## AMERICAN VOLUNTEER. UBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.

BRATTON & KENNEDY.

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641 61 DICKINSON COLLEGE.

Bev. Herman M. Johnson, D. D., President and Professor of Moral Science and Biblical Literathe State of Pennsylvania, a very strange and curious affair occurred in the fall of Samuel D. Hillman, A. M., Professor of Math-Samuel D. Hillman, A. M., Professor of Math-matics. John K. Stayman, A. M., Professor of the Latin 1797. One dark, rainy, disagreeable night, John K. Stayman, A. M., Professor of the Latin and French Languages. Hon James H. Gruham, LL. D., Professor of

American

BY BRATTON & KENNEDY.

Poctical.

" MUCH VET REMAINS UNSUNG."

AN EXQUISITE BALLAD,

The very beautiful verses which are subjoined

Come to me, darling, my sorrows to lighten,

Come in thy beauty to bless and to lighten;

Come in thy lovingness, queenly and holy.

Swallows shall flit around the desolate ruin,

Features lit up with a reflex of Heaven

Eyes like the skies of poor Erin, our mother,

smiles coming seldom, but childlike and simple,

And opening their eyes from the heart of a dim

Dh, thanks to the Saviour that even the scening

You have been glad when you knew I was glad

dened; Dear, are you sad to hear that I am saddened?

Our hearts ever answer in tune and in time, love;

As octave to octave as rhyme unto rhyme, love

I cannot smile, but your cheeks will be glowing ; You cannot weep, but my tears will be flowing You will not linger when I shall have died, love

And I could not live without you by my side

Come to me, darling, ere I die of my sorrow, Rise on my gloom like the sun of to-morrow, Strong, swift and strong as the words which

With a song at your lip, and a smile on yo

Haste, for my spirit is sickened and weary ;

Come to the arms which alone shall caress thee

Come to the heart which is throbbing to pres

Miscellaneons.

A STRANGE AFFAIR.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

At a way—side inn, on the old road that ran between Philadelphia and C—, in

over his head like a cowl, his chin and

me, for my heart in your absence is dreary

Is left to the exile to brighten his dreaming.

Come in thy womanhood, meekly and lowly :

thee,

sure:

it.

even.

other;

ple;

love,

thee.

speak, love

cheek, love:

# CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1866.

that they had been ridden very fast and "Did a mounted traveller stop at this inn last night?" abruptly enquired one of

the two. "Yes," was the answer. "Is he here still?" "He is."

"He is." "Will you describe his appearance?" "As well as I can," said the wandering host, "for I didn't see much of his face," and he not only proceeded with a descrip-tion of his person, but added all that the traveler had said and done, including the affair of the money. have been "going the rounds of the press" for sev-eral years. On their travels many blunders have crept into them, sadly marring the poet's meaning. The verses were written by "Joe Brennan," one of the most gifted of the many gifted young Irishmen who assumed to lead the abortive re-Irishmen who assumed to lead the inbortive re-volution of 1848. The poem was addressed "To my Wife," and was first published in a New Or-leans paper. Brennan was then living in the city, and was editor of the *Detta*. He died in New

traveler had said and done, including the affair of the money. "I think we've got him this time!" said the one who had addressed the land-lord, turning to his companion. "It looks like it," was the reply, "but he's no doubt a desperate fellow, and we had hetter preced with caution till we Orleans. Mrs. Brennan was for several years a resident in Brooklyn, New York, where she mar-

ried a second time. She is dead some years :had better proceed with caution till we Come to me, darling, I am lonely without thee, Day time and night time I'm dreaming about make all sure. make all sure." "Hark you, landlord !" said the first speaker, in a low tone, "a word in your private ear. We are officers of justice, from Philadelphia, in pursuit of a bank webber end use support rour strange guest Night time and day time in dreams I behol thee; Unwelcome that waking that seaces to fold thee

rom rhiladelphia, in pursuit of a bank robber, and we suspect your strange guest to be the man we seek. Here is the war-rant for his arrest. Now conduct us qui-etly to his room, and if need be, assist us in securing him." "Certainly," said the host, turning somewhat pale, as it was afterwards re-membered, and seeming not a little agitat-ed Telling of Spring and its joyous renewing; And thoughts of thy love and its manifest tree

"Walk in, gentlemen-this way, gentlemen. Are circling my heart with the promise of plea He conducted them into the bar-room

Oh! Spring of my spirit, oh! May of my bosom Shine out on my soul till it burgeon and blossom and hurriedly struck a light, for it was yet too dark to see anything distinctly. "I hope the fellow has not heard us," said The waste of my life has a rose root within it one of the officers, drawing a pistol, while the other produced a pair of handcuffs. "I hope it won't be necessary to shoot, gentlemen," said the host, with increased And thy fondness alone to the sunlight can wir

Figure which moves like a song through the igitation. ""We will go up softly and try his door," said the officer with the pistol, "and if we find it fast perhaps it would be better for us to remain on guard and wait till he comes out himself." Where sunshine and shadows are chasing each

comes out himself." The host, light in hand, led the way, though with seeming reluctance, as if not over anxious. On reaching the door, which the three parties had approached with light, stealthy steps, the landlord tried it very gently, and finding it unfas-fened, slowly pushed it open and went in, followed by the officers. The next mo-ment the inn-keeper exclaimed, in a tone of alarm and agitation.

