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astor. Services at 11 o'clock A. M., and 7 oclock J. M.
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ther Sabbath, at 10 oclock. Vespers at 3 P. M.
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Letort Lodge No. 63, I. O. of G. T. Meets every
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FIRE COMPANIES. Union Fire Company was organized in Touse in Louther between Pitt and Hano-M. House in Louine between trained which the first reets.
The Cumberland Fire Company was instituted forwary 18, 1809. House in Bedford, between ain and Pomfret streets.
The Good Will Fire Company was instituted in larch, 1855. House in Pomfret, near Hanover street.

TEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

THE JOB PRINTING OFFICE onnected with the AMERICAN VOLUNTEER, has just been supplied with the most modern specimens of Type issued from the Eastern Foundries and, in connection with the Jobbing Office of the Democrat, which has been united with it, comprises the greatest variety of JOB TYPE to be found in any Office in Southern Pennsylvania. Our workmen, in taste and promptness, cannot

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tality. But to succeed must be the work of some time, and here we were nearly fifteen miles away from the station. We worked on, however, for a little time longer, and I then determined to get as fust as I could to my destination. We

placed her on the car in a sitting position,

hundred yards, when we encountered a most abominable stench, which was so

sickly, that I determined to stop and as-certain what it was. Looking to the right, our attention was directed to a thin col-

umn of bluish smoke, which came out of the bog. Walking over to the place from

whence the smoke issued, and scarcely able to breathe from the offensive odor,

which became worse and worse. I found to my horror that the smoke was from a human habitation, if such it could be called—an old gravel pit, in which I very soon found the cause of the stench. Here

were laying two bodies in an advanced stage of decomposition—an old man and woman. I shudder now when I think of

the sight I saw. It was horrible beyond description. It occurred to me at once

that the woman we found on the road had crept out of this hovel on seeing the car

coming across the bog, and had sunk in the lifeless state of exhaustion in which

we found her. And so it turned out to be

when I made subsequent inquiry.

We now resumed our journey, and at

last arrived at the station, where I lost no time in getting medical relief for my poor

patient, and in sending to the gravel pit to have the bodies moved and buried.

The next day 1 returned to headquar-

ters, and, from time to time afterwards, had letters from the doctor reporting to

me that the woman very speedily recovered, and out of money placed at my dis-

posal for charitable purposes, I was enabled to contribute to her comfort in the

A couple of months or more passed away, and the severity of the famine was mitigated by the abundance of food which came into the country. The people began

to look better, and every one was in bet-

ter spirits.

My visits to the remoter stations of my

district we necessarily fewer, for I had important duties to discharge at the town

in which I lived, and where the Union Workhouse was situated. They were now

principally directed to the prevention of abuse in the administration of relief.— Though the distress was still great, yet it

was an undoubted fact, within the experience of all those engaged in the Poor

Law service, that abuses crept in to a very

large extent, and it was no easy matte

On another lovely morning, now far advanced in the summer, I again started

for the station at —, near which occurred the incident which I have endeavored to

tell. As I passed by the spot where our

progress on the road was arrested by the body of the poor woman, Mick said:

"Ah, your honor, glory be to God and thanks to you, do you recollect the crayture we saw here?"

"Yes, Mick," said I, "and I hope we

shall never see such a sight again."
"Amen, sir," said he, giving the pony

a gentle reminder that he was to get along

as quickly as he could. We drove on for a couple of miles, when we met a group of peasantry of the district going to the relief station for their rations of Indian

I stopped to make some inquiries, when suddenly I felt my knees embraced, and

I saw a girl about 18 years of age, kissing

my feet. "What do you want, my good girl?"

said I.
"Ah! your honor," said she, looking

at me with an expression I can never for-get, "don't you recollect Mary Canavan?" get, "don't you recollect Mary Canavan."
"Mary Canavan! Surely you cannot be the woman I——"
"Ah! yes, sir," she cried.

And there she was, the shrivelled hag of forty transformed into a girl of eighteen,

and all by the simple administration of

To those who saw scenes such as I did,

this will not appear strange. But even now, at this lapse of time, when the great famine of Ireland, and all its horrible cir-

cumstances are well-nigh forgotten, I ven-

ture to tell this story about poor Mary

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

There goes a virtuous and honest man.

Who cares? Nobody looks at him or

Here passes a man of wear.

Here passes a man of wear.

How hore?" "How does he dress?" He

"How in "How in How in

he world did he make so much?" He

dosn't look as if he was worth a penny?"

