Scottish lawyer of eminence made a journey to London. At that period such journeys were usually performed on horseback, and the traveller might either ride post, or if willing to travel economically, he bought a horse and sold him at the end of the journey. The gentleman above alluded to, who was a good judge of horses, as well as an excellent horseman, had chosen the latter mode of travelling, and had sold the steed on which he rode from Scotland as soon as he arrived in London. With a view to his return, he went to Smithfield to purchase a horse. At dusk a handsome one was offered to him at so cheap a rate, that he was led to suspect that the animal was unsound, but as he could discover no blemish, he became the purchaser.

Next morning he set out on his journey.—His horse had excellent paces, and the first few miles, while the road was well frequented, our traveller spent in congratulating himself on his good fortune in having made so good a bargain. On Finchley Common, and at a place where the road ran down a slight descent, and up a similar ascent, the traveller met a clergyman driving a one-horse chaise. There was nobody in sight, and the horse, by his manœuvre, plainly intimated what had been the profession of his former owner. Instead of passing the chaise, he ran close up to it, and stopped it, having no doubt that its rider would embrace so fair an opportunity of exercising his vocation. The clergyman never doubted the identity of the equestrian, produced his purse unasked and assured the astonished lawyer that it was quite unnecessary to draw his pistol, as he did not intend to offer any resistance. The traveller rallied his steed, and with many apologies to the gentleman he had so innocently and unwittingly affrighted, pursued his journey.

The horse next made the same suspicious approach to a coach, from the window of which was levelled a blunderbuss, with denunciations of death and destruction to the rider, though sackless, as he used to express it, of all offence in word or deed. In short, after his life had been once or twice endangered by the suspicions to which the singular conduct of his horse gave rise, and having his liberty as often threatened by peace officers, who were disposed to apprehend him as a notorious robber and highwayman who had formerly ridden him, he found himself obliged to part with the inauspicious animal for a mere trifle, and to purchase, at a dear rate, one less showy and of inferior action, but of better moral habits.

THE "MERRY TIMES" OF CHARLES THE SECOND.—Sir Henry Vane, who had furnished the evidence against Strafford, and was one of the most staunch of the Republicans, was also tried, found guilty and ordered for execution. When he came upon the scaffold on Tower Hall, after conducting his own defence with great power, his notes of what he had meant to say to the people were torn away from him, and the drums and trumpets were ordered to sound lustily and drown his voice; for, the people had been so much impressed by what the Regicides had calmly said with their last breath, that it was the custom now to have the drums and trumpets always under the scaffold, ready to strike up. Vane said no more than this: "It is a bad cause which cannot bear the words of a dying man," and bravely died.

These merry scenes were succeeded by another, perhaps even merrier. On the anniversary of the late King's death, the bodies of Oliver Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw, were torn out of their graves in Westminster Abbey, dragged to Tyburn, hanged there on a gallows all day long, and then beheaded.—Imagine the head of Oliver Cromwell set upon a pole to be stared at by a brutal crowd, not one of whom would have dared to look the living Oliver in the face for half a moment! Think, after you have read this reign, what England was under Oliver Cromwell, who was torn out of his grave, and under this merry monarch who sold it, like a merry Judas, over and over again.

Of course, the remains of Oliver's wife and daughter were not to be spared either, though they had been most excellent women. The base clergy of that time gave up their bodies, which were buried in the Abbey, and—to the eternal disgrace of England — they were thrown into a pit, together with the mouldering bones of Pym and of the brave and bold old Admiral Blake.—*Dicken's "Child's History of England."*

HOW GOLD LACE IS MANUFACTURED.—Gold lace is not gold lace. It does not deserve this title; for the gold is applied as a surface to silver. It is not even silver lace, for the silver is applied to a foundation of silk. Therefore, when we are admiring the glittering splendor of gold lace, we should, if "honor be given where honor is due," remember that it is a silk lace, with a silver-gilt coating.—The silken threads for making this material are wound round with gold wire so thickly as to conceal the silk; and the making of this gold wire is one of the most singular mechanical operations imaginable. In the first place, the refiner prepares a solid rod of silver about an inch in thickness. He heats this rod; applies upon the surface a coating of gold leaf, burnishes this down, and so on, until the gold is about one hundreth part the thickness of silver. Then the rod is subjected to a train of processes, which brings it down to the state of fine wire; it is passed through holes in a steel plate, lessening step by step in diameter. The gold never deserts the silver, but adheres closely to it, and shares in all its mutations; it was one hundreth part the thickness of the silver at the beginning, and it maintains the same ratio to the end.

☞ 'Boys,' said Uncle Peter, as he examined the points of the beast, 'I don't see but one reason why that mare can't trot her mile in three minutes.' They gathered around to hear his oracular opinion; and one inquired 'what is it?' 'Why,' he replied, 'the distance is too great for so short a time.'

☞ An old gentleman accused his servant of having stolen his stick. The man protested his perfect innocence. 'Why,' rejoined his master, 'the stick could never have walked off with itself.' 'Certainly not, sir; unless it was a walking stick.'

☞ A Danish writer speaks of a hut so miserable that it did not know which way to fall, and so kept standing. This is like the man that had such a complication of diseases that he did not know what to die of, and so lived on.

☞ It is quite evident to the humblest intellect that the favorite singer of Petrella would be Grisi.