of alarm and agitation. "Gracious heavens! what's the mean ing of this?'

ing of this?" The bed was tumbled, but vacant; no traveler was there—and the sheets and pillow-cases were stained with blood! The officers looked meaningly at each other, and then at the host, who, pale and trembling, sunk half fainting upon there nearest seat. For a few moments there was a deen and ominous silence. there was a deep and ominous silence, and then one of the officers said slowly,

"Landlord, this is very strange." " Landlord, this is very strange." ly gasped the inn-keeper, glancing around him in frightened bewilderment, " where

"And this blood, too," sternly chimed the officer, "what does this mean, if not "Oh, gentlemen," said the host, in a low tremulous tone, "I hope you don't suspect me, for I'm as innocent as the

child unborn. And now I remember, too, when I went to the door to let you in, I found it wasn't fastened, and I am right sure I fastened it myself before went to bed."

went to bed." "We certainly do suspect you, sir," said the officer, "for how can we help it, since the man is gone, as you have confessed, and you have his money in your pos-

was the unfortunate victim? Even this, in the course of time, was also manifest. Some years after, a villain under sentence of death, confessed that he was a partner of the bank robbery, and

was a partner of the bank robbery, and that having made an equal division of the spoils, they had agreed to leave the city by different routes and meet at an appointed place; that, eager to secure the whole of the booty, he had secretly taken his partner's road instead of the one agreed upon, and had waylaid and murdered him within a few rods of the tavern kept by Williams, who, by being arrested for the crime, had drawn off all suspicion from himself. from himself. Thus were the records of the deeds o

that empestions night eventually brought to light, and the innocent cleared and re-warded, and the guilty detected and punished.

### A Slight Mistake.

Jim Ward was a conductor on the eastern division of the New York Central Railroad running daily between Utlcaand Albany. Ward had been in the employ of the Cen-tral railroad for a long period of years, and is one of the oldest conductors in the counry. Invariably attentive to the ladies he always managed to make himself a favorite with those of the fair sex who ac avorte with those of the fair sex who ac-companied the train under his direction. The Buffillo *Republic* relates the follow-ing anecdote of what happened to Jim be-cause he didn't know a male from a fe-

A short time since, when a train under his direction, was on its way east from Utica, one of those initeresting incidents occurred on board the train, which add to the visible number of passengers, but scarcely ever improve the profits of the trip. Ward, as soon as he discovered the scarcely ever improve the profits of the trip. Ward, as soon as he discovered the condition of the lady, hustled about, and with the train running forty miles an hour, fixed up a portion of the express car and had her conveyed there. A phy-sician by the name of Beecher was on the train; his services were immediately put in requisition and in a short time Ward had the pleasure of announcing to his anxious passengers, that mother and babe were "doing as well as could be exprested were "doing as well as could be expected under the circumstances."

The mother was a poor woman, and as soon as it became known, Ward went round with a hat, and in a short time a handsome purse was collected, and Jim, with his countenance actually filtering of happiness, took it to the mother. After happiness, took it to the mother. After he reappeared the passengers proposed the child should be named. No sooner said than done. Jim went in and got the baby, and with the consent of the delight-ed mother, brought it out when it was proposed that it should be "James Ward" after Jim, and "Beecher," after the physician who had professionally at-tended the mother. It was adopted who had product the should be added by the second s little namesake, when some of the ladies requested to see the "little baby." It was passed from hand to hand among the ladies, all admiring the little bundle, but at the same time a general disposition to smile and stuff handkerchiefs in their mouths became manifest among the la-

dies. Jim wandered in vain what this sub-dued laughter meant until the baby was handed to an old lady. She had not had itmore than a minute, when she exclaim-

"Law Suz!" Vell, ma'am\_what's the matter?'

· Tolunteer,

low flat body a settin on two riketty springs. Bein mounted thereon, he was urgin a more speedy lokomoshun, by lay-in on to the karkass of the poor old steer with a thrashpole sum ten feet long. Hav-in stopped at a house, he procured a two-inch auger, and borin a hole through the dash-board, pulled the steer's tail through, and tied up the end in a knot. "My run-nin gear is weak," sed he, "but I dont in-tend to be stuck in the mud. If the body holds good, and the steer don't pull off ATLANTA, May 22, 1864. Mr. Editur: — "Remote, onfrended, melankolly, slow," as somebody sed, I am now seekin a log in some vast wilder-ness, a lonely roost in some Okeefeenokee swamp, where the fowl invaders cannot travel, nor their pontoon bridges phloat. If Mr. Shakspeere were correct when he writ that "sweet are the juice of adversi-ty," then it are reasonabul to suppose that me and my foaks and many others must have some sweetnin to spare. When a man is aroused in the ded of night, and smells the approach of the fowl invader; when he feels konstrained to change his base and bekum a runagee from his home, leavin behind him all those nessary things which hold body and soul together; when

leavin behind him all those nessary things which hold body and soul together; when he looks, perhaps the last time, upon his lovely home where he has been for many delightful years raisin children and chickens, strawberries and peas, lie soap and inyuns, and all sich luxuries of this sublunary life; when he imagines every onusual sound to be the crack of his earthly doom; when from sich influ-ence he begins a dignified retreat, but soon is konstrained to leave the dignity behind, and git away without regard to the order of his going—if there is any sweet juice in the like of that, I havent been able to see it. No, Mr. Editur, sich been able to see it. No, Mr. Editur, sich scenes never happened in Bill Shakes-