This is the way of the world.—Every-body gazes with admiration upon the rich, while they turn away from virtuous pov-erty. Let a man make ten thousand dol-lars, and he is a gentleman, every inch of

smile for him.

Be poor and honest, and no one knows

you. Men and women have heard of such a name as yours, and you may live

at their elbow, but they are not certain

Possess a fortune and live at the mile

post, and your neighbors and friends will line the heart of the city. All would know where you lived and point a stranger to

We repeat—such is the world. Golden vice is caressed, while humble virtue is

Will the time come never never come

when people shall be honored for their virtues rather than be carressed for their

riches and condemned for their poverty? Every body in words, censures the idea of

ionoring the rich because they are rich

and yet such are the regulations of society

ence of the "upper ten thousand." As long as the ladies will associate with the

voluptous rich and shun the virtuous

poor, so long will vice be considered no disgrace, and wealth will pay for the

A HEROIC HUNTER .- Lord St. Maur

second son of the Duke of Somerset, lately died in India, in consequence of a fight

with a bear, while hunting. He suddenly came across the animal, at which he fired

his pistol, lodging the contents in the animal's breast. It then attacked him, when drawing a sheathed stalking knife, his

lordship thrust it into the bear, inflicting a mortal wound. In the scuffle, however,

pencil on the sheath of his knife (having

no other appliances,) to his fellow sports men, informing them of his condition.—

putation of the leg was resolved upon, to which the sufferer submitted heroically

that every body does humble in the pres

Everybody has a kind word and a

wholesome food for a few days.

ares a fig how he dresses.

him.

ibout it.

mobserved.

sacrifice of virtue.

shape of clothing.

to control them.

neal stirahout.

nd started for ——.
We had not gone more than four or five

ast as I could to my destination.

Wolfe Co.

BY BRATTON & KENNEDY.

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 29, 1866.

VOL. 52.-NO. 40.

## Postical.

SOMEBODY.

MR. EDTTOR: -There is something in the follow ing simple stanza that calls up past memories and I should be glad to see it in your valuable Journal.

Somebody is couring somebody-Somebody or other, to-night; Somebody's whispering to somebody Under this clear moonlight,

Near the bright river flow Running so still and slow. She sits with somebody.

Pacing the ocean's shore, Edged by the foaming roar. Words never breathed before, Sound sweet to somebody.

Deep though the shadow be Plain enough they can see, Bright eyes has somebody No one sits up to wait,

All knowshe's at the gate. Talking with somebody Tip-toe to the parlor door,

Two shadows on the floor, Susy and somebody, Two sitting side by side Float with the ebbing tide

Thus, dearest, may we glide Through life," says somebody. Somebody, Somebody, Makes love to somebody, To-night.

# Miscellaneous.

MARY CANAVAN.

It became part of my lot in life to help the Irish government during the eventful period of the Irish famine of 1846-7.

I was a Poor Law Inspector, and had a large district in my charge. I had necessarily to go about a good deal, and to visit work-houses, hospitals, and relief stations work-nouses, nospitals, and relief stations in the discharge of my duties. My mode of conveyance, as a rule, was an outside Irish jaunting car, and with horse, or, rather indeed, with a pony, I used of a day sometimes to get over 50 long Irish miles. I started one morning in the early spring from my headquarters to visit a station in a very remote and wild part of my district, my man servant—coachman, groom, but valet, all comprised in one very original and funny individual called "Mick -accompanying me. The night before I left, on this particular journey, in which occurred an incident which I am about to relate, I told Mick to be sure to stock the of the ear with rye bread, which 'well' I used to bake in my own house, and, above all, not to forget to fill my flask with brandy, which, as we shall presently see, was not altogether used for selfish purposes. Many a time when I have been poses. Many a time when I have been driving along the wild roads, I have seen people who, to my official knowledge, were in the receipt of the full amount of ration relief, literally looked starved. The avidity with which they seized and devoured the loaves of rye bread I used to give them from the "well," satisfied me that the money which was sout to us Poor that the money which was sent to us Poor Law Inspectors from all parts of the Unit-

ed Kingdom, to expend in any way we thought fit, and which for the most part we applied to the establishment of bake-John K. Stayman, A. M., Professor of the Latin houses, did all the good which it was ind French Languages.

Ion. James H. Graham, LL. D., Professor of tended to do, and even more than the generous donors could have anticipated. I scarcely think I was ever out on a more lovely day than that to which I allude, and if one could only have felt that the people were not dying in hundreds throughout the district, and through the island generally, such a day, amidst such would have brought its fullest

enjoyment. Skirting along lovely lakes, above which rose hills clad with venerable beauty, I drove some ten miles, and then turned off by a mountain road, which led by a long descent to a wild and barren bog, stretch ing unbrokenly for many miles towards the seacoast. As we got on the bog, there was an indication that there had been a turf road, but gradually its traces became more and more indistinct, and we had to make the best of our way across the 'blast-ed heath.' At last we came to a road again, and I was enabled to shape my course for the relief station, which I was about to

The path, or road, or whatever else one might choose to call it, was straight, and so there was nothing to interrupt the view right before us.

Mick, who was never much inclined to

wrap himself up in himself, and had been discoursing eloquently on the value of good sound roads, giving me his private opinion as to the character of that on which we were then travelling, suddenly

"What on earth, sir, is that before us?" "Where?" said I.
"Don't you see, sir? The Lord save us!—a body stretched across the road."
On looking before me, at about a hundred yards' distance, I saw that to which

Mick directed my attention.

"Yes," said I, "no doubt it is some poor creature who has died on the way to the station at ----, but we shall soon On coming up, we found it was the

corpse of a woman apparently about 40 years of age.

Accustomed as I was to see the effects of famine, I was horrified at the ghastly appearance which she presented. Her face was literally so attenuated, that I

could see all its venous and arterial anatomy as well as if the skin had been re-While looking at this horrid sight, it seemed to me that she could not have been very long dead. I could see no habitation for miles around. "Possibly," I

said, "life is not quite extinct," and, re-collecting the little smattering of doctor-ing which I learned in early life, I thought it worth while to see what effect a stimulant might have. "Bring me my brandy flask at once, Mick," said I, "and help me to raise her

head.
"For what, sir?" said he. "Bedad, it would take more than your honor could do to bring her back again."
"Well, I added, "do what I tell you,

Mick, and let us hope for the best."
We lifted her body and placed it against a fittle nillock, which was quite close to where we found the woman, and I at once proceeded to open her mouth, a proceeding attended with considerable difficulty. Holding her head back, I managed to pour nearly half the contents of my flask to work the back of the state of the little hillock, which was quite close to (a pretty large one, by the way,) down her throat, when suddenly I felt a sortof convulsion at the back of her neck which rested on my hand. This convulsion was, to my great delight, speedily followed by a faint hiccough, and I at once made up my mind that if I only persevered, I might have the intense satisfaction of restoring

a fellow creature to life. Mick and I then set to work, and taking the cushion of the car, we stretched our poor patient in a recumbent position. We then commenced to rub the extremities, which were like ice, and with a good will we rubbed until we were rewarded by seeing the head move, the lips twitch, and doing good to all men, and keeping our emblamatic of purity of soul. It is a sight various other indications of returning vi- | selves unspotted from the world,

#### LIFE IN BRAZIL.

A Confederate officer sends back to a friend in the South the following notes of travel in Brazil:

We have arrived at our port of destina-iion, Rio Janeiro. We find the weather is not very hot here, as we feared—it is about like that of Virginia in June. There is a fine breeze here; the nights are quite cool. Went to the police office and got our passports, which were sent there by the officials on the steamer; all passports are required to be revised by these functionaries. Last night we went to the thea-tre. It was all in the language unknown to us; but the dancing and acting were

interesting.

About two or three miles from Rio Janerio is situated the Emperor's palace. It is on a high elevation, with magnificent walks, arbors, &c., surrounding it. As we passed along we saw coffee planta-As we passed using we saw concerpantations on all sides. One coffee tree yields from twenty to one hundred pounds of coffee. The berries are green, red and black in the same cluster, which resembles our cherry somewhat. The country is very mountanious. The coffee, sugar-cane and corn-fields are on hills nearly perpendicular, They never use plows to till the land, but simply the common hoe. Some of the plantations turn out from \$100,000 to 150,000 worth of coffee per annum, and have as many as three thousand negroes. We see any quantity of negroes,

and banannas growing. The scenery going over the mountains s grand, and the finest I have ever seen. The railroad is completed about one hundred miles from Rio, and, to enable the company to use it, they have built a temporary road over this mountain while the unnel is building.