peero's day, or he wouldnt have writ that line. I don't know that the lovely inhabitants of your butiful sity need any four-warnins to make 'em avoid the brakers warning to hake en avoid the blacks upon which our vessel wrecked; but for fear they should some day shake their gory locks at me, I will make publik a brief allusion to some of the painful sir-kumstances which lately okkurred in the

kumstances which lately okkurred in the regions of the eternal sity. Not many days ago the everlastin Yan-kees (may they live always when the devil gits 'em) made a violent assault upon the sity of the hills—the eternal sity, where a hundred years the Injun rivers have been blendin their waters peaceful-by corether, where the Checktary child y together-where the Chocktaw chil-iren built their flutter mills, and toyed with frogs and tadpoles, while these ma-jestick streams were but little spring branches, a babblin along their sandy beds. For three days and nights our valuent troops had beat bak the fowl invader, and saved our pullets from their devourin jaws. For three days and nights we bade farewell to every fear, luxuriat-ing upon the triumph of our arms, and the sweet juices of our strawberries and oream. For three days and nights fresh troops from the South poured into our troops from the south poured into our streets with shouts that made the welk-in ring, and the turkey bumps rise all over the flesh of our people. We felt that Rome was safe—sekure against the as-saults of the world, the flesh and the devil, which last individual are supposed to be that horde of fowl invaders, who

gle of our contest seemed to be, which ar-my could retreat the fastest. General Johnston's or *own*-which could outphlank the outher, and I allow as how it was pull Dick pull Devil between em. It are a are seeking to phlank us out of both bread and existence. But alas human hopes! Man that is born of woman (and there are no other sort that I know of) has but a few days that ain't full of trouble. Although the source of regret, however, that some of our households of the Afrikan scent, have troops did shout, although their brass bound musik swelled upon the gale, albound musik swelled upon the gale, al-though the turkey bumps rose as the wel-kin rung, although the commanding General assured us that Rome was to be held at every hazard, and that on to-mor-row the big battul was to be fought, and the fowl invaders hurled all bleedin and howling to the shores of the Ohio, yet it in Kreasin the stock of *Odour* d' Afrique in Northern society, which popular per-fume have crowded out of the market all those extracts which made X. Bazin, Ju-lus Houl, and Lubin famous. Good bye sweet otter of Roses, farewell ye balms did transpire somehow that on Tuesday night the military evakuation of our sity were peremptorily ordered. No note of warnin-no whisper of alarm-no hint of the morrow came from the muzzled lips ered. But I must klose this melonkolly nar rative, and hastin to subskribe myself, of him who had lifted our hopes so high. Calmly and coolly we smoked our killykinick, and surveyed the embarkation of troops, konstruin it to be some grand ma-noover of military strategy. About ten noover of military strategy. About ten o'clock we retired to rest to dream of to-morrow's viktory. Sleep soon overpow-ered us like the fog that kivered the earth, but nary bright dream had kum, nary vision of freedom and glory. On the kontrary, our rest were uneasy-straw-berries and cream seem to be hold in se-cession meetins within our corporate lim-its, when suddenly in the twinklin of an eve a friend aroused us from our slumber well, and they are welkum to that. **B**. A FANCY DREAMS.—Some young ladies regard marriage as a fairy land, where violets and roses perpetually blossom, where the cedar tree and the cinnamon tree ever flourish; where the water of eye a friend aroused us from our slumber tranquility and sweetness uninterrupted and put a new faze upon the "situation. ly flows. Tell them there are briars in their stead; though they do not con-tradict, yet they do not credit you, for they believe that their love, their devo-General Johnson was retreatin, and the shue-nosed Yankees were to pollute our sakred soil the next mornin. Then came the jug of war. With hot and feverish haste we started out in search of trans-portation, but nary transport could be had. tednees for each other, will exempt them from the cares the vicissitudes and the anxieties pertaining to humanity. All Time-honored friendship, past favors shown, everlastin gratitood, numerous small and luvely children, kunfederate currency, new isshoes, bank bills, black bottles, all, all influences, were urged and lovers before marriage conceive that their destiny will be an exception to the gen-eral rule. The future with them will be eral rule. The future with them will be tonjour scouleur de rose. Could you give them a sketch in the page of their future history they would not believe a word of it, they would set you down as a misan-thrope, a painter of gloomy and unnat-ural scenes, an inimical represser of the hopes and aspirations of youth. The dark spate that the these one of your a varging used to sekure a korner in a kar, but nary korner---too late---too late---the presure for time was fearful and tremengiousthe steady clock moved on—no Joshua about to lengthen out the night, no rollin stock, no steer, no mule. With reluktant and hasty steps we prepared to make good our exit by that overland line which spots that the telescope of your experience might discover, they would regard but as mole-hills in the moon. If they would but reflect a little, how much misery they would variad railroads do not control, nor A. Q. M

tend to be stuck in the mud. If the body holds good, and the steer don't pull off his tail, why, Bill, I am safe." "My frend," sed I, "will you please to inform me what port you are bound for, and when you expect to reach it?" "No port at all Bill," sed he, "I'm goin ded straite to the big Stone Mountain. I am goin to git on the top, and roll rocks down upon all man-kind. I now forwarn every living thing not to kum thar until this everlastin fool-ishness is over." He were then but three miles from town, and been travellin the livelong night. Ah! my big frend, thought

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miles from town, and been travelin the livelong night. Ah! my big frend, thought I, when wilt thou arrive at thy journey's end? In the language of Patrick Henry, will it be the next week or the next year? Oh, that I kould write a poum, I would embalm thy honest face in epik verse. I kan only drop to thy pleasant memory a ssing random rhyme: Farewell, Big John, farewell;

Twas painful to my heart. To see thy chances of escape, Was that old steer and kart.