The system of slavery in this country is of the hardest kind. You see all the negroes that have been brought from Africa to distinguish what tribe they belong to Those born here have no marks. It is some fifteen or twenty years since the slave trade was stopped here, but frequently they are run into the country. The worst and most repulsive part of the sustom is that where a negro is found free or emancipated he is alowed to assoriate by marriage and otherwise with the first in the Empire. It is laughable to see both sexes of negroes going through the streets singing and talking to themselves, generally in their native tongues. As a general thing, they have loads on their heads, ranging from a diamond pin to a sack of coffee, as well as a large round pasket filled with various articles, or, in

supplied with all kinds of fruit, fish, poultry, vegetables, &c. The fowls are very large—chickens as large as our turkeys

ducks as large as our geese, turkeys weigh from twenty to thirty pounds.

The currency here is called copper coin, which is forty reis, the size of a Canada copper. Twenty-five dumps are one mil-lries, making 1,000 reis for one millries, is but fifty cents of our coin. Their paper currency is from one to 1,000 milliries A contey is 10,000 millries, or say \$500. We had our hands full looking around and expect to be kept busy while here. The Brazilian ladies, if such they can be called, go about in a half-naked con-

The authorities are very anxious, and hold out every inducement to emigrants.

# THE MISERY OF SELFISHNESS.

It is remarkable how, in our English language, words which mean happiness contain in themselves the idea of going out of yourselves. It is so with transport which is a compound of two Latin words, meaning to be carried out of yourself, and it is so with cestacy, which comes from a Greek verb, meaning to be lifted above rourself.

One's own self is searcely ever a happy man. Constantly on the look-out for what will please or pain self, there is, of course, more dissatisfaction and unrest than in any other life. One's own self is sasily hurt because every slight to self is noted down at once. One's own self is very sensitive indeed, because constant contemplation concerning self has made every sort of feeling register itself in the mind. One's own self is always anxious Will this comfort? Will this pain self? Will this preserve self? So self has to be studied, and watched, and pitied, and patted, and nursed, and indulged, and guarded, and comforted, till the evil, like the upas tree, spread forth its boughs everywhere, and the man becomes wretched as a worshiper of self.

A thoroughly selfish person, man or woman, is the most unsightly object in Everything in the universe rebukes the man who lives wholly for himself. The sun which shines for othersthe bird which sings for others—the flower which breathes forth fragrance for others -the fountain which casts forth its sweet your own self; live not for yourself, but for others.

A MISSIONARY'S ADVENTURE WITH CANIBALS.—An English missionary, who describes life in New Zealand in the last number of Hours at Home, relates an incident that occurred to him on one of the South Pacific Islands. While on a cruise, he touched at a small island for fresh food, fruit and vegetables. Of these he obtained a full supply, and was about leaving, when a chief asked him if he would like some flesh food. Says the missionary:—
"Thinking that doubtless they had hogs, I said yes; he gave a quick glance around him, as if he were looking for a messenger, and singled out and called to a fine young lad, apparently about 18 years of age. The boy came and stood before him; and before I knew what he was about to do, and having my back turned to him, looking at the fruit, &c., I heard the sound as of a heavy blow, and looking quickly round, found the still quivering body of the boy laid at my feet, with the words, hevi ano to kai? (Is that food sufficient for you?) Horror stricken, I denounced most bitterly the deed, and leaving all the provisions behind on the ground, returned sorrowfully on board."

1 In Paris there are 28,760 street lamps, all of which are regularly lighted before the close of day, and burn during the whole night. The flame has fixed dimensions, regulated so as to produce light equal to one and a half of that of a carcel lamp, burning forty-two gram-mes of oil per hour. There are eighty men belonging to the municipal service, they had both approached a precipice over which they together fell. Here the beat-ers came up and relieved Lord St. Maur and as many inspectors of the Parisian company charged to superentend the otfrom his adversary. His presence of mind did not forsake him, and he wrote with a ficiency the whole apparitus; they make their rounds every night accompanied by men whose duty it is to rekindle any lamps having arrived, a great difficulty which may have gone out, and take note of those which burn badly. was experienced as to removing him from

the ravine into which he had fallen. Am-THE RICHMOND GOLD.—The reported return of the gold belonging to the banks He soon, however, began to sink from the combined effects of the operation and the of this city was altogether premature, as it slill remains in the treasury vaults at Washington. Its return at all is an unshock his system had sustained, and died. decided question, because the Freedmen's Bureau is pressing its claims for it as A YOUNG lady explained to a printer, the other day, the distinction between printabandoned property. The amount thus retained amounts to \$100,000.—Richmond ing and publishing, and at the conclusior of her remarks, by way of illustration, she

said: "You may print a kiss on my cheek but you must not publish it." The blush of modesty upon the cheek of a young and virtuous female, is The happiness of life consists in to make bad men good.

# A SAD STORY.

Romance and Reality of Literary Life in Paris. A correspondent of the American Lit-crary Gazette, writing from Paris says:

Happening to be at Saint  $M \longrightarrow$ , small town in the south of France, 1 vis

ited the limitic asylum. I have always been fond of limitics; I have never met among them a stupid or bad man. I was shown into a tidy cell, occupied by a lit-tle old man, bent over a desk, and writing with his finger on the board with in-expressibly rapidity. He rose timid-ly, twirling his fingers. He was at least sixty years old, but occasionally did not seem to be above fifteen. His white, almost blonde, hairfell in childlike curls, and his sweet face, smiling and uneasy wore the expression of infants when they both weep and laugh at the same time.— Nevertheless, one could detect profound grief, trembling agony, in his dilated eyes, which wore the fixed expression of madness and despair. My attendant made a gesture, and the poor old man resumed his seat with extravagant delight indbegan to write as fast as ever he could Then, seated in a corner of the cell in front of this infantine old man, my attendant told me the unhappy creature's history. Some forty or fifty years ago there lived in a small town named St. R—a young orphan. She was intellect-ual, wealthy, beautiful. Every unmar-ried man of the provinge was at her feet, his eyes fixed on her fortune. She was so flattered, so adulated, so complimented, her gorge would rise at night when upon going to bed she would think of the suitor forced upon her during the day. At last such was the nausea she experienced, she resolved to give her hand and all it contained to a "promising young man," who would give her in affection and reputation a substantial exchange for the beauty and estate she gave him.— There was at that time in her town a pro-digy of eighteen, who had rhymed from his infancy—had "lisped in numbers."— He had already written many a fable, tragedy, sonnet, and epic, and the whole province had a firm belief that he would

bloom into a great genius.

She married this prodigy that no material obstruction might delay his progress on the road to fame. She brought him up to Paris, and so planted him in wealth's hot-house to force him to bear fruit.— Strange and inexplicable fatality! unheard of catastrophe! The poet bore no fruit.— He had a charming study; it was nothing but bronze and black marble. He some instances, five or six empty flour barrels.

They have extensive markets here, well all he rhymed as he rhymed when he was flower than the first all he rhymed as he rhymed when he was flower than the f was fifteen, mere doggerel, fit at best for a confectioner's kiss. He was the best little husband that ever was seen—gentle and timid, amiable and laborious. She was the best little wife that ever was seen

—conciliating and encouraging, extremely tolerant, and of an invariable good humor. Nevertheless, by degrees, she be-come irritable. He became ashamed of himself. Every morning he would lock himself up in his study, write madly, blot quire after quire of paper, read it over, and in despair confessed 'twas not worth the ink it was written in.

Every evening she would come, her heart throbbing with anxiety, to see if some good lines had at last made their appearance. She would question the po-et, who every day hung his head still lower. At last impatience and disdain appeared; she could not longer check their otbreak: and she upbraided her husband for defrauding her, because in return for her beauty and her money he had not given her genius.

After this scene matters went from bad

to worse. The husband became a child. colded by his wife. He lived in a state of constant uneasiness and eternal shame. He lived blushing and trembling; his heart was wrung by all the tortures of the mpotent artist and the insolvent man .-He suffered the tortures of the damned ov the side of the woman he had robbed, (so he said) and whose only sentiment for him now was disdainful pity. So long as that woman had not abandoned all hope of seeing her husband bloom into a genius she chained him to his writing desk, and made him write a given number of lines every day before dinner. The unhappy man addressed himself to the task, and daily wrote worse. "Twas an hourly bat-tle between them of contempt and pain. She laughed disdainfully. He shivered with fear and anguish.