Methinks I see thee now, With axletrees all broke And wheels with nary hub at all, And hubs with nary spoke.

But though the mud is deep, Thy wits will never fail; That faithful steer will take thee out If thou wilt hold his tail.

Mr. Editur, under such vervorted scene

we reported progress, and in course of time arrived under the shadow of thy sit y's wings, aboundin in gratitood and joy. With sweet and patient sadness, the tender hearts of our wives and daughters beat mournfully as we moved along. Often, alas, how often, was the tear seer swimming in the eye, and the lip quiver ing with emotion, as memory lingered around deserted homes, and thought

dwelt upon past enjoyments and thoughts desolation. We plucked the wild flowers as we passed, sang songs of merriment, exchanged our wit with children—smothexchanged our wit with children-singul-ering, by every means, the sorrow of our fate. These things, together with the comick events that okkurred by the way, were the safety values that saved the poor heart from bursting. But for them, our heads would have been fountains and our hearts a river of tears. Oh, if some kind frend would set our retreat to musick, it would be greatly appreciated indeed. It should be a plaintive tune, interspersed with okkasional comick notes and fre-

quent fuges skattered promiskously. Onr retreat was konducted in excellen good order, arter the bridge was burnt.— If there were any straggling at all, they straggled ahead. It would have delighted Gen. Johnston to have seen the alak-rity of our movements. The great strug-

# ADVERTISING TERMS.

and the second se

ADVENTISEMENTS will be inserted at Ton Conis per line for the first insertion, and five cents per line for the first insertion, and five cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Quar-terty, half-yearly, and yearly advertisements in-serted at a liberal reduction on the above rates. Advertisements should be accompanied by the CASH. When sent without any length of time specified for publication, they will be continued until ordered out and charged accordingly.

JOB PRINTING.

CARDS, HANDBILLS, CIRCULARS, and every other description of Job and Card Printing executed in the neatest style at low prices.

A TALE OF HORROR.

PART FUST. Jane Ann Pilkinhorn was the only dar-ter of poor but honest parents. They had no other child but her. She was their all, and besides their dog Towser (who was a yaller dog and warnt pertiklerry overburdened with branes), she was the only human bein they had to luv. That, howsumdever, was their misfortin and not their fault. Her ize shone like a new brass kettle, and her cheeks was as red as a temperance lecktrers nose. Her hair

a temperance lecktrers nose. Her hair was the color of safron tea, and her form was as graceful as a hound pup. So much for Jane Ann Pilkinhorn!

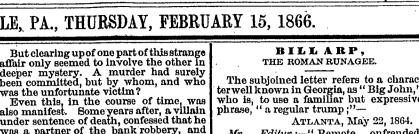
PART SEKUND. Jethro Snodgrass was an adopted son of the Rev. Mordecai Mumblechops, the of the Rev. Mordecai Mumblechops, the village parson. He was a "fair and kum-ly youth," as the poet sez, and stood six feet in his stockins. (That is, in the win-ter. In the summer he didn't wear stock-ins.) His compleckshun was as clear as the compleckshun of a taller candle, and his hare curled as natteral as the tail of a valuin cur when gitten a bastin from his yelpin cur when gitten a bastin from his master. But Jethro had one falein. Alyeight cut which which ado ne falein. Al-imaster: But Jethro had one falein. Al-though adopted, he was in every respect a minister's son ! He driv a fast hoss, and was pertiklerry fond ove femall society.— He smoked segars and drinked beer, and was very much inclined for society of wimmin. He played keerds and pitched quates for a shillin a game, and was con-stantly runnin after the gals. He liked to danse all nite to the feerful raspin of the country fiddle; but his topmost pash-un was hankerin arter the opposite sect. Otherways, he wouldn't have been a min-ister's son ! And there's where the laff comes in ! So much for Jethro Snodgrass. PART THIRD.

comes in ! So much for Jethro Snodgrass. PART THIRD. I bleeve that I have previously intima-ted that Jethro Snodgrass was fond of wi-men of the female sect. But of the wim-min in town, Jane Ann Pilkinhorn was his fust choice and his best holt. He luved her very muchly, and she dittoed him full as muchly if not muchlier. Their two luvs blendid together like bordin-house bisket (which can't be pulled apart without using a pair of pinchers and a claw-hammer). And can it be possible that two fond hearts like theirn must be foreibly ripped asunder? Yes, gontle reeder, it is possible, and a good deal pos-sibler! sibler

sibler! PART FOURTH. It was a cold nite in the month of Jin-newary. Jerusalem! how cold it was!-It was cold ennff to freeze the nose on a graven immidge. It was ennymost as cold as, a rich relation's greetin. Jane Ann Pilkinhorn and Jethro Snodgrass ware fitsippin the light funtastic hoof." Ann Pilkinhoin and Jethro Snodgrass were "trippin the light fantastic hoof," (as Spurgeon sez,) in the dancin hall of Bill Baxter's tavern. "The taller candles shone o'er the fair wimmin and brave men, and all went jolly as a dinner bell." But hark! what sound is that? That fearful sound kawses the dancers to dry up on their dancin, and even the fiddler to cease his onearthly stranes! Jane Ann Pilkinhorn has fainted and tumbled ker-chunk onto the bare floor! chunk onto the bare floor! "Water! water!" shouts Jethro Snod-