He had spent \$2,500 of her money in attempting to become a great poet. was his galled withers. One morning he refused to do his daily task, set him every morning by his wife. He had found in the office of some joint stock company a copying clerk's place, with a salary of \$150, and henceforward he began to pay his debt to his wife. He lived under the same roof with her, but he paid rent for his room; he took his solitary meals in restaurants, whose price was 14 sous; he dressed himself with his own money, and nevertheless managed to pay his wife a considerable amount of money annually n payment of his debt to her. He lived in this way above thirty years, silent and uneasy, shunning every eye, and blushing suddenly when no one was looking. His sole pleasure was to consult a little

His sole pleasure was to consult a little bank book, wherein he recorded the money he had paid his wife in extinguishment of his debt. His wife, seized by pity, by love, perhaps, for this great baby, so pure and so young, despite his years, tried to refuse his money, and win back to herself the poor heart she had shattered to pieces. Her weak, will-less husband refused with energy. He would listen to nothing. Work he would to pay off his nothing. Work he would to pay off his wife. He copied letters. He made out bills. When his employers suggested advancement and increase of pay, he would blush and beseech them to take pity on him, and not jeer his want of intellect .-He was crazy, one of those harmless in-sanities akin to mania for collecting old pipes, old snuff-boxes, and the like.

The day when he saw from his bank book that he owed his wife nothing, he became furiously insane. He made some ersaults; he danced; he walked on his head; he wrote a sonnet and an eulogy. It became necessary to lock him up in an nsane asylum. His insanity is intermittant. Heremains whole weeks together writing with his finger, on the board of his desk, and occasionally adding to-gether imaginary sums. Then, on the day when he believes he has obtained the desired sum total, he gives way to unbounded joy, which he exhibits by howling and leaping like some wild beast. If you can read that poor wretch's tale without feeling your blood and marrow

freeze, you are made of sterner stuff than The London correspondent of the New York Tribune says that Charles Dickens in on the short side of middle height, his hair and beard almost or quite grey, the latter worn after the French or American fashion, with shaven cheeks, the former brought forward and elaborately oil-His eyes are dark, handsome vivacious; the lines below and about them deeply defined; the cycbrows appear thick and arched to semi-circularity. His nose is of no particularly recognized or-der, odd and full at the nostrils, the humorous line running from them to the corners of the mouth, very marked and noticeable. His complexion is not very clear, and reddish about the rather sunk en cheeks. He dresses in good taste, qui etly, with dainty linen.

Political.

"THE SECRET MOTIVE."

A Plot to Overthrow the Government!~What Lincoln's Attorney General thinks of the Disunionists in Congress. In a letter to a meeting of conservative citizens of St. Louis, the Hon, Edward Bates, Attorney General in Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet, subjects the Freedmen's Bureau Bill to a merciless analysis, in which he exposes with unmistakáble distinctness the ulterior revolutionary object of the proposed statute, and denounces with appropriate but logical severity the dangerous subterfuge of its contrivers, which was counteracted by the prompt and bold

interposition of the President. We subjoin the letter referred to: St. Louis, February 24, 1866.

Gen. E. B. Brown, President of the State Central Committee Conservative Union Party:

Sir: I am honored by the receipt of your note of this day, inviting me to be present at a mass meeting of the citizens of St. Louis, to be held at the Court-House this committee that the Court-House this committee the least cover of the citizens. this evening at half-past seven o'clock, for the purpose of endorsing the action of President Johnson in vetoing the Freed-men's Burgau bill, and in support of his general policy of national reconstruction.

I am very sorry that the bad state of my health forbids my attendance, and the more so because I believe there will not be a man at the meeting who feels a greater abhorrence than I do for the bill whose wicked errors has been stounded by whose wicked career has been stopped by the President's timely veto. My feeling

upon this subject does not spring entirely from my disgust of the factious spirit and ridiculous egotism of the clique which now domineers over Congress, but from the intrinsic demerits of the bill, ascertained by a careful examination of its provisions. I think I understand it. I can see (the most casual reader can see) its glaring and defiant breaches of the Constitution—and 1 think I can see also the hidden motive, the secret design of the conspirators, who planned the scheme to overturn our Government of law, and set up in its stead a frightful military oligarchy. And this wicked purpose betrays itself in several provisions of the bill, which are so arranged in the context as to seem, to a hasty observer, to be secondary and subordinate to the ostensible object, the protection of the freedmen.

The bill provides in its first section) for the continuance of the original act (of March 3d, 1865) to establish a Freedmen's Bureau, and extends it to all refugees and freedmen in all parts of the United States. It empowers the President to divide the United States into districts, not to exceed twelve, and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to appoint an assistan commissioner for each district. Twelve districts! That is the exact number into which Cromwell divided the Common wealth of England, and governed each district, despotically, by one of his own Major Generals. This section goes onor the said Bureau may, in the discre-tion of the President, be placed under a commissioner and assistant commissioners, to be detailed from the army." And

the act does not specify either the rank or the color of the persons so to be detail ed from the army to rule the nation through the Freedmen's Bureau. Section two empowers the commissioner to divide each d'strict into sub-districts. (not less than a county or parish,) and to assign to each sub-district "at least one agent, either a citizen, officer of the army, or enlisted man." The section goes on to say, "each assistant commissioner may each agent of a sub-district (being one or more for each sub-district, as suits the pleasure of the commissioner) may em-

lov two clerks. And so in the twelve listricts the clerks will amount to seventy-two; and in the sub-districts the agents will amount to at least as many thousand as there are counties and parishes in the nation; and their clerks to double that number, besides the employees mentioned in the hill. And the same section provides that the President, through the War Department

and the Commissioner, shall extend mili-tary jurisdiction over all the employees agents, and officers of this bureau, in the exercise of all the duties imposed or authorized by this act, or the act to which this act is supplementary." And here I will draw your attention to that part of their duties especially imposed and au-thorized by the eighth section of the bill, thus: "And it shall be the duty of the officers and agents of this bureau, [all of them, great and small, without distinction], to take jurisdiction of and hear and determine all offiners committed against the provisions of this section; and also of cuses affecting negroes, mulattoes, freedmen, refugees, or other persons who are discriminated against, in any of the particulars mentioned in the preceding ection of this act, under, not the Consti tution and laws, but under such rules and regulations as the President of the United States, through the War Depart-ment, shall prescribe."

These are some of the enormities of the vetoed bill, framed in the wantonness of partisan power, in contempt of the writ-ten Constitution, and in open violation of the historical opinions and traditionary faith of the people of the United States.
As all these thousands of officers, agents, As all these thousands of others, agents, and employees of the bureau may, at the discretion of the President, be detailed from the army, it is plain that every man of them may be an enlisted man in the army, and white or black, as may best suit the fancy of the detailing officer.

Only imagine such a military organization, with a despotic head at the seat of the Covernment, and despotic memory. of the Government, and despotic mem bers pervading the whole mass of the community and exhibiting its power in organized form, in every county and parish, and the President bound, by Trumbull's bill, to extend military protection over them, against every effort to restrain, by egal and civil means, the wantonness their arbitrary power!

Think you that the people of the United States are already so far degraded in-to passive obedience as to submit tamely to such an atrocious outrage, even if sand tioned by the unanimous voice of a fac-tions Congress, and approved by a sub-servient President? No verily. They are not yet ready to abandon their Constitution and renounce all hope of legal liber ty, by giving over their lives, liberties, and properties, to be disposed of at the caprice of petty officers and agents of a petty subdivision of the War Department called a burcau. They will insist upon their legal rights as freemen and American citizens; they will demand the protection of the laws of their country; and if charged with crime, or drawn into controversy about property or contracts, they will insist upon a *court and jury*, and will refuse to be tried by any petty des-, "detailed from the army," whether pot, "detailed from the he be white or black.

Constitutional government and liberty by law are worth fighting for. We have iust passed through a bloody war to maintain them against a set of traitors, and I make no doubt that the people will be as ready, if need be, to resist in the same way any other set of traitors who seek to destroy the loyal Government by insidious artifice and bold usurpation.

An eminent English publicist, Mill,

on representative government, gives it as his opinion, that "representative in-

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for them in case of their being endangered. If too little valued for this, they seldom obtain a footing at all, and if they do, are almost sure to be overthrown as soon as the head of the government or any party-leader who can muster force for a coup de main is willing to run some small risk for absolute power?

I think it a fortunate thing for the I think it a fortunate thing for the

country, that the Radical faction is so demented as to pick a quarrel with the President because he refuses to be their instrument to overturn the Constitution and substitute in its place a military despotism, and to stake their political fortunes upon the monstrous vices and follies of the Trumbull bill. For, in doing so, they do but insure their own defeat, and consequently, the restoration of law, order, and peace, and revival of national respect for legal government and a nation-

al love for liberty by law.

Even the emancipated negro, for whose sake it is pretended that this wrong is done, will not long fail to see the hypocrisy and fraud of the transaction. They will see that while they are cajoled with the pretence of liberty and equality before the law, this wicked bill subjects them to the power of military overseers, excludes them from all protection, denies them the right to appeal to the courts of law for redress of grievances, and requires the agents and officers of the bureau to "take jurisdiction of all cases" which concern them and their interests: Very respectfully, your friend and fel-

#### THE PLATFORM OF THE DISUNIONISTS

EDWARD BATES.