"Water! water!" shouts Jethro Snod-grass, frantikally. Remarkin as how that was the first time in ten years that he heard young Snodgrass call for water, and that he did'nt keep the stuff in his house, Bill Baxter, (the tavern keeper) run to the bar and fetched up a decanter of airthquake gin, which he throwd into Jane Ann's face. Jane Ann imejuntly rekivered! Jethro Snodgrass took her into his arms and to-ted her into the parlor. She throwed her ted her into the parlor. She throwed her arms clean around his neck, exclaimin:--

"My preserver! My preserver!" "Not by a darned site!" sez Bill Bax-ter, who was standin by, and who had a sneakin noshun arter Jane Ann himself bein a bachelor onmarried), and was therefore jelus—" not by a darned site!---You never'd come to if I hadn't slung fase, and now Snodgrass is gittin the kred-it of it."



and French Lan

Taw. James H. Granani, H. D. J., Frofessor of Natural Obarles F. Himes, A. M., Professor of Natural Science and Curator of the Museum. Rev. James A. McCauley, A. M. Professor of the Greek and German Languages. Rev. James A. McCauley, A. M. Professor of the Greek and German Languages. Rev. James A. McCauley, A. M. Professor of the Greek and German Languages. Rev. Henry C. Cheston, A. M., Principal of the Gramman School.

BOARD OF SCHOOL DIRECTORS

E: Cornman, President; James Hamilton, H. Saxton, R. C. Woodward, Henry Newsham, C. P. Humerich, Secty; J. W. Eby, Treasurer; John Spahr, Messenger. Meet on the first Monday of each month at 3 o'clock A. M., at Education Hall.

CORPORATIONS.

CORFORATIONS.
 Carlials Deposit Bank.—President, R. M. Henderson, 'Cashier, J. P. Hassler; Tellers, L. A. Smith, W. A. Cox, Jno. L. Waggoner; Messenger, Jno. Underwood: Directors, R. M. Henderson, President, R. Q. Woodward, W. W. Dale, William Line, John Zug, John Stant, J.r., Abm. Bosler, Henry Saxton, Skiles Woodburn.
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Mulfini, John B. Leidig, Isaac Brenneman, W. F.
 Sudderd, J.J.
 Completion Valley Railroad Company.—President, Fréderick Watts; Secretary and Treasurer, Edward M. Biddle; Superintendent, O. N.
 Ling, Accommodation, Eastward, Ieaves Carlisle 555 A. M., arriving at Carlisle 5.20 P. M.
 Traine Edstward Io.10 A. M. and 2.40 P. M. Westward in 9.37 A. M., and 2.55 P. M.
 Campel Todd; Treasurer, A. L. Sponsler; Superintendent, George Wise; Directors, F., Watts, E. M. Biddle; Henry Saxton, R. C. Woodward, J. B.
 Bratton, Wm. M. Penrose, Peter. Spahr.

SOCIETIES. Rinned entit

Comperiand Star Lodge No. 197, A. Y. M., meets t Marion Hall on the 2d and 4th Tuesdays of everg month. - St John's Lodge No. 260, A. Y. M., meets on the third Thursday of every month, at Marion Hall. - Carlisle Lodge No. 91, I. O. of O. F. Meets Mon-

dayat Trout's Building. A Letor Lodge No. 63, I. O. of G. T. Meets every Thursday evening in Rheem's Hall, 3d story.

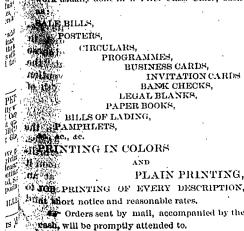
Set grade the FIRE COMPANIES.

The Union Fire Company was organized in (1789) House in Louther between Pitt and Hand

Action and the company was instituted The Cumberland Fire Company was instituted February 18, 1899. House in Bedford, between Main and Pomfret streets. Actine Good Will Fire Company was instituted in March, 1855. House in Pomfret, near Hanover

The Empire Hook and Ladder Company wa astituted in 1859. House in Pitt, near Main st.

TEATNESS AND DESPATCH. THE JOB PRINTING OFFICE Connected with the AMERICAN VOLUNTEER, has its neen supplied with the most modern specimensor Type issued from the Eastern Foundries and, in connection with the Jobbing Office of the Democrat, which has been united with it, com-This is the greatest variety of JOB TYPE to be a found in any Office in Southern Pennsylvania. Our Workmen, in taste and promptness, canno tiste are now prepared to execute all sorts of work usually done in a First Class Office, such



IFFIC

hankerchief, and with a broad black patch over his right eye, rode up to the tavern and called for supper and lodging. At the large fire burning in the chimney of the bar-room he sat and warmed and dried himself, while his meal was being pre-pared, without removing any of his gar-ments, not even so much as his hat, and when the landlord at length announced that his repast was ready, he simply remarked :

"I have a severe pain in my faceyou must excuse my going to the table as

He ate his supper in silence, showed no disposition for conversation, called for a strong glass of brandy and water, and soon after asked to be conducted to his coom, adding that he was very much fa-

tigued. "By the way," he said to the landlord, who in persen lighted him to his bed-room, "I may as well leave my pocket. book and watch in your possession till norning," at the same time handing on till morning," at the same time handing these articles to the host, who took them with some reluctance, saying: "Ireckon they'd be quite as safe here

with yourself-though I'll keep them for ou if you wish me too.'

"You'll oblige me by doing so," rejoined the stranger. "Well, then," said the inn-keeper, "I

must know how much money you've got here, if I've got to be responsible for it," 'Please open the pocket-book then and count for yourself," returned the stranger.

The host did so and said-"I make it two hundred and fifteen dollars."

"Right!" rejoined the traveller, "and while I'm about, I may as well add this purse, which contains fifty-one dollars in

The landlord also counted the coin, part gold and part silver, said the amount was right, and went out bidding the other od night.

About two o'clock in the morning a neighbor living within a stone's throw of the tavern and who chanced to be up with a sick child, fancied he heard above the roar of the storm, which had increased in violence, a wild shriek, followed by two cries of "Help! Murder!"

He was rather a timid man, and was nuch alarmed. He blew out his light cautiously, opened the door, looked out, and listened. The storm beat in his face and hstehed. The storn beat in his lace and howled around his dwelling, but he could see nothing, not even a light at the inn, and he heard nothing more that sounded like a human voice. He shut the door, fastened it, and then woke up his wife and told her all. She happened to be a woman of unusual nerve and courage, and after putting a few questions, replied with a yawn:

"Oh, Jim, it was only one of your fan-"On, Jim, it was only one of your fan-cics. You are always hearing something that nobody else does. Just think how many times you have hunted the house over for robbers since I've lived with you! Just tend to Mary, will you, and let me get a little sleep, for you know I didn't have any last night." have any last night." "I know it wasn't a fancy, but a real human cry," grumbled the man as he walked away, and allowed his drowsy spouse to return to her dreams. "The dull leader cover of mominic was The dull leaden gray of morning was just beginning to dispel the inky black-ness of the stormy night, when the landlord of the wayside inn was aroused by a series of thundering knocks upon the out-or door of his habitation. He sprang out of bed, hastily drew on his trowsers and boots, took his waistcoat in his hand, and discharged, to the inn-keeper was honorably discharged, to the great relief and joy of his sympathizing friends. As a partial recompense for what he had suffered on his account, the merchant made him a hurried down to wait on his supposed cus-tomers. On opening the door he found himself confronted by two rough looking men, well muffied up against the storm which as yet had scarcely abated its fury. Their horses panting, splashed with mud, with drooping heads, were hitched to the nearest post, and showed by their looks besides.

"But he gave me the money to keep for him," cried the frightened host, "and I have got it yet." "Undoubtedly you have; but that, you

"Undoubtedly you have; but that, you see, so far from proving you know noth-ing of the affair only tends to make the matter worse for you." "Perhaps he's about yet, somewhere," suggested the inn-keeper, "if he's a bank robber and heard your knocks, he'd be quite likely to hide himself or run away,

should think." The idea was worthy of attention, and a search for the missing man was forthwith begun. On looking under the bed blood was discovered on the floor, and the trail

of this was found to lead out of the room, down stairs, and out of the front door showing that the object of search, either living or dead, had gone out of the house Beyond the building there were no traces for the storm had obliterated them. The hostler was called, the only other man about the house, but he appeared to be a kind of stupid fellow, and evidently knew

nothing of the matter, and a look in the barn showed the stranger's horse still there. About an hour later the neighbor men tioned came over to the inn, in agitation and alarm, said there was a man lying by the roadside, and also stated what he had

the roadside, and hiso stated what he had heard during the night. Throughout that thinly peopled section, the news spread rapidly, and before night a large number of excited spectators, in-cluding the Sheriff, Coroner, and two Magistrates, had collected at the inn. An inquest was held, and a verdict rendered in accordance with the facts and though in accordance with the facts, and though there was no direct evidence against the landlord, yet suspicion so strongly point ed at him as the murderer, that he was taken into custody and committed for

trial. In due time the trial came on, but the jury could not agree, and he was finally discharged. A second trial resulted like the first, and the inn-keeper, whose name was Williams, was kept in prison over a veer

year. How the affair would eventually have terminated had the mystery not been cleared up in an unexpected manner, it is impossible to say, but ere the time for the third trial arrived, a stranger appeared before the magistrate of the county, and de-posed that he was the individual who had lodged at the inn on the night of the nurder, and for taking whose life the landlord was still in prison. In the course of his evidence he stated that he had been a merchant in Philadeland for taking whose life the

phia, who finding himself on the eve o failure, had collected a large amount of money, run away, and that all traces of himself might be lost, and his death ex-pected, he adopted the plan of putting a small part of his money in the hands of the inn-keeper ostensibly for safe keep-ing, and secretly departing in the night on foot, not supposing anything very se-rious would result to the landlord from