The platform of the Republican State Convention is a piece of mechanism which it behooves honest men to study well. It is a bundle of contradictions—contradic-tions so glaring that the people of Pennsylvania cannot be deceived by them.— We have no doubt that the resolutions were drawn with the greatest care for the express purpose of bewildering the un-thinking and verdant of the Republican party. The fact of a split between the leaders of the party and the President had become so well known, that it was feared some of the honest, conservative members of the party might be drawn off to the support of the Democratic can-didate for Governor, as the true exponent

of the President's Reconstruction policy. Hence it became necessary, while preparing a nauseous pill for the President, to coat it with sugar so as to make it palatable to the President's friends. Open denunciation of the President would have alienated the constitution-loving men of the Republican party from the support of the Republican candidate. While, therefore, some of the leaders of that party would have preferred to make open war

with the President, the more shrewd and wary counselled a sceming endorsement of the President to hoodwink the conservatives, and an enthusiastic encomium up-on "the Union men in Congress" to excite the enthusiasm and stimulate the energies of the Radicals.

The Convention in the resolutions compliment Andrew Johnson for the carnest words which he has uttered in denunciation of treason and traitors—for the loyal-ty which he exhibited throughout the

rebellion, and they would have the un-thinking believe, by implications, that they are still his friends, but they fail to say a single, frank, open word of commendation, of his course since he has filled the Executive chair of the nation. His Reconstruction policy which is the great issue before the country to-day is not mentioned. They were afraid to con-demn it openly—they were not inclined to endorse it. On the contrary, they laud to the skies the action of "the Union cause of their carnest and persistant efforts to defeat the President's policy.

Because under the lead of Thaddeus Stevens they have been attempting, as the President has so justly remarked, to subvert the liberties of the country. What folly to think that the people cannot see his deception! The masses of the people have good, plain common sense, and, any "average fool" can see that there is an irrepressible conflict between "the Union men in Congress" and the Presi-dent. There can be no blending of their hostile theories—there can be no compromise—either the President's view is right. or it is wrong. The States are either in the Union for all purposes, or they are

out of it for all purposes.

They the friends of the President!— The Lord save him from such friends.— Why, in the same platform they condening the course of Senator Cowan, and request him to resign. Why? For what? In what has he offended? Because he is a supporter of the Constitution of the United States. Because he is the President's especial friend. Because rather than acknowledge the heresy of secession, under the lash of the Republican partywhip, he chose to join the President and the true Constitution-loving men of the country in one grand, noble effort to re-store and preserve the union of the States -because he refused to renounce the dignity of his manhood and fall down and worship the negro God which the radicals have set up. Let not the conserva-tive men of the country be deceived. No MAN CAN BE A FRIEND OF ANDREW JOHNSON, AND DENOUNCE EDGAR A Cowax

# THE DEMOCRATIC REVIVAL.

The Revolutionists are "Trembling," for \* Earthquakes are Around Them.

A number of cities and towns, in different parts of the country, following the example of glorious old Lancaster, are speaking out in thunder tones their con-demnation of the radical destructionists... At the municipal election in Troy, New York, the Democratic candidate for Mayor was elected by over three hundred ma-jority, despite the most strenuous exertions of an unscrupulous, confident, well organized and recently successful oppo At the charter election in Ithica, New

York, the entire Democratic ticket was elected by a handsome majority—an average gain of one hundred and twenty-

The Democrats have also made large gains at Utica, New York, and elected nearly all their ticket. At the charter election held at Cairo, Illinois, on the 27th uit., the whole Dem-

ocratic ticket was elected by a majority averaging \$25. In 1864 the Democratic majority in that city was only 170. In York, David Small, the Democratic candidate for Burgess has been elected by nearly four hundred majority—a large gain over the vote of last fall.

CONGRESS AND THE PRESIDENT. - Presdent Johnson, in conversation the other day with a friend who assured him of the hearty approval of his policy by the people, irrespective of party, remarked, with great truth, in reference to the obstacles which Congress is throwing in his way, that-

"The members have now been in session for three months without accomplishing anything practical in the way of restoring the south and while continuing to on pose the Executive plan, they fail to bring forward one of their own.'

And why not? Because they don't wan't the South restored to the Union. It is no The birds of spring are now here. stitutions depend for their permanency upon the readiness of the people to fight lion has failed.