this course of action. On getting up somewhere about midnight, his nose had set to bleeding, which would explain the traces of blood he had left behind him. He had made his way to Baltimore, and He had made his way to Bathmore, and thence sailed to Havana, where he had been so fortunate in his speculations as to find himself in a condition to return and settle with all his creditors. On coming home and giving an account of his adven-ture to a friend, he for the first time learned with horror of the almost fatal consequences to the inner peoper for his consequences to the inn-keeper for his unjustifiable disappearance, and had hastened to make what reparation lay in his power. His testimony was subse-quently corroberated on all important

present of the horse and money he had left with him, and two thousand dollars

said Jim, fearfully. "Why, it's a gal!" said the old woman,

handing the babe to Jim. Then rose a yell of laughter; the men broke out first then the women, then they broke out together, until the universal scream filled the ear.

scream filled the ear. Several gentlement hrew their hats out of the windows, while others endeavored, unsuccessfully, to "saw their legs off."— The women blushed and screamed; the men shouted and held their sides. In the midst of this storm of fun and laughter, Jim made his escape from the targh-ter, Jim made his escape from the car, with his female "Jim Ward Beecher," and far the rest of the trip, on the plat-form of the baggage car, ruminated on the sudden changes and mutations of hu-man life. man life.

A ROMANTIC LOVE STORY .--- The Count de St. Croix, belonging to one of the noblest and wealthiest families in France, became engaged, after a long and assidu ous courtship, to a lady, his equal in posi-tion and fortune, and famous for her beauty. Shortly after the happy day was ap-pointed which was to render two loving pointed which was to render two hoving hearts one, the Count was ordered imme-diately to the siege of Sebastopol; so he girded on his sabre, and at the head of his regiment marched to the battle-field. During the Count's absence it happened that his beautiful *fance* had the smallthat his beautiful *fance* had the small-pox; afterhovering between life and death for many days, she recovered her health, but found her beauty hopelessly lost.— The disease had assumed in her case the most virulent character, and left her not only disfigured but seamed and scarred to such a frightful extent, that she became bidows to howed and recoved to pass mpress. hideous to herself, and resolved to pass the remainder of her days in the strictest the remainder of her days in the strictest seclusion. A year passed away, when, one day, the Count, immediately upon his return from France, accompanied by his valet, presented himself at the resi-dence of his bethrothed, and solicited an interview. This was refused. He, how-ever, with the persistence of a lover, pressed his suit, and finally the lady made her appearence closely muffled in a doubher appearence closely muffled in a doub-le veil. At the sound of her voice the le veil. At the sound of her voice the Count rushed forward to embrace her, but stepping aside she tremblingly told him the story of her sorrows, and burst into tears. A heavenly smile broke over the Count's handsome features, as raising his hands above, he exclaimed, "It is God's work; I am blind." It is even so. When callently leading his regiment to

ms manus above, he exchanned, "It is God's work; I am blind." It is even so. When gallantly leading his regiment to the attack, accanon ball passed so closely to his eyes eyes that, while it left their expression unchanged and his countenance unmarked, it robbed him him forever of sight. It is said that, at this day, may often be seen at the Emperor's receptions an officer leaning upon the arm of a lady closely veiled, and they seem to be at-tracted to the spot by their love of music.

AN INDIGNANT GIRL.—A young girl was reading the marriages in a newspaper a few days since, and after she had con-cluded she uttered an exclamation of imnatience. • What is the matter ?' asked her friend.

'You are angry.' 'And it's enough to make one look an-gry, my good gracious!' was the reply. 'Here I've read the marriages of four widows in this one paper !' 'Well, what of it?'

'What of it! Doesn't it prove that widows are good for nothing, designing things, and prevent us girls from getting husbards?' ' No.'

'I say it does,' replied the indignant girl, 'and I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll get married, and have my husband die, and then I'll see if I can't get a good

prepared to carry out; so young men who desire to live their natural lives will please avoid her, for she is dangerous

With our families and a little clothing we crossed the Etowan bridge about the brake of day on Wednesday, the 17th of May, 1864, prezakly a year and two weeks from the time when General Forrest marched in triumph through our streets By and by the bright rays of the mornin sun dispersed the heavy fog which like a hall of deth had overspread all natur. highway crowded with wagins and teams, kattle and hogs, niggers, and dogs, wo-men and children, all movin in dishevellmen and children, all movin in dishevell-ed haste to places and parts unknown. Mules were brayin, cattle were lowin, hogs were squealin, sheep were blatin, children were cryin, wagginers cussin, whips were popin and horses stallin, but still the grand karavan moved on. Every-body wanted to know everything, and nobody knew nothin. Ten thousand wild rumors filled the sirkumanbient air. The everlastin kavalry was there, and as The everlastin kavalry was there, and as they dashed to and fro gave false alarms of the enemy bein in hot pursuit.

About this most kritikul juncture o affairs, some philanthropik frend passed by with the welkum news that the bridge wer burnt, and the danger all over. The ceased the panik; then came the peaceful calms of heroes after the strife of war is

over; then exklaimed Frank Ralls, my demoralized frend, "thank the good Lord for that. Bill, let's return thanks, and stop and rest. Boys, let me git out and ie down. I'm as humhle as a ded nigger. It tell you the truth. I sung the long me-ter doxology as I crossed the Etowah bridge, and I expekted to be a ded man in Stress metanter. Ba then brid follows

bridge, and I expekted to be a ded man in fifteen minutes. Be thankful, fellers-let's all be thankful; the bridge is burnt, and the river is three miles deep. Good sakes! do you rekun them Yankees kan't swim? Git up, boys-let's drive alhead and keep movin. I tell you, ther's no akountin for anything with blue clothes on these days. Dinged, if I aint afeerd of a blue-tailed fly!" With most distressin flow of language be kontinued his rapsedy of random re-

he kontinued his rapsedy of random remarks.

la one-horse steer spring wagon, with a friends.

a thousand flowers—your days are num

Your Runagee, BILL ARP. P. S.—Tip are still faithful onto the end. He says the old turkey we left behind have been settin for 14 weeks, and the fowl invaders are welkum to her, further more that he throwed a ded cat in the

would avoid. WHAT IS' STERLING' MONEY ?-During the reign of Richard I, King of England, the eastern part of Germany became of its purity. The inhabitants of that portion of country where this pure coin was made were called 'Easterlings'-hence the name 'Easterling' money was applied to the coin brought from that region. Soon af-terward, some of the 'Easterlings,' who were skilled in coining, were sent for to come to London and bring the process of coining to a state of perfection there. This was accomplished, and the English coin took the name of 'sterling money,' which it retains to the present time.'

**195.** A greenhorn went to a menagerie to examine the beasts, the birds and creeping things there congregated, among which an ourang outang particularly struck his attention. Several gentlemen were conversing about the animal, one of whom expressed the opinion that it was a lower order of the human species. Jonathan did not like this, and striding up to

the gentlemen, expressed his contempt 'Pooh, pooh! he's no more human than I be.' for it thus:

tender years to his 'found parent,' 'does Yes, my son,' replied the hopeful sire,
Yes, my son,' replied the hopeful sire,
'but why do you ask that question?'
'Because our preacher when he prays is so long telling him everything, I thought

ne wasn't posted.' The parent reflected.

A justice, better versed in law that gospel, married a couple in this way : Hold up your hands. You solemnly swear that you will faithfully perform the

duties of your office, jointly and severally, according to your best skill and judgment, o help you God. That's all-fee

dollar. no As liberality makes friends enemies, so pride makes enemies o

"Beware!" sez Snodgrass; "beware how you provoke my wrath, or I'll mash your jaw!" your jaw ?" Bill Baxter not bein a fitein man im-

mejuntly retreeted, vowin venjunce onto Jethro. And he had it speedily! Ten minutes arterward, Jethro Snod-

rese interest the bar-room, and throwin three cents onto the bar, exclaimed in a voice of thunder and litenin: "Give me a glass of your best jin !" Bill Baxter, with a lere in his sore eyea

sech as only a friend inkarnate cood im-mytate, sot up the bottle. Jethro poured out a tumbler full and drank it down at out a tumbler full and drank it down at one gulp. In less than ten sekonds he clapped both hands on his stumuck, and hollerin "Pizened! pizened!" he dansed around the floor in fearful aggerny! From that shock he never rekivered, but arter a lingerin illness of three days he expired. Jane Ann Pilkinhoru was he expired. Jane ann Pilkinhoru was

he expired. Jane Ann Pilkinhoru was kerrid home in a wheelbarrer in a state of unconsciousness, ravin and tarin her hare like a disappointed John Bull English-man after investin all his property in the Konfederate loan. She is now thirty years old, and aint much on her marry.— 'To the last chap that popped the question at her she replied with tears in her ize that "she didn't see it," and "that if he hadn't got no more feelins than to come callivantin round a young gal that was mournin the loss of her lover, the best think he cood do was to go and bag his

Bill Baxter the tavern keeper, was ar-Bill Baxter the tavern keeper, was ar-rested and tried for highbougery in third persan singular, but on akount of the man-ufacturer of the jin that Bill sold bein ap-pointed as forrman on the jury, the jury coodent agree, and Bill was discharged.— A few months afterwards he was smashed to deth under a pile driver, and was obledged to go south for his health. Sitch is life.

is life. Morril. Don't drink airthquake jin.

Ber A magician once upon a time advertised on his bills that the evening's en-tertainment would conclude with a mysterious disappearance of a lady. Sure enough, after the performance he eloped with the wife of the man who owned the with the wife of the man who owned hall.

165 'If I am not at home from the party to-night at ten o'clock,' said a hus-band to his better and bigger half, 'don't wait for me.' 'That I won't,' replied the lady, significantly-'I won't wait, but I'll come for you!' The gentleman returned at ten o'clock precisely.

Mer A clergyman lately traveling in the oil regions, saw a childstumbling and falling. He kindly picked herup, saying, 'Poor little dear, are you hurt?' when she cried out: 'I ain't poor. Dad has struck ile !'

The following beautiful inscription is to be seen over a soldier's grave in the Alexandria Military Cemetry :

"Unknown" is all thy epitaph can tell; If Jesus knew thee, all is well.

WIIY is a sympathy like blind man's buff? It is a fellow feeling for a tellowcreature.

WHY cannot two persons ever become great friends? Because they will always be slight acquaintances.

WHY is rehumatism like a glutton "-Because it attacks the joints.

5-1416 -

No evil action can be well done, but a good one can be ill done.